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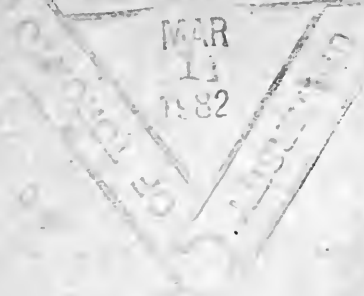
CHARLES DICKENS

*AUTHOR'S EDITION*

*With the Twelve Original Illustrations by George Cruikshank*

LONDON  
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GRIMALDI, THE TOWN



EDITED BY

*brief*

CHARLES DICKENS

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AT THE TOWN

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## INTRODUCTORY CHAPTER.

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It is some years now since we first conceived a strong veneration for Clowns, and an intense anxiety to know what they did with themselves out of pantomime time, and off the stage. As a child, we were accustomed to pester our relations and friends with questions out of number concerning these gentry;—whether their appetite for sausages and such like wares was always the same, and if so, at whose expense they were maintained; whether they were ever taken up for pilfering other people's goods, or were forgiven by everybody because it was only done in fun; how it was they got such beautiful complexions, and where they lived; and whether they were born Clowns, or gradually turned into Clowns as they grew up. On these and a thousand other points our curiosity was insatiable. Nor were our speculations confined to Clowns alone: they extended to Harlequins, Pantaloons, and Columbines, all of whom we believed to be real and veritable personages, existing in the same forms and characters all the year round. How often have we wished that the Pantaloon were our godfather! and how often thought that to marry a Columbine would be to attain the highest pitch of all human felicity!

The delights—the ten thousand million delights of a pantomime—come streaming upon us now,—even of the pantomime which came lumbering down in Richardson's waggons at fair-time to the dull little town in which we had the honour to be brought up, and which a long row of small boys, with frills as white as they could be washed, and hands as clean as they would come, were taken to behold the glories of, in fair daylight.

We feel again all the pride of standing in a body on the platform, the observed by all observers in the crowd below, while the junior usher pays away twenty-four ninepences to a stout gentleman under a Gothic arch, with a hoop of variegated lamps swinging over his head. Again we catch a glimpse (too brief, alas!) of the lady with a green parasol in her hand, on the outside stage of the next show but one, who supports herself on one foot, on the back of a majestic horse, blotting-paper coloured and white; and once again our eyes open wide with wonder, and our hearts throb with emotion, as we deliver our card-board check into the very hands of the Harlequin himself, who, all glittering with spangles, and dazzling with many colours, deigns to give us a word of encouragement and commendation as we pass into the booth.

But what was this—even this—to the glories of the inside, where, amid the smell of saw-dust and orange-peel, sweeter far than violets to youthful noses, the first play being over, the lovers united, the ghost appeased, the baron killed, and everything made comfortable and pleasant,—the pantomime itself began! What words can describe the deep gloom of the opening scene, where a crafty magician, holding a young lady in bondage, was discovered, studying an enchanted book to the soft music of a gong!—or in what terms can we express

the thrill of ecstasy with which, his magic power opposed by superior art, we beheld the monster himself converted into Clown! What mattered it that the stage was three yards wide, and four deep? *we* never saw it. We had no eyes, ears, or corporeal senses, but for the pantomime. And when its short career was run, and the baron previously slaughtered, coming forward with his hand upon his heart, announced that for that favour Mr. Richardson returned his most sincere thanks, and the performances would commence again in a quarter of an hour, what jest could equal the effects of the Baron's indignation and surprise, when the Clown, unexpectedly peeping from behind the curtain, requested the audience "not to believe it, for it was all gammon!" Who but a Clown could have called forth the roar of laughter that succeeded; and what witchery but a Clown's could have caused the junior usher himself to declare aloud, as he shook his sides and smote his knee in a moment of irrepressible joy, that that was the very best thing he had ever heard said!

We have lost that Clown now;—he is still alive though, for we saw him only the day before last Bartholomew Fair, eating a real saveloy, and we are sorry to say he had deserted to the illegitimate drama, for he was seated on one of "Clark's Circus" waggons:—we have lost that Clown and that pantomime, but our relish for the entertainment still remains unimpaired. Each successive Boxing-day finds us in the same state of high excitement and expectation. On that eventful day, when new pantomimes are played for the first time at the two great theatres, and at twenty or thirty of the little ones, we still gloat as formerly upon the bills which set forth tempting descriptions of the scenery in staring red and black letters, and still fall down upon our knees, with other men and boys, upon the pavement by shop-doors, to read them down to the very last line. Nay, we still peruse with all eagerness and avidity the exclusive accounts of the coming wonders in the theatrical newspapers of the Sunday before, and still believe them as devoutly as we did before twenty years' experience had shown us that they are always wrong.

With these feelings upon the subject of pantomimes, it is no matter of surprise that when we first heard that Grimaldi had left some memoirs of his life behind him, we were in a perfect fever until we had perused the manuscript. It was no sooner placed in our hands by "the adventurous and spirited publisher"—(if our recollection serve us, this is the customary style of the complimentary little paragraphs regarding new books which usually precede advertisements about Savory's clocks in the newspapers)—than we sat down at once and read it every word.

See how pleasantly things come about if you let them take their own course! This mention of the manuscript brings us at once to the very point we are anxious to reach, and which we should have gained long ago if we had not travelled into those irrelevant remarks concerning pantomimic representations.

For about a year before his death Grimaldi was employed in writing a full account of his life and adventures. It was his chief occupation and amusement; and as people who write their own lives, even in the midst of very many occupations, often find time to extend them to a most inordinate length, it is no wonder that his account of himself was exceedingly voluminous.

This manuscript was confided to Mr. Thomas Egerton Wilks, to alter and revise, with a view to its publication. Mr. Wilks, who was well acquainted with Grimaldi and his connections, applied himself to the task of condensing it throughout, and wholly expunging considerable portions, which, so far as the public were concerned, possessed neither interest nor amusement; he likewise interspersed here and there the substance of such personal anecdotes as he had gleaned from the writer in desultory conversation. While he was thus engaged Grimaldi died.

Mr. Wilks having by the commencement of September concluded his labours, offered the

manuscript to the present publisher, by whom it was shortly afterwards purchased unconditionally, with the full consent and concurrence of Mr. Richard Hughes, Grimaldi's executor.

The present Editor of these Memoirs has felt it necessary to say thus much in explanation of their origin, in order to establish beyond doubt the unquestionable authenticity of the memoirs they contain.

His own share in them is stated in a few words. Being much struck by several incidents in the manuscript—such as the description of Grimaldi's infancy, the burglary, the brother's return from sea under the extraordinary circumstances detailed, the adventure of the man with the two fingers on his left hand, the account of Mackintosh and his friends, and many other passages, and thinking that they might be related in a more attractive manner (they were at that time told in the first person, as if by Grimaldi himself, although they had necessarily lost any original manner which his recital might have imparted to them), he accepted a proposal from the publisher to edit the book, and *has* edited it to the best of his ability, altering its form throughout, and making such other alterations as he conceived would improve the narration of the facts, without any departure from the facts themselves.

He has merely to add that there has been no *book-making* in this case. He has not swelled the quantity of matter, but materially abridged it. The account of Grimaldi's first courtship may appear lengthy in its present form ; but it has undergone a double and most comprehensive process of abridgment. The old man was garrulous upon a subject on which the youth had felt so keenly, and, as the feeling did him honour in both stages of life, the Editor has not had the heart to reduce it further.

Here is the book, then, at last. After so much pains from so many hands—including the good right hand of GEORGE CRUIKSHANK, which has seldom been better exercised—he humbly hopes it may find favour with the public.

DOUGHTY STREET,  
*February, 1838.*





# MEMOIRS

## OF

# JOSEPH GRIMALDI.

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### CHAPTER I.

His Grandfather and Father—His Birth and first appearance at Drury Lane Theatre, and at Sadler's Wells—His Father's severity—Miss Farren—The Earl of Derby and the Wig—The Fortune-box and Charity's reward—His Father's pretended death, and the behaviour of himself and his brother thereupon.

THE paternal grandfather of Joseph Grimaldi was well known, both to the French and Italian public, as an eminent dancer, possessing a most extraordinary degree of strength and agility,—qualities which, being brought into full play by the constant exercise of his frame in his professional duties, acquired for him the distinguishing appellation of "Iron Legs." Dibdin, in his "History of the Stage," relates several anecdotes of his prowess in these respects, many of which are current elsewhere, though the authority on which they rest would appear from his grandson's testimony to be somewhat doubtful; the best known of these, however, is perfectly true. Jumping extremely high one night in some performance on the stage, possibly in a fit of enthusiasm occasioned by the august presence of the Turkish Ambassador, who, with his suite, occupied the stage-box, he actually broke one of the chandeliers which in those times hung above the stage doors; and one of the glass drops was struck with some violence against the eye or countenance of the Turkish Ambassador aforesaid. The dignity of this great

personage being much affronted, a formal complaint was made to the Court of France, who gravely commanded "Iron Legs" to apologize, which "Iron Legs" did in due form, to the great amusement of himself, and the court, and the public; and, in short, of everybody else but the exalted gentleman whose person had been grievously outraged. The mighty affair terminated in the appearance of a squib, which has been thus translated :—

Hail, Iron Legs ! immortal pair,  
Agile, firm knit, and peerless,  
That skim the earth, or vault in air,  
Aspiring high and fearless.  
Glory of Paris ! outdoing compeers,  
Brave pair ! may nothing hurt ye ;  
Scatter at will our chandeliers,  
And tweak the nose of Turkey.  
And should a too presumptuous foe  
But dare these shores to land on,  
His well-kicked men shall quickly know  
We've Iron Legs to stand on.

This circumstance occurred on the French stage. The first Grimaldi\* who appeared in

\* Giuseppe Grimaldi was really "Iron Legs;" of the grandfather no particulars are known. The father of our Joe was originally a pantomime actor at the fairs in Italy and France, at the time these fairs supplied the French Theatre with some of the finest dancers that have conferred distinction on that stage. His first employment in England was at the King's Theatre in the Haymarket, where the lighter kind of ballet proving attractive, similar dances were introduced early in the season 1758, 1759, on the boards of Drury

England was the father of the subject of these Memoirs, and the son of "Iron Legs," who, holding the appointment of Dentist to Queen Charlotte, came to England in that

Lane and Covent Garden Theatres. At the former, under Garrick's management, a new pantomime dance, entitled "The Millers," was performed for the first time, October 12th, 1758; in which Signor Grimaldi, it was announced, made his first appearance on the English Stage. A writer in the "London Chronicle," in reference to this piece, observes, as regards the debutant—"Grimaldi is a man of great strength and agility; he indeed treads the air. If he has any fault, he is rather too comical; and from some feats of his performing, which I have been a witness to, at the King's Theatre, in the Haymarket, those spectators will see him, it is my opinion, with most pleasure, who are least solicitous whether he breaks his neck or not." In reference to the dance of "The Millers," composed by Grimaldi, then deemed an innovation, he continues:—

"Some people hold dancing to be below the dignity of a regular theatre; but I can by no means subscribe to their opinion, since one of the principal ends of every theatre is to delight; and everything that can contribute to that purpose, under proper restrictions, has an undoubted right to a place there. I shall not affect to show my learning by adding the ancients not only admitted dancing, but thought it a necessary ornament in the performance of the most celebrated tragedies.

"The French in this kind of merit for many years carried all before them; but of late the Italians seem to have the start of them; and it must be allowed the latter are much better actors, which, in the comic dance that now almost everywhere prevails, is infinitely more requisite than those graceful postures and movements on which the French dancers for the most part pique themselves; but in this case a vast deal depends on the Maître de Ballet; and whoever composed "The Millers," has, I think, shown himself a man of genius; the figure of the contra-danse being pleasingly intricate, and the whole admirably well adapted to the music. I cannot, however, help observing he has been indebted to Don Quixote; for when Signor Grimaldi comes in asleep on his ass, it is stolen from under him in the same manner that Gines de Passamont robs poor Sancho of his, and the same joy is testified by both parties in the recovery of the beloved brute."

The Drury Lane playbill, October 10, 1761, announced as "not acted this season," a Comedy called the Confederacy; Brass, Mr. King; Flip-panta, Mrs. Clive. At the end of Act II. an entertainment of Dancing, called the Italian Gardener, by Signor Grimaldi, Miss Baker, &c. Garrick's Pageant of the Coronation concluded the night's diversion.

From his first appearance in October, 1758, Grimaldi continued at Drury Lane as Maître de Ballet, Primo Buffo, Clown, Pantaloon, or Cherokee, or any part required in the ballet, till his death. The

capacity in 1760; he was a native of Genoa, and long before his arrival in this country had attained considerable distinction in his profession. We have not many instances of

dancers, it would appear, were not paid during the whole season, but for certain periods; in the interim they were employed, under certain restrictions, at other places of amusement. Those belonging to Drury Lane in Garrick's time, were in the summer months, and from Easter to Michaelmas, attached to Sadler's Wells; and in the bills which announced the opening of that suburban theatre at Easter, 1763 and 1764, Signor Grimaldi appears as Maître de Ballet, and chief dancer. On May 1, in the latter year, Grimaldi, and an English dancer named Aldridge, of considerable eminence in his profession, jointly had a benefit; Shakspeare's "Tempest" was performed, as also the pantomime of "Fortunatus," Harlequin by Signor Grimaldi. In the September of the same year, at Sadler's Wells, the Signor had another benefit; the bill of the evening is subjoined:—

#### FOR THE BENEFIT OF SIGNOR GRIMALDI.

AT SADLER'S WELLS, ISLINGTON.

On Wednesday, September 19, 1764, will be exhibited a Variety of New Performances.

Dancing both serious and comic, viz. :—1. "The Miller's Dance," by Signor Duval, Signor Amoire, Signora Mercucius, Mrs. Preston, and others.—2. "The Shoemakers," by Signor Grimaldi, Signor Amoire, Miss Wilkinson, and others.—3. "The Country Wedding," by Signor Duval, Signor Amoire, Signora Mercucius, Miss Wilkinson, and Signor Grimaldi, and others.

And by particular desire, for that night only.

A Double Hornpipe by Master Cape and Miss Taylor.

Tumbling by Mr. Sturgess, Signor Pedro, and Mr. Garman.

Singing by Mr. Prentice, Mr. Cooke, and Miss Brown.

With a variety of Curious Performances by

THE VENETIAN AND HIS CHILDREN.

The Wire by Master Wilkinson.

The Musical Glasses by Miss Wilkinson, accompanied by Master Wilkinson.

The whole to conclude with a New Entertainment of Music and Dancing; called

#### DON QUIXOTE.

Harlequin . . . . . Mr. Banks.

Don Quixote . . . . . Mr. Niepeker.

Sancho . . . . . Mr. Warner.

Columbine . Miss Wilkinson.

The Paintings, Music, and Habits, are all entirely New.

Pit and Boxes, 2s. 6d. Gallery, 1s. 6d.

To begin exactly at six.] [Vivant Rex et Regina.

Tickets and Places to be had of Signor Grimaldi, at the New Tunbridge Wells; and he begs the

the union of the two professions of dentist and dancing-master; but Grimaldi, possessing a taste for both pursuits, and a much higher relish for the latter than the former, obtained leave to resign his situation about the Queen, soon after his arrival in this country, and commenced giving lessons in dancing and fencing, occasionally giving his pupils a taste of his quality in his old capacity. In those days of minuets and cotillions, private dancing was a much more laborious and serious affair than it is at present; and the younger branches of the nobility and gentry kept Mr. Grimaldi in pretty constant occupation. In many scattered notices of OUR Grimaldi's life, it has been stated that the father lost his situation at court in consequence of the rudeness of his behaviour, and some disrespect which he had shown the King; an accusation which his son always took very much to heart, and which the continual patronage of the King and Queen, bestowed upon him publicly, on all possible occasions, sufficiently proves to be unfounded.

His new career being highly successful, Mr. Grimaldi was appointed ballet-master of old Drury Lane Theatre and Sadler's Wells, with which he coupled the situation of primo buffo; in this double capacity he became a very great favourite with the public, and their majesties, who were nearly every week accustomed to command some pantomime of which Grimaldi was the hero. He bore the reputation of being a very honest man, and

favour of those Ladies and Gentlemen, who have already taken Places, to send their servants by Half-an-Hour after Four o'clock.

At Drury Lane, December 26, in the same year, was performed the Tragedy of "The Earl of Essex;" at the end of Act IV. a Dance called "The Irish Lilt," by Mr. Aldridge, Miss Baker, and others. After which, not performed these three years, an Entertainment in Italian Grotesque Characters, called "Queen Mab." Harlequin, by Mr. Rooker; Pantaloon, by Signor Grimaldi; Silvio, by Mr. Baddeley; Puck, Master Cape; Queen Mab, by Miss Ford; Columbine, by Miss Baker. The facetious Ned Rooker, principal Harlequin at Drury Lane, was a painter of great excellence: his paintings and drawings are still held in high repute, and his theatrical scenery was not surpassed in his time; some of it was in use till recently at the Haymarket Theatre.

Grimaldi continued at Sadler's Wells till the close of the season of 1767, and never afterwards was employed there. Signor Spinacuti and his "funambulistical" monkey, so took the town by surprise in 1768, that dancing at that theatre was altogether thrown into the background.

a very charitable one, never turning a deaf ear to the entreaties of the distressed, but always willing, by every means in his power, to relieve the numerous reduced and wretched persons who applied to him for assistance. It may be added—and his son always mentioned it with just pride—that he was never known to be inebriated: a rather scarce virtue among players of later times, and one which men of far higher rank in their profession would do well to profit by.

He appears to have been a very singular and eccentric man. It would be difficult to account for the little traits of his character which are developed in the earlier pages of this book, unless this circumstance were borne in mind. He purchased a small quantity of ground at Lambeth once, part of which was laid out as a garden: he entered into possession of it in the very depth of a most inclement winter, but he was so impatient to ascertain how this garden would look in full bloom, that, finding it quite impossible to wait till the coming of spring and summer gradually developed its beauties, he had it at once decorated with an immense quantity of artificial flowers, and the branches of all the trees bent beneath the weight of the most luxuriant foliage, and the most abundant crops of fruit, all, it is needless to say, artificial also.

A singular trait in this individual's character was a vague and profound dread of the 14th day of the month. At its approach he was always nervous, disquieted, and anxious: directly it had passed he was another man again, and invariably exclaimed, in his broken English, "Ah! now I am safe for another month." If this circumstance was unaccompanied by any singular coincidence it would be scarcely worth mentioning; but it is remarkable that he actually died on the 14th day of March; and that he was born, christened, and married on the 14th of the month.

There are other anecdotes of the same kind told of Henri Quatre and others; this one is undoubtedly true, and it may be added to the list of coincidences or presentiments, or by whatever name the reader pleases to call them, as a veracious and well-authenticated instance.

These are not the only odd characteristics of the man. He was a most morbidly sensitive and melancholy being, and entertained a horror of death almost indescribable. He was in the habit of wandering about churchyards and burying-places for hours together, and would speculate on the diseases of which

the persons whose remains occupied the graves he walked among had died; figure their death-beds, and wonder how many of them had been buried alive in a fit or a trance: a possibility which he shuddered to think of, and which haunted him both through life and at its close. Such an effect had this fear upon his mind that he left express directions in his will that, before his coffin should be fastened down, his head should be severed from his body, and the operation was actually performed in the presence of several persons.

It is a curious circumstance that death, which always filled his mind with the most gloomy and horrible reflections, and which in his unoccupied moments can hardly be said to have been ever absent from his thoughts, should have been chosen by him as the subject of one of his most popular scenes in the pantomimes of the time. Among many others of the same nature he invented the well-known skeleton scene for the clown, which was very popular in those days, and is still occasionally represented. Whether it be true that the hypochondriac is most prone to laugh at the things which most annoy and terrify him in private, as a man who believes in the appearance of spirits upon earth is always the foremost to express his unbelief; or whether these gloomy ideas haunted the unfortunate man's mind so much that even his merriment assumed a ghastly hue, and his comicality sought for grotesque objects in the grave and the charnel-house, the fact is equally remarkable.

This was the same man who, in the time of Lord George Gordon's riots, when people, for the purpose of protecting their houses from the fury of the mob, inscribed upon their doors the words "No Popery,"—actually, with the view of keeping in the right with all parties, and preventing the possibility of offending any by his form of worship, wrote up "No religion at all;" which announcement appeared in large characters in front of his house in Little Russell Street.\*

\* Henry Angelo, in his *Reminiscences*, gives a different version of this story. "The father of Grimaldi, for many years the favourite clown, was my dancing-master when I was a boy, and encouraged my harlequin and monkey tricks; he related the anecdote to me himself, and I am therefore justified in repeating it. At the time of the riots, in June, 1780, he resided in a front room on the second floor in Holborn, on the same side of the way near to Red Lion Square, when the mob passing by the house, and Grimaldi being a foreigner, they thought he must be a papist. On hearing he lived there, they all stopped, and there was a general shouting; a cry of 'No Popery!'

The idea was perfectly successful; but whether from the humour of the description, or because the rioters did not happen to go down that particular street, we are unable to determine.

On the 18th of December, 1779, the year in which Garrick died, Joseph Grimaldi, "Old Joe," was born in Stanhope Street,† Clare Market; a part of the town then as now much frequented by theatrical people in consequence of its vicinity to the theatres. At the period of his birth his eccentric father was sixty-five years old, and twenty-five months afterwards another son was born to him—Joseph's only brother.

The child did not remain very long in a state of helpless and unprofitable infancy, for at the age of one year and eleven months he was brought out by his father on the boards of Old Drury, where he made his first bow and his first tumble.‡ The piece in which

was raised, and they were about to assail the house, when Grimaldi, who had been listening all the time, and knew their motives, put his head out of the window from the second floor, and making comical grimaces, called out, "Genteelmen in dis hose dere be no religion at all." Laughing at their mistake, the mob proceeded on, first giving him three huzzas, though his house, unlike all the others, had not written on the door—"No Popery!"

† Joe, from some erroneous information he had received, always stated he was born in Stanhope-street, Clare-market, December 18, 1779; he mentioned this in his farewell address at Sadler's Wells, and again subscribed that date at the end of his autobiographical notes. He was in error: a reference to the baptismal register of St. Clement's Danes proved he was born on December 18, 1778, and that he was baptized as the son of Joseph and Rebecca, on the 28th of the same month and year. From this entry, it might be inferred that Joe was legitimate; but we are sorry to be compelled to record that he was not so. Rebecca was Mrs. Brooker, who had been from her infancy a dancer at Drury Lane, and subsequently at Sadler's Wells, played old women, or anything to render herself generally useful. Mr. Hughes and others who well remember her, describe her as having been a short, stout, very dark woman. The same baptismal register from 1773 to 1788 has been carefully inspected, but no mention occurs of Joe's only brother, John Baptist, or of any other of the Grimaldi family.

‡ Joe's first appearance was at Sadler's Wells, not at Drury Lane; the announcement bill for the opening on April 16, Easter Monday, 1781, of the former theatre, tells us of Dancing by Mr. Le Mercier, Mr. Languish, Master and Miss Grimaldi, and Mrs. Sutton. Here we see Joe, and his sister Mary, afterwards Mrs. Williamson, thrust forward sufficiently early to earn their bread. Grimaldi, in his farewell address, on his last ap-

his precocious powers were displayed was the well-known pantomime of *Robinson Crusoe*, in which the father sustained the part of the Shipwrecked Mariner, and the son performed that of the Little Clown. The child's success was complete; he was instantly placed on the establishment, accorded a magnificent weekly salary of fifteen shillings, and every succeeding year was brought forward in some new and prominent part. He became a favourite behind the curtain as well as before it, being henceforth distinguished in the green-room as "Clever little Joe;" and Joe he was called to the last day of his life.

In 1782 he first appeared at Sadler's Wells in the arduous character of a monkey; and here he was fortunate enough to excite as much approbation as he had previously elicited in the part of clown at Drury Lane. He immediately became a member of the regular company at this theatre, as he had done at the other; and here he remained (one season only excepted) until the termination of his professional life, forty-nine years afterwards.

Now that he had made, or rather that his father had made for him, two engagements, by which he was bound to appear at two theatres on the same evening, and at very nearly the same time, his labours began in earnest. They would have been arduous for a man, much more so for a child; and it will be obvious that if at any one portion of his life his gains were very great, the actual toil both of mind and body by which they were purchased was at least equally so. The stage-stricken young gentlemen who hang

pearance at Sadler's Wells, pathetically alluded to this fact—"at a very early age, before that of three years, I was introduced to the public, by my father, at this theatre."

That Joe did not play the "Little Clown" in Sheridan's Pantomime of "*Robinson Crusoe*" is evident from the construction of the drama. On January 29, 1781, after the "*Winter's Tale*," Florizel, Mr. Brereton; Perdita, Mrs. Brereton, afterwards Mrs. J. P. Kemble; and Hermione, Miss Farren; was performed, for the first time, "*Robinson Crusoe*;" or, *Harlequin Friday*." The bill of the night lets us know that the principal characters were by Mr. Wright, Mr. Grimaldi, Mr. Delphini, Mr. Suett, Mr. Gaudry, and Miss Collett. This pantomime was performed thirty-eight times that season. Grimaldi played *Friday*, not the "*Shipwrecked Mariner*;" and the probability is that young Joe made his first appearance on the boards of Old Drury in the Pantomime of 1782, entitled "*The Triumph of Mirth*;" or, *Harlequin's Wedding*," the principal characters in which were by Wright, Grimaldi, and Delphini. There were many minor persons of the drama,

about Sadler's Wells, and Astley's, and the Surrey, and private theatres of all kinds, and who long to embrace the theatrical profession because it is "so easy," little dream of all the anxieties and hardships, and privations and sorrows, which make the sum of most actors' lives.

We have already remarked that the father of Grimaldi was an eccentric man; he appears to have been peculiarly eccentric, and rather unpleasantly so, in the correction of his son. The child being bred up to play all kinds of fantastic tricks, was as much a clown, a monkey, or anything else that was droll and ridiculous off the stage as on it; and being incited thereto by the occupants of the green-room, used to skip and tumble about as much for their diversion as that of the public. All this was carefully concealed from the father, who, whenever he did happen to observe any of the child's pranks, always administered the same punishment—a sound thrashing; terminating in his being lifted up by the hair of his head, and stuck in a corner, whence his father, with a severe countenance and awful voice, would tell him "to venture to move at his peril."

Venture to move, however, he did, for no sooner would the father disappear than all the cries and tears of the boy would disappear too; and with many of those winks and grins which afterwards became so popular he would recommence his pantomime with greater vigour than ever; indeed, nothing could ever stop him but the cry of "Joe! Joe! here's your father!" upon which the boy would dart back into the old corner, and begin crying again as if he had never left off.

This became quite a regular amusement in course of time, and, whether the father was coming or not, the caution used to be given for the mere pleasure of seeing "Joe" run back to his corner; this "Joe" very soon discovered, and often confounding the warning with the joke, received more severe beatings than before, from him whom he very properly describes in his manuscript as his "severe but excellent parent." On one of these occasions, when he was dressed for his favourite part of the little clown in *Robinson Crusoe*, with his face painted in exact imitation of his father's, which appears to have been part of the fun of the scene, the old gentleman brought him into the green room, and, placing him in his usual solitary corner, gave him strict directions not to stir an inch on pain of being thrashed, and left him.

The Earl of Derby, who was at that time in the constant habit of frequenting the green-



room, happened to walk in at the moment, and seeing a lonesome-looking little boy dressed and painted after a manner very inconsistent with his solitary air, good-naturedly called him towards him.

"Hollo! here, my boy, come here!" said the Earl.

Joe made a wonderful and astonishing face, but remained where he was. The Earl laughed heartily, and looked round for an explanation.

"He dare not move!" explained Miss Farren, to whom his lordship was then much attached, and whom he afterwards married; "his father will beat him if he does."

"Indeed!" said his lordship. At which Joe, by way of confirmation, made another face more extraordinary than his former contortions.

"I think," said his lordship, laughing again, "the boy is not quite so much afraid of his father as you suppose. Come here, sir!"

With this, he held up half-a-crown, and the child, perfectly well knowing the value of money, darted from his corner, seized it with pantomimic suddenness, and was darting back again, when the Earl caught him by the arm.

"Here, Joe!" said the Earl, "take off your wig and throw it in the fire, and here's another half-crown for you."

No sooner said than done. Off came the wig,—into the fire it went; a roar of laughter arose; the child capered about with a half-crown in each hand; the Earl, alarmed for the consequences to the boy, busied himself to extricate the wig with the tongs and poker; and the father, in full dress for the Shipwrecked Mariner, rushed into the room at the same moment. It was lucky for "Little Joe" that Lord Derby promptly and humanely interfered, or it is exceedingly probable that his father would have prevented any chance of *his* being buried alive at all events, by killing him outright.

As it was, the matter could not be compromised without his receiving a smart beating, which made him cry very bitterly; and the tears running down his face, which was painted "an inch thick," came to the "complexion at last," in parts, and made him look as much like a little clown as like a little human being, to neither of which characters he bore the most distant resemblance. He was "called" almost immediately afterwards, and the father being in a violent rage, had not noticed the circumstance until the little object came on the stage, when a general roar

of laughter directed his attention to his grotesque countenance. Becoming more violent than before, he fell upon him at once, and beat him severely, and the child roared vociferously. This was all taken by the audience as a most capital joke; shouts of laughter and peals of applause shook the house; and the newspapers next morning declared, that it was perfectly wonderful to see a mere child perform so naturally, and highly creditable to his father's talents as a teacher!

This is no bad illustration of some of the miseries of a poor actor's life. The jest on the lip, and the tear in the eye, the merriment on the mouth, and the aching of the heart, have called down the same shouts of laughter and peals of applause a hundred times. Characters in a state of starvation are almost invariably laughed at upon the stage;—the audience have had their dinner.

The bitterest portion of the boy's punishment was the being deprived of the five shillings, which the excellent parent put into his own pocket, possibly because he received the child's salary also, and in order that everything might be, as Goldsmith's Bear-leader has it, "in a concatenation accordingly." The Earl gave him half-a-crown every time he saw him afterwards though, and the child had good cause for regret when his lordship married Miss Farren,\* and left the green-room.

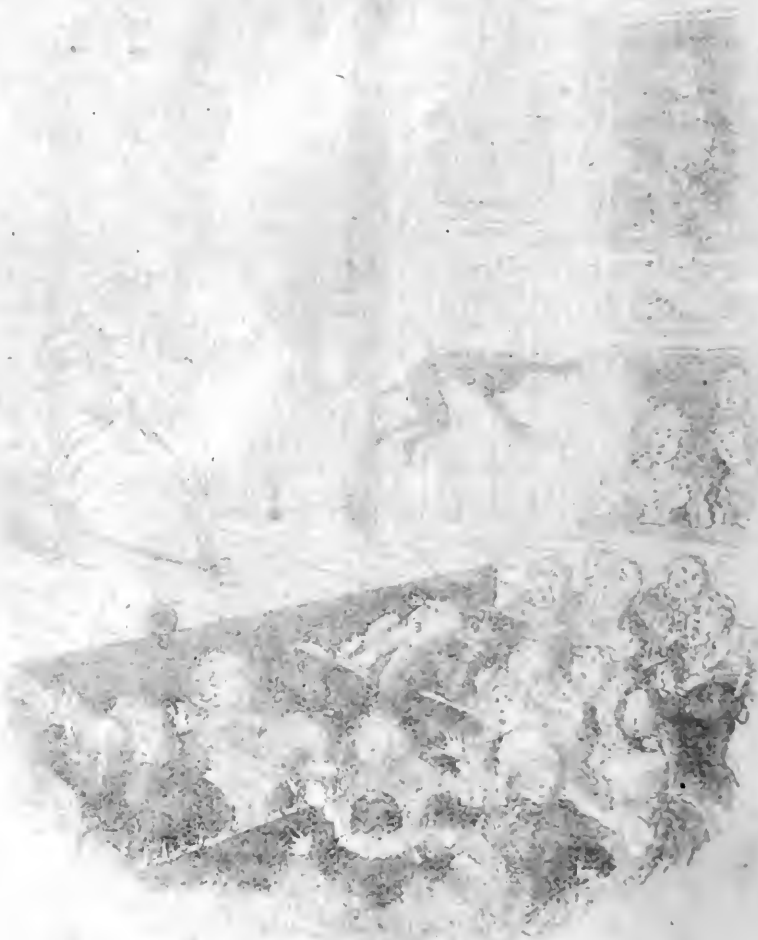
At Sadler's Wells he became a favourite almost as speedily as at Drury Lane. King, the comedian,† who was principal pro-

\* Miss Farren, previously to her marriage with the Earl of Derby, took her final leave of the stage, as Lady Teazle, in "The School for Scandal," April 8, 1797.

† Tom King was the manager of Sadler's Wells Theatre from Easter, 1772, till the 'close of the season, 1782; when, on Sheridan's resignation as manager of Drury Lane, King succeeded him in September, 1782, and relinquished the management of Sadler's Wells to Wroughton, whose term commenced at Easter, 1783. We have already explained that Joe's father was not employed at Sadler's Wells in 1781; and yet, perhaps, in consideration of Master and Miss, Signor Grimaldi had a benefit at that theatre on Thursday, September 12, 1782; the usual diversions were announced, but he did not take any part in the business of the evening. The bills announced "Tickets and Places to be had only of Mr. Grimaldi, at No. 5, Princes Street, Drury Lane, and opposite Sadler's Wells Gate." Signor Placido's night followed on Monday, September 16, when, with other new amusements, was introduced "A new Pantomime Dance, for the first time, called 'The Woodcutter; or, the Lucky Mischance,'



JOE'S DÉBUT INTO THE PIT AT SADLER'S WELLS.





prietor of the former theatre and acting manager of the latter, took a great deal of notice of him, and occasionally gave the child a guinea to buy a rocking-horse or a cart, or

characters by Mr. Dupuis, then principal dancer at the Wells, Mr. Meunier, Mr. Grimaldi, Mrs. Sutton, Signor Placido, and the Little Devil, being their first Pantomimical performance in this kingdom. This was the only appearance of Signor Grimaldi at the Wells in 1782; for which, possibly, he was paid by Placido.

Young Joe's introduction to Sadler's Wells in 1781, as also the benefit here noticed in 1782, were kindnesses probably rendered to Grimaldi by Tom King during the last two years of his management.

Reynolds, the dramatist, was wont to relate a droll story of the Signor, which may not improperly be told here. "Walking one day in Pall Mall with Tom King, we met the celebrated clown Grimaldi, father of Joe Grimaldi, approaching us with a face of the most ludicrous astonishment and delight, when he exclaimed: 'Oh, vatt a clevere fellow dat Sheridan is!—shall I tell you?—oui—yes; I vill, bien donc. I could no nevare see him at de theatre, so je vais chez lui to his house in Hertford-street, muffled in de great coat, and I say, 'Domestique!—you hear?' 'Yes, Sare.' 'Vell, den, tell your master, dat Mistare—you know, de Mayor of Stafford be below.' Domestique fly; and on de instant I vas shown into de drawing-room. In von more minuet Sheridan leave his dinner-party, enter de room hastily—stop suddenly and say, 'How dare you, Grim, play me such a trick?' Then putting himself into von grand passion, he go on: 'Go, Sare! get out of my house!' 'Begare,' say I, placing my back against de door, 'not till you pay me my forty pounds;' and den I point to de pen, ink, and paper, on von small tables in de corner, and say, 'Dere, write me de check, and de Mayor shall go vitement—entendez-vous? If not, morbleu! I shall—'

"'Oh!' interrupted dis clevere man, 'if I must, Grim, I must,' and as if he vare très-pressé—vary hurry, he write de draft, and pushing it into my hand, he squeeze it, and I do push it into my pocket. Eh bien!—vell, den, I do make haste to de banquier, and giving it to de clerks, I say, vitement, 'four tens, if you please, Sare.' 'Four tens,' he say, with much surprise; 'de draft be only for four pounds!' O vat a clevere fellow dat Sheridan is! Vell, den, I say, 'If you please, Sare, donnez-moi donc, dose four pounds.' And den he say, 'Call again to-morrow.' Next day, I meet de manager in de street, and I say, 'Mistare Sheridan! have you forget?' and den he laugh, and say, 'Vy, Grim, I recollected afterwards—I left out de o!' O, vat a clevere fellow dat Sheridan is!"

Again meeting Grimaldi, some months afterwards, Reynolds asked him whether the manager had found means to pay him the amount of his dishonoured cheque. He replied in the affirmative; but with a look and tone of voice so altered it

some toy that struck his fancy. During he run of the first piece in which he played at Sadler's Wells, he produced his first serious effect, which, but for the good fortune which seems to have attended him in such cases, might have prevented his subsequent appearance on any stage. He played a monkey, and had to accompany the clown (his father) throughout the piece. In one of the scenes, the clown used to lead him on by a chain attached to his waist, and with this chain he would swing him round and round, at arm's length, with the utmost velocity. One evening, when this feat was in the act performance, the chain broke, and he was hurled a considerable distance into the pit, fortunately without sustaining the slightest injury; for he was flung by a miracle into the very arms of an old gentleman who was sitting gazing at the stage with intense interest.

Among the many persons who in this early stage of his career behaved with great kindness to him, were the famous rope-dancers, Mr. and Mrs. Redigé, then called *Le Petit Diabie*,\* and *La Belle Espagnole*; who often gave him a guinea to buy some childish luxury, which his father invariably took away and deposited in a box, with his name written outside, which he would lock very carefully, and then, giving the boy the key, say, "Mind, Joe, ven I die, dat is your vortune." Eventually he lost both the box and the fortune, as will hereafter appear.

As he had now nearly four months vacant out of every twelve, the run of the Christmas pantomime at Drury Lane seldom exceeding a month, and Sadler's Wells not opening until Easter, he was sent for that period of the year to a boarding-school at Putney, kept

seemed as if the successful adroitness of Sheridan's *ruse contre ruse*, had afforded him more enjoyment, and given him a higher opinion of the manager as a "clevere fellow," than the mere passing business affair of paying him his demand.

\* Paulo Redigé, "*Le Petite Diable*," made his first appearance at Sadler's Wells with Placide, the "*French Voltigeur*," under the Italianized name of Signor Placido, on Easter Monday, 1781, on the same night with young Joe. *La Belle Espagnole*, whom Angelo describes as "a very beautiful woman," made her first appearance at the same theatre on April, 1, 1785; having, as the bills expressed it, "been celebrated at Paris all the winter for her very elegant and wonderful performances." She soon after became the wife of the "*Little Devil*." Paulo, the late clown, was their son, and might be almost said to have been born within the walls of that theatre. The manager's attentions to this beautiful Spaniard were the cause of much jealousy to Mrs. Wroughton, and some ludicrous stories are still afloat.

by a Mr. Ford, of whose kindness and goodness of heart to him on a later occasion of his life he spoke, when an old man, with the deepest gratitude. He fell in here with many schoolfellows who afterwards became connected one way or another with dramatic pursuits, among whom was Mr. Henry Harris, of Covent Garden Theatre. We do not find that any of these schoolfellows afterwards became pantomime actors; but recollecting the humour and vivacity of the boy, the wonder to us is, that they were not all clowns when they grew up.

In the Christmas of 1782, he appeared in his second character\* at Drury Lane, called "Harlequin Junior, or the Magic Cestus," in which he represented a demon, sent by some opposing magician to counteract the power of the Harlequin. In this, as in his preceding part, he was fortunate enough to meet with great applause; and from this period his reputation was made, although it naturally increased with his years, strength, and improvement.

In the following Easter† he repeated the monkey at Sadler's Wells without the pit effect. As the piece was withdrawn at the end of the month, and he had nothing to do for the remainder of the season, he again repaired to Putney.

In Christmas 1783, he once more appeared at Drury Lane, in a pantomime called

\* The pantomime of "Harlequin Junior; or, the Magic Cestus," was performed for the first time on Wednesday, January 7, 1784, not Christmas, 1782; and was highly successful, from the excellence of the characters, the beautiful scenery, and the new deceptions—Grimaldi, as Clown, obtruding into a hothouse, became suddenly transformed into a fine, large water-melon; in another scene changed into a goose; his affected airs in displaying his tail in the peacock style, set the house in roars of laughter. The change of the Bank of Paris into an air-balloon was a trick that obtained a *fi* plaudit. So great, in fact, was the attraction, it was not only frequently performed during the remainder of the season, 1783-4, but also in that of 1784-5, being revived on September 28, 1784, and repeated in lieu of a new pantomime on December 27, in that year, and it ran its full complement of representations as a new piece.

† We do not find that at Easter, 1784, any piece was withdrawn in which a monkey was likely to be introduced. The *Sieur Scaglioni's* troop of Dancing Dogs, and their sagacious manœuvres, made up speedily for the losses of the previous season. The pantomime was entitled "The Enchanted Wood; or, Harlequin's Vagaries;" a dance called the "Fricassee;" and the whole concluded with the "Death and Revival of Harlequin," which "ran" the whole of the season.

"Hurly Burly."‡ In this piece he had to represent, not only the old part of the monkey, but that of a cat besides; and in sustaining the latter character he met with an accident, his speedy recovery from which would almost induce one to believe that he had so completely identified himself with the character as to have eight additional chances for his life. The dress he wore was so clumsily contrived, that when it was sewn upon him he could not see before him; consequently, as he was running about the stage, he fell down a trap-door, which had been left opened to represent a well, and tumbled down a distance of forty feet, thereby breaking his collar-bone, and inflicting several contusions upon his body. He was immediately conveyed home, and placed under the care of a surgeon, but he did not recover soon enough to appear any more that season at Drury Lane, although at Easter he performed at Sadler's Wells as usual.

In the summer of this year, he used to be allowed, as a mark of high and special favour to spend every alternate Sunday at the house of his mother's father, "who," says Grimaldi himself, "resided in Newton-street, Holborn, and was a carcase butcher, doing a prodigious business; besides which, he kept the Bloomsbury slaughter-house, and, at the time of his death, had done so for more than sixty years." With this grandfather "Joe" was a great favourite; and as he was very much indulged and petted when he went to see him, he used to look forward to every visit with great anxiety. His father, upon his part, was most anxious that he should support the credit of the family upon these occasions, and, after great deliberation, and much consultation with tailors, the "little clown" was attired for one of these Sunday excursions in the following style. On his back he wore a green coat, embroidered with almost as many artificial flowers as his father had put in the garden at Lambeth; beneath this there shone a satin waistcoat of dazzling whiteness; and beneath that again were a pair of green cloth breeches (the word existed in those days) richly embroidered. His legs were fitted into white silk stockings, and his feet into

‡ A pantomimical olio, entitled "The Caldron," in which Grimaldi played Clown, was produced at Drury Lane, September 27, 1785, performed a few nights, and withdrawn. The pantomime of "Hurly Burly; or, the Fairy of the Wells," was produced for the first time, on December 20, in that year, and not at Christmas, 1783. Grimaldi played "Clodpate," the Clown, in this piece; it was very successful.



MASTER JOEY GOING TO VISIT HIS GODPAPA.



shoes with brilliant paste buckles, of which he also wore another resplendent pair at his knees; he had a laced shirt, cravat, and ruffles; a cocked-hat upon his head: a small watch set with diamonds—theatrical, we suppose—in his fob, and a little cane in his hand, which he switched to and fro, as our clowns may do now.

Being thus thoroughly equipped for starting, he was taken in for his father's inspection; the old gentleman was pleased to signify his entire approbation with his appearance, and, after kissing him in the moment of his gratification, demanded the key of the "fortune-box." The key being got with some difficulty out of one of the pockets of the green smalls, the bottom of which might be somewhere near the buckles, the old gentleman took a guinea out of the box, and, putting it into the boy's pocket, said, "Dere now, you are a gentleman, and something more—you have got a guinea in your pocket." The box having been carefully locked, and the key returned to the owner of the "fortune," off he started, receiving strict injunctions to be home by eight o'clock. The father would not allow anybody to attend him, on the ground that he was a gentleman, and consequently perfectly able to take care of himself, so away he went, to walk all the way from Little Russell-street, Drury Lane, to Newton-street, Holborn.

The child's appearance in the street excited considerable curiosity, as the appearance of any other child, alone, in such a costume, might very probably have done; but he was a public character besides, and the astonishment was proportionate. "Hollo!" cried one boy, "here's little Joe!" "Get along," said another, "it's the monkey." A third thought it was the "bear dressed for a dance," and the fourth suggested "it might be the cat going out to a party," while the more sedate passengers could not help laughing heartily, and saying how ridiculous it was to trust such a child in the streets alone. However, he walked on, with various singular grimaces, until he stopped to look at a female of miserable appearance, who was reclining on the pavement, and whose diseased and destitute aspect had already collected a crowd.

The boy stopped, like others, and hearing her tale of distress, became so touched, that he thrust his hand into his pocket, and having at last found the bottom of it, pulled out his guinea, which was the only coin he had, and slipped it into her hand; then away he walked again with a greater air than before.

The sight of the embroidered coat, and breeches, and the paste buckles, and the satin

waistcoat and cocked-hat, had astonished the crowd not a little in the outset, but directly it was understood that the small owner of these articles had given the woman a guinea, a great number of people collected around him, and began shouting and staring by turns most earnestly. The boy, not at all abashed, headed the crowd, and walked on very deliberately, with a train a street or two long behind him, until he fortunately encountered a friend of his father's, who no sooner saw the concourse that attended him than he took him in his arms and carried him, despite a few kicks and struggles, in all his brilliant attire to his grandfather's house, where he spent the day very much to the satisfaction of all parties concerned.

When he got safely home at night the father referred to his watch, and finding that he had returned home punctual to the appointed time, kissed him, extolled him for paying such strict attention to his instructions, examined his dress, discovered satisfactorily that no injury had been done to his clothes, and concluded by asking for the key of the "fortune-box," and the guinea. The boy, at first, quite forgot the morning adventure; but, after rummaging his pockets for the guinea, and not finding it, he recollected what had occurred, and, falling upon the knees of the knee-smalls, confessed it all, and implored forgiveness.

The father was puzzled; he was always giving away money in charity himself, and he could scarcely reprimand the child for doing the same. He looked at him for some seconds with a perplexed countenance, and then, contenting himself with simply saying, "I'll beat you," sent him to bed.

Among the eccentricities of the old gentleman, one—certainly not his most amiable one—was, that whatever he promised he performed; and that when, as in this case, he promised to thrash the boy, he would very coolly let the matter stand over for months, but never forget it in the end. This was ingenious, inasmuch as it doubled, or trebled, or quadrupled the punishment, giving the unhappy little victim all the additional pain of anticipating it for a long time, with the certainty of enduring it in the end. Four or five months after this occurrence, and when the child had not given his father any new cause of offence, he suddenly called him to him one day, and communicated the intelligence that he was going to beat him forthwith. Hereupon the boy began to cry most piteously, and faltered forth the inquiry, "Oh! father, what for?"—"Remember the guinea!" said the father. And he



gave him a caning which he remembered to the last day of his life.

The family consisted at this time of the father, mother, Joe, his only brother John Baptist, three or four female servants, and a man of colour who acted as footman, and was dignified with the appellation of "Black Sam."

The father was extremely hospitable, and fond of company; he rarely dined alone, and on certain gala days, of which Christmas-eve was one, had a very large party, upon which occasions his really splendid service of plate, together with various costly articles of *bijouterie*, were laid out for the admiration of the guests. Upon one Christmas-eve, when the dining-parlour was decorated and prepared with all due gorgeousness and splendour, the two boys, accompanied by Black Sam, stole into it, and began to pass various encomiums on its beautiful appearance.

"Ah!" said Sam, in reply to some remark of the brothers, "and when old Massa die, all dese fine things vill be yours."

Both the boys were much struck with this remark, and especially John, the younger, who, being extremely young, probably thought much less about death than his father, and accordingly exclaimed, without the least reserve or delicacy, that he should be exceedingly glad if all these fine things were his.

Nothing more was said upon the subject. Black Sam went to his work, the boys commenced a game of play, and nobody thought any more of the matter except the father himself, who, passing the door of the room at the moment the remarks were made, distinctly heard them. He pondered over the matter for some days, and at length, with the view of ascertaining the dispositions of his two sons, formed a singular resolution, still connected with the topic ever upwards in his mind, and determined to feign himself dead. He caused himself to be laid out in the drawing-room, covered with a sheet, and had the room darkened, the windows closed, and all the usual ceremonies which accompany death, performed. All this being done, and the servants duly instructed, the two boys were cautiously informed that their father had died suddenly, and were at once hurried into the room where he lay, in order that he might hear them give vent to their real feelings.\*

When Joe was brought into the dark room on so short a notice, his sensations were rather complicated, but they speedily resolved themselves into a firm persuasion that his father was not dead. A variety of causes led him to this conclusion, among which the most prominent were, his having very recently seen his father in the best health; and, besides several half-suppressed winks and blinks from Black Sam, his observing, by looking closely at the sheet, that his deceased parent still breathed. With very little hesitation the boy perceived what line of conduct he ought to adopt, and at once bursting into a roar of the most distracted grief, flung himself upon the floor, and rolled about in a seeming transport of anguish.

John, not having seen so much of public life as his brother, was not so cunning, and perceiving in his father's death nothing but a relief from flogging and books (for both of which he had a great dislike), and the immediate possession of all the plate in the dining-room, skipped about the room, indulging in various snatches of song, and, snapping his fingers, declared that he was glad to hear it.

"O! you cruel boy," said Joe, in a passion of tears, "hadn't you any love for your dear father? Oh! what would I give to see him alive again!"

"Oh! never mind," replied the brother; "don't be such a fool as to cry; we can have the cuckoo-clock all to ourselves now."

This was more than the deceased could bear. He jumped from the bier, opened the shutters, threw off the sheet, and attacked his younger son most unmercifully; while Joe, not knowing what might be his own fate, ran and hid himself in the coal-cellar, where he was discovered some four hours afterwards, by Black Sam, fast asleep, who carried him to his father, who had been anxiously in search of him, and by whom he was received with every demonstration of affection, as the son who truly and sincerely loved him.

From this period, up to the year 1788, he continued regularly employed upon the same salaries as he had originally received both at Drury Lane and Sadler's Wells.

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\* A similar scene has been frequently represented on the stage. It is probable that the father derived the notion from some play in which he had acted, or which he had seen performed.

## CHAPTER II.

1788 to 1794.

The Father's real Death—His Will, and failure of the Executor—Generous conduct of Grimaldi's Schoolmaster, and of Mr. Wroughton, the Comedian—Kindness of Sheridan—Grimaldi's industry and amusements—Fly catching—Expedition in search of the "Dartford Blues"—Mrs. Jordan—Adventure on Clapham Common: the piece of Tin—His first love and its consequences.

It has been stated in several publications that Grimaldi's father died in 1787. It would appear from several passages in the memoranda dictated by his son, that he expired on the 14th of March, 1788, of dropsy, in the seventy-eighth year\* of his age, and that he was interred in the burial-ground attached to Exmouth Street Chapel; a spot of ground in which, if it bore any resemblance at that time to its present condition, he could have had very little room to walk about and meditate when alive. He left a will, by which he directed all his effects and jewels to be sold by public auction, and the proceeds to be added to his funded property, which exceeded 15,000*l.*; the whole of the gross amount, he directed should be divided equally between the two brothers as they respectively attained

\* The newspapers in March, 1788, noticed the death, on the 14th of that month, of "Mr. Joseph Grimaldi, many years Ballet-Master at Drury Lane Theatre, aged 72." Decastro, who notwithstanding his love of gossip, and occasionally, by a too frequent repetition, perverting the vein of his story, was no mean authority as regarded the old players, most of whom are now—

Down among the dead men!

He used to assert that old Grimaldi died in Lambeth, at his apartments, up a court within a door or two of the Pheasant public-house in Stangate Street. Reference to the burial-register of St. Mary's, Lambeth, elicited nothing as to his interment there; but on searching the register belonging to Northampton Chapel, in Exmouth Street, we found it there recorded "March 23, 1788, Mr. Joseph Grimaldi, from Lambeth, aged 75." It will be observed, there is a difference of three years in the age, as stated in the daily papers of the time, and in the register of his burial. No stone, or other memorial, marks the spot where his ashes lie.

The court in which Grimaldi died, in poverty, not wealth, was, till the last destruction of Astley's Amphitheatre, under the tenancy of Ducrow, called Theatre Court, or Place; but the fire consumed the greater part, and its site is now occupied by that portion of Batty's Amphitheatre which is in the Palace New Road.

their majority. Mr. King,† to whom allusion has already been made, was appointed co-executor with a Mr. Joseph Hopwood, a lace manufacturer in Long Acre, at that time supposed to possess not only an excellent business, but independent property to a considerable amount besides. Shortly after they entered upon their office, in consequence of Mr. King declining to act, the whole of the estate fell to the management of Mr. Hopwood, who, employing the whole of the brothers' capital in his trade, became a bankrupt within a year, fled from England, and was never heard of afterwards. By this unfortunate and unforeseen event, the brothers lost the whole of their fortune, and were thrown upon their own resources and exertions for the means of subsistence.

It is very creditable to all parties, and while it speaks highly for the kind feeling of the friends of the widow, and her two sons, bears high testimony to their conduct and behaviour, that no sooner was the failure of the executor known than offers of assistance were heaped upon them from all quarters. Mr. Ford, the Putney schoolmaster, offered at once to receive Joseph into his school and to adopt him as his own son; this offer being declined by his mother, Mr. Sheridan, who was then proprietor of Drury Lane Theatre, raised the boy's salary, unasked, to one pound per week, and permitted his mother, who was and had been from her infancy a dancer at that establishment, to accept a similar engagement at Sadler's Wells, which was, in fact, equivalent to a double salary, both theatres being open together for a considerable period of the year.

At Sadler's Wells, where Joseph appeared as usual in 1788‡, shortly after his father's

† The original Editor has been misinformed. We are sorry to have to record that Signor Grimaldi had nothing to bequeath to any one; he made no will; and a search at the Prerogative Office, Doctors Commons, for the two years following his death, is evidence of this, no probate having issued thence.

‡ The season of 1788, at Sadler's Wells, was one of no common interest. On Whitsun Monday, May 12, in a musical piece, entitled "Saint Monday; or, a Cure for a Scold," Mr. Braham, then Master Abrahams, made his first appearance. He is named in the bills of August 18, but appears soon after to have left Sadler's Wells, and on the 30th of the same month had a benefit at the Royalty Theatre, Well Street, near Goodman's Fields, as "Master Braham," when the celebrated tenor singer, Leoni, his master, announced that as the last time of his performing on the stage. Miss Shields, who appeared at Sadler's Wells in the

death, they were not so liberal, nor was the aspect of things so pleasing, his salary of fifteen shillings a-week being very unceremoniously cut down to three, and his mother being politely informed, upon her remonstrating, that if the alteration did not suit her, he was at perfect liberty to transfer his valuable services to any other house. Small as the pittance was, they could not afford to refuse it; and at that salary he remained at Sadler's Wells for three years, occasionally superintending the property-room, sometimes assisting in the carpenter's, and sometimes in the painter's, and, in fact, lending a hand wherever it was most needed.

When the defalcation of the executor took place, the family were compelled to give up their comfortable establishment, and to seek for lodgings of an inferior description. His mother knowing a Mr. and Mrs. Bailey, who then resided in Great Wild Street, and who let lodgings, applied to them, and there they lived, in three rooms on the first floor, for several years. The brother could not be prevailed upon to accept any regular engagement, for he thought and dreamt of nothing but going to sea, and evinced the utmost detestation of the stage. Sometimes, when boys were wanted in the play at Drury Lane, he was sent for, and attended, for which he received a shilling per night; but so great was his unwillingness and evident dissatisfaction on such occasions, that Mr. Wroughton, the comedian, who, by purchasing the property of Mr. King, became about this period\* pro-

same piece on Whitsun Monday, became, towards the end of May, Mrs. Leffler. Two Frenchmen, named Duranie and Bois-Maison, as pantomimists eclipsed all their predecessors on that stage. Boyce, a distinguished engraver, was the Harlequin, and by those who remember him he is eulogized as the most finished actor of the motley hero, either in his own day, or since. On the benefit night of Joseph Dortor, Clown to the rope, and Richer, the rope dancer, Miss Richer made her first appearance on two slack wires, passing through a hoop, with a pyramid of glasses on her head; and Master Richer performed on the tight rope with a skipping rope. Joseph Dortor, among other almost incredible feats, drank a glass of wine backwards from the stage-floor, beating a drum at the same time. Lawrence, the father of Joe's friend, Richard Lawrence, threw a summer-set over twelve men's heads, and Paul Redigé, "The Little Devil," on October 1, threw a summer-set over two men on horseback, the riders having each a lighted candle on his head. Dubois, as Clown to the Pantomime, had no superior in his time; and the troop of Voltigeurs were pre-eminent for their agility, skill, and daring.

\* Further inquiries enable us to prove that King

prietor of Sadler's Wells, stepped forward in the boy's behalf, and obtained for him a situation on board an East-Indiaman, which then lay in the river, and was about to sail almost immediately.

John was delighted when the prospect of realizing his ardent wishes opened upon him so suddenly; but his raptures were diminished by the discovery that an outfit was indispensable, and that it would cost upwards of fifty pounds: a sum which, it is scarcely necessary to say, his friends, in their reduced position, could not command. But the same kind-hearted gentleman removed this obstacle, and with a generosity and readiness which enhanced the value of the gift an hundredfold, advanced, without security or obligation, the whole sum required, merely saying, "Mind, John, when you come to be a captain you must pay it me back again."

There is no difficulty in providing the necessities for a voyage to any part of the world when you have provided the first and most important—money. In two days, John took his leave of his mother and brother, and with his outfit, or kit, was safely deposited on board the vessel in which a berth had been procured for him; but the boy, who was of a rash, hasty, and inconsiderate temper, finding, on going on board, that a delay of ten days would take place before the ship sailed, and that a king's ship, which lay near her, was just then preparing to drop down to Gravesend with the tide, actually swam from his own ship to the other, entered himself as a seaman or cabin-boy on board the latter in some feigned name,—what it was his friends never heard,—and so sailed immediately, leaving every article of his outfit, down to the commonest necessary of wearing apparel, on board the East-Indiaman, on the books of which he had been entered through the kindness of Mr. Wroughton. He disappeared in 1789, and he was not heard of, or from, or seen, for fourteen years afterwards.

At this period of his life, Joseph was far from idle; he had to walk from Drury Lane to Sadler's Wells every morning to attend rehearsals, which then began at ten o'clock; to be back at Drury Lane to dinner by two, or go without it; to be back again at Sadler's Wells in the evening, in time for the commencement of the performances at six o'clock; to go through uninterrupted labour from that time until eleven o'clock, or later; and then

transferred his right in Sadler's Wells to Messrs. Wroughton and Serjeant, at the close of the year 1788.



to walk home again, repeatedly after having changed his dress twenty times in the course of the night.

Occasionally, when the performances at Sadler's Wells were prolonged so that the curtain fell very nearly at the same time as the concluding piece at Drury Lane began, he was so pressed for time as to be compelled to dart out of the former theatre at his utmost speed, and never to stop until he reached his dressing-room at the latter. That he could use his legs to pretty good advantage at this period of his life, two anecdotes will sufficiently show.

On one occasion, when by unforeseen circumstances he was detained at Sadler's Wells beyond the usual time, he and Mr. Fairbrother (the father of the well-known theatrical printer), who, like himself, was engaged at both theatres, and had agreed to accompany him that evening, started hand-in-hand from Sadler's Wells Theatre, and ran to the stage-door of Drury Lane in eight minutes by the stop-watches which they carried. Grimaldi adds, that this was considered a great feat at the time; and we should think it was.

Another night, during the time when the Drury Lane company were playing at the Italian Opera House in the Haymarket, in consequence of the old theatre being pulled down and a new one built, Mr. Fairbrother and himself, again put to their utmost speed by lack of time, ran from Sadler's Wells to the Opera House in fourteen minutes, meeting with no other interruption by the way than one which occurred at the corner of Lincoln's Inn Fields, where they unfortunately ran against and overturned an infirm old lady, without having time enough to pick her up again. After Grimaldi's business at the Opera House was over (he had merely to walk in the procession in Cymon), he ran back alone to Sadler's Wells in thirteen minutes, and arrived just in time to dress for *Clown* in the concluding pantomime.

For the rest, his life went on quietly, and he was making a very little of anecdote or farce beyond his steady and certain rise in his profession and in the estimation of the public, which, although very important to him from the money he afterwards gained by it, and to the public from the amusement of his peculiar excellence yielded them. Grimaldi offers no material for our history; indeed, this gradual progress in the good opinion of the town exercised a material influence on his receipts; for, in 1794, his salary at Drury Lane was trebled, while his salary at Sadler's Wells had risen

from three shillings per week to four pounds. He lodged in Great Wild Street with his mother all this time: their landlord had died, and the widow's daughter, from accompanying Mrs. Grimaldi\* to Sadler's Wells Theatre, had formed an acquaintance with, and married Mr. Robert Fairbrother, of that establishment, and Drury Lane, upon which Mrs. Bailey, the widow, took Mr. Fairbrother into partnership as a furrier, in which pursuit, by industry and perseverance, he became eminently successful.

This circumstance would be scarcely worth mentioning, but that it shows the industry and perseverance of Grimaldi, and the ease with which, by the exercise of those qualities, a very young person may overcome all the disadvantages and temptations incidental to the most precarious walk of a precarious pursuit, and become a useful and respectable member of society. He earned many a guinea from Mr. Fairbrother by working at his trade, and availing himself of his instruction in his leisure hours; and when he could do nothing in that way, he would go to Newton Street, and assist his uncle and cousin, the carcase butchers, for nothing; such was his unconquerable antipathy to being idle. He does not inform us whether it required a practical knowledge of trade, to display that skill and address with which, in his subsequent prosperity, he would diminish the joints of his customers as a baker, or increase the weight of their meat as a butcher, but we hope, for the credit of trade, that his morals in this respect were wholly imaginary.

These were his moments of occupation, but he contrived to find moments of amusement besides, which were devoted to the breeding of pigeons, and collecting of insects, which latter amusement he pursued with such success, as to form a cabinet containing no fewer than 4,000 specimens of flies, "collected," he says, "at the expense of a great deal of time, a great deal of money, and a great deal of vast labour,"—for all of which, no doubt, the entomologist will deem him sufficiently rewarded. He appears in old age to have entertained a peculiar relish for the recollection of these pursuits, and calls to mind a part of Surrey where there was a very famous fly, and a part of Kent where there was another famous fly: one of these was called the *Camberwell Beauty* (which he adds was very ugly), and another, the *Dartford Blue*, by which *Dartford Blue* he seems to have set

\* Mrs. Brooker.

great store; and which were pursued and caught in the manner following, in June, 1794, when they regularly make their first appearance for the season.

Being engaged nightly at Sadler's Wells, he was obliged to wait till he had finished his business upon the stage: then he returned home, had supper, and shortly after midnight started off to walk to Dartford, fifteen miles from town. Here he arrived about five o'clock in the morning, and calling upon a friend of the name of Brooks, who lived in the neighbourhood, and who was already stirring, he rested, breakfasted, and sallied forth into the fields. His search was not very profitable, however, for after some hours he only succeeded in bagging, or bottling, one "Dartford Blue," with which he returned to his friend perfectly satisfied. At one o'clock he bade his friend good-bye, walked back to town, reached London by five, washed, took tea, and hurried to Sadler's Wells. No time was to be lost—the fact of the appearance of the "Dartford Blues" having been thoroughly established—in securing more specimens; so on the same night, directly the pantomime was over, and supper over, too, off he walked down to Dartford again, found the friend up again, took a hasty breakfast again, and resumed his search again. Meeting with better sport, and capturing no fewer than four dozen Dartford Blues, he hurried back to the friend's; set them—an important process, which consists in placing the insects in the position in which their natural beauty can be best displayed—started off with the Dartford Blues in his pocket for London once more, reached home by four o'clock in the afternoon, washed, and took a hasty meal, and then went to the theatre for the evening's performance.

As not half the necessary number of Blues had been taken, he had decided upon another visit to Dartford that same night, and was consequently much pleased to find that, from some unforeseen circumstance, the pantomime was to be played first. By this means he was enabled to leave London at nine o'clock, to reach Dartford at one, to find a bed and supper ready, to meet a kind reception from his friend, and finally to turn into bed, a little tired with the two days' exertions. The next day was Sunday, so that he could indulge himself without being obliged to return to town, and in the morning he caught more flies than he wanted; so the rest of the day was devoted to quiet sociality. He went to bed at ten o'clock, rose early next morning, walked comfortably to town, and at noon was

perfect in his part, at the rehearsal on the stage at Drury Lane Theatre.

It is probable that by such means as these, united to temperance and sobriety, Grimaldi acquired many important bodily requisites for the perfection which he afterwards attained. But his love of entomology, or exercise, was not the only inducement in the case of the Dartford Blues; he had, he says, another strong motive, and this was, the having promised a little collection of insects to "one of the most charming women of her age,"—the lamented Mrs. Jordan, at that time a member of the Drury Lane company.

Upon one occasion he had held under his arm, during a morning rehearsal, a box containing some specimens of flies: Mrs. Jordan was much interested to know what could possibly be in the box that Grimaldi carried about with him with so much care, and would not lose sight of for an instant, and in reply to her inquiry whether it contained anything pretty, he replied by exhibiting the flies.

He does not say whether these particular flies, which Mrs. Jordan admired, were Dartford Blues, or not; but he gives us to understand, that his skill in preserving and arranging insects was really very great; that all this trouble and fatigue were undertaken in a spirit of respectful gallantry to the most winning person of her time; and that, having requested permission previously, he presented two frames of insects to Mrs. Jordan, on the first day of the new season, and immediately after she had finished the rehearsal of *Rosalind* in "As You Like It;" that Mrs. Jordan was delighted, that he was at least equally so, that she took the frames away in her carriage, and warmed his heart by telling him that his Royal Highness the Duke of Clarence considered the flies equal, if not superior, to any of the kind he had ever seen.

His only other companion in these trips, besides his Dartford friend, was Robert Gomery, or "friend Bob," as he was called by his intimates, at that time an actor at Sadler's Wells,\* and for many years afterwards a public favourite at the various minor theatres of the metropolis; who is now, or was lately, enjoying a handsome independence at Bath. With this friend he had a little adventure, which it was his habit to relate with great glee.

\* "Friend Bob" was not employed at Sadler's Wells till three years later than 1794, when he personated, on May 29, 1797, one of the Spahis in Tom Dibdin's "Sadak and Kalasrade."

One day, he had been fly-hunting with his friend, from early morning until night, thinking of nothing but flies, until at length their thoughts naturally turning to something more substantial, they halted for refreshment.

"Bob," said Grimaldi, "I am very hungry."

"So am I," said Bob.

"There is a public-house," said Grimaldi.

"It is *just* the very thing," observed the other.

It was a very neat public-house, and would have answered the purpose admirably, but Grimaldi having no money, and very much doubting whether his friend had either, did not respond to the sentiment quite so cordially as he might have done.

"We had better go in," said the friend; "it is getting late—you pay."

"No, no! you."

"I would in a minute," said his friend, "but I have not got any money."

Grimaldi thrust his hand into his right pocket with one of his queerest faces, then into his left, then into his coat pockets, then into his waistcoat, and finally took off his hat and looked into that; but there was no money anywhere.

They still walked on towards the public-house, meditating with rueful countenances, when Grimaldi spying something lying at the foot of a tree, picked it up, and suddenly exclaimed, with a variety of winks and nods, "Here's a sixpence!"

The hungry friend's eyes brightened, but they quickly resumed their gloomy expression as he rejoined, "It's a piece of tin!"

Grimaldi winked again, rubbed the sixpence or the piece of tin very hard, and declared, putting it between his teeth by way of test, that it was as good a sixpence as he would wish to see.

"I don't think it," said the friend, shaking his head.

"I'll tell you what," said Grimaldi, "we'll go to the public-house, and ask the landlord whether it's a good one, or not. They always know."

To this the friend assented, and they hurried on, disputing all the way whether it was really a sixpence or not; a discovery which could not be made at that time, when the currency was defaced and worn nearly plain, with the ease with which it could be made at present.

The publican, a fat, jolly fellow, was standing at his door, talking to a friend, and the house looked so uncommonly comfortable, that Gomery whispered as they approached,

that perhaps it might be best to have some bread and cheese first, and ask about the sixpence afterwards.

Grimaldi nodded his entire assent, and they went in and ordered some bread and cheese, and beer. Having taken the edge off their hunger, they tossed up a farthing which Grimaldi happened to find in the corner of some theretofore undiscovered pocket, to determine who should present the "sixpence." The chance falling on himself, he walked up to the bar, and with a very lofty air, and laying the questionable metal down with a dignity quite his own, requested the landlord to take the bill out of that.

"Just right, sir," said the landlord, looking at the strange face that his customer assumed, and not at the sixpence.

"It's right, sir, is it?" asked Grimaldi, sternly.

"Quite," answered the landlord; "thank ye, gentlemen." And with this he slipped the—whatever it was—into his pocket.

Gomery looked at Grimaldi, and Grimaldi, with a look and air which baffle all description, walked out of the house, followed by his friend.

"I never knew anything so lucky," he said, as they walked home to supper—"it was quite a Providence—that sixpence."

"A piece of tin, you mean," said Gomery.

Which of the two it was is uncertain, but Grimaldi often patronised the same house afterwards, and as he never heard anything more about the matter, he felt quite convinced that it was a real good sixpence.

In the early part of the year 1794, the\* quitted their lodgings in Great Wild St and took a six-roomed house in Penton Place, Pentonville, with a garden attached; a part of this they let off to a Mr. and Mrs. Lewis, who then belonged to Sadler's Wells; and in this manner they lived for three years, during the whole of which period his salaries steadily rose in amount, and he began to consider himself quite independent.

At Easter,\* Sadler's Wells opened as usual,

\* On Easter Monday, 1796, Sadler's Wells opened with Tom Dibdin's. *Serio-Comic Entertainment* called "The Talisman of Orosmanes; or, Harlequin made Happy." Grimaldi enacted the part of the Hag Morad; the principal characters in the action being King, Dibdin, the author, his second season; Dubois, Master Grimaldi, as he was then designated in the bills, and Mrs. Wybrow. Having in such company made a hit in his part, his fame rapidly increased; and in the new *Harlequinade Burletta*, entitled "Venus's Girdle; or, the World Bewitched," produced on the 1st of August in that year,

and making a great hit in a new part, his fame rapidly increased. At this time he found a new acquaintance, which exercised a material influence upon his comfort and happiness for many years. The intimacy commenced thus :—

When there was a rehearsal at Sadler's Wells, his mother, who was engaged there as well as himself, was in the habit of remaining at the theatre all day, taking her meals in her dressing-room, and occupying herself with needle-work. This she had done to avoid the long walk in the middle of the day from Sadler's Wells to Great Wild Street, and back again almost directly. It became a habit; and when they had removed to Penton Place, and consequently were so much nearer the theatre that it was no longer necessary, it still continued. Mr. Hughes, who had now become principal proprietor of the theatre, and who lived in the house attached to it, had several children, the eldest of whom was Miss Maria Hughes, a young lady of con-

Master Grimaldi played the part of the Old Woman; his mother, Mrs. Brooker, Lady Simpleton. These entertainments ran through the whole season.

It may not be out of place to notice that Philip Astley this year announced as attractions at his Amphitheatre of Arts, Westminster Bridge, "The most splendid Variety of Novel Amusements ever produced, and which have been composed and arranged by the following celebrated persons,—viz.,

"Mons. Mercerot, principal Pastoral Dancer, Ballet Master, and Pantomime Composer.

"Mons. Laurent, Performer of Action, Pierrot, and Pantomime Composer.

"Mr. West, Ballet Master, principal Buffo Dancer, Clown, and Pantomime Composer.

"Mr. Lassells Williamson, Ballet Master, principal Comic Dancer, Harlequin, and Pantomime Composer. The above are the only Pupils of the late celebrated Signor Grimaldi."

The bills added, "Messrs. Astleys most respectfully beg leave to remark, that there never was at any Public Place of Entertainment so many Ballet Masters, Pantomime Composers, &c., engaged at one and the same time, possessing abilities equal to the above performers; their exertions joined to those of Messrs. Astleys, must enable them to give a greater variety than any other Public Place of Summer Amusement."

Williamson was not only the pupil of Signor Grimaldi, but was also his son-in-law, having married Joe's sister, who was announced with him in the Sadler's Wells bills in 1781, as Miss Grimaldi; she was engaged with her husband as Mrs. Williamson at Astley's, and appears among the Wizards and Witches, in the Dramatis Personæ of the Grand Comic Pantomime, called "The Magician of the Rocks; or, Harlequin in London," produced there on Whitsun Monday. "Clown, Mr. West after the manner of his old Master, Grimaldi."

siderable accomplishments, who had always been much attached to Grimaldi's mother, and who embraced every opportunity of being in her society. Knowing the hours at which she was in the dressing-room during the day, Miss Hughes was in the habit of taking her work, and sitting with her from three or four o'clock until six, when the other female performers beginning to arrive, she retired. Grimaldi was generally at the theatre between four and five, always taking tea with his mother at the last-named hour, and sitting with her until the arrival of the ladies broke up the little party. In this way an intimacy arose between Miss Hughes and himself, which ultimately ripened into feelings of a warmer nature.

The day after he made his great hit in the new piece, he went as usual to tea in the dressing-room, where Mrs. Lewis, their lodger, who was the wardrobe-keeper of the theatre, happening to be present, overwhelmed him with compliments on his great success. Miss Hughes was there too, but she said nothing for a long time, and Grimaldi, who would rather have heard her speak for a minute than Mrs. Lewis for an hour, listened as patiently as he could to the encomiums which the good woman lavished upon him. At length she stopped, as the best talkers must now and then, to take breath, and then Miss Hughes, looking up, said, with some hesitation, that she thought Mr. Grimaldi had played the part uncommonly well; so well that she was certain there was no one who could have done it at all like him.

Now, before he went into the room, he had turned the matter over in his mind, and had come to the conclusion that if Miss Hughes praised his acting he would reply by some neatly turned compliment to her, which might afford some hint of the state of his feelings; and with this view he had considered of a good many very smart ones, but somehow or other, the young lady no sooner opened her lips in speech, than Grimaldi opened his in admiration, and out flew all the compliments in empty breath, without producing the slightest sound. He turned very red, looked very funny, and felt very foolish. At length he made an awkward bow, and turned to leave the room.

It was six o'clock, and the lady performers just then came in. As he was always somewhat of a favourite among them, a few of the more volatile and giddy—for there are a few such; in almost all companies, theatrical or otherwise—began first to praise his acting, and then to rally him upon another subject.

"Now Joe has become such a favourite," said one, "he ought to look out for a sweetheart."

Here Joe just glanced at Miss Hughes, and turned a deeper red than ever.

"Certainly he ought," said another. "Will any of us do, Joe?"

Upon this Joe exhibited fresh symptoms of being uncomfortable, which were hailed by a general burst of laughter.

"I'll tell you what, ladies," said Mrs. Lewis, "if I'm not greatly mistaken, Joe has got a sweetheart already."

Another lady said, that to her certain knowledge he had two, and another that he had three, and so on: he standing among them the whole time, with his eyes fixed upon the ground, vexed to death to think that Miss Hughes should hear these libels, and frightened out of his wits lest she should be disposed to believe them.

At length he made his escape, and being induced, by the conversation which had just passed, to ponder upon the matter, he was soon led to the conclusion that the fair daughter of Mr. Hughes had made an impression on his heart, and that, unless he could marry her, he would marry nobody, and must be for ever miserable, with other like deductions which young men are in the habit of making from similar premises. The discovery was not unattended by many misgivings. The great difference of station, then existing between them, appeared to interpose an almost insurmountable obstacle in the way of their marriage; and, further, he had no reason to suppose that the young lady entertained for him any other sentiments than those with which she might be naturally disposed to regard the son of a friend whom she had known so long. These considerations rendered him as unhappy as the most passionate lover could desire to be; he ate little, drank little, slept less, lost his spirits; and, in short, exhibited a great variety of symptoms sufficiently dangerous in any case, but particularly so in one, where the patient had mainly to depend upon the preservation of his powers of fun and comicality for a distant chance of the fulfilment of his hopes.

## CHAPTER III.

1794 to 1797.

Grimaldi falls in love—His success—He meets with an accident, which brings the Reader acquainted with that invaluable specific, "Grimaldi's Embrocation"—He rises gradually in his Profession—The Pentonville Gang of Burglars.

IT is scarcely to be supposed that such a sudden and complete change in the merry genius of the theatre could escape the observation of those around him, far less of his mother, who, as he had been her constant and affectionate companion, observed him with anxious solicitude. Various hints and soundings, and indirect inquiries were the consequence, but they were far from eliciting the truth; he was ill, fatigued by constant exertion in difficult parts, and that was all that his friends could gather from him.

There was another circumstance which puzzled the lady mother more than all. This was, that he never visited the dressing-room, whither he had been accustomed regularly to resort; and that he either took tea before he went to the theatre, or not at all. The truth was, that he was quite unable to endure the facetiousness of the ladies in the presence of Miss Hughes; the more so, because he fancied that his annoyance seemed to afford that young lady considerable amusement; and rather than find this the case, he determined to relinquish the pleasure of her society.

So matters stood for some weeks, when one night, having occasion during the performances to repair to the wardrobe for some articles of dress, he hastily entered, and instead of discovering his old friend, Mrs. Lewis, found himself confronted and alone with Mr. Hughes's daughter.

In these cases, if the lady exhibit emotion, the gentleman gains courage; but Miss Hughes exhibited no emotion, merely saying,—

"Why, Joe, I have not seen you for a fortnight; where have you been hiding? How is it that I never see you at tea now?"

The tone of kindness in which this was said somewhat reassured the lover, so he made an effort to speak, and got as far as, "I'm not well."

"Not well!" said the young lady. And she said it so kindly that all poor Joe's emotion returned; and being really ill and weak, and very sensitive withal, he made an effort or two to look cheerful, and burst into tears.



The young lady looked at him for a moment or two quite surprised, and then said, in a tone of earnest commiseration, "I see that you are not well, and that you are very much changed; what is the matter with you? Pray tell me."

At this inquiry, the young man, who seems to have inherited all the sensitiveness of his father's character without its worst points, threw himself into a chair, and cried like a child, vainly endeavouring to stammer out a few words, which were wholly unintelligible. Miss Hughes gently endeavoured to soothe him, and at that moment, Mrs. Lewis, suddenly entering the room, surprised them in this very sentimental situation; upon which Grimaldi, thinking he must have made himself very ridiculous, jumped up and ran away.

Mrs. Lewis being older in years, and in such matters too, than either Miss Hughes or her devoted admirer, kept her own counsel, thought over what she had seen, and discreetly presented herself before Grimaldi next day, when, after a sleepless night, he was sauntering moodily about the garden, aggravating all the doubts, and diminishing all the hopes that involved themselves with the object nearest his heart.

"Dear me, Joe!" exclaimed the old lady, "how wretched you do look! Why, what is the matter?"

He tried an excuse or two, but reposing great trust in the sagacity and sincerity of his questioner, and sadly wanting a confidante, he first solemnly bound her to secrecy, and then told his tale. Mrs. Lewis at once took upon herself the office of a go-between; undertook to sound Miss Hughes without delay; and counselled Grimaldi to prepare a letter containing a full statement of his feelings, which, if the conversation between herself and Miss Hughes on that very evening were propitious, should be delivered on the following.

Accordingly, he devoted all his leisure time that day to the composition of various epistles, and the spoiling of many sheets of paper, with the view of setting down his feelings in the very best and appropriate terms he could possibly employ. One complete letter was finished at last, although even that was not half powerful enough; and going to the theatre, and carefully avoiding the old dressing-room, he went through his part with greater *éclat* than before. Having hastily changed his dress, he hurried to Mrs. Lewis's room, where that good lady at once detailed all the circumstances that had occurred since the morning, which she thought conclusive, but which the lover feared were not.

It seems that Mrs. Lewis had embraced the first opportunity of being left alone with Miss Hughes to return to the old subject of Joe's looking very ill; to which Miss Hughes replied, that he certainly did, and said it, too, according to the matured opinion of Mrs. Lewis, as if she had been longing to introduce the subject without exactly knowing how.

"What can be the matter with him?" said Miss Hughes.

"I have found it out, Miss," said Mrs. Lewis; "Joe is in love."

"In love!" said Miss Hughes.

"Over head and ears," replied Mrs. Lewis; "I never saw any poor dear young man in such a state."

"Who is the lady?" asked Miss Hughes, inspecting some object that lay near her with every appearance of unconcern.

"That's a secret," said Mrs. Lewis; "I know her name; she does not know he is in love with her yet; but I am going to give her a letter to-morrow night, telling her all about it."

"I should like to know her name," said Miss Hughes.

"Why," returned Mrs. Lewis, "you see I promised Joe not to tell; but as you are so very anxious to know, I can let you into the secret without breaking my word; you shall see the direction of the letter."

Miss Hughes was quite delighted with the idea, and left the room, after making an appointment for the ensuing evening for that purpose.

Such was Mrs. Lewis's tale in brief; after hearing which, Grimaldi, who, not being so well acquainted with the subject, was not so sanguine, went home to bed, but not to sleep; his thoughts wavering between his friend's communication, and the love-letter, of which he could not help thinking that he could still polish up a sentence or two with considerable advantage.

The next morning was one of great agitation, and when Mrs. Lewis posted off to the theatre with the important epistle in her pocket, the lover fell into such a tremor of anxiety and suspense, that he was quite unconscious how the day passed: he could stay away from the theatre no longer than five o'clock, at which time he hurried down to ascertain the fate of his letter.

"I have not been able to give it yet," said Mrs. Lewis, softly, "but do you just go to the dressing-room; she is there:—only look at her, and guess whether she cares for you or not."

He went, and saw Miss Hughes looking very pale, with traces of tears on her face. Six o'clock soon came, and the young lady, hurrying to the room of the confidante, eagerly inquired whether she had got Joe's letter.

"I have," said Mrs. Lewis, looking very sly.

"Oh! pray let me see it," said Miss Hughes; "I am so anxious to know who the lady is, and so desirous that Joe should be happy."

"Why, upon my word," said Mrs. Lewis, "I think I should be doing wrong if I showed it to you, unless Joe said I might."

"Wrong!" echoed the young lady: "oh! if you only knew how much I have suffered since last night!" Here she paused for some moments, and added, with some violence of tone and manner, that if that suspense lasted much longer, she should go mad.

"Hey-day! Miss Maria," exclaimed Mrs. Lewis,—"mad! Why, surely you cannot have been so imprudent as to have formed an attachment to Joe yourself? But you shall see the letter, as you wish it; there is only one thing you must promise, and that is, to plead Joe's cause with the lady herself."

Miss Hughes hesitated, faltered, and at length said she would try.

At this point of the discourse Mrs. Lewis produced the laboured composition, and placed it in her hand.

Miss Hughes raised the letter, glanced at the direction, saw her own name written as plainly as the nervous fingers of its agitated writer would permit, let it fall to the ground, and sunk into the arms of Mrs. Lewis.

While this scene was acting in a private room, Grimaldi was acting upon the public stage; and conscious that his hopes depended upon his exertions, he did not suffer his anxieties, great as they were, to interfere with his performance. Towards the conclusion of the first piece he heard somebody enter Mr. Hughes's box—and there sat the object of all his anxiety.

"She has got the letter," thought the trembling actor; "she must have decided by this time."

He would have given all he possessed to have known what had passed,—when the business of the stage calling him to the front, exactly facing the box in which she sat, their eyes met, and she nodded and smiled. This was not the first time that Miss Hughes had nodded and smiled to Joseph Grimaldi, but it threw him into a state of confusion and agitation which at once deprived him of all con-

sciousness of what he was about. He never heard that he did not finish the scene in which he was engaged at the moment, and he always supposed, in consequence, that he did so: but how, or in what manner, he never could imagine, not having the slightest recollection of anything that passed.

It is singular enough that throughout the whole of Grimaldi's existence, which was a chequered one enough, even at those years when other children are kept in the cradle or the nursery, there always seemed some odd connection between his good and bad fortune; no great pleasure appeared to come to him unaccompanied by some accident or mischance: he mentions the fact more than once, and lays great stress upon it.

On this very night, a heavy platform, on which ten men were standing, broke down, and fell upon him as he stood underneath: a severe contusion of the shoulder was the consequence, and he was carried home immediately. Remedies were applied without loss of time, but he suffered intense pain all night; it gradually abated towards morning, in consequence of the inestimable virtues of a certain embrocation, which he always kept ready in case of such accidents, and which was prepared from a recipe left him by his father, which, having performed a great many cures, he afterwards gave to one Mr. Chamberlaine, a surgeon of Clerkenwell, who christened it, in acknowledgment, "Grimaldi's Embrocation," and used it in his general practice some years with perfect success. Before he was carried from the theatre, however, he had had the presence of mind to beg Mrs. Lewis to be called to him, and to request her to communicate the nature of the accident to Miss Hughes (who had quitted the box before it occurred) as cautiously as she could. This, Mrs. Lewis, who appears to have been admirably qualified for the task in which she was engaged, and to possess quite a diplomatic relish for negotiation, undertook and performed.

There is no need to lengthen this part of his history, which, however interesting, and most honourably so, to the old man himself, who in the last days of his life looked back with undiminished interest and affection to the early time when he first became acquainted with the excellence of a lady, to whom he was tenderly attached, and whose affection he never forgot or trifled with, would possess but few attractions for the general reader. The main result is quickly told: he was lying on a sofa next day, with his arm in a sling, when Miss Hughes visited him, and did not

affect to disguise her solicitude for his recovery; and, in short, by returning his affection, made him the happiest man, or rather boy (for he was not yet quite sixteen), in the world.

There was only one thing that damped his joy, and this was, Miss Hughes's firm and steadfast refusal to continue any correspondence or communication with him unknown to her parents. Nor is it unnatural that this announcement should have occasioned him some uneasiness, when their relative situations in life are taken into consideration; Mr. Hughes being a man of considerable property, and Grimaldi entirely dependent on his own exertions for support.

He made use of every persuasion in his power to induce the young lady to alter her determination; he failed to effect anything beyond the compromise, that for the present she would only mention their attachment to her mother, upon whose kindness and secrecy she was certain she could rely. This was done, and Mrs. Hughes, finding that her daughter's happiness depended on her decision, offered no opposition, merely remarking that their extreme youth forbade all idea of marriage at that time. Three years elapsed before Mr. Hughes was made acquainted with the secret.

After this, his time passed away happily enough; he saw Miss Hughes every evening in his mother's presence, and every Sunday she spent with them. All this time his reputation was rapidly increasing; almost every new part he played rendered him a greater favourite than before, and altogether his lot in life was a cheerful and contented one.

At this period, the only inhabitants of the house in Penton Place were Grimaldi and his mother, and Mrs. Lewis, of whom honourable mention has been so often made in the present chapter, together with her husband; there was no servant in the house; a girl that had lived with them some time having gone into the country to see her friends, and no other having been engaged in her absence.

One night in the middle of August, a "night rehearsal" was called at Sadler's Wells. For the information of those who are unacquainted with theatrical matters, it may be well to state that a "night rehearsal" takes place after the other performances of the evening are over, and the public have left the house. Being an inconvenient and fatiguing ceremony, it is never resorted to, but when some very heavy piece (that, is, one on a very extensive scale) is to be produced on a short notice. In this instance a new piece was to

be played on the following Monday, of which the performers knew very little, and there being no time to lose, a "night rehearsal" was called, the natural consequence of which would be the detention of the company at the theatre until four o'clock in the morning at least. Mr. Lewis, having notice of the rehearsal in common with the other performers, locked up their dwelling-house, being the last person who left it; brought the street-door key with him, and handed it over to Mr. Grimaldi.

But after the performances were over, which was shortly after eleven o'clock, when the curtain was raised, and the performers, assembling on the stage, prepared to commence the rehearsal, the stage-manager addressed the company in the following unexpected and very agreeable terms:—

"Ladies and Gentlemen, as the new drama will not be produced, as was originally intended, on Monday next, but is deferred until that night week, we shall not be compelled to trouble you with a rehearsal to-night."

This notification occasioned a very quick dispersion of the performers, who, very unexpectedly released from an onerous attendance, hurried home. Grimaldi, having something to do at the theatre which would occupy him about ten minutes, sent his mother and his friend Mrs. Lewis forward to prepare supper, and followed them shortly afterwards, accompanied by Mr. Lewis and two other performers attached to the theatre.

When the females reached home they found to their great surprise that the garden gate was open.

"Dear me!" said Mrs. Grimaldi,\* "how careless this is of Mr. Lewis!"

It was, undoubtedly; for at that time a most notorious gang of thieves infested that suburb of London:—it was a suburb then. Several of the boldest had been hung, and others transported, but these punishments had no effect upon their more lucky companions, who committed their depredations with, if possible, increased hardihood and daring.

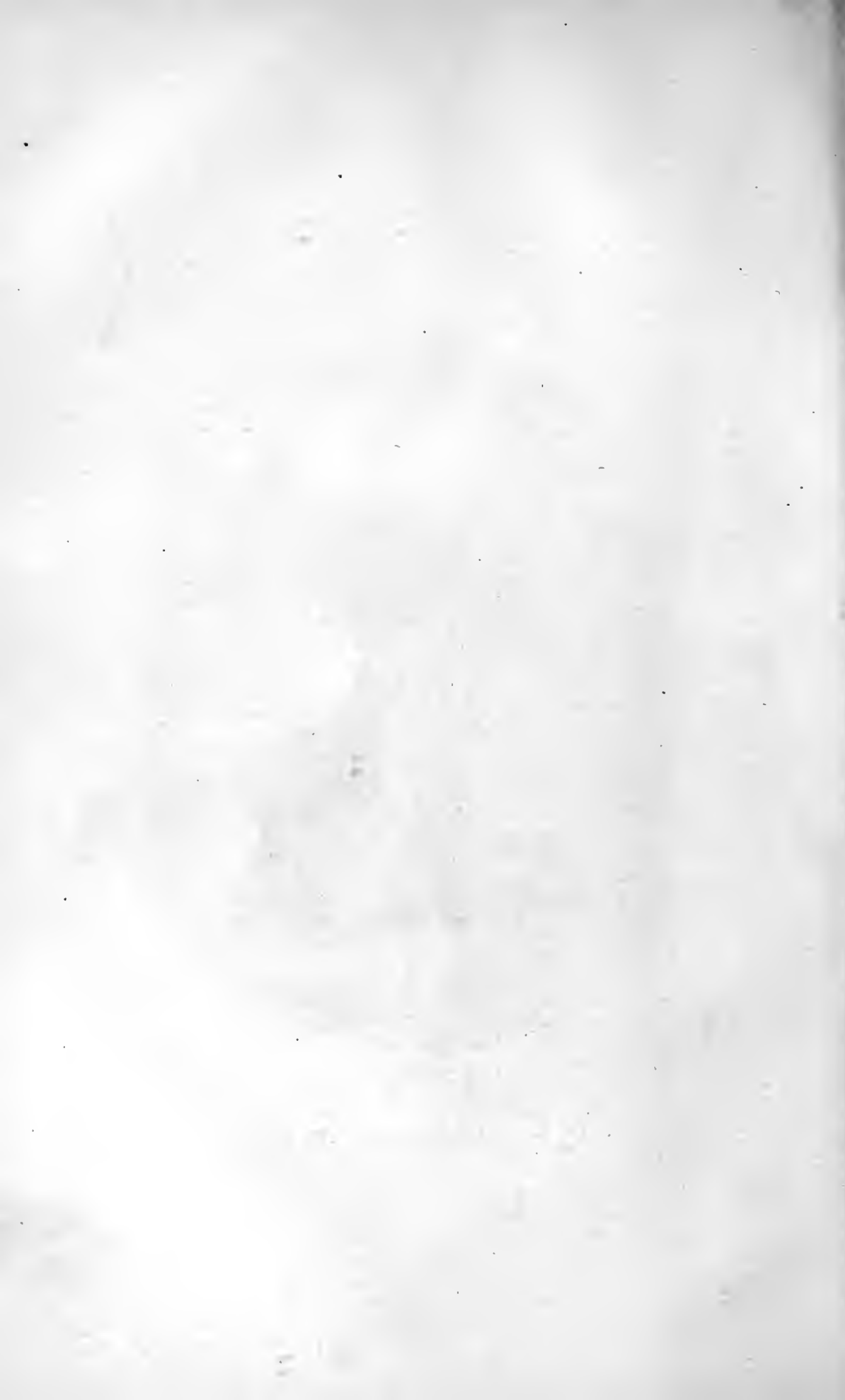
They were not a little surprised, after crossing the garden, to find that not only was the garden-gate open, but that the street-door was unlocked; and pushing it gently open, they observed the reflection of a light at the end of the passage, upon which of course they both cried "Thieves!" and screamed for help. A man who was employed at Sadler's Wells happened to be passing at the time, and tendered his assistance.

\* Mrs. Brooker.





A BIT OF PANTOMIME OFF THE STAGE.



"Do you wait here with Mrs. Lewis a minute," said Grimaldi's mother, "and I will go into the house; don't mind me unless you hear me scream; then come to my assistance." So saying, she courageously entered the passage, descended the stairs, entered the kitchen, hastily struck a light, and on lighting a candle and looking round, discovered that the place had been plundered of almost everything it contained.

She was running upstairs to communicate their loss, when Grimaldi and his friends arrived. Hearing what had occurred, they entered the house in a body, and proceeded to search it narrowly, thinking it probable that some of the thieves, surprised upon the premises, might be still lurking there. In they rushed, the party augmented by the arrival of two watchmen,—chosen, as the majority of that fine body of men invariably were, with a specific view to their old age and infirmities,—and began their inspection: the women screaming and crying, and the men all shouting together.

The house was in a state of great disorder and confusion, but no thieves were to be seen; the cupboards were forced, the drawers had been broken open, and every article they contained had been removed, with the solitary exception of a small net shawl, which had been worked by Miss Hughes, and given by her to her chosen mother-in-law.

Leaving the others to search the house, and the females to bewail their loss, which was really a very severe one, Grimaldi beckoned a Mr. King, one of the persons who had accompanied him home from the theatre, and suggested in a whisper that they should search the garden together.

King readily complied, and he having armed himself with a heavy stick, and Grimaldi with an old broad-sword which he had hastily snatched from its peg on the first alarm, they crept cautiously into the back garden, which was separated from those of the houses on either side by a wall from three to four feet high, and from a very extensive piece of pasture-land beyond it at the bottom, by another wall two or three feet higher.

It was a dark night, and they groped about the garden for some time, but found nobody. Grimaldi sprang upon the higher wall, and looking over the lower one, described a man in the act of jumping from the wall of the next garden. Upon seeing another figure the robber paused, and taking it for that of his comrade in the darkness of the night, cried softly, "Hush! hush! is that you?"

"Yes!" replied Grimaldi, getting as near him as he could. Seeing that the man, recognizing the voice as a strange one, was about to jump down, he dealt him a heavy blow with the broad-sword. He yelled out loudly, and stopping for an instant, as if in extreme pain, dropped to the ground, limped off a few paces, and was lost in the darkness.

Grimaldi shouted to his friend to follow him through the back gate, but seeing, from his station on the wall, that he and the thief took directly opposite courses, he leapt into the field, and set off at full speed. He was stopped in the very outset of his career, by tumbling over a cow, which was lying on the ground, in which involuntary pantomimic feat he would most probably have cut his own head off with the weapon he carried, if his theatrical practice as a fencer had not taught him to carry edge tools with caution.

The companion having taken a little run by himself, soon returned out of breath, to say he had seen nobody, and they re-entered the house, where by the light of the candle it was seen that the sword was covered with blood.

The constable of the night had arrived by this time; and a couple of watchmen bearing large lanterns to show the thieves they were coming, issued forth into the field, in hopes of taking the offenders alive or dead—they would have preferred the latter;—and of recovering any of the stolen property that might be scattered about. The direction which the wounded man had taken having been pointed out, they began to explore, by very slow degrees.

Bustling about, striving to raise the spirits of the party, and beginning to stow away in their proper places such articles as the thieves had condescended to leave, one of the first things Grimaldi chanced to light upon was Miss Hughes's shawl.

"Maria's gift, at all events," he said, taking it up and giving it a slight wave in his hand; when out fell a lozenge-box upon the floor, much more heavily than a lozenge-box with any ordinary lozenges inside would do.

Upon this the mother clapped her hands and set up a louder scream than she had given vent to when she found the house robbed.

"My money! my money!" she screamed.

"It can't be helped, my dear madam," said everybody; "think of poor Mrs. Lewis; she is quite as badly off."

"Oh, I don't mean that," was the reply. "Oh! thank Heaven, they didn't find my

money." So with many half-frantic exclamation, she picked up the lozenge-box, and there, sure enough, were thirty-seven guineas, (it was completely full,) which had lain securely concealed beneath the shaw!

They sat down to supper; but although Mrs. Grimaldi\* now cheered up wonderfully, and quite rallied her friend upon her low spirits, poor Mrs. Lewis, who had found no lozenge-box, was quite unable to overcome her loss. Supper over, and some hot potatoes, which the fright had rendered absolutely necessary, despatched, the friends departed, and the usual inmates of the house were left alone to make such preparations for passing the night as they deemed fitting.

They were ludicrous enough: upon comparing notes, it was found that nobody could sleep alone, upon which they came to the conclusion that they had better all sleep in the same room. For this purpose, a mattress was dragged into the front parlour, upon which the two females bestowed themselves without undressing; Lewis sat in an easy chair; and Grimaldi having loaded two pistols, wiped the sanguinary stains from the broadsword, and laid it by his side, drew another easy-chair near the door, and there mounted guard.

All had been quiet for some time, and they were falling asleep, when they were startled by a long loud knocking at the back-door, which led into the garden. They all started up and gazed upon each other, with looks of considerable dismay. The females would have screamed, only they were too frightened; and the men would have laughed it off, but they were quite unable from the same cause to muster the faintest smile.

Grimaldi was the first to recover the sudden shock, which the supposed return of the robbers had communicated to the party, and turning to Lewis, said, with one of his oddest looks,—

"You had better go to the back-door, old boy, and see who it is."

Mr. Lewis did not appear quite satisfied upon the point. He reflected for a short time, and looking with a very blank face at his wife, said he was much obliged to Mr. Grimaldi, but he would rather not.

In this dilemma, it was arranged that Lewis should wait in the passage, and that Grimaldi should creep softly upstairs, and reconnoitre the enemy from the window above—a plan which Lewis thought much more feasible, and which was at once put in execution.

\* Mrs. Brooker.

While these deliberations were going forward, the knocking had continued without cessation, and it now began to assume a subdued and confidential tone, which, instead of subduing their alarm, rather tendered to increase it. Armed with the two pistols and the broadsword, and looking much more like Robinson Crusoe than either the "Shipwrecked Mariner," or the "Little Clown," Grimaldi thrust his head out of the window, and hailed the people below, in a voice which between agitation and a desire to communicate to the neighbours the full benefit of the discussion, was something akin to that in which his well-known cry of "Here we are!" afterwards acquired so much popularity.

It was between two and three o'clock in the morning,—the day was breaking, and the light increasing fast. He could descry two men at the door heavily laden with something, but with what he could not discern. All he could see was, that it was not fire-arms, and that was a comfort.

"Hollo! hollo!" he shouted out of the window, displaying the brace of pistols and the broadsword to the best advantage; "what's the matter there?" Here he coughed very fiercely, and again demanded what was the matter.

"Why, sir," replied one of the men, looking up, and holding on his hat as he did so, "we thought we should never wake ye."

"And what did you want to wake me for?" was the natural inquiry.

"Why, the property!" replied both the men at the same time.

"The what?" inquired the master of the house, taking in the broadsword, and putting the pistols on the window-sill.

"The property!" replied the two men, pettishly. "Here we have been a-looking over the field all this time, and have found the property."

No further conversation was necessary. The door was opened, and the watchmen entered bearing two large sacks, which they had stumbled on in the field, and the females, falling on their knees before them, began dragging forth their contents in an agony of impatience. After a lengthened examination, it was found that the sacks contained every article that had been taken away; that not one, however trifling, was missing; and that they had come into possession, besides, of a complete and extensive assortment of house-breaking tools, including centre-bit, picklock, keys, screws, dark lanterns, a file, and a crow-bar. The watchmen were dismissed with ten shillings, and as many thousand thanks, and

the party breakfasted in a much more comfortable manner than that in which they had supped on the previous night.

The conversation naturally turned upon the robbery, and various conjectures and surmises were hazarded relative to the persons by whom it had been committed. It appeared perfectly evident that the thieves, whoever they were, must have obtained information of the expected night rehearsal at Sadler's Wells; it was equally clear that if the rehearsal had not been most fortunately postponed, they would not only have lost everything they possessed, but the thieves would have got clear off with the booty into the bargain. It was worthy of remark, that the house had never been attempted when the servant girl was at home, and the females were half inclined to attach suspicion to her; but on reflection it seemed unlikely that she was implicated in the transaction, for she was the daughter of very respectable parents, not to mention her uncle having held the situation of master-tailor to the theatre for forty years, and her aunt having served the family in the same capacity as the girl herself. In addition to these considerations, she had been well brought up, had always appeared strictly honest, and had already lived in the house for nearly four years. Upon these grounds it was resolved that the girl could not be a party to the attempt.

But whoever committed the burglary, it was necessary that the house should be well secured, with which view a carpenter was sent for, and a great supply of extra bolts and bars were placed upon the different doors. Notwithstanding these precautions, however, and the additional security which they necessarily afforded, the females were very nervous for a long time, and the falling of a plate, or slamming of a door, or a loud ringing at the bell, or, above all, the twopenny postman after dark, was sufficient to throw them into the extremity of terror. Being determined not to leave the house, in future, without somebody to take care of it while the family were at the theatre, they resolved, after many *pros* and *cons*, to engage for the purpose a very trustworthy man, who was employed as a watchman to the theatre, but was not required to attend until eleven o'clock at night, by which time, at all events, some of the family would be able to reach home. The man was hired, and commenced his watch on the night after the robbery; and there he continued to remain, every evening, until the return of the servant girl from the country released him from further attendance.

The agitation and surprise of this girl were very great, when she was informed of what had occurred, but they did not appear to be the emotions of a guilty person. All agreed that there was no good ground of suspicion against her. She was asked if she would be afraid to be left alone in the house after what had taken place, when she declared that she was not afraid of any thieves, and that she would willingly sit up alone, as she had been accustomed to do; merely stipulating that she should be allowed to light a fire in Lewis's sitting-room, for the purpose of inducing robbers to suppose that the family were at home, and that she should be provided with a large rattle, with which to alarm the neighbours at any appearance of danger. Both requests were complied with; and as an additional precaution, the street watchman, whose box was within a few yards of the door, was *fee'd* to be on the alert, to keep a sharp eye upon the house, and to attend to any summons from within, whenever it might be made.

The thieves, whoever they were, were very wanton fellows, and added outrage to plunder, for with the most heartless cruelty, and an absence of all taste for scientific pursuits, which would stigmatise them at once as occupying a very low grade in their profession, had broken open a closet in Grimaldi's room, containing his chosen cabinet of insects, including Dartford Blues, which, either because it was not portable, or because they thought it of no value, attaching no importance to flies, they most recklessly and barbarously destroyed. With the exception of one small box, they utterly annihilated the whole collection, including even his models, drawings, and colours: it would have taken years to replace them, if the collector had been most indefatigable; and it would have cost at least £200 to have replaced them by purchase. This unforeseen calamity put a total stop to the fly-catching, so collecting together his nets, and cases, and the only box which was not destroyed, he gave them all away next day to an acquaintance who had a taste for such things, and never more employed himself in a similar manner.

After the lapse of a short time, the arrangements and precautions infused renewed confidence into the inmates of the house, and they began to feel more secure than they had yet done since the robbery; a fortnight had now passed over, and they strengthened themselves with the reflection, that the thieves having met with so disagreeable a reception, one of them at least having been severely

wounded, were very unlikely to renew the attempt.

But well founded as these conjectures might seem, they reckoned without their host, for on the third night, after the girl's return, they made a fresh attack, for which we will reserve a fresh chapter.

## CHAPTER IV.

1797 to 1798.

The thieves make a second attempt; alarmed by their perseverance, Grimaldi repairs to Hatton Garden—Interview with Mr. Trott; ingenious device of that gentleman and its result on the third visit of the Burglars—Comparative attractions of Pantomime and Spectacle—Trip to Gravesend and Chatham—Disagreeable recognition of a good-humoured friend, and an agreeable mode of journeying recommended to all Travellers.

ON the third night,—the previous two having passed in perfect quiet and security,—the servant girl was at work in the kitchen, when she fancied she heard a sound as if some person were attempting to force open the garden-door. She thought it merely the effect of fancy at first, but the noise continuing, she went softly upstairs into the passage, and on looking towards the door, saw that the latch was moved up and down several times by a hand outside, while some person pushed violently against the door itself.

The poor girl being very much frightened, her first impulse was to scream violently; but so far were her cries from deterring the persons outside from persisting in their attempt, that they only seemed to press it with redoubled vigour. Indeed, so violent were their exertions, as if irritated by the noise the girl made, that the door was very nearly forced from its position, in which state it was discovered on a subsequent inspection. If it had not been proof against the attacks of the thieves, the girl would assuredly have been murdered. Recovering her presence of mind, however, on finding that they could not force an entrance, she ran to the street-door, flung it open, and had immediate recourse to the rattle, which she wielded with such hearty good will, that the watchman and half the neighbourhood were quickly on the

spot. Immediate search was made for the robbers in the rear of the house, but they had thought it prudent to escape quietly.

Upon the return of the family, all their old apprehensions were revived, and their former fears were increased tenfold by the bold and daring nature of this second attempt. Watch was kept all night, the watchers starting at the slightest sound; rest was out of the question, and nothing but dismay and confusion prevailed.

The next morning it was resolved that the house should be fortified with additional strength, and that when these precautions had been taken, Grimaldi should repair to the police-office of the district, state his case to the sitting magistrate, and claim the assistance of the constituted authorities.

Having had bars of iron, and plates of iron, and patent locks, and a variety of ingenious defences affixed to the interior of the garden-door, which, when fastened with all these appurtenances, appeared nearly impregnable, Grimaldi accordingly walked down to Hatton Garden, with the view of backing the locks and bolts with the aid of the executive.

There was at that time a very shrewd, knowing officer attached to that establishment, whose name was Trott. This Trott was occasionally employed to assist the regular constables at the theatre, when they expected a great house; and Grimaldi no sooner stepped into the passage than, walking up to him, Trott accosted him with:—

"How do, master?"

"How do *you* do?"

"Pretty well, thankee, master; I was just going to call up at your place."

"Ah!" said the other, "you have heard of it, then?"

"Yes, I have heard of it," said Mr. Trott, with a grin, "and heard a great deal more about it than you know on, master."

"You don't surely mean to say that you have apprehended the burglars?"

"No, no, I don't mean that; I wish I did: they have been one too many for me as yet. Why, when they first started in business there worn't fewer than twenty men in that gang. Sixteen or seventeen on 'em have been hung or transported, and the rest is them that has been at your house. They have got a hiding-place somewhere in Pentonville: I'll tell you what, master," said Trott, taking the other by the button, and speaking in a hoarse whisper, "they are the worst of the lot; up to everything they are; and take my word for it, Mr. Grimaldi, they'll stick at nothing."



Grimaldi looked anything but pleased at this intelligence, and Trott observing his disturbed countenance, added,—

"Don't you be alarmed, master; what they want is, their revenge for their former disappointment. That's what it is," said Trott, nodding his head sagaciously.

"It appears very extraordinary," said Grimaldi. "This is a very distressing situation to be placed in."

"Why, so it is," said the officer, after a little consideration;—"so it is, when you consider that they never talk without doing. But don't be afraid, Mr. Grimaldi."

"Oh no, I'm not," replied the other; adding, in as cool a manner as he could assume, "they came again last night."

"I know that," said the officer. "I'll let you into another secret, master. They are coming again to-night."

"Again to-night!" exclaimed Grimaldi.

"As sure as fate," replied the officer, nodding to a friend who was passing down the street on the other side of the way,— "and if your establishment ain't large enough, and powerful enough to resist 'em—"

"Large and powerful enough!" exclaimed the other,— "why, there are only three women and one other male person besides myself in the house."

"Ah!" said Mr. Trott, "that isn't near enough."

"Enough! no!" rejoined Grimaldi; "and it would kill my mother."

"I dare say it would," acquiesced the officer; "my mother was killed in a similar manner."

This, like the rest of the officer's discourse, was far from consolatory, and Grimaldi looked anxiously in his face for something like a ray of hope.

Mr. Trott meditated for some short time, and then, looking up with his head on one side, said, "I think I see a way now, master."

"What is it? What do you propose? I'm agreeable to anything," said Grimaldi, in a most accommodating manner.

"Never mind that," said the officer. "You put yourself into my hands, and I'll be the saving of your property, and the taking of them."

Grimaldi burst into many expressions of admiration and gratitude, and put his hand into Mr. Trott's hands as an earnest of his readiness to deposit himself there.

"Only rid us," said Grimaldi, "of these dreadful visitors, who really keep us in a state of perpetual misery, and anything you

think proper to accept shall be cheerfully paid you."

The officer replied, with many moral observations on the duties of police-officers, their incorruptible honesty, their zeal, and rigid discharge of the functions reposed in them. If Mr. Grimaldi would do his duty to his country, and prosecute them to conviction, that was all he required.

To this Grimaldi, not having any precise idea of the expense of a prosecution, readily assented, and the officer declared he should be sufficiently repaid by the pleasing consciousness of having done his duty. He did not consider it necessary to add that a reward had been offered for the apprehension of the same offenders, payable on their conviction.

They walked back to the house together, and the officer having inspected it with the practised eye of an experienced person, declared himself thoroughly satisfied, and stated that if his injunctions were strictly attended to, he had no doubt his final operations would be completely successful.

"It will be necessary," said Trott, speaking with great pomp and grandeur, as the inmates assembled round him to hear his oration,— "it will be necessary to take every portable article out of the back kitchen, the parlour, and the bed-room, and to give me up the entire possession of this house for one night; at least, until such time as I shall have laid my hand upon these here gentlemen."

It is needless to say that this proposition was agreed to, and that the females at once went about clearing the rooms as the officer had directed. At five o'clock in the afternoon he returned, and the keys of the house were delivered up to him. These arrangements having been made, the family departed to the theatre as usual, leaving Mr. Trott alone in the house; for the servant girl had been sent away to a neighbour's by his desire, whether from any feeling of delicacy on the part of Mr. Trott (who was a married man), or from any apprehension that she might impede his operations, we are not informed.

The officer remained alone in the house, taking care not to go near any of the windows until it was dark, when two of his colleagues, coming by appointment to the garden-door, were stealthily admitted into the house. Having carefully scrutinized the whole place, they disposed themselves in the following order. One man locked and bolted in the front kitchen, another locked and bolted himself in the sitting-room above stairs, and Mr. Trott, the presiding genius, in the front parlour towards the street; the last-named gentle-



man having, before he retired into ambuscade, bolted and barred the back-door, and only locked the front one.

Here they remained for some time, solitary enough, no doubt, for there was not a light in the house, and each man being fastened in a room by himself was as much alone as if there had been no one else in the place. The time seemed unusually long; they listened intently, and were occasionally deceived for an instant by some noise in the street, but it soon subsided again, and all was silent as before.

At length, some time after night-fall, a low knock came to the street-door. No attention being paid to it, the knock was repeated, and this time it was rather louder. It echoed through the house, but no one stirred. After a short interval, as if the person outside had been listening and had satisfied himself, a slight rattling was heard at the keyhole, and, the lock being picked, the footsteps of two men were heard in the passage.

They quietly bolted the door after them, and pulling from beneath their coats a couple of dark lanterns, walked softly upstairs. Finding the door of the front-room locked, they came down again, and tried the front-parlour, which was also locked, whereat Mr. Trott, who was listening with his ear close to the handle, laughed immoderately, but without noise.

Unsuccessful in these two attempts, they went downstairs, and with some surprise found one of the kitchens locked, and the other open. Only stopping just to peep into the open one, they once more ascended to the passage.

"Well," said one of the men, as he came up the kitchen stairs, "we have got it all to ourselves to-night, anyway, so we had better not lose any time. Hollo!"—

"What's the matter?" said the other, looking back.

"Look here!" rejoined his comrade, pointing to the garden-door, with the bolts, and iron plates, and patent locks,— "here's protection—here's security for a friend. These have been put on since we were here afore; we might have tried to get in for everlasting."

"We had better stick it open," said the other man, "and then if there's any game in front, we can get off as we did t'other night."

"Easily said. How do you do it?" said the first speaker. "It will take no end of time, and make no end of noise, to undo all these things. We had better look sharp. **There's no rehearsal to-night, remember.**"

At this they both laughed, and, determining to take the front-parlour first, picked the lock without more ado. This done, they pushed against the door to open it, but were unable to do so by reason of the bolts inside, which Mr. Trott had taken good care to thrust into the staples as far as they would possibly go.

"This is a rum game!" said one of the fellows, giving the door a kick, "it won't open!"

"Never mind, let it be," said the other man; "there's a spring or something. The back kitchen's open; we had better begin there; we know there's some property here, because we took it away before. Show yourself smart, and bring the bag."

As the speaker stooped to trim his lantern, the other man joined him, and said, with an oath and a chuckle,—

"Shouldn't you like to know who it was as struck you with the sword, Tom?"

"I wish I did," growled the other; "I'd put a knife in him before many days was over. Come on."

They went downstairs, and Trott, softly gliding from his hiding-place, double-locked the street-door, and put the key in his pocket. He then stationed himself at the top of the kitchen stairs, where he listened with great glee to the exclamations of surprise and astonishment which escaped the robbers as they opened drawer after drawer, and found them all empty.

"Everything taken away!" said one of the men: "what the devil does this mean?"

The officer, by way of reply, fired a pistol charged only with blank powder down the stairs, and retreated expeditiously to his parlour.

This being the signal, the sound was instantly followed by the noise of the other two officers unlocking and unbolting the doors of their hiding-places. The thieves, scrambling upstairs, rushed quickly to the street-door, but, in consequence of its being locked, they were unable to escape; were easily made prisoners, handcuffed, and borne away in triumph.

The affair was all over, and the house restored to order, when the family came home. The officer who had been despatched to bring the servant home, and left behind to bear her company in case any of the companions of the thieves should pay the house a visit, took his departure as soon as they appeared, bearing with him a large sack left behind by the robbers, which contained as extensive an assortment of the implements of their trade

as had been so fortunately captured on their first appearance.

Grimaldi appeared at Hatton Garden the next morning, and was introduced to the prisoners for the first time. His testimony having been taken, and the evidence of Mr. Trott and his men received, by which the identity of the criminals was clearly proved, they were fully committed for trial, and Grimaldi was bound over to prosecute. They were tried at the ensuing sessions; the jury at once found them guilty, and they were transported for life.

This anecdote, which is narrated in every particular precisely as the circumstances occurred, affords a striking and curious picture of the state of society in and about London, in this respect, at the very close of the last century. The bold and daring highwaymen who took the air at Hounslow, Bagshot, Finchley, and a hundred other places of quite fashionable resort, had ceased to canter their blood horses over heath and road in search of plunder, but there still existed in the capital and its environs common and poorer gangs of thieves, whose depredations were conducted with a daring, and disregard of consequences, which to the citizens of this age is wholly extraordinary. One attempt at a robbery similar to that which has just been described, committed now-a-days in such a spot, would fill the public papers for a month; but three such attempts on the same house, and by the same men, would set all London, and all the country for thirty miles round to boot, in a ferment of wonder and indignation.

It was proved, on the examination of these men at the police-office, that they were the only remaining members of a band of thieves called the "Pentonville Robbers," and the prosecutor and his family congratulated themselves not a little upon the fact, inasmuch as it relieved them from the apprehension that there were any more of their companions left behind who might feel disposed to revenge their fate.

This was Grimaldi's first visit to a police-office. His next appearance on the same scene was under very different circumstances. But of this anon.

The fears of the family had been so thoroughly roused, and their dreams were haunted by such constant visions of the Pentonville Robbers, that the house grew irksome and distressing, especially to the females. Moreover, Grimaldi now began to think it high time that his marriage should take place; and, as now that he had gained

the mother's approval, he did not so entirely despair of succeeding with the father, he resolved to take a larger house, and to furnish and fit it up handsomely, on a scale proportionate to his increased means. He naturally trusted that Mr. Hughes would be more disposed to entrust his daughter's happiness to his charge when he found that her suitor was enabled to provide her with a comfortable, if not an elegant home, and to support her in a sphere of life not very distantly removed from that in which her father's fortunes and possessions entitled her to be placed.

Accordingly, he gave notice to the landlord of the ill-fated house in Penton Place, that he should quit it in the following March; and accompanied by Miss Hughes, to whom, as he very properly says, "*of course*" he referred everything, they wandered about the whole neighbourhood in search of some house that would be more suitable to them. Penton Street was the St. James's of Pentonville, the Regent's Park of the City Road, in those days; and here he was fortunate enough to secure the house No. 37, which was forthwith furnished and fitted up, agreeably to the taste and direction of Miss Hughes herself.

He had plenty of time to devote to the contemplation of his expected happiness, and the complete preparation of his new residence, for Sadler's Wells Theatre was then closed,—the season terminating at that time at the end of October,—and as he was never wanted at Drury Lane until Christmas, and not much then, unless they produced a pantomime, his theatrical avocations were not of a very heavy or burdensome description.

This year, too, the proprietors of Drury Lane, in pursuance of a custom to which they had adhered for some years, produced an expensive pageant instead of a pantomime; an alteration, in Grimaldi's opinion, very little for the better, if not positively for the worse. It having been the established custom for many years to produce a pantomime at Christmas, the public naturally looked for it; and although such pieces, as "*Blue Beard*," "*Feudal Times*," "*Lodovick*," and others of the same class, undoubtedly drew money to the house, still it is questionable whether they were so profitable to the treasury as the pantomimes at Covent Garden. If we may judge from the result, they certainly were not, for after several years' trial, during the whole of which time pantomimes were annually produced at Covent

Garden, the Christmas pantomime was again brought forward at Drury Lane, to the exclusion of spectacle.

He played in all these pieces, "Blue Beard," and so forth; yet his parts being of a trifling description, occupied no time in the getting up, and as he infinitely preferred the company of Miss Hughes to that of a theatrical audience, he was well pleased. By the end of February, the whitewashers, carpenters, upholsterers, even the painters, had left the Penton Street mansion, and there being no pantomime, it seemed a very eligible period for being married at once.

Grimaldi told Miss Hughes that he thought so: Miss Hughes replied that he had only to gain her father's consent in the first instance, and then the day should be fixed without more ado.

This was precisely what the lover was most anxious to avoid, for two reasons: firstly, because it involved the very probable postponement of his happiness; and secondly, because the obtaining this consent was an awkward process. At last he recollected that, in consequence of Mr. Hughes being out of town, it was quite impossible to ask him.

"Very good," said Miss Hughes; "everything happens for the best. I am sure you would never venture to speak to him on the subject, so you had far better write. He will not keep you long in suspense, I know, for he is quite certain to answer your letter by return of post."

Mr. Hughes was then at Exeter; and as it certainly did appear to his destined son-in-law a much better course to write than to speak, even if he had been in London, he sat down without delay, and, after various trials, produced such a letter as he thought would be most likely to find its way to the father's heart. Miss Hughes approving of the contents, it was re-read, copied, punctuated, folded, and posted.

Next day the lady was obliged to leave town, to spend a short time with some friends at Gravesend; and the lover, very much to his annoyance and regret, was fain to stay behind, and console himself as he best could, in his mistress's absence, and the absence of a reply from her father, to which he naturally looked forward with considerable impatience and anxiety.

Five days passed away, and still no letter came; and poor Grimaldi, being left to his own fears and apprehensions, was reduced to the most desperate and dismal forebodings. Having no employment at the theatre, and

nothing to do but to think of his mistress and his letter, he was almost beside himself with anxiety and suspense. It was with no small pleasure, then, that he received a note from Miss Hughes, entreating him to take a trip down to Gravesend in one of the sailing boats on the following Sunday, as he could return by the same conveyance on the same night. Of course he was not slow to avail himself of the invitation; so he took shipping at the Tower on the morning of the day appointed, and reached the place of his destination in pretty good time. The only water communication was by sailing boats; and as at that time people were not independent of wind and tide, and everything but steam, the passengers were quite satisfied to get down when they did.

He found Miss Hughes waiting for him at the landing-place, and getting into a "tide" coach, they proceeded to Chatham, Miss Hughes informing him that she had made a confidant of her brother, who was stationed there, and that they purposed spending the day together.

"And now, Joe," said Miss Hughes, when he had expressed the pleasure which this arrangement afforded him, "tell me everything that has happened. What does my father say?"

"My dear," replied Grimaldi, "he says nothing at all; he has not answered my letter."

"Not answered your letter!" said the lady: "his punctuality is proverbial."

"So I have always heard," replied Grimaldi: "but so it is; I have not heard a syllable."

"Then you must write again, Joe," said Miss Hughes, "immediately, without the least delay. Let me see, —you cannot very well write to-day, but to-morrow you must not fail: I cannot account for his silence."

"Nor I," said Grimaldi.

"Unless, indeed," said Miss Hughes, "some extraordinary business has driven your letter from his memory."

As people always endeavour to believe what they hope, they were not long in determining that it must be so. Dismissing the subject from their minds, they spent the day happily, in company with young Mr. Hughes, and returning to Gravesend in the evening by another tide coach, Grimaldi was on board the sailing-boat shortly before eleven o'clock; it being arranged that Miss Hughes was to follow on the next Saturday.

In the cabin of the boat he found Mr. De

Cleve,\* at that time treasurer of Sadler's Wells. There are jealousies in theatres, as there are in courts, ball-rooms, and boarding-schools; and this Mr. De Cleve was jealous of Grimaldi—not because he stood in his way, for he had no touch of comedy in his composition, but because he had eclipsed, and indeed altogether outshone, one Mr. Hartland, “a very clever and worthy man,” says Grimaldi, who was at that time also engaged as a pantomimic and melodramatic actor at Sadler's Wells. Mr. De Cleve, thinking for his friends as well as himself, hated Grimaldi most cordially, and the meeting was consequently by no means an agreeable one to him; for if he had chanced to set eyes upon Miss Hughes, great mischief-making and turmoil would be the inevitable consequence.

“In the name of wonder, Grimaldi,” said this agreeable character, “what are you doing here?”

\* Vincent de Cleve, facetiously nick-named among his associates, “Polly de Cleve,” not from any effeminacy of character or manner, or his almost intolerable abuse of the King's English by the constant utterance of the most flagrant cockneyisms but for his Marplot qualities, which ever prompted him to pry into everybody's business, and create by his interference the most vexatious mischief. He was an odd fish. Talent he had; he was no contemptible composer and musician, and in his office, as treasurer to the Wells for many years, strictly honest. Between Sadler's Wells and the Angel was an old building, immediately opposite Lady Owen's Almshouses, now also demolished, called Goose Farm; it belonged to Mr. Laycock, the cow-keeper of Islington: but had ceased to be a farm-house, and was divided into tenements; the first and second floors were each divided into two suites of apartments. On the first floor in that next the Wells resided John Cawse, the artist, whose daughters subsequently distinguished themselves as vocalists of no common power, and made their debut in 1820 at Sadler's Wells, where the late Mrs. Cawse was also an actress.

The suite next the Angel was occupied by the mother and sister of Charles and Thomas Dibdin; during the management of the Wells by the former, the sister, a short squab figure, generally the last among the figurantes, came on among villagers and mobs; but under other lessees was not employed, and died in Clerkenwell Poor-House. De Cleve occupied the rooms on the second floor above the Dibbins; but all have ceased to exist; and Joe, to use a common expression, outlived his enemy. A grave stone, laid flat, in the churchyard of St Mary's, Lambeth, marks the spot where lie buried, Mrs. Frances De Cleve, who died in her thirtieth year, May 3, 1795; and her husband, the busy meddler, Vincent de Cleve, who died July 30, 1827, aged 67.

“Going back to London,” replied Grimaldi, “as I suppose most of us are.”

“That is not what I meant,” said De Cleve: “what I meant was, to ask you what business might have taken you to Gravesend?”

“Oh! no business at all,” replied the other: “directly I landed, I went off by the tide-coach to Chatham.”

“Indeed!” said the other.

“Yes,” said Grimaldi.

The treasurer looked rather puzzled at this, sufficiently showing by his manner that he had been hunting about Gravesend all day in search of the young man. He remained silent a short time, and then said, “I only asked because I thought you might have had a dinner engagement at Gravesend, perhaps, —with a young lady, even. Who knows?”

This little sarcasm on the part of the worthy treasurer convinced Grimaldi, that having somewhere picked up the information that Miss Hughes was at Gravesend, and having heard afterwards from Mrs. Lewis, or somebody at the theatre, that Grimaldi was going to the same place, he had followed him thither with the amiable intention of playing the spy, and watching his proceedings. If he had observed the young people together, his mischievous intentions would have been completely successful; but the tide-coach had balked him, and Mr. De Cleve's good-natured arrangements were futile.

Grimaldi laughed in his sleeve as the real state of the case presented itself to his mind; and feeling well pleased that he had not seen them together, in the absence of any reply from Mr. De Cleve, he ascended to the deck, and left the treasurer to his meditations.

Upon the deck, on a green bench with a back to it, and arms besides, there sat a neighbour, and a neighbour's wife, and the neighbour's wife's sister, and a very pretty girl, who was the neighbour's wife's sister's friend. There was just room for one more on the bench, and they insisted upon Mr. Grimaldi occupying the vacant seat, which he readily did, for they were remaining on deck to avoid the closeness of the cabin, and he preferred the cold air of the night to the cold heart of Mr. De Cleve.

So down he sat next to the pretty friend; and the pretty friend being wrapped in a very large seaman's coat, it was suggested by the neighbour, who was a wag in his way, that she ought to lend a bit of it to Mr. Grimaldi, who looked very cold. After a great deal of blushing and giggling, the young lady put her left arm through the left arm of the coat, and Grimaldi put his right

arm through the right arm of the coat, to the great admiration of the whole party, and after the manner in which they show the giants' coats at the fairs. They sat in this way during the whole voyage, and Grimaldi always declared that it was a very comfortable way of travelling, as no doubt it is.

"Laugh away!" he said, as the party gave vent to their delight in bursts of merriment. "If we had only something here to warm us internally as well as the great-coat does externally, we would laugh all night."

"What should you recommend for that purpose?" asked the neighbour.

"Brandy," said the friend.

"Then," rejoined the neighbour, "if you were a harlequin, instead of a clown, you could not have conjured it up quicker." And with these words, the neighbour, who was a plump, red-faced, merry fellow, held up with both hands a large heavy stone bottle, with an inverted drinking-horn resting on the bung; and having laughed very much at his own forethought, he set the stone bottle down, and sat himself on the top of it.

It was the only thing wanting to complete the mirth of the party, and very merry they were. It was a fine moonlight night, cold, but healthy and fresh, and it passed pleasantly and quickly away. The day had broken before they reached Billingsgate-stairs; the stone-bottle was empty, the neighbour asleep, Grimaldi and the young lady buttoned up in the great-coat, and the wife and daughter very jocose and good-humoured.

Here they parted: the neighbour's family went home in a hackney-coach, and Grimaldi, bidding them good-bye, walked away to Gracechurch-street, not forgetting to thank the young lady for her humanity and compassion.

He had occasion to call at a coach-office in Gracechurch-street; but finding that it was not yet open (for it was very early), and not feeling at all fatigued by his journey, he determined to walk about the city for a couple of hours or so, and then to return to the coach-office. By so doing, he would pass away the time till the office opened, gain an opportunity of looking about him in that part of London, to which he was quite a stranger, and avoid disturbing the family at home until a more seasonable hour. So he made up his mind to walk the two hours away, and turned back for that purpose.

## CHAPTER V.

1798.

An extraordinary circumstance concerning himself, with another extraordinary circumstance concerning his grandfather—Specimen of a laconic epistle, and an account of two interviews with Mr. Hughes, in the latter of which a benevolent gentleman is duly rewarded for his trouble—Preparations for his marriage—Fatiguing effects of his exertions at the Theatre.

IT was now broad day. The sun had risen, and was shedding a fine mild light over the quiet street. The crowd so soon to be let loose upon them was not yet stirring, and the only people visible were the passengers who had landed from the boats, or who had just entered London by other early conveyances. Although he had lived in London all his life, he knew far less about it than many country people who have visited it once or twice; and so unacquainted was he with the particular quarter of the city in which he found himself, that he had never even seen the Tower of London. He walked down to look at that; and then he stared at the buildings round about, and the churches, and a thousand objects which no one but a loiterer ever bestows a glance upon; and so was walking on pleasantly enough, when all at once he struck his foot against something which was lying on the pavement.

Looking down to see what it was, he perceived, to his great surprise, a richly-ornamented net purse, of a very large size, filled with gold coin.

He was perfectly paralyzed by the sight. He looked at it again and again without daring to touch it. Then, by a sudden impulse, he glanced cautiously round, and seeing that he was wholly unobserved, and that there was not a solitary being within sight, he picked up the purse and thrust it into his pocket.

As he stooped for this purpose, he observed, lying on the ground on very nearly the same spot, a small bundle of papers tied round with a piece of string. He picked them up too, mechanically. What was his astonishment, on examining this last discovery more narrowly, to find that the bundle was composed exclusively of bank notes!

There was still nobody to be seen: there were no passers-by, no sound of footsteps in the adjacent streets. He lingered about the spot for more than an hour, eagerly scrutinizing the faces of the people, who now began passing to and fro, with looks which them-



selves almost seemed to inquire whether they had lost anything. No! there was no inquiry, no searching; no person ran distractedly past him, or groped among the mud by the pavement's side. It was evidently of no use waiting there; and, quite tired of doing so, he turned and walked slowly back to the coach-office in Gracechurch-street. He met or overtook no person on the road who appeared to have lost anything, far less the immense sum of money (for such it appeared to him) that he had found.

All this time, and for hours afterwards, he was in a state of turmoil and agitation almost inconceivable. He felt as if he had committed some dreadful theft, and feared discovery, and the shameful punishment which must follow it. His legs trembled beneath him so that he could scarcely walk, his heart beat violently, and the perspiration started on his face.

The more he reflected upon the precise nature of his situation, the more distressed and apprehensive he became. Suppose the money were to be found upon him by the loser, who would believe him, when he declared that he picked it up in the street? Would it not appear much more probable that he had stolen it? and if such a charge were brought against him, by what evidence could he rebut it? As these thoughts and twenty such passed through his mind, he was more than once tempted to draw the money from his pocket, fling it on the pavement, and take to his heels; which he was only restrained from doing by reflecting, that if he were observed and questioned, his answers might at once lead him to be accused of a charge of robbery, in which case he would be as badly off as if he were in the grasp of the real loser. It would appear at first sight a very lucky thing to find such a purse; but Grimaldi thought himself far from fortunate as these torturing thoughts filled his mind.

When he got to Gracechurch-street, he found the coach-office still closely shut, and turning towards home through Coleman-street and Finsbury-square, he passed into the City-road, which then, with the exception of a few houses in the immediate neighbourhood of the Angel at Islington, was entirely lined on both sides with the grounds of market-gardeners. This was a favourable place to count the treasure; so sitting down upon a bank in a retired spot, just where the Eagle Tavern now stands, he examined his prize. The gold in the purse was all in guineas. The whole contents of the bundle were in bank-notes, varying in their amounts

from five to fifty pounds each. And this was all there was; no memorandum, no card, no scrap of paper, no document of any kind whatever afforded the slightest clue to the name or residence of the owner. Besides the money, there was nothing but the piece of string which kept the notes together, and the handsome silk net purse before mentioned, which held the gold.

He could not count the money then, for his fingers trembled so that he could scarcely separate the notes, and he was so confused and bewildered that he could not reckon the gold. He counted it shortly after he reached home, though, and found that there were 380 guineas, and 200*l.* in notes, making in the whole the sum of 599*l.*

He reached home between seven and eight o'clock, where, going instantly to bed, he remained sound asleep for several hours. There was no news respecting the money, which he longed to appropriate to his own use; so he put it carefully by, determining of course to abstain rigidly from doing so, and to use all possible means to discover the owner.

He did not forget the advice of Miss Hughes in the hurry and excitement consequent upon his morning's adventure, but wrote another epistle to the father, recapitulating the substance of a former letter, and begged to be favoured with a reply.

Having despatched this to the post-office, he devoted the remainder of the day to a serious consideration of the line of action it would be most proper to adopt with regard to the five-hundred and ninety-nine pounds so suddenly acquired. Eventually, he resolved to consult an old and esteemed friend of his father's, upon whose judgment he knew he might depend, and whose best advice he felt satisfied he could command.

This determination he carried into execution that same evening; and after a long conversation with the gentleman in question, during which he met all the young man's natural and probably apparent inclination to apply the money to his own occasions and views with arguments and remarks which were wholly unanswerable, he submitted to be guided by him, and acted accordingly.

For a whole week the two friends carefully examined every paper which was published in London, if not in the hope, at least in the expectation, of seeing the loss advertised; but, strange at it may seem, nothing of the kind appeared. At the end of the period named, an advertisement, of which the following is a copy, (their joint production,) appeared in the daily papers:—

"Found by a gentleman in the streets of London, some money, which will be restored to the owner upon his giving a satisfactory account of the manner of its loss, its amount, the numbers of the notes, &c., &c."

To this was appended a full and particular address: but, notwithstanding all these precautions, notwithstanding the publicity that was given to the advertisement, and notwithstanding that the announcement was frequently repeated,—from that hour to the very last moment of his life, Grimaldi never heard one word or syllable regarding the treasure he had so singularly acquired; nor was he ever troubled with any one application relative to the notice.

A somewhat similar circumstance occurred to his maternal grandfather.\* He was in the habit of attending Leadenhall Market early every Thursday morning, and as he frequently made large purchases, his purse was generally well lined. Upon one occasion, he took with him nearly four hundred pounds, principally in gold and silver, which formed a tolerably large bagful, the weight of which rather impeded his progress. When he arrived near the Royal Exchange, he found that his shoe had become unbuckled, and taking from his pocket the bag, which would otherwise have prevented his stooping (for he was a corpulent man), he placed it upon a neighbouring post, and then proceeded to adjust his buckle. This done, he went quietly on to market, thinking nothing of the purse or its contents until some time afterwards, when, having to pay for a heavy purchase, he missed it, and after some consideration recollected the place where he had left it. He hurried to the spot. Although more than three quarters of an hour had elapsed since he had left it in the prominent situation already described, there it remained safe and untouched on the top of the post in the open street!

Four anxious days (he had both money and a wife at stake) passed heavily away, but on the fifth, Saturday—a reply arrived from Mr. Hughes, which being probably one of the shortest epistles ever received through the hands of the general postman, is subjoined verbatim.

"DEAR JOE,—

"Expect to see me in a few days.

"Yours truly,

"R. HUGHES."

If there was nothing decidedly favourable to be drawn from this brief *morceau*, there was at least nothing very appalling to his hopes:

\* The slaughterman and carcase-butcher of Bloomsbury, and Newton-street, Holborn,

it was evident that Mr. Hughes was not greatly offended at his presumption, and probable that he might be eventually induced to give his consent to Grimaldi's marriage with his daughter. This conclusion, to which he speedily came, tended greatly to elevate his spirits; nor did they meet with any check from the sudden appearance of Miss Hughes from Gravesend.

The meeting was a joyful one on both sides. As soon as their mutual greetings were over, he showed her her father's letter, of which she appeared to take but little notice.

"Why, Maria!" he exclaimed, with some surprise, "you scarcely look upon this letter, and seem to care little or nothing about it!"

"To tell you the truth, Joe," answered Miss Hughes, smiling, "my father has already arrived in town: I found him at home when I got there two or three hours back, and he desired me to tell you that he wishes to see you on Monday morning, if you will call at the theatre."

Upon hearing this, all the old nervous symptoms returned, and he felt as though he were about to receive a final death-blow to his hopes.

"You may venture to take courage, I think," said Miss Hughes; "I have very little fear or doubt upon the subject."

Her admirer had a good deal of both; but he was somewhat reassured by the young lady's manner, and her conviction that her father, who had always treated her most kindly and indulgently, would not desert her then. Comforted by discussing the probability of success, and all the happiness that was to follow it, they spent the remainder of the day happily enough, and looked forward as calmly as they could to the Monday which was to decide their fate.

The following day—Sunday—was rather a wearisome one, being occupied with speculations as to what the morrow would bring forth. However, long as it seemed, the night arrived at last; and though that was long too, Monday morning succeeded it as usual.

Concealing his inward agitation as best he might, he walked to the theatre, and there in the treasury found Mr. Hughes. He was received very kindly, but, after some trivial conversation, was much astonished by Mr. Hughes saying, "So you are going to leave Sadler's Wells, and all your old friends, merely because you can get a trifle more elsewhere,—eh, Joe?"

He was so amazed at this, he could scarcely speak, but quickly recovering, said, "I can assure you, sir, that no such idea ever entered



my head; in fact, even if I wished such a thing, which, Heaven knows, is furthest from my thoughts! I could not do so, being under articles to you."

"You forget," replied Mr. Hughes, somewhat sternly, "your articles have expired here."

And so they had, and so he had forgotten, and so he was constrained to confess.

"It is rather odd," continued Mr. Hughes, "that so important a circumstance should have escaped your memory: but tell me, do you know Mr. Cross?"

Mr. Cross was manager of the Circus, now the Surrey Theatre, and had repeatedly made Grimaldi offers to leave Sadler's Wells, and join his company. He had done so, indeed, only a few days prior to this conversation, offering to allow him to name his own terms. But these and other similar invitations he had firmly declined, being unwilling for many reasons to leave the theatre to which he had been accustomed all his life.

From this observation of Mr. Hughes, and the manner in which it was made, it was obvious to him that some one had endeavoured to injure him in that gentleman's opinion; and fortunately chancing to have in his pocket-book the letters he had received from Mr. Cross, and copies of his own replies, he lost no time in clearing himself of the charge.

"My dear sir," he said, "I do not know Mr. Cross personally, but very well as a correspondent, inasmuch as he has repeatedly written, offering engagements to me, all of which I have declined;" and he placed the papers before him.

The perusal of these letters seemed to satisfy Mr. Hughes, who returned them, and said smilingly, "Well then, we'll talk about a fresh engagement here, as you prefer old quarters.- Let me see: your salary is now four pounds per week: well, I will engage you for three seasons, and the terms shall be these: for the first season, six pounds per week; for the second, seven; and for the third, eight. Will that do?"

He readily agreed to a proposition which, handsome in itself, greatly exceeded anything he had anticipated. As Mr. Hughes seemed anxious to have the affair settled, and Grimaldi was perfectly content that it should be, two witnesses were sent for, and the articles were drawn up, and signed upon the spot.

Then again they were left alone, and after a few moments more of desultory conversation, Mr. Hughes rose, saying, "I shall see you, I suppose, in the evening, as I am going to Drury Lane to see *Blue Beard*." He ad-

vanced towards the door as he spoke, and then suddenly turning round, added, "Have you anything else to say to me?"

Now was the time, or never. Screwing his courage to the sticking-place, Grimaldi proceeded to place before Mr. Hughes his hopes and prospects, strongly urging that his own happiness and that of his daughter depended upon his consent being given to their marriage.

Mr. Hughes had thought over the subject well, and displayed by no means that displeasure which the young man's anxious fears had prophesied; he urged the youth of both parties as an argument against acceding to their wishes, but finally gave his consent, and by so doing transported the lover with joy.

Mr. Hughes advanced to the door of the room, and throwing it open, as he went out, said to his daughter, who chanced to be sitting in the next room, "Maria, Joe is here: you had better come and welcome him."

Miss Hughes came like a dutiful daughter, and *did* welcome her faithful admirer, as he well deserved, for his true-hearted and constant affection. In the happiness of the moment, the fact that the door of the room was standing wide open quite escaped the notice of both, who never once recollected the possibility of any third person being an unseen witness to the interview.

This was a red-letter day in Grimaldi's calendar; he had nothing to do in the evening at Drury Lane until the last scene but one of *Blue Beard*, so went shopping with his future wife, buying divers articles of plate, and such other small wares as young housekeepers require.

On hurrying to the theatre at night, he found Mr. Hughes anxiously regarding the machinery of the last scene in *Blue Beard*, which he was about getting up at the Exeter Theatre.

"This machinery is very intricate, Joe," said the father-in-law upon seeing him.

"You are right, sir," replied Joe; "and, what is more, it works very badly."

"So I should expect," was the reply; "and as I am afraid we shall not manage this very well in the country, I wish I could improve it."

Among the numerous modes of employing any spare time to which Grimaldi resorted for the improvement of a vacant hour, the invention of model transformations and pantomime tricks held a foremost place at that time, and did, though in a limited degree, to the close of his life.

At the time of his death he had many ex-

cellent models of this description, besides several which he sold to Mr. Bunn so recently as a few months prior to December, 1836, all of which were used in the pantomime of "Harlequin and Gammer Gurton," produced at Drury Lane on the 26th of that month. He rarely allowed any machinery which came under his notice, especially if a little peculiar, to pass without modelling it upon a small scale. He had a complete model of the skeleton "business" in Blue Beard; and not merely that, but an improvement of his own besides, by which the intricate nature of the change might be avoided, and many useless flaps dispensed with.

Nervously anxious to elevate himself as much as possible in the opinion of Mr. Hughes at this particular juncture, he eagerly explained to him the nature of his alterations, as far as the models were concerned, and plainly perceived he was agreeably surprised at the communication. He begged his acceptance of models, both of the original mechanism, and of his own improved version of it; and Mr. Hughes, in reply, invited him to breakfast on the following morning, and requested him to bring both models with him. This he failed not to do. It happened that a rather ludicrous scene awaited him.

He had one or two enemies connected at that time with Sadler's Wells, who allowed their professional envy to impel them to divers acts of small malignity. One of these persons, having been told of his saluting Miss Hughes, by a servant girl with whom he chanced to be acquainted, and who had witnessed the action, sought and obtained an interview that evening with the father upon his return from Drury Lane, and stated the circumstance to him, enlarging and embellishing the details with divers comments upon the ingratitude of Grimaldi in seducing the affections of a young lady so much above him, and making various wise and touching reflections most in vogue on such occasions.

Mr. Hughes heard all this with a calmness which first of all astonished the speaker, but which he eventually attributed to concentrated rage. After he had finished his speech, the former quietly said, "Will you favour me by coming here at nine o'clock to-morrow morning, sir?"

"Most certainly," was the reply.

"Allow me, however, at once," continued Mr. Hughes, "to express my thanks for your kindness in informing me of that which so nearly concerns my domestic happiness. Will you take a glass of madeira?"

"I thank you, sir," answered the other,

The wine was brought and drunk, and the friend departed, congratulating himself, as he walked away, upon having "settled Joe's business;" which indeed he had, but not after the fashion he expected or intended.

As to Grimaldi, he was up with the lark, arranging the machinery and making it look and work to the best advantage; in which having succeeded to his heart's content, he put the models he had promised Mr. Hughes into his pocket, and walked down to his house to breakfast, agreeably to the arrangement of the night before.

Upon his arrival, he was told that breakfast was not quite ready, and likewise that Mr. Hughes wished to see him immediately in the treasury, where he was then awaiting his arrival. There was something in the manner of the servant-girl (the same, by-the-by, who had told of the kissing), as she said this, which induced him involuntarily to fear some ill, and, without knowing exactly why, he began to apprehend those thousand and one impossible, or at least improbable, evils, the dread of which torments the man nervously afraid of losing some treasure upon the possession of which his happiness depends.

"Is Mr. Hughes alone?" he asked.

"No, sir," answered the girl: "there is a gentleman with him;"—and then she mentioned a name which increased his apprehensions. However, plucking up all his courage, he advanced to the appointed chamber, and in two minutes found himself in the presence of Mr. Hughes and his accuser.

The former received him coldly; the latter turned away when he saw him without vouchsafing a word.

"Come in, sir," said Mr. Hughes, "and close the door after you." He did as he was told; never, either before or afterwards, feeling so strangely like a criminal.

"Mr. Grimaldi," continued Mr. Hughes, with a mingled formality and solemnity which appalled him, "I have something very important to communicate to you—in fact, I have had a charge preferred against you of a most serious description, sir."

"Indeed, sir!"

"Yes, indeed, sir!" said the enemy, with a look very like one of triumph.

"It is true," replied Mr. Hughes, "and I fear you will not be able to clear yourself from it: however, in justice to you, the charge shall be fully stated in your own presence. Repeat, sir, if you please," he continued, addressing the accuser, "what you told me last night."

And repeat it he did, in a speech, replete with malignity, and not destitute of oratorical

merit; in which he dwelt upon the serpent-like duplicity with which young Grimaldi had stolen into the bosom of a happy and hospitable family for the purpose of robbing a father and mother of their beloved daughter, and dragging down from her own respectable sphere a young and inexperienced girl, to visit her with all the sorrows consequent upon limited means, and the needy home of a struggling actor.

It was with inexpressible astonishment that he heard all this; but still greater was his astonishment at witnessing the demeanour of Mr. Hughes, who heard this lengthened oration with a settled frown of attention, as though what he heard alike excited his profound consideration and anger; occasionally, too, vouchsafing an encouraging nod to the speaker, which was anything but encouraging to the other party.

"You are quite right," said Mr. Hughes, at length; on hearing which, Grimaldi felt quite wrong. "You are *quite* right—nothing can justify such actions, except one thing, and that is,—"

"Mr. Hughes," interrupted the *friend*, "I know your kind heart well,—so well, that I can perceive your charitable feelings are even now striving to discover some excuse or palliation for this offence; but permit me, as a disinterested observer, to tell you that nothing can justify a man in winning the affections of a young girl infinitely above him, and, at the same time, the daughter of one to whom he is so greatly indebted."

"Will you listen to me for half a minute?" inquired Mr. Hughes, in a peculiarly calm tone.

"Certainly, sir," answered the other.

"Well, then, I was going to observe, at the moment when you somewhat rudely interrupted me, that I quite agreed with you, and that nothing can justify a man in acting in the manner you have described, unless, indeed, he has obtained the sanction of the young lady's parents; in which case, he is, of course, at liberty to win her affections as soon as he likes, and she likes to let him."

"Assuredly, sir," responded the other; "but in the present instance?"

"But in the present instance," interrupted Mr. Hughes, "that happens to be the case. My daughter Maria has my full permission to marry Mr. Grimaldi; and I have no doubt she will avail herself of that permission in the course of a very few weeks."

The accuser was dumb-founded, and Grimaldi was delighted—now, for the first time perceiving that Mr. Hughes had been

amusing himself at the expense of the mischief-maker.

"Nevertheless," said Mr. Hughes, turning to his accepted son-in-law, with a grave face, but through all the gravity of which he could perceive a struggling smile,—“nevertheless, you acted very wrong, Mr. Grimaldi, in kissing my daughter so publicly; and I beg that whenever, for the future, you and she deem it essential to indulge in such amusements, it may be done in private. This is rendered necessary by the laws which at present govern society, and I am certain will be far more consonant to the feelings and delicacy of the young lady in question.”

With these words Mr. Hughes made a low bow to the officious and disinterested individual who had made the speech, and, opening the door, called to the servants “to show the gentleman out.” Then turning to Grimaldi, he took him by the arm, and walked towards the breakfast-room, declaring that the meal had been waiting half-an-hour or more, that the coffee would be cold, and Maria quite tired of waiting for him.

From this moment the course of true love ran smooth for once: and Mr. Hughes, in all his subsequent behaviour to Grimaldi, sufficiently evinced his high sense of the innate worth of a young man; who, under very adverse circumstances and with many temptations to contend against, had behaved with so much honesty and candour.

On the Saturday after this pleasant termination of a scene which threatened to be attended with very different results, the house in Penton Street was taken possession of, and next Easter Sunday the young couple were asked in church for the first time. Sadler's Wells opened as usual on Easter Monday,\*

\* Sadler's Wells, on Easter Monday, April 9, 1798, opened with a Prelude, entitled, “Easter Monday; or, a Peep at the Wells.” The prolocutory characters by Dubois and Mrs. Davis: in the concluding scene were introduced the whole Company, and a Ballet Divertissement; the dances by the Misses Bruguier, their first appearances, and by Mr. King, who, it will be remembered, in the recital of the alarm created by the Pentonville robbers, is said, “while armed with a heavy stick, to have crept cautiously into the back garden, groped about, and soon returned out of breath.” The amusements of the evening concluded with an entirely new Harlequinade, called, “The Monster of the Cave; or, Harlequin and the Fay.” Principal characters by Mr. King, Mr. Grimaldi, Mr. Davis, and Mr. Dubois, Miss Bruguier, and Mrs. Roffey. Joe for the first time, on the bill of the day, has the honourable distinction of Mr. prefixed to his name; hitherto it was “Master

and Grimaldi appeared in a new part, a more prominent one than he had yet had, and one which increased his reputation considerably.

At this time, in consequence of his great exertions in this character, after four or five months of comparative rest, he began to feel some of those wastings of strength and prostrations of energy, to which this class of performers are more peculiarly exposed, and which leave them, if they attain old age, as they left Grimaldi himself, in a state of great bodily infirmity and suffering. He was cheered throughout the play; but the applause of the audience only spirited him to increased exertions, and at the close of the performances he was so exhausted and worn out that he could scarcely stand. It was with great difficulty that he reached his home, although the distance was so very slight; and immediately on doing so, he was obliged to be put to bed.

He was wont in after-life frequently to remark, that if at one period of his career his gains were great, his labours were at least equally so, and deserved the return. He spoke from sad experience of their effects at that time, and he spoke the truth. It must be a very high salary indeed that could ever repay a man—and especially a feeling, sensitive man, as Grimaldi really was—for premature old age and early decay.

He awoke at eleven o'clock next day invigorated and refreshed;—this long rest was an extraordinary indulgence for him to take, for it was his constant habit to be up and dressed by seven o'clock or earlier, either attending to his pigeons, practising the violin, occupying himself in constructing such little models as have been before mentioned, or employing himself in some way. Idleness wearied him more than labour; he never could understand the gratification which

Grimaldi." On Monday, July 30, was produced a new Grand Comic Spectacle and Harlequinade, called "Blue Beard, Black Beard, Red Beard, and Grey Beard;" in which the motley hero of Pantomime, it was announced, would respectfully endeavour to keep up the spirits of the old English adage,

"'Tis merry in Hall, when Beards wag all,"

in the novel character of Harlequin Dutch Skipper. Harlequin Skipper, Mr. King; Plutus, Blue Beard, Mr. Barnett; Mars, Black Beard, Mr. Davis; Saturn, Grey Beard, Mr. Grimaldi; Myaher Red Beard, Mr. Gomery; Dutch Clown, Mr. Dubois; and Columbine, Miss Bruguier. The Pantomime was highly attractive, and exhibited, amongst other excellent scenes, one in moving perspective, showing the effect of a balloon descending among the clouds.

many people seemed to derive from having nothing to do.

It is customary on the morning after a new piece to "call" it upon the stage with a view of condensing it where it will admit of condensation, and making such improvements as the experience of one night may have suggested. All the performers engaged in the piece of course attend these "calls," as any alterations will necessarily affect the dialogue of their parts, or some portions of the stage business connected with them.

Being one of the principal actors in the new drama, it was indispensably necessary that he should attend, and accordingly, much mortified at finding it so late, he dressed with all possible despatch, and set forth towards the theatre.

## CHAPTER VI.

1798.

Tribulations connected with "Old Lucas," the constable, with an account of the subsequent proceedings before Mr. Blamire, the magistrate, at Hatton Garden, and the mysterious appearance of a silver staff—A guinea wager with a jocose friend on the Dartford Road—The Prince of Wales, Sheridan, and the Crockery Girl.

AT this time all the ground upon which Claremont, Myddleton, Lloyd, and Wilming-ton Squares have since been built, together with the numberless streets which diverge from them in all directions, was then pasture-land or garden-ground, bearing the name of Sadler's Wells Fields. Across these fields it was, of course, necessary that Grimaldi should pass and repass in going to and returning from the theatre. Upon this particular morning, a mob, consisting of at least a thousand persons, were actively engaged here in hunting an over-driven ox—a diversion then in very high repute among the lower orders of the metropolis, but which is now, happily for the lives and limbs of the more peaceable part of the community, falling into desuetude; there not being quite so many open spaces or waste grounds to chase oxen in, as there used to be a quarter of a century ago. The mob was a very dense one, comprised of the worst characters; and perceiving that it would be a task of some difficulty to clear a passage through it, he paused for a minute or two,

deliberating whether he had not better turn back at once and take the longer but less obstructed route by the Angel at Islington, when a young gentleman whom he had never seen before, after eyeing him with some curiosity, walked up and said,—

"Is not your name Grimaldi, sir?"

"Yes, sir, it is," replied the other. "Pray, may I inquire why you ask the question?"

"Because," answered the stranger, pointing to a man who stood among a little group of people hard by,—*"because I just now heard that gentleman mention it to a companion."*

The person whom the young man pointed out was a very well known character about Clerkenwell and its vicinity, being an object of detestation with the whole of the neighbourhood. This man was Lucas,—*"Old Lucas"* was his familiar appellation,—and he filled the imposing office of parish constable. Parish constables are seldom very popular in their own districts, but Old Lucas was more unpopular than any man of the same class; and if the stories which are current of him be correct, with very good reason, unless the man was dreadfully belied. In short, he was a desperate villain. It was very generally understood of him that where no real accusation existed against a man, his course of proceeding was to invent a false one, and to bolster it up with the most unblushing perjury, and an ingenious system of false evidence, which he had never any difficulty in obtaining, for the purpose of pocketing certain small sums which, under the title of *"expenses,"* were paid upon the conviction of the culprit.

Being well acquainted with this man's reputation, Grimaldi was much astonished, and not at all pleasantly so, by the information he had just received; and he inquired with considerable anxiety and apprehension, whether the young man was quite certain that it was *his* name which the constable had mentioned.

"Quite certain," was the reply. "I can't have made any mistake upon the subject, because he wrote it down in his book."

"Wrote it down in his book!" exclaimed Grimaldi.

"Yes, he did, indeed," replied the other: "and more than that, I heard him say to another man beside him, that 'he could lay hold of you whenever he wanted you.'"

"The devil he did!" exclaimed Grimaldi. "What on earth can he want with me? Well, sir, at all events I have to thank you for your kindness in informing me, although

I am not much wiser on the point than I was before."

Exchanging bows with the stranger, they separated; the young man mixing with the crowd, and Grimaldi turning back, and going to the theatre by the longest road, with the double object of avoiding Old Lucas and keeping out of the way of the mad ox.

Having to attend to his business immediately on his arrival at the theatre, the circumstance escaped his memory, nor did it occur to him again until he returned thither in the evening, shortly before the performances commenced, when being reminded of it by some accidental occurrence, he related the morning's conversation to some of his more immediate associates, among whom were Dubois, a celebrated comic actor, another performer of the name of Davis, and Richer, a very renowned rope-dancer. His communication, however, elicited no more sympathetic reception than a general burst of laughter, which having subsided they fell to bantering the unfortunate object of Old Lucas's machinations.

"That fellow Lucas," said Dubois, assuming a grave face, "is a most confirmed scoundrel; he would stick at nothing, not even at Joe's life, to gain a few pounds, or perhaps even a few shillings."

Joe looked none the happier for this observation, and another friend took up the subject.

"Lucas,—Lucas," said Richer; "that is the old man who wears spectacles, isn't it?"

"That's the man," replied Dubois; "the constable, you know. He hasn't written your name down in his book for nothing, Joe, take my word for that."

"Precisely my opinion," said Davis; "he means to make a regular property out of him. Don't be frightened, Joe, that's all."

These prophetic warnings had a very serious effect upon the spirits of the party principally interested,—which his companions perceiving, hastened to carry on the joke, by giving vent to sundry other terrible surmises upon the particular crime with which the officer meant to charge him; one suggesting that it was murder, another that he thought it was forgery (which made no great difference in the end, the offence being punished with the same penalty,) and a third good-naturedly remarking that perhaps it might not be quite so bad, after all, although certainly Lucas did possess such weight with the magistrates, that it was invariably two to one against the unfortunate person whom he charged with any offence.



Although he was at no loss to discern and appreciate the raillery of his friends, Grimaldi could not divest himself of some nervous apprehensions connected with the adventure of the morning; when, just as he was revolving in his mind all the improbabilities of the officer's entertaining any designs against him, one of the messengers of the theatre abruptly entered the room in which they were all seated, and announced that Mr. Grimaldi was wanted directly at the stage-door.

"Who wants me?" inquired Grimaldi, turning rather pale.

"It's a person in spectacles," replied the messenger, looking at the rest of the company, and hesitating.

"A person in spectacles!" echoed the other, more agitated than before. "Did he give you his name, or do you know who he is?"

"O yes, I know who he is," answered the messenger, with something between a smile and a gasp:—"It's Old Lucas."

Upon this, there arose a roar of laughter, in which the messenger joined. Grimaldi was quite petrified, and stood rooted to the spot, looking from one to another with a face in which dismay and fear were visibly depicted.

Having exhausted themselves with laughing, his companions, regarding his unhappy face, began to grow serious, and Dubois said,—

"Joe, my boy, a joke's a joke, you know. We have had one with you, and that was all fair enough, and it's all over; but if there is anything really serious in this matter, we will prove ourselves your friends, and support you against this old rascal in any way in our power."

All the others said something of the same sort, for which Grimaldi thanked them very heartily, being really in a state of great discomfort, and entertaining many dismal forebodings. It was then proposed that everybody present should accompany him in a body to the stage-door, and be witnesses to anything that the thief-taker had to say or do; it being determined beforehand that in the event of his being insolent, he should be summarily put into the New River. Accordingly, they went down in a body, bearing Joe in the centre; and sure enough at the door stood Old Lucas *in propria persona*.

"Now, then, what's the matter?" said the leader of the guard; upon which Grimaldi summoned up courage, and echoing the inquiry, said, "What's the matter?" too.

"You must come with me to Hatton Gar-

den," said the constable, in a gruff voice. "Come, I can't afford to lose any more time."

Here arose a great outcry, mingled with various exclamations of, "Where's your warrant?" and many consignments of Mr. Lucas to the warmest of all known regions.

"Where's your warrant?" cried Davis, when the noise had in some measure subsided.

The officer deigned no direct reply to this inquiry, but looking at Grimaldi, demanded whether he was ready; in answer to which question the whole party shouted "No!" with tremendous emphasis.

"Look here, Lucas," said Dubois, stepping forward; "you are an old scoundrel!—no one knows that better, or perhaps could prove it easier, than I. Now, so far as concerns Mr. Grimaldi, all we have got to say is, either show us a warrant which authorizes you to take him into custody, or take yourself into custody and take yourself off under penalty of a ducking."

This speech was received with a shout of applause, not only by the speaker's companions, but by several idlers who had gathered round.

"I'm not a-talking to you, Mr. Dubois," said Lucas, as soon as he could make himself heard;—"Mr. Grimaldi's my man. Now, sir, will you come along with me?"

"Not without a warrant," said the rope-dancer.

"Not without a warrant," added Davis.

"Not upon any consideration whatever," said Dubois.

"Don't attempt to touch him without a warrant; or——"

"Or what?" inquired Lucas; "or what, Mr. Dubois? eh, sir!"

The answer was lost in a general chorus of "The River!"

This intimation, pronounced in a very determined manner, had a visible effect upon the officer, who at once assuming a more subdued tone, said,—

"Fact is, that I've not got a warrant; (a shout of derision;) fact is, it's not often that I'm asked for warrants, because people generally knows that I'm in authority, and thinks that's sufficient. (Another.) However, if Mr. Grimaldi and his friends press the objection, I shall not urge his going with me now, provided he promises and they promises on his behalf to attend at Hatton Garden Office, afore Mr. Blamire, at eleven o'clock to-morrow morning."

This compromise was at once acceded to, and Old Lucas turned to go away; but he

did not entirely escape even upon this occasion, for while the above conversation was going forward at the door, the muster of people collected around had increased to a pretty large concourse. The greater part of them knew by sight both Grimaldi and the constable; and as the latter was about to depart, the lookers-on pressed round him, and a voice from the crowd cried out, "What's the matter, Joe?"

"The matter is this, gentlemen," said Dubois, returning to the top of the steps, and speaking with great vehemence and gesticulation:—"This rascal, gentlemen," pointing to the constable, "wants to drag Joe Grimaldi to prison, gentlemen."

"What for?—what for?" cried the crowd.

"For doing nothing at all, gentlemen," replied the orator, who had reserved the loudest key of his voice for the concluding point.

This announcement was at once received with a general yell, which caused the constable to quicken his pace very considerably. The mob quickened theirs also, and in a few seconds the whole area of Sadler's Wells yard rang with whoops and yells almost as loud as those which had assailed the ox in the morning; and Mr. Lucas made the best of his way to his dwelling, amidst a shower of mud, rotten apples, and other such missiles. The performances in the theatre went off as usual. After all was over, Grimaldi returned home to supper, having been previously assured by his friends that they would one and all accompany him to the Police-office in the morning, and having previously arranged so as to secure as a witness the young gentleman who had given the first information regarding the views and intentions of the worthy thief-taker.

At the appointed hour, Grimaldi and his friends repaired to the Police-office, and were duly presented to Mr. Blamire, the sitting magistrate, who, having received them with much politeness, requested Old Lucas, who was then and there in attendance, to state his case, which he forthwith proceeded to do.

He deposed, with great steadiness of nerve, that Joseph Grimaldi had been guilty of hunting, and inciting and inducing other persons to hunt, an over-driven ox, in the fields of Pentonville, much to the hazard and danger of his Majesty's subjects, much to the worry and irritation of the animal, and greatly to the hazard of his being lashed into a state of furious insanity. Mr. Lucas deposed to having seen with his own eyes the offence committed, and in corroboration of

his eyesight produced his companions of the morning, who confirmed his evidence in every particular. This, Mr. Lucas said, was his case.

The accused being called upon for his defence, stated the circumstances as they had actually occurred, and produced his young acquaintance, who, as it appeared, was the son of a most respectable gentleman in the neighbourhood. The young gentleman confirmed the account of the affair which had been given last; deposed to the accused not having been in the field more than two or three minutes altogether; to his never having been near the ox-hunters; and to his having gone to the theatre by a route much longer than his ordinary one, for the express purpose of avoiding the ox and his hunters, Mr. Lucas and his companions.

The magistrate heard all this conflicting evidence upon an apparently very unimportant question, with a great deal more patience and coolness than some of his successors have been in the habit of displaying; and after hearing it, and various audible and unreserved expressions of opinions from Mr. Dubois, and others, touching the respectability and probity of Lucas, turned to the accused, and said,—

"Mr. Grimaldi, I entirely believe your version of the affair to be the correct and true one; but I am bound to act upon the deposition of this constable and his witnesses, and accordingly I must, however unwillingly, convict you in some penalty. I shall take care, though, that your punishment is one which shall neither be heavy to you nor serviceable to the complainant. I hereby order you to pay a fine of five shillings, and to be discharged. As to you, Lucas, I would recommend you to be careful how you conduct yourself in future, and more especially to be careful as to the facts which you state upon oath."

After this decision, which his friends and himself looked upon as a complete triumph, they bowed to the magistrate and quitted the Police-office, Grimaldi previously paying the five shillings which he had been fined, and an additional shilling for his discharge. It was then proposed and unanimously agreed that the party should adjourn to a tavern,\* called the King of Prussia (now bearing the sign of the Clown), opposite Sadler's Wells Theatre, for the purpose of having some lunch; and thither they proceeded, and made themselves very merry with the mortified

\* In St. John Street Road.



looks of Old Lucas, mingling with their mirth some dry and abstruse speculations upon the nature of the laws which compelled a magistrate to accept the oath of a reputed perjurer, and to convict upon it a person whom he conscientiously believed to be innocent of the offence laid to his charge.

While they were thus engaged, some person came running into the room, and, looking hastily round, cried, "Joe! Joe! here's Old Lucas again." The friends began to laugh, and Grimaldi joined them, thinking that this was but a jest; but he was greatly mistaken, for in less than a minute Lucas entered the room.

"Why, Mister Constable!" exclaimed Dubois, rising angrily, "how dare you come here?"

"Because I have business," surlily replied Lucas. "Mr. Grimaldi has been very properly convicted of an offence at the Police-office, and sentenced to pay a fine of five shillings, besides one shilling more for his discharge: neither of these sums has he paid, so he is still my prisoner."

"Not paid?" exclaimed the accused. "Why, I paid the six shillings before I left the office."

This statement was corroborated by the friends, and the mute but eloquent testimony of his purse, which contained precisely that sum less than it had done an hour previously.

"It's no use," said Lucas, grinning: "pay the money, or come on with me."

"I have already paid all that was required, and I will neither give you another farthing, nor allow myself to be made prisoner," was the reply.

"We'll see that," responded the constable, advancing.

"Take care," said Grimaldi, warningly; "venture to touch me, and to the ground you go!"

Not a bit daunted, Old Lucas darted upon him, dragged him from his seat, and attempted to force him towards the door; in doing which he managed to tear his waistcoat and shirt-collar literally to ribands. Until then he had remained quite cool, merely acting upon the defensive; but now he gave way to his rage, and fulfilled his threat to the letter by giving him a blow which felled him to the ground, and caused his nose to bleed in a manner neither sentimental nor picturesque.

He, however, immediately rose again, and producing his staff, was about, thus strengthened, to renew the combat, when a gentleman who chanced to be sitting in the room,

a stranger to the party, rose, and drawing from his pocket a silver staff, shook it at Lucas, and said, "I will have no more of this violence! Let all parties adjourn to the Police-office; and if Mr. Grimaldi's tale be true, and your purpose be merely that of endeavouring to extort money, as I have no doubt it is, I will take care that things be laid properly before the magistrate."

Lucas, who appeared to succumb before the vision of the silver staff, surlily assented, and they all presently presented themselves for the second time that day before Mr. Blamire, who was greatly astonished at their reappearance, and greatly surprised at the altered appearance of Old Lucas's face. The magistrate, moreover, seemed to know the silver-staffed gentleman very well, and greeted him cordially.

"Well," said Mr. Blamire, after the bustle of entrance had ceased, "what's the matter, now? Speak, you, Lucas!"

"Your worship," said the person called upon, "Mr. Grimaldi was fined five shillings just now, and had to pay one for his discharge, all of which he left the office without doing."

"Indeed!—is that true?" inquired the magistrate of the clerk, in an undertone.

"No, sir," replied the latter, with a slight but meaning smile.

"Go on, sir," said Mr. Blamire, addressing Lucas.

Lucas was a little abashed at the "aside" confab between the magistrate and his clerk; but, affecting not to hear it, he continued, "Of course, therefore, he still remained my prisoner; and I followed him, and insisted upon his paying the money. This he refused: I therefore collared him, for the purpose of making him return here, and in so doing I tore his shirt and waistcoat. The moment he perceived I had done so, he——"

Lucas paused for an instant, and Mr. Blamire filled up the sentence by saying—

"He gave you a blow on the nose?"

"Exactly so, sir," said Lucas, eagerly.

"And very well you merited it," added the magistrate, in a tone which caused a general roar of laughter. "Well, Mr. Grimaldi, let us hear what you have to say."

He briefly recounted the circumstances; and when he had finished, the unknown with the silver staff advanced and corroborated the statement, making several severe remarks upon the private intentions and violent manner of Lucas.

"Who," says Grimaldi, with profound respect and an air of great mystery,—"who

this gentleman was, I never could ascertain ; but that he was a person possessing a somewhat high degree of authority was evident to me from the great respect paid to him at the Police-office. Some one afterwards told me he was a city marshal, possessing power to exercise his authority without the city ; but I know not whether he was so or not."

After this disguised potentate had given his testimony, which rendered the matter conclusive, Mr. Blamire said, "Place Lucas at the bar;" which being done, the magistrate proceeded to mulct him in a penalty of five pounds, the money to go to the poor of the parish, and likewise ordered him to make Grimaldi every necessary reparation and amendment for the results of his violence.

On this sentence being pronounced, Old Lucas foamed at the mouth in a manner not unlike the over-driven ox, the original cause of his disaster, and protested, with many disrespectful oaths and other ebullitions of anger, that he would not pay one farthing ; upon which the magistrate, nothing daunted, commanded him to be locked up forthwith, which was done to the great delight and admiration, not only of the friends and other spectators, but of the officers also, who, besides being in duty bound to express their admiration of all the magistrate did, participated in the general dislike of Old Lucas, as the persons best acquainted with his perjury and villainy.

The friends once again bade the magistrate good morning, and soon afterwards dispersed to their several homes. They heard next day that Old Lucas, after having been under lock and key for six hours, the whole of which time he devoted to howls and imprecations, paid the fine. A few hours after he was set at liberty he wrote a very penitent letter to Grimaldi, expressing his great regret for what had occurred, and his readiness to pay for the spoiled shirt and waistcoat, upon being made acquainted with the amount of damage done. Grimaldi thought it better to let the matter remain where it did, thinking that, setting the broken nose against the torn shirt and waistcoat, Lucas was already sufficiently punished.

And after this, "Old Lucas" never did anything more terrible, connected with the Sadler's Wells company, at least, and, there is reason to believe, shortly afterwards lost his situation. Whether he did so or not is no great matter, further than that he appears to have been a most unfit personage to have been intrusted with any species of authority.

From this time forward, for several months,

all went merry as a marriage bell. On the 11th of May following the little adventure just recorded, the marriage bell went too, for he was married to Miss Maria Hughes, at St. George's, Hanover-square, with the full consent and approbation of the young lady's parents, and to the unbounded joy of his own mother, by whom she had been, from her earliest youth, beloved as her daughter.

Five days after the wedding the young couple paid their first visit to Mr. and Mrs. Hughes. After sitting a short time, Grimaldi left his wife there and went to the theatre, where a rehearsal in which he was wanted had been called for that morning. Upon entering the yard of Sadler's Wells, in which the different members of the company were strolling about until the rehearsal commenced, he was accosted by Richer, with, "Joe, may I inquire the name of the lady with whom I saw you walking just now?"

"Nay, you need not ask him," cried Dubois ; "I can tell you. It was Miss Maria Hughes."

"I beg your pardon," interrupted Grimaldi ; "that is not the lady's name."

"No !" exclaimed Dubois. "Why, I could have sworn it was Miss Hughes."

"You would have sworn wrong, then," replied he. "The lady's name *was* Hughes once, I grant ; but on Friday last I changed it to Grimaldi."

His friends were greatly surprised at this intelligence ; but they lost no time in disseminating it throughout the theatre. Congratulations poured in upon him ; and so great was the excitement occasioned by the fact of "Joe Grimaldi's marriage" becoming known, that the manager, after vainly endeavouring to proceed with the rehearsal, gave up the task, and dismissed the company for that morning. In the evening they had a supper at the theatre to commemorate the event ; and on the following Sunday, Joe gave a dinner to the carpenters of the theatre for the same purpose. In the long-run all the members of the establishment, from the highest to the lowest, participated in the long-expected happiness of their single-hearted and good-natured comrade.

In the summer of this year, he lost a guinea wager in a somewhat ludicrous manner—in a manner sufficiently ludicrous to justify in this place the narration of the joke which gave rise to it. He was acquainted at that time with a very clever and popular writer, who happened to have occasion to pass through Gravesend on the same day as Joe had to go there ; and, as they met shortly

before, they agreed to travel in a post-chaise and share the expense between them. They arranged to start early in the morning, as Grimaldi had to play at Sadler's Wells at night, and did so.

The journey was very pleasant, and the hours passed quickly away. His companion, who was a witty and humorous fellow, was in great force upon the occasion, and, exerting all his powers, kept him laughing without intermission. About three miles on the London side of Dartford, the friend, whose buoyant and restless spirits prevented his sitting in any one position for a minute, began incessantly poking his head out of one or other of the chaise windows, and making various remarks on the landscape, and the persons or vehicles passing to and fro. While thus engaged, he happened to catch sight of a man on horseback, about a quarter of a mile behind, who was travelling in the same direction with themselves, and was coming up after the chaise at a rapid pace.

"Look, Joe!" he said; "see that fellow behind! Well mounted, is he not?"

Grimaldi looked back, and saw the man coming along at a fast trot. He was a stout, hearty fellow, dressed like a small farmer, as he very probably was, and was riding a strong horse, of superior make, good pace, and altogether an excellent roadster.

"Yes, I see him," was his reply. "He's well enough, but I see nothing particular about him or the horse either."

"Nor is there anything particular about either of them that I am aware of," answered his companion; "but wouldn't you think, judging from the appearance of his nag, and the rate at which he is riding, that he would pass our chaise in a very short time?"

"Most unquestionably; he will pass us in a few seconds."

"I'll tell you what, Joe, I'll bet you a guinea he does not," said the friend.

"Nonsense!"

"Well, will you take it?"

"No, no; it would be robbing you."

"Oh, leave me to judge about that," said the friend; "I shall not consider it a robbery: and, so far from that, I'm willing to make the bet more in your favour.—Come, I'll bet you a guinea, Joe, that that man don't pass our chaise between this and Dartford."

"Done!" said Grimaldi, well knowing that, unless some sudden and most unaccountable change took place in the pace at which the man was riding, he must pass in a minute or two—"done!"

"Very good," said the other.—"Stop—I forgot: remember that if you laugh or smile, so that he can see you, between this and Dartford, you will have lost. Is that agreed?"

"Oh, certainly," replied Grimaldi, very much interested to know by what mode his friend proposed to win the wager,—"*certainly.*"

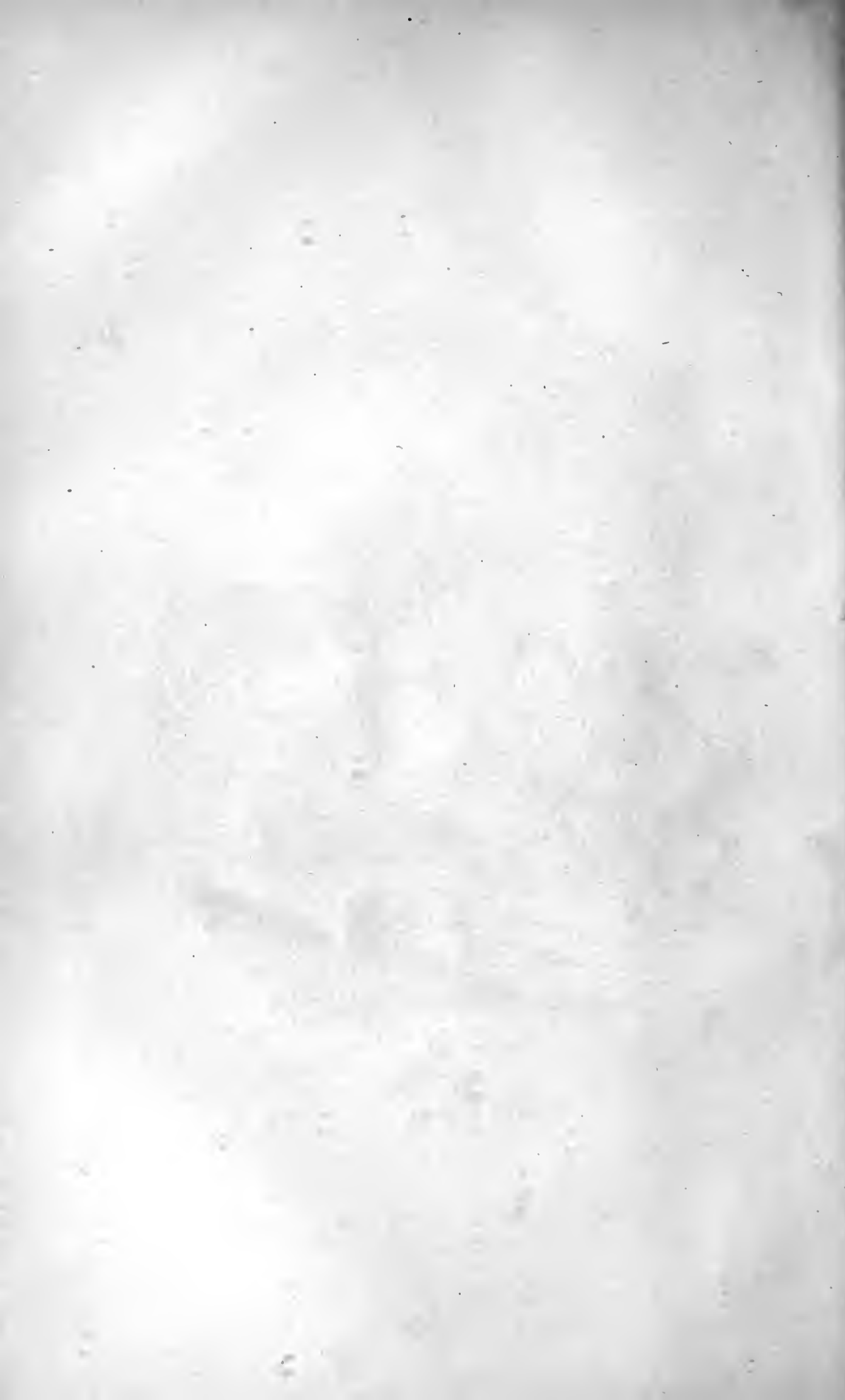
He did not remain very long in expectation: the horseman drew nearer and nearer, and the noise of his horse's feet was heard close behind the chaise, when the friend, pulling a pistol from his pocket, suddenly thrust his head and shoulders out of the window and presented the pistol full at the face of the unconscious countryman, assuming at the same time a ferocious countenance and menacing air which were perfectly alarming. Grimaldi was looking through the little window at the back of the chaise, and was like to die with laughter when he witnessed the effect produced by this singular apparition.

The countryman was coming along at the same hard trot, with a very serious and business-like countenance, when, all of a sudden, half a man and the whole of a pistol were presented from the chaise window; which he no sooner beheld, than all at once he pulled up with a jerk which almost brought him into a ditch, and threw the horse upon his haunches. His red face grew very pale, but he had the presence of mind to pat his beast on the neck and soothe him in various ways, keeping his eyes fixed on the chaise all the time and looking greatly astonished. After a minute or so, he recovered himself, and, giving his horse the spur, and a smart cut in the flank with his riding-whip, dashed across the road, with the view of passing the chaise on the opposite side. The probability of this attempt had been foreseen, however, by the other party, for with great agility he transferred himself to the other window, and, thrusting out the pistol with the same fierce and sanguinary countenance as before, again encountered the farmer's gaze; upon which he pulled up, with the same puzzled and frightened expression of countenance, and stared till his eyes seemed double their natural size.

The scene became intensely droll. The countryman's horse stood stock still; but, as the chaise rolled on, he gradually suffered him to fall into a gentle trot, and, with an appearance of deep perplexity, was evidently taking counsel with himself how to act,



THE WAGER.



Grimaldi had laughed in a corner till he was quite exhausted, and seeing his guinea was fairly lost, determined to aid the joke. With this view, he looked out of the vacant window, and, assuming an authoritative look, nodded confidentially to the horseman, and waved his hand as if warning him not to come too near. This caution the countryman received with much apparent earnestness, frequently nodding and waving his hand after the same manner, accompanying the pantomime with divers significant winks, to intimate that he understood the gentleman was insane, and that he had accidentally obtained possession of the dangerous weapon. Grimaldi humoured the notion of his being the keeper, occasionally withdrawing his head from the window to indulge in peals of laughter. The friend, bating not an inch of his fierceness, kept the pistol pointed at the countryman; and the countryman followed on behind at an easy pace on the opposite side of the road, continuing to exchange most expressive pantomime with one of its best professors, and to reciprocate, as nearly as he could, all the nods and winks and shrugs with which Grimaldi affected to deplore the situation of his unhappy friend. And so they went into Dartford. When they reached the town, the friend resumed his seat, and Grimaldi paid the guinea. The instant the pistol barrel was withdrawn, the countryman set spurs to his horse, and scoured through the town, to the great astonishment of its inhabitants, at full gallop.

The success of this guinea wager put the friend upon telling a story of a wager of Sheridan's which was much talked of at the time, and ran thus :—

George the Fourth, when Prince of Wales, used occasionally to spend certain hours of the day in gazing from the windows of a club-house in St. James's Street :—of course he was always surrounded by some of his chosen companions, and among these Sheridan, who was then the Drury Lane lessee, was ever first and foremost. The Prince and Sheridan in these idle moments had frequently remarked among the passers backwards and forwards a young woman who regularly every day carried through the street a heavy load of crockery-ware, and who, the Prince frequently remarked, must be possessed of very great strength and dexterity to be able to bear so heavy a burden with so much apparent ease, and to carry it in the midst of such a crowd of passengers without ever stumbling.

One morning, as usual, she made her ap-

pearance in the street from Piccadilly, and Sheridan called the Prince's attention to the circumstance.

"Here she is," said Sheridan.

"Who?" inquired the Prince.

"The crockery-girl," replied Sheridan; "and more heavily laden than ever."

"Not more so than usual, I think," said the Prince.

"Pardon me, your Highness, I think I'm right. Oh, dear me, yes! it's decidedly a larger basket, a much larger basket," replied Sheridan. "Good God, she staggers under it! Ah! she has recovered herself. Poor girl, poor girl!"

The Prince had watched the girl very closely, but the symptoms of exhaustion which Sheridan had so feelingly deplored were nevertheless quite invisible to him.

"She will certainly fall," continued Sheridan, in a low abstracted tone; "that girl will fall down before she reaches this house."

"Pooh, pooh!" said the Prince. "*She* fall!—nonsense! she is too well used to it."

"She will," said Sheridan.

"I'll bet you a cool hundred she does not," replied the Prince.

"Done!" cried Sheridan.

"Done!" repeated his Royal Highness.

The point of the story is, that the girl *did* fall down just before she reached the club-house. It was very likely an accident, inasmuch as people seldom fall down on purpose, especially when they carry crockery; but still there were not wanting some malicious persons who pretended to trace the tumble to another source. At all events, it was a curious coincidence, and a strong proof of the accuracy of Sheridan's judgment in such matters, any way.

The friend told this story while they were changing horses, laughing very much when he had finished, as most people's friends do: and, as if it had only whetted his appetite for fun, at once looked out for another object on whom to exercise his turn for practical joking. The chaise, after moving very slowly for some yards, came to a dead stop behind some heavy waggons which obstructed the road. This stoppage chanced to occur directly opposite the principal inn, from one of the coffee-room windows of which, on the first floor, a gentleman was gazing into the street. He was a particularly tall, big man, wearing a military frock and immense moustachios, and eyeing the people below with an air of much dignity and grandeur. The jester's eyes no sooner fell upon this personage than he practised a variety of devices



to attract his attention, such as coughing violently, sneezing, raising the window of the chaise and letting it fall again with a great noise, and tapping loudly at the door. At length he clapped his hands and accompanied the action with a shrill scream; upon which the big man looked down from his elevation with a glare of profound scorn, mingled with some surprise. Their eyes no sooner met, than the man in the chaise assumed a most savage and unearthly expression of countenance, which gave him all the appearance of an infuriated maniac. After grimacing in a manner sufficiently uncouth to attract the sole and undivided attention of the big man, he suddenly produced the pistol from his pocket, and, pretending to take a most accurate aim at the warrior's person, cocked it and placed his hand upon the trigger.

The big man's face grew instantly blanched; he put his hands to his head, made a step, or rather stagger back, and instantly disappeared, having either fallen or thrown himself upon the floor. The friend put his pistol in his pocket without the most remote approach to a smile or the slightest change of countenance, and Grimaldi sank down to the bottom of the chaise nearly suffocated with laughter.

At Gravesend they parted, the friend going on in the same chaise to Dover, and Grimaldi, after transacting the business which brought him from town, returning to play at the theatre at night; all recollection even of the "Dartford Blues" fading as he passed through the town in his way home before the exploits of his merry friend, which afforded him matter for diversion until he reached London.

## CHAPTER VII.

1798 to 1801.

Partiality of George the Third for Theatrical Entertainments—Sheridan's kindness to Grimaldi—His domestic affliction and severe distress—The production of *Harlequin Amulet* a new era in Pantomime—Pigeon-fancying and Wagering—His first Provincial Excursion with Mrs. Baker, the eccentric Manageress—John Kemble and Jew Davis, with a new reading—Increased success at Maidstone and Canterbury—Polite interview with John Kemble.

THE summer passed pleasantly away, the whole

of Grimaldi's spare time being devoted to the society of his wife and her parents, until the departure of the latter from London for Weymouth, of which theatre Mr. Hughes was the proprietor. It is worthy of remark, as a proof of the pleasure which George the Third derived from theatrical entertainments, that when the court were at Weymouth, he was in the habit of visiting the theatre at least four times a week; generally on such occasions commanding the performance, and taking with him a great number of the noblemen and ladies in his suite.

Drury Lane opened for the season on the 15th of September, and Sadler's Wells closed ten days afterwards: but while the latter circumstance released Grimaldi from his arduous labours at one theatre, the former one did not tend to increase them at the other, for pantomime was again eschewed at Drury Lane, and "Blue Beard," "Feudal Times," and "Lodoiska" reigned paramount. At the commencement of the season he met Mr. Sheridan, when the following colloquy ensued:—

"Well, Joe, still living—eh?"

"Yes, sir; and what's more, married as well."

"Oho! Pretty young woman, Joe?"

"Very pretty, sir."

"That's right! You must lead a domestic life, Joe: nothing like a domestic life for happiness, Joe: I lead a domestic life myself." And then came one of those twinkling glances which no one who ever saw them can forget the humour of.

"I mean to do so, sir."

"Right. But, Joe, what will your poor little wife do while you are at the theatre of an evening? Very bad thing, Joe, to let a pretty young wife be alone of a night. I'll manage it for you, Joe: I'll put her name down upon the free list; herself and friend.—But, mind, it's a female friend, that's all, Joe; any other might be dangerous,—eh, Joe?" And away he went without pausing for a moment to listen to Grimaldi's expressions of gratitude for his thoughtful kindness.

However, he did not omit performing his friendly offer, and his wife, availing herself of it, went to the theatre almost every night he played, sat in the front of the house until he had finished, and then they went home together.

In this pleasant and quiet manner the autumn and winter passed rapidly away. In the following year, 1799, it became apparent that his young wife would shortly make him a father; and while this prospect in-

creased the happiness and attention of her husband and parents, it added little to their slight stock of cares and troubles, for they were too happy and contented to entertain any other but cheerful anticipations of the result.

There is little to induce one to dwell upon a sad and melancholy chapter in the homely life of every-day. After many months of hope, and some of fear, and many lingering changes from better to worse, and back and back again, his dear wife, whom he had loved from a boy with so much truth and feeling, and whose excellences to the last moment of his life, many years afterwards, were the old man's fondest theme, died.

"Poor Joe! Oh, Richard, be kind to poor Joe!" were the last words she uttered. They were addressed to her brother. A few minutes afterwards, he sat beside a corpse.

They found in her pocket-book a few pencilled lines, beneath which she had written her wish that when she died they might be inscribed above her grave:—

Earth walks on Earth like glittering gold;  
Earth says to Earth, We are but mould;  
Earth builds on Earth castles and towers;  
Earth says to Earth, All shall be ours.

They were placed upon the tablet erected to her memory. She died on the 18th of October, 1799; and was buried in the family vault of Mr. Hughes, at St. James's, Clerkenwell.\*

In the first passion of his grief the widower went distracted. Nothing but the constant attention and vigilance of his friends, who never left him alone, would have prevented his laying violent hands upon his life. There were none to console him, except with sympathy, for his friends were hers, and all mourned no common loss.

Mr. Richard Hughes, the brother, never forgot his sister's dying words, but proved himself under all circumstances and at all times Grimaldi's firm and steady friend. The poor fellow haunted the scenes of his old hopes and happiness for two months, and was then summoned to the theatre to set the audience in a roar; and chalking over the seams which mental agony had worn in his

face, was hailed with boisterous applause in the merry Christmas pantomime!

The title of this pantomime, which was produced at Drury Lane, was, "Harlequin Amulet; or, the Magic of Mona;" it was written by Mr. Powell, and produced under the superintendence of Mr. James Byrne, the ballet-master. It was highly successful, running without intermission from the night of its production until Easter, 1800. This harlequinade was distinguished by several unusual features besides its great success; foremost among them was an entire change both in the conception of the character of Harlequin and in the costume. Before that time it had been customary to attire the Harlequin in a loose jacket and trousers, and it had been considered indispensable that he should be perpetually attitudinizing in five positions, and doing nothing else but passing instantaneously from one to the other, and never pausing without being in one of the five. All these conventional notions were abolished by Byrne, who this year made his first appearance as Harlequin, and made Harlequin a very original person to the playgoing public. His attitudes and jumps were all new, and his dress was infinitely improved: the latter consisted of a white silk shape, fitting without a wrinkle, and into which the variegated silk patches were woven, the whole being profusely covered with spangles, and presenting a very sparkling appearance. The innovation was not resisted: the applause was enthusiastic; "nor," says Grimaldi, "was it undeserved; for, in my judgment, Mr. James Byrne\* was at that time the best Harlequin on the boards, and never has been excelled, even if equalled, since that period."

The alteration soon became general, and has proved a lasting one, Harlequin having been ever since attired as upon this memorable occasion, in accordance with the improved taste of his then representative.

Grimaldi's part in this production was a singularly arduous and wearying one: he had to perform Punch, and to change afterwards to Clown. He was so exceedingly successful in the first-mentioned part, that Mr. Sheridan wished him to preserve the

\* Miss Maria Hughes, eldest daughter of Mr. Richard Hughes, proprietor of one-fourth of Sadler's Wells, of which theatre he was also the resident manager, was married to Joe in 1800, and on October 18, in the same year, died in childbirth, in the twenty-fifth year of her age. She was not interred in the family vault, but in the graveyard of St. James's on Clerkenwell Green.

\* Mr. James Byrne, father of Mr. Oscar Byrne, was one of the ballet at Drury Lane in Garrick's time; and was also employed at Sadler's Wells in the seasons of 1775 and 1776. He died December, 4, 1845, in the eighty-ninth year of his age. Mrs. Byrne, whom many may yet remember at Covent Garden Theatre, died a few months before her husband, on August 27, in her seventy-fourth year.

character throughout,—a suggestion which he was compelled resolutely to oppose. His reason for doing so will not be considered extraordinary, when we inform the present generation that his personal decorations consisted of a large and heavy hump on his chest, and a ditto ditto on his back ; a high sugar-loaf cap, a long-nosed mask, and heavy wooden shoes ; the weight of the whole dress, and of the humps, nose, and shoes especially, being exceedingly great. Having to exercise all his strength in this costume, and to perform a vast quantity of what in professional language is termed "comic business," he was compelled by fatigue, at the end of the sixth scene, to assume the Clown's dress, and so relieve himself from the immense weight which he had previously endured. "The part of Columbine," he tells us, "was supported by Miss Menage,\* and admirably she sustained it. I thought at the time that, taking them together, I never saw so good a Harlequin and Columbine ; and I still entertain the same opinion."

"Harlequin Amulet" being played every night until Easter, he had plenty to do : but although his body was fatigued, his mind was relieved by constant employment, and he had little time, in the short intervals between exertion and repose, to brood over the heavy misfortune which had befallen him. Immediately after his wife's death, he had removed from the scene of his loss to a house in Bayne's Row, and he gradually became more cheerful and composed.

In this new habitation he devoted his leisure hours to the breeding of pigeons, and for this purpose had a room, which fanciers termed a *dormer*, constructed at the top of his house, where he used to sit for hours together, watching the birds as they disported in the air above him. At one time he had upwards of sixty pigeons, all of the very first order and beauty, and many of them highly valuable : in proof of which, he notes down with great pride a bet, concerning one pigeon of peculiar talents, made with Mr. Lambert, himself a pigeon-fancier.

This Mr. Lambert being, as Grimaldi says, "like myself, a pigeon-fancier, but, unlike myself, a confirmed boaster," took it into his head to declare and pronounce his birds superior in all respects to those in any other collection. This comprehensive declaration immediately brought all the neighbouring pigeon-breeders up in arms ; and Grimaldi,

taking up the gauntlet on behalf of the inmates of the "dormer," accepted a bet offered by Lambert, that there was no pigeon in his flight capable of accomplishing twenty miles in twenty minutes. The sum at stake was twenty pounds. The money was posted, the bird exhibited, the day on which the match should come off named, and the road over which the bird was to fly agreed upon—the course being from the twentieth milestone on the Great North Road to Grimaldi's house. At six o'clock in the morning the bird was consigned to the care of a friend, with instructions to throw it up precisely as the clock struck twelve, at the appointed milestone, near St. Albans ; and the friend and the pigeon, accompanied by a gentleman on behalf of the opposite party, started off, all parties concerned first setting their watches by Clerkenwell church. It was a very dismal day, the snow being very deep on the ground, and a heavy sleet falling, very much increasing the odds against the bird, the weather, of course, having great effect, and the snow frequently blinding it. There was no stipulation made, however, for fine weather ; so at twelve o'clock the two parties, accompanied by several friends, took up their station in the dormer. In exactly nineteen minutes afterwards the pigeon alighted on the roof of the house. An offer of twenty pounds was immediately made for the bird, but it was declined.

The pigeons however, did not always keep such good hours, or rather minutes ; for sometimes they remained away so long on their aerial excursions that their owner gave them up in despair. On one occasion they were absent upwards of four hours. As their owner was sitting disconsolately, concluding they were gone for ever, his attention was attracted by the apparently unaccountable behaviour of three birds who had been left behind, and who, with their heads elevated in the air, were all gazing with intense earnestness at one portion of the horizon. After straining his eyes for a length of time without avail, their master began to fancy that he discerned a small black speck a great height above him. He was not mistaken, for by and by the black speck turned out to his infinite joy, to be the lost flight of pigeons returning home, after a journey probably of several hundred miles.

When the pantomime had ceased to run, Grimaldi had but little to do at Drury Lane, his duties being limited to a combat or some such business, in "Lodoiska," "Feudal Times," and other spectacles, which he could well manage to reach the theatre in time for,

\* Miss Bella Menage, in September, 1804, became the wife of Mr. M. W. Sharp, the artist.

after the performances at Sadler's Wells were over. Drury Lane closed in June, and reopened in September, ten days after the season at Sadler's Wells had terminated; but as he did not expect to be called into active service until December, he played out of town, for the first time in his life, in the month of November, 1801.

There was at that time among the Sadler's Wells company a clever man named Lund, who, in the vacation time, usually joined Mrs. Baker's company on the Rochester circuit. His benefit was fixed to take place at Rochester, on the 15th, and coming to town, he waited on Grimaldi and entreated him to play for him on the occasion. Whenever it was in his power to accede to such a request it was his invariable custom not to refuse; he therefore willingly returned an answer in the affirmative.

He reached Rochester about noon on the day fixed for the benefit, rehearsed half-a-dozen pantomime scenes, and having dined, went to the theatre, every portion of which was crammed before six o'clock. On his appearance he was received with a tremendous shout of welcome; his two comic songs were each encored three times, and the whole performances went off with great éclat. Mrs. Baker, the manager or manageress, at once offered him an engagement for the two following nights, the receipts of the house to be divided between them. His acceptance of this proposal delighted the old lady so much that the arrangement was no sooner concluded than she straightaway walked upon the stage, dressed in the bonnet and shawl in which she had been taking the money and giving the checks, and in an audible voice gave out the entertainments herself, to the immense delight of the audience, who shouted vociferously.

This old lady appears to have been a very droll personage. She managed all her affairs herself, and her pecuniary matters were conducted on a principle quite her own. She never put her money out at interest, or employed it in any speculative or profitable manner, but kept it in six or eight large punch-bowls, which always stood upon the top shelf of a bureau, except when she was disposed to make herself particularly happy, and then she would take them down singly, and after treating herself with a sly look at their contents, put them up again.

This old lady had a factotum to whom attached the elegant sobriquet of "Bony Long," the gentleman's name being Long, and his appearance bony. At a supper after

the play, at which the guests were Lund, Grimaldi, Henry and William Dowton (sons of the celebrated actor of that name), the manageress, and "Bony," it was arranged that Grimaldi should perform Scaramouch, in Don "Juan," on the following night. A slight difficulty occurred, in consequence of his having brought from London no other dress than a clown's; but Mrs. Baker provided against it by sending for one Mr. Palmer, then a respectable draper and tailor at Rochester, who, having received the actor's instructions, manufactured for him the best Scaramouch dress he ever wore. The assurances which were given the artist at the time that his abilities lay in the theatrical way were not without good foundation, for two years afterwards he left Rochester, came to London, and became principal master-tailor at Covent Garden Theatre. He held this situation for some years, and then removed to Drury Lane, and filled the same office, which he still continues to hold.

On the second night the house was filled in every part, and a great number of persons were turned away. On the following evening, on which he made his last appearance, and repeated the part of Scaramouch, together with that of Clown, the orchestra was turned into boxes, seats were fitted up on every inch of available room behind the scenes, and the receipts exceeded in amount those of any former occasion.

At another supper that night with Mrs. Baker he made an arrangement to join her company for a night or two at Maidstone, in the following March, provided his London engagements would admit of his doing so. They were not at all behindhand with the money; for, at eight o'clock next morning, "Bony Long" repaired to his lodgings, taking with him an account of the two nights' receipts, Grimaldi's share whereof came to £160; which was at once paid over to him, down upon the nail, all in three-shilling pieces. This was an addition to his baggage which he had not expected, and he was rather at a loss how to convey his loose silver up to town, when he was relieved by a tavern-keeper, who being as glad to take the silver as Grimaldi was to get notes, very soon made the exchange, to the satisfaction of all parties. Having had this satisfactory settlement with the old lady, Grimaldi took his leave, and returned to town, not at all displeased with the success which had attended his first professional excursion from London.

At Christmas "Harlequin Amulet" was revived at Drury Lane, in place of a new

pantomime, and ran without interruption till the end of January following; drawing as much money as it had in the previous year. It was during this season, or about this time, that Grimaldi's old friend Davis, or "Jew Davis," as he was called, made his first appearance at Drury Lane. This is the man whose eccentricity gave rise to a ludicrous anecdote of John Kemble, of which the following is a correct version :

Kemble was once "starring" in the north of England, and paid a visit to the provincial theatre in which Jew Davis was engaged, where he was announced for Hamlet. Every member of the little company was necessarily called into requisition, and Jew Davis was "cast" to play the First Grave-digger. All went well until the first scene of the fifth act, being the identical one in which Davis was called upon to appear : and here the equanimity and good temper of Kemble were considerably shaken : the grave-digger's representative having contracted a habit of grimacing which, however valuable in burlesque or farce, was far from being at all desirable in tragedy, and least of all in that philosophical tragedy of which Hamlet is the hero. But if the actor had contracted a habit of grimacing upon his part, the audience upon its part had contracted an equally constant habit of laughing at him : so the great tragedian, moralizing over the skull of Yorick, was frequently interrupted by the loud roars of laughter attendant upon the grave-digger's strangely comical and increasing grins.

This greatly excited the wrath of Kemble, and after the play was finished, he remonstrated somewhat angrily with Davis upon the subject, requesting that such "senseless buffoonery" might not be repeated in the event of their sustaining the same parts on any subsequent occasion. All this was far from answering the end proposed : the peculiarities of temper belonging to Jew Davis were aroused; and he somewhat tartly replied that he did not wish to be taught his profession by Mr. Kemble. The latter took no further notice of the subject, but pursued the even tenour of his way with so beneficial an effect upon the treasury that his engagement was renewed for "a few nights more," and on the last of these "few nights" "Hamlet" was again performed.

As before, all went well till the grave-diggers' scene commenced ; when Kemble, while waiting for his "cue" to go on, listened bodingly to the roars of laughter which greeted the colloquy of Davis and his companion. At

length he entered, and at the same moment, Davis having manufactured a grotesque visage, was received with a shout of laughter, which greatly tended to excite the anger of "King John." His first words were spoken, but failed to make any impression : and upon turning towards Davis, he discovered that worthy standing in the grave, displaying a series of highly unsuitable although richly comic grimaces.

In an instant all Kemble's good temper vanished, and stamping furiously upon the stage, he expressed his anger and indignation in a muttered exclamation, closely resembling an *ca h*. This ebullition of momentary excitement produced an odd and unexpected effect. No sooner did Davis hear the exclamation and the loud stamping of the angry actor, than he instantly raised his hands above his head in mock terror, and, clasping them together as if he were horrified by some dreadful spectacle, threw into his face an expression of intense terror, and uttered a frightful cry, half shout and half scream, which electrified his hearers. Having done this, he very coolly laid himself flat down in the grave (of course disappearing from the view of the audience), nor could any entreaties prevail upon him to emerge from it, or to repeat one word more. The scene was done as well as it could be, without a grave-digger, and the audience, while it was proceeding, loudly expressed their apprehensions from time to time "that some accident had happened to Mr. Davis."

Some months after this, Sheridan happening to see Davis act in the provinces, and being struck with his talents (he was considered the best stage Jew upon the boards,) engaged him for Drury Lane; and, in that theatre, on the first day of the ensuing season, he was formally introduced by Sheridan to John Kemble, then stage-manager. By the latter he was not immediately recognised, although Kemble evidently remembered having seen him somewhere; but, after a time, plainly devoted to consideration, he said,—

"Oh,—ah, ah ! I recollect now. You, sir, you are the gentleman who suddenly went into the grave, and forgot to come out again, I think?"

Davis admitted the fact without equivocation, and hastened to apologise for his ill-timed jesting. The affair was related to Sheridan, to whom, it is needless to say, it afforded the most unbounded delight, and all three joining in a hearty laugh, dismissed the subject.

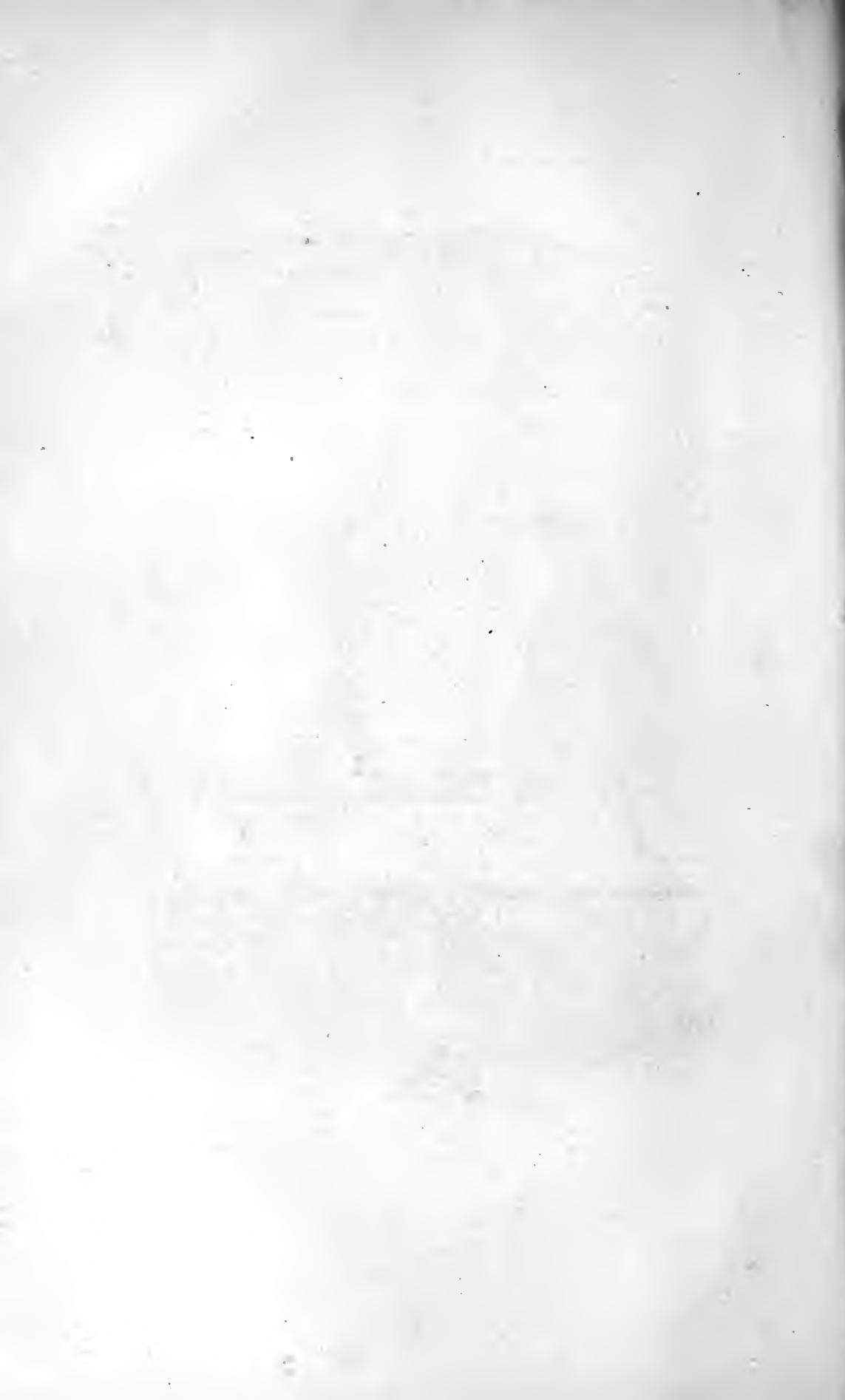
When "Harlequin Amulet" was withdrawn there was very little for Grimaldi to





A STARTLING EFFECT.





do during the rest of the season. On the 4th of March, therefore, in pursuance of his previous arrangement, he joined the old lady at Maidstone, and was announced for Scaramouch.

The announcement of his name excited an unwonted sensation in this quiet little town. As early as half-past four o'clock in the afternoon the street in front of the theatre was rendered quite impassable by the vast crowd of persons that surrounded the doors. Mrs. Baker, who had never beheld such a scene in her life-time, became at first very much delighted, and then very much frightened. After some consideration, she despatched a messenger for an extra quantity of constables, and upon their arrival, threw the doors open at once, previously placing herself in the pay-box, according to custom, to take the money.

"Now, then, pit or box, pit or gallery, box or pit?" was her constant and uninterrupted cry.

"Pit, pit!" from half-a-dozen voices, the owners clinging to the little desk to prevent themselves from being carried away by the crowd before they had paid.

"Then pay two shillings,—pass on, Tom-fool!" such was the old lady's invariable address to everybody on busy nights, without the slightest reference to their quality or condition.

On this occasion of the doors being opened at five o'clock, when the house was quite full she locked up the box in which the money was deposited, and going round to the stage, ordered the performances to be commenced immediately, remarking, with a force of reasoning which it was impossible to controvert, that "the house could be but full, and being full to the ceiling now, they might just as well begin at once, and have it over so much the sooner." The performance accordingly began without delay, to the great satisfaction of the audience, and terminated shortly after nine o'clock.

Grimaldi was very much caressed by the townspeople, and received several invitations to dinner next day from gentlemen residing in the neighbourhood; all of which he declined, however, being already engaged to the eccentric manageress, who would hardly allow him out of her sight. Happening to walk about the town in the course of the morning, he was recognised and saluted by the boys, in the same way as when he walked the streets of London. On the night of his second appearance the house was again crowded, the door-keepers having managed, indeed, by some ingenious contrivance, to squeeze three pounds

more into it than on the previous night. The first evening produced £154., and the second £157. Of the gross sum, his share was £157 17s., which was promptly paid to him after supper, on the second and last night.

The old lady had no sooner handed it over through the ever useful Bony, than she proposed to Grimaldi to go on with them to Canterbury, and to act there for the next two nights upon similar terms. He no sooner signified his willingness to do so than she directed bills for distribution to be made out, and sent to the printer's instantly. They were composed and printed by four o'clock in the morning. No sooner did they arrive wet from the press, than men on horseback were immediately despatched with them to Canterbury, about which city the whole impression was circulated and posted before nine o'clock.

The old lady had theatres at Rochester, Maidstone, and Canterbury, besides many other towns in the circuit, and the size of the whole being very nearly the same, the scenery which was suitable to one fitted them all. Early in the morning the whole company left Maidstone for Canterbury, whither Grimaldi followed in a post-chaise at his leisure. When he arrived there about one o'clock everything was ready; no rehearsal was necessary, for there were the same performers, the same musicians, scene-shifters, and lamplighters. Having inspected the box-book, which notified that every takable seat in the house was taken, he retired to Mrs. Baker's sitting-room, which was the very model of the one at Maidstone and at Rochester too, and found a good dinner awaiting his arrival. Here he was, and here they all were, in the city of Canterbury, about twenty miles from Maidstone, at one o'clock in the day, with the same scenery, dresses, decorations, and transformations as had been in use at the latter theatre late over-night, surrounded by the same actors, male and female, and playing in the same pieces which had been represented by the same men and women, and the same adjuncts, fourteen hours before at Maidstone.

He played here two nights, as had been agreed upon, to very nearly the same houses as at Maidstone; the first night's cash being £151 3s., and the second £159 17s., of which he received £155 9s. 6d. Early the next morning he returned to London with £311 6s. 6d. in his pocket, the profits he had acquired during an absence from the metropolis of only four days' duration.

Shortly after his return to town, and about a week before Easter, he saw with great astonishment that it was announced, or, to use

the theatrical term, "underlined," in the Drury Lane bills, that "*Harlequin Amulet*," would be revived at Easter, and that Mr. Grimaldi would sustain his original character. This announcement being in direct violation of his articles of agreement at Drury Lane, and wholly inconsistent with the terms of his engagement at Sadler's Wells, he had no alternative but at once to wait upon Mr. John Kemble, the stage-manager of the former theatre, and explain to him the exact nature of his position.

He found John Kemble at the theatre, who received him with all the grandeur and authority of demeanour which it was his habit to assume when he was about to insist upon something which he knew would be resisted. Grimaldi bowed, and Kemble formally and gravely touched his hat.

"Joe," said Kemble, with great dignity, "what is the matter?"

In reply, Grimaldi briefly stated his case, pointing out that he was engaged by his articles at Drury Lane to play in last pieces at and after Easter, but not in pantomime; that at Sadler's Wells he was bound to perform in the first piece; that these distinct engagements had never before been interfered with by the management of either theatre in the most remote manner upon any one occasion; and that, however much he regretted the inconvenience to which his refusal might give rise, he could not possibly perform the part for which he had been announced at Drury Lane.

Kemble listened to these representations with a grave and unmoved countenance; and when Grimaldi had finished, after waiting a moment, as if to make certain that he had really concluded, rose from his seat, and said in a solemn tone, "Joe, one word here, sir, is as good as a thousand—you *must* come!"

Joe felt excessively indignant at this, not merely because *must* is a disagreeable word in itself, but because he conceived that the tone in which it was uttered rendered it additionally disagreeable; so, saying at once what the feeling of the moment prompted, he replied, "Very good, sir. In reply to *must*, there is only one thing that can very well be said:—I will *not* come, sir."

"Will not, Joe,—eh?" said Kemble.

"I will not, sir," replied Grimaldi.

"Not!" said Kemble again, with great emphasis.

Grimaldi repeated the monosyllable with equal vehemence.

"Then, Joe," said Kemble, taking off his

hat, and bowing in a ghost-like manner, "I wish you a very good morning!"

Grimaldi took off his hat, made another low bow, and wished Mr. Kemble good morning; and so they parted.

Next day his name was taken from the bills, and that of some other performer, quite unknown to the London stage, was inserted instead; which performer, when he did come out, went in again—for he failed so signally that the pantomime was not played after the Monday night.

In the short interval between this interview and the Easter holidays Grimaldi was engaged in the study of a new part for Sadler's Wells, which was a very prominent character in a piece bearing the sonorous and attractive title of the "*Great Devil*."\* He entertained very strong hopes that both the part and the piece would be very successful; and how far his expectations were borne out by subsequent occurrences the next chapter will show.

## CHAPTER VIII.

1802 TO 1803.

Hard work to counterbalance great gains—His discharge *from* Drury Lane, and his discharge *at* Sadler's Wells—His return to the former house—Monk Lewis—Anecdote of him and Sheridan, and of Sheridan and the Prince of Wales—Grimaldi gains a son and loses all his capital.

The "*Great Devil*" came out on Easter Monday,† and its success entailed upon Gri-

\* The *Serio-Comic Spectacle* of "*The Great Devil*;" or, *The Robber of Genoa*," was produced late in the season of 1801, early in September, and on the 14th of that month was performed for C. Dibdin's benefit. Nicola, by Mr. Grimaldi; Bridget, by Mrs. Davis; Gattie, some years afterwards distinguished for his performance of Mons. Morbleu, at Drury Lane, had also a singing part in the piece.

† Sadler's Wells Theatre, the interior of which had been wholly rebuilt since the close of the season, in 1801, opened on Easter Monday, April 19, 1802, with an occasional *Burletta Prelude*, entitled "*Old Sadler's Ghost*;" a new *Comic Dance*, called the "*Jew Cobbler*," in which M. Joubert, from Paris, as principal dancer, made his first appearance in England; the *Serio-Comic Pantomime* of "*The Great Devil*," with alterations and new dresses; and an entirely new *Comic*

maldi no inconsiderable degree of trouble and fatigue. He played two parts in it, and, to say nothing of such slight exertions as acting and fighting, had to change his dress no fewer than nineteen times in the progress of the piece. It made a great noise, and ran the whole season through.

As we had occasion to notice in the last chapter, the ease with which he acquired a large sum of money by his professional exertions, and as we may have to describe other large gains hereafter, it may not be amiss to show in this place how much of fatigue and harassing duty those exertions involved, and how much of bodily toil and fatigue he had to endure before those gains could be counted.

At Sadler's Wells he commenced the labour of the evening by playing a long and arduous part in the before-mentioned "Great Devil;" after this he played in some little burletta which immediately succeeded it; upon conclusion of that he was Clown to the rope-dancer, and, as a wind-up to the entertainments, he appeared as Clown in the pantomime, always singing two comic songs in the course of the piece, both of which were regularly encored. He had then to change his dress with all possible speed, and take a hurried walk, and often a rapid run, to Drury Lane, to perform in the last piece.\*

This immense fatigue, undergone six days out of every seven, left him at the conclusion of the week completely worn out and thoroughly exhausted, and, beyond all doubt, by taxing his bodily energies far beyond their natural powers, sowed the first seeds of that extreme debility and utter prostration of strength from which, in the latter years of his

Pantomime, called "Harlequin Greenlander: or, The Whale Fishery." In "The Great Devil," Bologna, jun., after an absence of eight years, played the part of Satani, the Great Devil. Rudolpho, Mons. Gouriet; Nicola, Mr. Grimaldi; Count Ludovico, Mr. Hartland; Bridget, Mrs. Davis; the Countess, Madame St. Amand.

\* This summary of Joe's exertions is overstated: in the Spectacles Joe generally had a part, particularly where combatants were employed; but not in any of the little Burlettas alluded to, nor was he ever Clown to the rope: as Clown in the Pantomime, his name certainly appears in the Sadler's Wells' announcements; but when the pantomime was played on the same night and hour at either of the patent theatres, Joe's part at the Wells was played by substitutes—by Hartland or others; and by a clause in the articles of his engagement Grimaldi appears to have always been in a position to play at Drury Lane and Covent Garden, to the exclusion of any demand on his services at Sadler's Wells.

life, he suffered so much. The old man had a good right to say that, if his gains had been occasionally great, they were won by labour more than proportionate.

His attention to his duties and invariable punctuality were always remarkable. To his possession in an eminent degree of these qualities may be attributed the fact that during the whole of his dramatic career, long and arduous as it was, he never once disappointed the public, or failed in his attendance at the theatre to perform any part for which he was cast.

He continued to attend his duties as a member of the Drury Lane company for three months without finding that any violent consequences arose from his interview with John Kemble. The only perceptible difference was, that when they met Kemble, instead of accosting him familiarly, as he had before been accustomed to do, would pull off his hat and make him a formal bow, which Grimaldi would return in precisely the same manner; so that their occasional meetings were characterised by something about half-way between politeness and absurdity. All this pleased Grimaldi very much, but rather surprised him too, for he had confidently expected that some rupture would have followed the announcement of his determination not to act. He was not very long, however, in finding that his original apprehensions were correct, for on the 26th of June he received the following epistle:—

"Drury Lane Theatre.

"SIR,

"I am requested by the proprietors to inform you that your services will be dispensed with for the next ensuing season."

This notice was signed by Powell, the then prompter, and its contents considerably annoyed and irritated the person to whom it was addressed. To command him in the first place to perform what was out of his engagement and out of his power, and to punish him in the next by dispensing with his services, which of consequence involved his dispensing with his salary, seemed exceedingly harsh and unjust treatment. For a time he even contemplated bringing an action against Sheridan, against whom, under the terms of his agreement, he would in all probability have obtained a verdict; but he ultimately gave up all idea of seeking this mode of redress, and determined to consult his staunch and sincere friend Mr. Hughes, by whose advice he was always guided. To that gentleman's house he repaired, and showing him

the notice he had received, inquired what in his opinion he had best do.

"Burn the letter," said Hughes, "and don't waste a minute in thinking about it. You shall go with me to Exeter as soon as the Sadler's Wells season is over, and stop there until it recommences. You shall have four pounds a week all the time, and a clear benefit. It will be strange if this does not turn out better for you than your present engagement at Drury Lane."

He accepted the terms so kindly offered without a moment's hesitation, and determining to be guided by the advice of Mr. Hughes, thought no more about the matter.

At Sadler's Wells the summer season went on very briskly until August, when a circumstance occurred which impeded the course of his success for some time, and might have been attended with much more dangerous consequences. He played the first lieutenant of a band of robbers in the before-mentioned "Great Devil,"\* and in one scene had a pistol secreted in his boot, which, at a certain point of interest, he drew forth, presented at some of the characters on the stage, and fired off, thus producing what is technically termed an effect; in the production of which on the evening of the 14th of August he very unintentionally presented another effect, the consequences of which confined him to his bed for upwards of a month. While he was in the act of drawing out the pistol, the trigger by some accident caught in the loop of the boot, into which (the muzzle being downwards) its contents were immediately discharged. The boot itself puffed out to a great size, presenting a very laughter-moving appearance to everybody but the individual

\* The "Great Devil" ceased to be played at Sadler's Wells the last week in May, 1802; the accident particularized as having occurred on the 14th of August was, therefore, not during the performance of that piece, but on the last night of the pantomime of "St. George," in which it was announced would be presented several unexampled and unparalleled combats, exclusive of the combat with the Dragon, which involves St. George in a shower of fire; the consequences, however, did not "confine him to his bed for upwards of a month," as the bill of Monday, August 30, mentions the performance of the new serio-comic Pantomime of "Zoa," in which would be performed an extraordinary combat of six, by Bologna, jun., Grimaldi, Gattie, Hartland, and others, to conclude with, fourth time, "The Wizard's Wake; or, Harlequin's Regeneration;" Harlequin, Mr. Bologna, jun.; Merlin, Mr. Gattie; Clown, Mr. Grimaldi.

in it, who was suffering the most excruciating agony. Determined not to mar the effect of the scene, however, by leaving the stage before it was finished, he remained on until its conclusion; and then, when by the assistance of several persons the boot was got off it was found that the explosion had set fire to the stocking, which had been burning slowly all the time he had remained upon the stage; besides which, the wadding was still alight and resting upon the foot. He was taken home and placed under medical care; but the accident confined him to the house for more than a month.

At length, after a tedious, and, as it appeared to him *then*, almost an interminable confinement, he resumed his duties at Sadler's Wells Theatre, and the part also. But the effect was never more produced; for from that time forth the pistol was worn in his belt, in compliance with the established usages of robber-chieftains upon the stage, who, at minor theatres especially, would be quite incomplete and out of character without a very broad black belt, with a huge buckle, and at least two brace of pistols stuck into it.

During this illness he received great attention and kindness from Miss Bristow, one of the actresses at Drury Lane Theatre. She attended upon him every morning to assist in dressing the wound, and enlivened the hours, which would otherwise have been very weary, by her company and conversation. In gratitude for her kindness Grimaldi married her on the following Christmas Eve, and it may be as well to state in this place, that with her he lived very happily for more than thirty years, when she died.

Drury Lane opened on the 30th of September, with "As You Like It," and "Blue Beard." Grimaldi's chief part in this piece was a combat in the last scene but one; which, being very effective, had always been regularly and vociferously applauded. It was not originally in the piece, but had been "invented," and arranged with appropriate music for the purpose of keeping the attention of the house engaged, while the last scene, which was a very heavy one, was being "set up." Now, if any fresh combatant had been ready in Grimaldi's place very probably the piece might have gone off as well as it had theretofore; but Kemble, who was then stage-manager, as has been before stated, totally forgetting the reason of the combat's introduction, omitted to provide any substitute. The omission was pointed out at rehearsal, and then he gave directions that it should be altogether dispensed with,

The effect of this order was very unsatisfactory both to himself and the public.

There was a very full house at night, and the play went off as well as it could, and so did the afterpiece up to the time when the last scene should have been displayed; but here the stage-manager discovered his mistake too late. The last scene was not ready, it being quite impossible to prepare it in time, and the consequence was, that the audience, instead of looking at the combat, were left to look at each other or at the empty stage, as they thought fit. Upon this there gradually arose many hisses and other expressions of disapprobation, and at last some playgoer in the pit, who all at once remembered the combat, shouted out very loudly for it. The cry was instantly taken up and became universal: some demanded the combat, others required an apology for the omission of the combat, a few called upon Kemble to fight the combat himself, and a scene of great commotion ensued. The exhibition of the last scene, instead of allaying the tumult, only increased it, and when the curtain fell, it was in the midst of a storm of hisses and disapprobation.

It so happened that Sheridan had been sitting in his own private box with a party of friends all the evening, frequently congratulating himself on the crowded state of the house, and repeatedly expatiating upon the admirable manner in which both pieces went off. He was consequently not a little annoyed at the sudden change in the temper of the audience; and not only that, but, as he knew nothing at all about the unlucky combat, very much confounded and amazed into the bargain. The moment the curtain was down he rushed on to the stage, where the characters had formed a picture, and in a loud and alarming voice exclaimed—

“Let no one stir!”

Nobody did stir; and Sheridan walking to the middle of the proscenium, and standing with his back to the curtain, said in the most solemn manner,—

“In this affair I am determined to be satisfied, and I call upon somebody here to answer me one question. What is the cause of this infernal clamour?”

This question was put in such an all-important way that no one ventured to reply until some seconds had elapsed, when Barrymore, who played Blue Beard, stepped forward and said, that the fact was, there had formerly been a combat between Mr. Roffey and Joe, and the audience was dissatisfied at its not being done.

“And why was it not done, sir? Why was it not done? Where is Joe, sir?”

“Really, sir,” replied Barrymore, “it is impossible for me to say where he may be. Our old friend Joe was dismissed at the close of the last season by the stage-manager.”

At this speech Sheridan fell into a great rage, said a great many angry things, and made a great many profoundly important statements, to the effect that he would be master of his own house, and that nobody should manage for him, and so forth; all of which was said in a manner more or less polite. He concluded by directing the “call” porter of the theatre to go immediately to “Joe’s” house, and to request him to be upon the stage at twelve precisely next day. He then took off his hat with a great flourish, made a polite bow to the actors and actresses on the stage, and walked very solemnly away.

He received Grimaldi very kindly next day, and reinstated him in the situation he had previously held, adding unasked a pound a week to his former salary, “in order,” as he expressed himself, “that matters might be arranged in a manner profoundly satisfactory.”

On the day after, “*Harlequin Amulet*” flourished in the bills in large letters for the following Monday; a rehearsal was called, and during its progress Kemble took an opportunity of encountering Grimaldi, and said, with great good humour, that he was very glad to see him there again, and that he hoped it would be very long before they parted company. In this expression of feeling Grimaldi very heartily concurred; and so ended his discharge from Drury Lane Theatre, entailing upon him no more unpleasant consequences than the easily-borne infliction of an increased salary. So ended, also, the Exeter scheme, which was abandoned at once by Mr. Hughes, whose only object had been to serve his son-in-law.

“About this time,” says Grimaldi, “I used frequently to see the late Mr. M. G. Lewis, commonly called Monk Lewis, on account of his being the author of a well-known novel, better known from its dramatic power than from its strait-laced propriety or morality of purpose. He was an effeminate looking man, almost constantly lounging about the green-room of Drury Lane, and entering into conversation with the ladies and gentlemen, but in a manner so peculiar, so namby-pamby (I cannot think at this moment of a more appropriate term), that it was far from pleasing a majority of those thus addressed. His writings prove him to have been a clever man; a consummation which his conversation would



most certainly have failed signally in producing. I have often thought that Sheridan used to laugh in his sleeve at this gentleman; and I have, indeed, very good reason for believing that Lewis, upon many more occasions than one, was the undisguised butt of our manager. Be that as it may, Monk Lewis's play of the "Castle Spectre" was most undoubtedly a great card for Drury Lane; it drew immense houses, and almost invariably went off with loud applause. I have heard the following anecdote related, which, if true, clearly proves that Sheridan by no means thought so highly of this drama as did the public at large. One evening it chanced that these two companions were sitting at some tavern in the neighbourhood discussing the merits of a disputed question and a divided bottle, when Lewis, warming with his subject, offered to back his opinion with a bet.

"What will you wager?" inquired Sheridan, who began to doubt whether his was not the wrong side of the argument.

"I'll bet you one night's receipts of the 'Castle Spectre'!" exclaimed the author.

"No," replied the manager; "that would be too heavy a wager for so trifling a matter. I'll tell you what I'll do—I'll bet you its intrinsic worth as a literary production!"

Lewis received these little sallies from his lively acquaintance with the most perfect equanimity of temper, never manifesting annoyance by action further than by passing his hand through his light-coloured hair, or by word further than a murmured interjection of "Hum!" or "Hah!"

There is another little anecdote in this place which we will also leave Grimaldi to tell in his own way.

"In the winter of the year I frequently had the honour of seeing his late Majesty George the Fourth, then Prince of Wales, who used to be much behind the scenes of Drury Lane, delighting everybody with his affability, his gentlemanly manners, and his witty remarks. On Twelfth Night, 1802, we all assembled in the green-room as usual on that anniversary at Drury Lane Theatre, to eat cake, given by the late Mr. Baddeley, who by his will left three guineas to be spent in the purchase of a Twelfth-cake for the company of that theatre. In the midst of our merriment, Sheridan, accompanied by the Prince, entered the apartment, and the former looking at the cake, and noticing a large crown with which it was surmounted, playfully said, 'It is not right that a crown should be the property of a *cake*: what say you, George?' The Prince merely laughed:

and Sheridan, taking up the crown, offered it to him, adding—

"Will you deign to accept this trifle?"

"Not so," replied his highness: "however it may be doubted, it is nevertheless true that I prefer the cake to the crown, after all." And so, declining the crown, he partook of our feast with hilarity and condescension."

There was no pantomime at Drury Lane, either in 1801 or 1802;\* nor was any great

\* Grimaldi appears to have been much circumscribed in his performances at the Wells in 1801. Dubois was Clown in the Harlequinade, and between him and Joe the comicalities of the season appear to have been divided; the comic songs being sung by Dubois, Grimaldi, and Davis. Among the extraordinary events of this season was the appearance in June of the late distinguished tragedian, Edmund Kean, as "Master Carey, the Pupil of Nature," who was announced to recite Rolla's celebrated address from the tragedy of "Pizarro." There was something appropriate in his first appearance at the Wells: his great grandfather, Henry Carey, the illegitimate son of George Saville, Marquis of Halifax, and the avowed author and composer of the well-known ballad of "Sally in our Alley," wrote and composed many of the musical pieces for Sadler's Wells. Though often in great distress, and the author of many convivial songs, Harry Carey never employed his muse in opposition to the interests of morality. Poor Harry Carey, however, became at length the victim of poverty and despair, and hanged himself at his lodging in Warner Street, Clerkenwell, October 4, 1743. When found dead, he had but one halfpenny in his pocket. George Saville Carey was his posthumous child; at first a printer, he abandoned that calling for the stage, but his abilities did not ensure him success; and he became a lecturer and associate with Moses Kean in his imitations of popular actors, and Lectures on Mimicry. Carey, had a daughter; and Moses Kean a brother, Edmund Kean, who made his first appearance on the stage at the Royalty Theatre, September 9, 1788. Edmund Kean was the father of the tragedian; and Nancy Carey gave him birth at her father's chambers in Gray's Inn. His mother called herself "Mrs." Carey, and played first tragedy woman at Richardson's Booth at Bartholomew and other fairs: bills are extant announcing parts played by Mrs. Carey and Master Carey. Moses Kean, the uncle of the tragedian, was a tailor, with a wooden leg; a convivial, but in no respect a dissipated character. He was the original of those who professed to give imitations of the leading players—Kean's of Henderson, as Hamlet in the grave scene, was inimitable. His death was premature and singular. He lived at No. 8, Upper St. Martin's Lane, near the Horse Repository, and was an admirer of fine scenery—the changes in the clouds, and the majestic splendour of the heavens. One evening he ascended

novelty produced at Sadler's Wells in the latter year. The year 1802, indeed, seems to have been productive of no melodramatic wonder whatever; the most important circumstance it brought to Grimaldi being the birth of a son on the 21st of November; an event which afforded him much joy and happiness.

But if 1802 brought nothing remarkable with it, its successor did, for it was ushered in with an occurrence of a rather serious nature, the consequences of which were not very soon recovered. Whether it was ill-fortune or want of caution, or want of knowledge of worldly matters, it did so happen that whenever Grimaldi succeeded in scraping together a little money, so surely did he lose it afterwards in some strange and unforeseen manner. He had at that period been for some time acquainted with a very respected merchant of the city of London, named Charles Newland (not Abraham), who was supposed to have an immense capital embarked in business, who lived in very good style, keeping up a great appearance, and who was considered to be, in short, a very rich man. He called at Grimaldi's house one morning in February, and requesting a few minutes' private conversation, said hastily,

"I dare say you will be surprised, Joe, when you hear what business I have come upon; but—but—although I am possessed of a great deal of wealth, it is all embarked in business, and I am at this moment very short of ready money; so I want you to lend me a few hundred pounds, if it is quite convenient." All this was said with a brisk and careless air, as if such slight trifles as "a few hundred pounds" were scarcely deserving of being named.

Grimaldi had never touched the five hundred and odd pounds which he had picked up on Tower Hill, but had added enough to make six hundred in all. This sum he hastened to place before his friend, assuring him, with great sincerity, that if he had possessed double or treble the amount he would have

to the roof of his residence, to enjoy an uninterrupted view of the setting sun, when wrapt by the object before him and intent on the view, he lost his hold, fell into the street, and was killed. The tragedian's grandfather, George Saville Carey, like his father, died in great distress, July 14, 1807. After that period Master Carey adopted his father's name, Edmund Kean, and subsequently ennobled the British stage by his transcendent personifications of Othello, Sir Giles Overreach, Richard III., and other characters—a meteor of no prolonged duration, but the effulgence of which will be long remembered.

been happy to have lent it him with the greatest readiness. The merchant expressed the gratification he derived from his friendship, and giving him a bill for the money at three months' date, shook his hand warmly, and left him.

The bill was dishonoured; the merchant became bankrupt, left England for America, and died upon the passage out. And thus the contents of the net purse and the bundle of notes were lost as easily as they were gained, with the addition of some small savings besides.

## CHAPTER IX.

1803.

Containing a very extraordinary incident well worthy of the reader's attention.

ONE evening in the second week of November, 1803,\* Grimaldi, then playing at Drury

\* Sadler's Wells opened on Easter Monday, April 11th, 1803, under a change of proprietors. Mr. Hughes retained his fourth; Thomas and Charles Dibdin had purchased Mr. Siddon's fourth for £1,400; Barford and Yarnold had bought the fourth previously held by Mr. Thos. Arnold of the First Fruits Office; Mr. Reeve purchased the eighth, hitherto the property of Mr. Wroughton; and Mr. Andrews the eighth previously held by Mr. Coates. The season is memorable for the appearance on that stage of the celebrated traveller, Signor Giambattista Belzoni, as the Patagonian Samson, in which character he performed prodigious feats of strength; one of which was to adjust an iron frame to his body, weighing 127lbs., on which he carried eleven persons. On his benefit night he attempted to carry thirteen, but as that number could not hold on, it was abandoned. His stature, as registered in the books of the Alien Office, was six feet six inches.

Poor Tom Ellar, in his Manuscripts, notices—"The first time I met Signor Belzoni was at the Royalty Theatre, on Easter Monday, 1808, my first appearance in London; the theatre closed after the fourth week. In September of the same year I again met him at Saunders's booth in Bartholomew Fair, exhibiting as the French Hercules. In 1809, we were jointly engaged in the production of a Pantomime at the Crow Street Theatre, Dublin; I as Harlequin, and he as an artist to superintend the last scene, a sort of Hydraulic Temple, which, owing to what is very

Lane, had been called by the prompter, and was passing from the green-room to the stage, when a messenger informed him that two gentlemen were waiting to see him at the stage-door. Afraid of keeping the stage waiting, he enjoined the messenger to tell the gentlemen that he was engaged at that moment, but that he would come down to them directly he left the stage. The play was "A Bold Stroke for a Wife." Miss Mellon was Anne; Bannister, Feignwell; Aitkin, Simon Pure; and Grimaldi, Amiadab.

As soon as he could get away from the stage he hurried downstairs, and inquiring who wanted him, was introduced to two strangers, who were patiently awaiting his arrival. They were young men of gentlemanly appearance, and upon hearing the words, "Here's Mr. Grimaldi—who wants him?" one of them turned hastily round, and warmly accosted him.

He looked about his own age, and had evidently been accustomed to a much warmer climate than that of England. He wore the fashionable evening dress of the day—that is to say, a blue body-coat with gilt buttons, a white waistcoat, and tight pantaloons—and carried in his hand a small gold-headed cane.

"Joe, my lad!" exclaimed this person, holding out his hand, in some agitation, "how goes it with you now, old fellow?"

He was not a little surprised at this familiar address from a person whom he was not conscious of ever having seen in his life, and, after a moment's pause, replied that he really had not the pleasure of the stranger's acquaintance.

"Not the pleasure of my acquaintance!" repeated the stranger, with a loud laugh. "Well, Joe, that seems funny, anyhow!" He appealed to his companion, who concurred in the opinion, and they both laughed heartily. This was all very funny to the strangers, but not at all so to Grimaldi: he had a vague idea that they were rather laughing at than with him, and as much offended as surprised was turning away, when the person who had spoken first said, in rather a tremulous voice,

frequently the case, the being over-anxious, failed and nearly inundated the orchestra. Fiddlers generally follow their leader, and Tom Cooke was then the man; seeing the water, off he bolted, and they to a man followed him, leaving me, Columbine, and the other characters, to finish the scene in the midst of a splendid shower of fire and water. Signor Belzoni was a man of gentlemanly but very assuming manners; yet of great mind." Such was Tom Ellar's opinion of that memorable man, whose celebrity afterwards as a traveller requires no record in this place.

"Joe, don't you know me now?"

He turned, and gazed at him again. He had opened his shirt, and was pointing to a scar upon his breast, the sight of which at once assured him that it was no other than his brother who stood before him,—his only brother, who had disappeared under the circumstances narrated in an earlier part of these memoirs.

They were naturally much affected by this meeting, especially the elder brother, who had been so suddenly summoned into the presence of the near relative whom long ago he had given up for lost. They embraced again and again, and gave vent to their feelings in tears.

"Come upstairs," said Grimaldi, as soon as the first surprise was over; "Mr. Wroughton is there—Mr. Wroughton, who was the means of your going to sea,—he'll be delighted to see you." The brothers were hurrying away, when the friend, whose presence they had quite forgotten in their emotion, said,

"Well, John, then I'll wish you good night!"

"Good night! good night!" said the other, shaking his hand; "I shall see you in the morning."

"Yes," replied the friend; "at ten, mind!"

"At ten precisely: I shall not forget," answered John.

The friend, to whom he had not introduced his brother in any way, departed; and they went upon the stage together, where Grimaldi introduced his brother to Powell, Bannister, Wroughton, and many others in the green-room, who, attracted by the singularity of his return under such circumstances, had collected round them.

Having his stage business to attend to, he had very little time for conversation; but of course he availed himself of every moment that he could spare off the stage, and in answer to his inquiries, his brother assured him that his trip had been eminently successful.

"At this moment," he said, slapping his breast-pocket, "I have six hundred pounds here."

"Why, John," said his brother, "it's very dangerous to carry so much money about with you!"

"Dangerous!" replied John, smiling; "we sailors know nothing about danger. But, my lad, even if all this were gone, I should not be penniless." And he gave a knowing wink, which induced his brother to

believe that he had indeed "made a good trip of it."

At this moment Grimaldi was again called upon the stage; and Mr. Wroughton, taking that opportunity of talking to his brother, made many kind inquiries of him relative to his success and the state of his finances. In reply to these questions he made in effect the same statements as he had already communicated to Joseph, and exhibited as evidence of the truth of his declarations a coarse canvas bag, stuffed full of various coins, which he carefully replaced in his pocket again.

As soon as the comedy was ended Grimaldi joined him; and Mr. Wroughton, having congratulated his brother on his return, and the fortunate issue of his adventures, bade them good-night; when Grimaldi took occasion to ask how long the sailor had been in town.

He replied, two or three hours back; that had merely tarried to get some dinner, and had come straight to the theatre. In answer to inquiries relative to what he intended doing, he said he had not bestowed a thought upon the matter, and that the only topic which had occupied his mind was his anxiety to see his mother and brother. A long and affectionate conversation ensued, in the course of which it was proposed by Joseph, that as his mother lived with himself and wife, and they had a larger house than they required, the brother should join them, and they should all live together. To this the brother most gladly and joyfully assented, and adding that he must see his mother that night, or his anxiety would not suffer him to sleep, asked where she lived.

Grimaldi gave him the address directly; but, as he did not play in the afterpiece, said that he had done for the night, and that if he would wait while he changed his dress he would go with him. His brother was, of course, glad to hear there was no necessity for them to separate, and Grimaldi hurried away to his dressing-room, leaving him on the stage.

The agitation of his feelings, the suddenness of his brother's return, the good fortune which had attended him in his absence, the gentility of his appearance, and his possession of so much money, all together confused him so that he could scarcely use his hands. He stood still every now and then quite lost in wonder, and then suddenly recollecting that his brother was waiting, looked over the room again and again for articles of dress that were lying before him. At length,

after having occupied a much longer time than usual in changing his dress, he was ready, and ran down to the stage. On his way he met Powell, who heartily congratulated him on the return of his relative, making about the thirtieth who had been kind enough to do so already. Grimaldi asked him, more from nervousness than for information, if he had seen him lately.

"Not a minute ago," was the reply; "he is waiting for you upon the stage. I won't detain you, for he complains that you have been longer away now than you said you would be."

Grimaldi hurried downstairs to the spot where he had left his brother. He was not there.

"Who are you looking for, Joe?" inquired Bannister, as he saw him looking eagerly about.

"For my brother," he answered. "I left him here a little while back."

"Well, and I saw and spoke to him not a minute ago," said Bannister. "When he left me, he went in that direction (pointing towards the passage that led towards the stage-door). I should think he had left the theatre."

Grimaldi ran to the stage-door, and asked the porter if his brother had passed. The man said he had, not a minute back; he could not have got out of the street by that time.

He ran out at the door, and then up and down the street several times, but saw nothing of him. Where could he be gone to? Possibly, finding him longer gone than he had anticipated, he might have stepped out to call upon one of his old friends close by, whom he had not seen for so many years, with the intention of returning to the theatre. This was not unlikely; for in the immediate neighbourhood there lived a Mr. Bowley, who had been his bosom friend when they were boys. The idea no sooner struck Grimaldi than he ran to the house and knocked hastily at the door. The man himself answered the knock, and was evidently greatly surprised.

"I have indeed seen your brother," he said, in reply to Grimaldi's question. "Good God! I was never so amazed in all my life."

"Is he here now?" was the anxious inquiry.

"No; but he has not been gone a minute he cannot have gone many yards."

"Which way?"

"That way, —towards Duke Street."

"He must have gone," thought Grimaldi,

"to call on Mr. Bailey, our old landlord." He hurried away to the house in Great Wild Street, and knocked long and loudly at the door. The people were asleep. He knocked again and rang violently, being in a state of great excitement; at length a servant girl thrust her head out of an upper window, and said, both sulkily and sleepily,—

"I tell you again, he is not at home."

"What are you talking about? Who is not at home?"

"Why, Mr. Bailey: I told you so before. What do you keep on knocking for, at this time of night?"

He could not understand a word of all this, but hurriedly told his name, and requested the girl to come down directly, for he wished to speak to her. The head was directly withdrawn, the window closed, and in a minute or two afterwards the girl appeared at the street door.

"I'm sure I beg your pardon, sir," she said, after pouring forth a volume of apologies. "But there was a gentleman here knocking and ringing very violently not a minute before you came. I told him Mr. Bailey was not at home; and when I heard you at the door I thought it was him, and that he would not go away."

Grimaldi was breathless with the speed he had made, and trembling with vague apprehensions of he knew not what. He asked if she had seen the gentleman's face. The girl, surprised at his emotion, replied that she had not; she had only answered him from the window, being afraid to open the door to a stranger so long after dark, when all the family were out. The only thing she had noticed was that he had got a white waistcoat on; for she had thought at the time, seeing him dressed, that perhaps he might have called to take her master to a party.

He must have gone back to the theatre.

He left the surprised girl standing at the door, and ran to Drury Lane. Here, again, he was disappointed; he had not been seen. He ran from place to place, and from house to house, wherever he thought it possible his brother could have called, but nobody had heard of or seen him. Many of the persons to whom he appealed openly expressed their doubts to each other of his sanity of mind: which were really not without a shadow of probability, seeing that he knocked them out of their beds, and, with every appearance of agitation and wildness, demanded if they had seen his brother, whom nobody had

heard of for fourteen years, and whom most of them considered dead.

It was so late now, that the theatre was just shutting up, but he ran back once more, and again inquired if his brother had been there. Hearing he had not, he concluded that, recollecting the address he had mentioned, he had gone straight to his mother's home. This seemed probable; and yet he felt a degree of dismay and alarm which he had never before experienced, even when there were good grounds for such feelings.

The more he thought of this, however, the more probable it seemed, and he blamed himself as he walked quickly homewards for not having thought of it sooner. He remembered the anxiety his brother had expressed to see their mother, the plan they had discussed for their all living together, and the many little schemes of future happiness which they had talked over in their hurried interview, and all of which she was comprised. He reached home, and, composing himself as well as he could, entered the little room in which they usually supped after the play. His brother was not there, but his mother was, and, as she looked much paler than usual, he thought she had seen him.

"Well, mother," he said, "has anything strange occurred here to-night?"

"No; nothing that I have heard of."

"What! no stranger arrived!—no long-lost relative recovered!" exclaimed Grimaldi, all his former apprehensions returning.

"What do you mean?"

"Mean! Why, that John is come home safe and well, and with money enough to make all our fortunes."

His mother screamed wildly at this intelligence and fainted; she recovered after a time, and Grimaldi recounted to her and his wife the events of the evening, precisely as they are here narrated.

They were greatly amazed at the recital. The mother held that he would be sure to come before the night was over; that he had probably met with some of his old friends, and would be there after he had left them. She insisted that Grimaldi, who was tired, should go to bed, while she sat up and waited for her son. He did so, and the mother remained all through the long night anxiously expecting his arrival.

This may appear a long story, but its conclusion invests it with a degree of interest which warrants the detail. The running away to sea of a young man, and his return after a lapse of years, is, and ever has been,

no novelty in this island. This is not the burden of the tale. It possessed an awful interest to those whom it immediately concerned, and cannot fail to have some for the most indifferent reader.

From that night in November, 1803, to this month of January, 1838, the missing man was never seen again; nor was any intelligence, or any clue of the faintest or most remote description, ever obtained by his friends respecting him.

Next morning, and many mornings afterwards, the mother still anxiously and hopelessly expected the arrival of her son. Again and again did she question Grimaldi about him—his appearance, his manner, what he said, and all the details of his disappearance; again and again was every minute fact recalled, and every possible conjecture hazarded relative to his fate. He could scarcely persuade himself but that the events of the preceding night were a delusion of his brain, until the inquiries after his brother, which were made by those who had seen him on the previous night, placed them beyond all doubt. He communicated to his friends the strange history of the last few hours, with all the circumstances of his brother's sudden appearance, and of his equally sudden disappearance. He was advised to wait a little while before he made the circumstance public, in the hope that he might have been induced to spend the night with some shipmates, and might speedily return.

But a week passed away, and then further silence would have been criminal, and he proceeded to set on foot every inquiry which his own mind could suggest, or the kindness of his friends prompted them to advise. A powerful nobleman who at that time used to frequent Drury Lane Theatre, and who had on many occasions expressed his favourable opinion of Grimaldi, interested himself greatly in the matter, and set on foot a series of inquiries at the Admiralty: every source of information possessed by that establishment that was deemed at all likely to throw any light upon the subject was resorted to, but in vain; the newspapers were searched to ascertain what ships had arrived in the river or upon the coast that day—whence they came, what crews they carried, what passengers they had; the police-officers were paid to search all London through, and endeavour to gain some information, if it were only of the lost man's death. Everything was tried by the family, and by many very powerful friends whom the distressing nature of the inquiry raised up about them, to trace the object of

their regret and labour, but all in vain. The sailor was seen no more.

Various surmises were afloat at the time regarding the real nature of this mysterious transaction; many of them, of course, were absurd enough, but the two most probable conjectures appear to have been hazarded many years afterwards, and when all chance of the man being alive were apparently at an end,—the one by the noble lord who had pursued the investigation at the Admiralty, and the other by a shrewd long-headed police-officer, who had been employed to set various inquiries on foot in the neighbourhood of the theatre.

The former suggested that a press-gang, to whom the person of the brother was known, might possibly have pounced upon him in some by-street, and have carried him off; in which case, as he had previously assumed a false name, the fact of his friends receiving no intelligence of him was easily accounted for; while, as nothing could be more probable than that he was slain in one of the naval engagements so rife about that time, his never appearing again was easily explained. This solution of the mystery, however, was by no means satisfactory to his friends, as it was liable to many very obvious doubts and objections. Upon the whole, they felt inclined to give far more credence to the still more tragical, but, it is to be feared, more probable explanation which the experience of the police-officer suggested.

This man was of opinion that the unfortunate subject of their doubts had been lured into some low infamous den, by persons who had either previously known or suspected that he had a large sum of money in his possession; that here he was plundered, and afterwards either murdered in cold blood, or slain in some desperate struggle to recover his gold. This conjecture was encouraged by but too many corroboratory circumstances: the sailor was of a temper easily persuaded: he had all the recklessness and hardihood of a seafaring man, only increased by the possession of prize-money and the release from hard work: he had money, and a very large sum of money, about him, the greater part in specie, and not in notes, or any security which it would be difficult or dangerous to exchange: all this was known to his brother and to Mr. Wroughton, both eye-witnesses of the fact.

One other circumstance deserves a word. It was, both at the time and for a long period afterwards, a source of bitter, although of most groundless self-reproach to Grimaldi, that he could not sufficiently recollect the ap-



pearance of the man who accompanied his brother to the stage-door of the theatre, to describe his person. If he could have been traced out, some intelligence respecting the poor fellow might perhaps have been discovered; but Grimaldi was so much moved by the unexpected recognition of his brother, that he scarcely bestowed a thought or a look upon his companion: nor, after taxing his memory for many years, could he ever recollect more than that he was dressed in precisely the same attire as his brother, even down to the white waistcoat; a circumstance which had not only been noticed by himself, but was well remembered by the door-keeper and others who had passed in and out of the theatre during the time the two young men were standing in the lobby.

Recollecting the intimate terms upon which the two appeared to be, and the appointment which was made between them for the following morning, "at ten precisely," there is little reason to doubt that if the sailor had disappeared without the knowledge or privity of his companion, the latter would infallibly have applied to Grimaldi to know where his brother was. Coupling the fact of his never doing so, and never being seen or heard of again, with the circumstance of the lost man never having evinced the least inclination to take him home with him, to retain him when he was in his brother's company, or even to introduce him in the slightest manner, (from all of which it would seem that he was some bad or doubtful character,) the family arrived at the conclusion,—if it should ever be an unjust one, it will be forgiven,—that this man was cognizant of, if indeed he was not chiefly instrumental in bringing about, the untimely fate of the murdered man, for such they always supposed him. Whether they were right or wrong in this conclusion will probably ever remain unknown.

## CHAPTER X.

1803 TO 1805.

Bologna and his Family—An Excursion into Kent with that personage—Mr. Mackintosh, the gentleman of landed property, and his preserves—A great day's sporting; and a scene at the Garrick's Head in Bow Street between a Landlord, a Gamekeeper, Bologna, and Grimaldi.

SIGNOR BOLOGNA, better known to his inti-

mates by the less euphonious title of Jack Bologna, was a countryman of Grimaldi's father, having been, like him, born at Genoa; he had been well acquainted with him, indeed, previously to his coming to England. He arrived in this country, with his wife, two sons, and a daughter, in 1787.\* The signor was a posture-master, and his wife a slack-wire dancer; John his eldest son (afterwards the well-known harlequin), Louis his second son, and Barbara the youngest child, were all dancers. They were first engaged at Sadler's Wells, and here an intimacy commenced between Bologna and Grimaldi, which lasted during the remainder of their lives; they were children when it commenced, playing about the street in the morning, and at the theatre at night.

The signor and his family remained at Sadler's Wells until 1793, when Mr. Harris engaged him and his children (his wife had died before this time) at Covent Garden, where they remained for several years;

\* Pietro Bologna made his first appearance at Sadler's Wells on Easter Monday, April, 1786, when the bill announced:—"New Comic and Entertaining Performances on the Slack Wire, by Signor Pietro Bologna; being his first appearance in this kingdom. Rope-dancing by the Little Devil, Mr. Casamire, and Madame La Romaine, being also her first appearance in this kingdom. Clown to the Rope, by Signor Pietro Bologna." Miss Romanzini, afterwards the distinguished ballad vocalist, Mrs. Bland, appeared also on the same evening. On July 13 1789, the bills announced performances on the Tight-Rope by the Little Devil, Master Bologna, and La Belle Espagnole. This was the first public appearance of John Peter Bologna, professionally distinguished by the appellation of "Jack Bologna."

In April, 1792, the performances on the opening of Sadler's Wells were particularized by "Extraordinary Exhibitions of Postures and Feats of Strength by Signor Bologna and his Children;" these were his sons, John and Louis. Bologna and his family left the Wells at the close of the season. 1794; and at Easter, 1795, the whole were employed at Jones's Royal Circus. In the Pantomime of "The Magic Feast," in September, Signor Bologna played Pantaloon; his son, John, afterwards distinguished in the bills as Mr. Bologna, jun., played Harlequin; and the Signor's wife, Mrs. Bologna, a fishwoman.

Jack Bologna returned to Sadler's Wells, after an absence of eight years, on Easter Monday, April 19, 1802. He played Satani, in "The Great Devil; or, The Robber of Genoa;" and for some years was Harlequin to Joe's Clown, both at Covent Garden Theatre and Sadler's Wells, with what reputation thousands even now can attest. Subsequently Joe and he became allied: Bologna having married Louisa Maria Bristow, sister of Grimaldi's second wife, Mary Bristow.

Bologna playing during the summer months at the Surrey Circus, as Grimaldi used to act at Sadler's Wells. In 1801 he left Covent Garden, and in 1803 the Circus; upon the conclusion of the latter engagement he was immediately secured for the ensuing season at Sadler's Wells, where he reappeared on Easter Monday in 1804. During the many years which had passed away since he closed his first engagement at Sadler's Wells, he and Grimaldi had been necessarily prevented by their different occupations from seeing much of each other; but being now once more engaged at the same theatre, their old intimacy was renewed. Their wives becoming attached to each other, and their engagements being pretty much the same, they were constantly at each other's houses, or in each other's society. They met with a droll adventure in company, which may as well be related in this place.

Drury Lane closed in June and reopened on the 4th of October; but, as usual, Grimaldi's services were not required until Christmas. He had been in great request at Sadler's Wells; for the season was one of the heaviest the performers had ever known. The two friends were speaking of this one evening, and complaining of their great fatigue, when Bologna recalled to mind that he had a friend residing in Kent who had repeatedly invited him down to his house for a few days' shooting, and to take a friend with him; he proposed, therefore, that he and Grimaldi should go down by way of relaxation. On the 6th of November, accordingly, the friend having been previously apprized of their intention, and having again returned a most pressing invitation, they left town in a gig hired for the purpose.

On the road, Bologna told his friend that the gentleman whom they were going down to visit was an individual of the name of Mackintosh; that he was understood to be wholly unconnected with any business or profession, that he was a large landed proprietor, and that he had most splendid preserves. The intelligence pleased Grimaldi very much, as he looked forward to a very stylish visit, and felt quite elated with the idea of cultivating the acquaintance of so great a man.

"I have never seen his place myself," said Bologna; "but when he is in London, he is always about the theatres, and he has often asked me to come down and have some shooting."

They were talking thus, when they arrived at Bromley, which was about two miles and a-half from the place to which they were

bound. Here they met a man in a fustian jacket, driving a tax-cart, drawn by a very lame little horse, who suddenly pulled up, hailed the party with a loud "Hallo!" and a "Well, Joe, here you are!"

Grimaldi was rather surprised at this intimate salutation from a stranger; and he was a little more so when Bologna, after shaking hands very heartily with the man in fustian, introduced him as the identical Mr. Mackintosh whom they were going down to visit.

"I am glad to see you Joe," said Mr. Mackintosh, with an air of patronage. "I thought I'd meet you here and show you the way."

Grimaldi made some suitable acknowledgments for this politeness, and the tax-cart and the gig went on together.

"I am sorry you have hit upon a bad day for coming down here, so far as the shooting goes," said Mackintosh, "for to-morrow is a general fast. At any rate you can walk about and look at the country; and the next day—the next day—won't we astonish the natives!"

"Are there plenty of birds this year?" inquired Bologna.

"Lots—lots," replied the other man, whose manner and appearance scarce bore out Grimaldi's preconceived notion of the gentleman they were going to visit. If he were already surprised, however, he had much greater cause to be so eventually.

After travelling upwards of two miles, Bologna inquired if they were not near their place of destination.

"Certainly," answered Mackintosh; "that is my house."

Looking in the direction pointed out, their eyes were greeted with the appearance of a small road-side public-house, in front of which hung a sign-board, bearing the words "Good entertainment for man and beast" painted on it, and beneath the name of "Mackintosh." Bologna looked at Grimaldi, and then at the public-house, and then at the man in the fustian jacket; but he was far too much engaged in contemplating with evident satisfaction the diminutive dwelling they were approaching, to regard the surprise of his companions. "Yes," he said, "that house contains the best of wines, ales, beds, tobacco, stabling, skittle-grounds, and every other luxury."

"I beg your pardon," interposed Bologna, who was evidently mortified, while Grimaldi had a strong and almost irresistible inclination to laugh, "but I thought you were not connected with business at all?"

"No more I am," said Mackintosh, with a wink; "the business belongs to mother!"

Bologna looked inexpressibly annoyed, and Grimaldi laughed outright, at which Mr. Mackintosh seemed rather pleased than otherwise, taking it to all appearance quite complimentary. "Yes," he said, "I may be said to be a gentleman at large, for I do nothing but ride about in my carriage here," pointing to the tax-cart, "or stroll out with my gun or my fishing-rod. Mother's quite a woman of business; but as I am an only child, I suppose I shall have to look after it myself some day or other."

He remained silent a moment, and then said, touching Bologna smartly with his whip, "I suppose, old fellow, you didn't think you were coming to a public-house—eh?"

"Indeed I did not," was the sulky reply.

"Ah! I thought you'd be surprised!" said Mackintosh, with a hearty laugh. "I never let my London friends know who or what I am, except they're very particular friends, like you and Joe, for instance. I just lead them to guess I'm a great man, and there I leave 'em. What does it matter what other ideas strangers have about one?—But here we are, so get out of your gig; and rest assured you shall have as hearty a welcome as you'll ever get at a nobleman's house."

There was something hearty and pleasant in the man's manner, despite his coarseness; so, finding that Bologna was not inclined to speak, Grimaldi said something civil himself; which was extremely well received by their host, who shook his hand warmly, and led them into the house, where, being introduced to Mrs. Mackintosh by her son, as particular friends of his, they were received with great hospitality, and shortly afterwards sat down in the little bar to a capital plain dinner, which, in conjunction with some sparkling ale, rather tended to soothe the wounded spirit of Bologna.

After dinner they walked about the neighbourhood, which was all very pleasant, and returning to supper, were treated with great hospitality. On retiring to rest, Bologna acknowledged that "matters might have been worse," but before pronouncing a final opinion, prudently waited to ascertain how the preserves would turn out. On the following day they divided their time pretty equally between eating, drinking, chatting with the chance customers of the house, their host and his mother, and, though last, not least, preparing their guns for the havoc which they purposed making the next morning in the preserves of Mr. Mackintosh, of which pre-

serves he still continued to speak in terms of the highest praise.

Accordingly, they met at the breakfast-table a full hour earlier than on the previous day, and having despatched a hearty meal, sallied forth, accompanied by Mr. Mackintosh, who declined carrying a gun, and contented himself with showing the way. Having walked some little distance, they came to a stile, which they climbed over, and after traversing a plot of pasture-land arrived at a gate, beyond which was a field of fine buckwheat. Here the guide called a halt.

"Wait a minute!—wait a minute!" cried he; "you are not so much accustomed to sporting as I."

They stopped. He advanced to the gate, looked over, and hastily returned.

"Now's the time!" he said eagerly; "there's lots of birds in that field!" They crept very cautiously onwards: but when they reached the gate and saw beyond it, were amazed to discern nothing but an immense quantity of pigeons feeding in the field.

"*There's a covey!*" said Mackintosh, admiringly.

"A covey!" exclaimed Grimaldi. "Where? I see nothing but pigeons."

"Nothing but pigeons!" exclaimed Mackintosh, contemptuously. "What did you expect to find? Nothing but pigeons!—Well!"

"I expected to find pheasants and partridges," answered both sportsmen together. Bologna, upon whom the sulks were again beginning to fall, gave a grunt of disapprobation; but Mackintosh either was, or pretended to be, greatly surprised.

"Pheasants and partridges!" he exclaimed, with a ludicrous expression of amazement. "Oh dear, quite out of the question! I invited you down here to shoot birds—and pigeons are birds; and there are the pigeons—shoot away, if you like. I have performed my part of the agreement. Pheasants and partridges!" he repeated: "most extraordinary!"

"The fellow's a humbug!" whispered Bologna; "kill as many of his pigeons as you can."

With this understanding, Bologna fired at random into the nearest cluster of pigeons, and Grimaldi fired upon them as they rose frightened from the ground. The slaughter was very great: they picked up twenty in that field, five in the one beyond, and saw besides several fall which they could not find. This great success, and the agreeable employment of picking up the birds, restored



MR. MACKINTOSH'S COVEY.



their equanimity of temper, and all went well for some time, until Mackintosh said inquiringly,—

"I think you have them all now?"

"I suppose we have," replied Bologna; "at least, all except those which we saw fall among the trees yonder."

"Those you will not be able to get," said Mackintosh.

"Very good; such being the case, we have 'em all," returned Bologna.

"Very well," said Mackintosh, quietly; "and now, if you will take my advice, you will cut away at once."

"Cut away!" said Bologna.

"Cut away!" exclaimed Grimaldi.

"Cut away is the word!" repeated Mr. Mackintosh.

"And why, pray?" asked Bologna.

"Why?" said Mr. Mackintosh. "Isn't the reason obvious?—Because you've killed the pigeons."

"But what has our killing these pigeons to do with cutting away?"

"Bless us!" cried Mackintosh, "you are not very bright to-day! Don't you see that when the squire comes to hear of it, he'll be very angry. Now, what can be plainer, if he is very angry, as I know he will be, than if you are here he'll put you in prison? Don't you 'stand that. No, no: what I say is, cut away at once, and don't stop for him to catch you."

"Pooh!" said Bologna, with a contemptuous air, "I see you know nothing of the law. There's not a squire in all England who has power to put us in prison, merely because we have killed your pigeons, although we may not have taken out certificates."

"My pigeons!" exclaimed Mackintosh. "Lord help you! they're none o' mine!—they belong to the squire, and very fond of them he is, and precious savage he'll be when he finds out how you have been peppering them. So there I come back again to what I set out with. If you two lads will take my advice, now you've got your pigeons, you'll cut away with them."

The remarkable disclosure contained in this little speech fairly overwhelmed them; they stared at each other in stupid surprise, which shortly gave way first to anger and then to fear. They were greatly awed at contemplating the risk which they had incurred of being "sent to prison;" and after a few words of angry remonstrance addressed to Mr. Mackintosh, which that gentleman heard with a degree of composure and philosophy quite curious to behold, they concluded that

they had better act upon his advice, and "cut away" at once.

They lost no time in returning to the inn; and here, while they were engaged in packing up the "birds," the singular host got a nice luncheon ready, of which they did not fail to partake, and then mounting their gig, they bade farewell to him and his mother, the former of whom at parting appeared so much delighted, and vented so many knowing winks, that for very life they could not help laughing outright.

On the following morning Bologna and Grimaldi encountered each other by chance in Covent Garden. Grimaldi had been to Drury Lane to see if he were wanted, and Bologna had been into the Strand, in which, during the winter months, when he was not engaged at any theatre, he had an exhibition. They laughed heartily at meeting, as the recollection of the day previous, and its adventures came upon them, and finally adjourned to the Garrick's Head, in Bow Street, to have a glass of sherry and a biscuit, and once more talk the matter over. The house was then kept by a man of the name of Spencer, who had formerly been harlequin at Drury Lane, but who, having left the profession, had turned Boniface instead. He was standing at the door when they arrived, and all three being upon intimate terms, was invited to join in a glass of wine; to this he readily assented, and they adjourned to his private room, where the Kentish adventures were related, to his great amusement and pleasure.

"By-the-bye, though," he said, when the merriment was pretty well over, "I wish you had happened to mention to me that you wanted a few days' shooting, for I could have procured that for you with the greatest ease. I was born at Hayes, and all my relatives live in Kent; besides, I know pretty well every gamekeeper in the county;—in fact, when in town they invariably come to this house, and would have been delighted to have obliged any friend of mine.

"Ah!" said Bologna, "and in that case we should have had birds to shoot at, and not pigeons."

Here Mr. Spencer indulged in a laugh, which was interrupted by the entrance of a young man, who, though unknown to Bologna and Grimaldi, appeared well acquainted with the landlord, who, after shaking him warmly by the hand and bidding him be seated, said, "But, Joseph, what has brought you so suddenly to town?"

"Oh, drat it!" exclaimed the new-comer, "very disagreeable business indeed. There



were two vagabonds down in our parts yesterday from London, and they killed and stole fifty or sixty of master's pigeons. I've come up here to find them out and apprehend them: I've got a constable drinking in the tap."

This information rather flustered them, and Bologna turned as pale as death; but the host, after indulging in two winks, and one fit of reflection, quietly said.

"Well, but Joseph, how can you find them out, think you? London's a large place, Joseph."

"Why, I'll tell you," replied the gamekeeper, for such, as they afterwards discovered, he was. "I found out that the rascals had been staying at Mrs. Mackintosh's house, and were friends of her son; so I went to him last night and asked him where the fellows were. 'Oh,' says he, 'I know what you've come about: they've cut away with them pigeons!' 'Yes,' says I; 'and unless you tell me where they've cut away to, I shall make you answerable.' 'Oh,' says he again, 'I know nothing about 'em; they're no friends of mine,' he says, 'they're only play-actors: one's a Clown and t'other's a Harlequin at one of the London theatres.'" And this was all I could get from him; so up I came this morning, and knowing that you were acquainted with theatrical people, I thought I'd come and ask you which of the Clowns and which of the Harlequins it was most likely to be."

"Is the squire very angry?" asked Spencer.

"Oh, very," responded Joseph, with a shake of the head: "he's determined to pursue them to the very extremity of the law."

Upon hearing this Grimaldi was much troubled in mind; not that he thought Spencer was a man likely to betray his friends, but fearing that by some inadvertence he might disclose what he felt certain his will would prompt him to conceal. As to Bologna, his agitation alone was sufficient to announce the real state of the fact; for, in addition to a ghastly paleness which overspread his face, he trembled so much, that in an attempt to convey some wine to his lips, he deposited it upon his knees and left it there, staring all the while at the gamekeeper with a most crest-fallen visage.

"There's one thing the squire appears to have forgotten," said Spencer, "and that is simply this—that before he can pursue these fellows to the extremity of the law, he has got to find them."

"True," answered Joseph; "and unless

you assist me, I'm afraid I sha'n't be able to do that. I suppose, now, there are a good many Clowns and Harlequins in London,—eh?"

"A great many," replied Spencer. "I am one, for instance."

"Oh!" smiled the gamekeeper, "but it isn't you."

"That's true," said the host, composedly. "But I'll tell you what; it is two particular friends of mine, though, who did it!"

Joseph exclaimed, "Indeed!" and Bologna gave Grimaldi a look which clearly evidenced his conviction, firstly, that it was all up, and, secondly, that it was impossible to "cut away."

"Friends of yours—hey?" said Joseph, ruminating. "Then I expect you won't assist me in finding them out?"

"Not a bit of it," answered Spencer, "so you may go and look among the Harlequins and Clowns yourself, and Heaven help you! for the jokes they will play and the tricks they will serve you will be enough to wear your heart out."

Joseph looked greatly mortified at this compassionate speech, and, after a moment's pause, stammered out something about "that being Mr. Spencer's friends, it made a great difference."

"I'll tell you what it is, Joseph," said the landlord; "say no more about this affair, and my two friends will pay a reasonable sum for the pigeons, and stand a rumpsteak dinner and a bottle of wine this very day. What say you?"

Joseph's countenance brightened up. "Oh!" said he, "as to the pigeons, of course, I could manage. If the gentlemen are friends of yours, consider the matter settled,—I'll talk the squire over about the matter. And as to the steak and wine, why I don't mind partaking of them; and, in return, they shall come down into Kent some day next week, and I'll give them a morning's shooting."

"Then," said Spencer, rising formally, "these are the gentlemen. Gentlemen, this is Mr. Joseph Clarke."

All was satisfactorily settled: the rumpsteak and wine were ordered, duly eaten and drunk, and they spent the afternoon together very jovially, accepting Mr. Clarke's invitation for another "day's shooting" with great alacrity;—nor did they omit keeping the appointment; but, on the day fixed, went once more into Kent, when, under the able guidance of their new acquaintance, they succeeded in killing and bagging four hares

and five brace of pheasants in less than two hours.

They returned to town without seeing anything more of their friend Mr. Mackintosh, but being upon the very best terms with Mr. Joseph Clarke, who—but for his really keeping his word and giving them a day's sport—might be not unreasonably suspected of having been in league with the landlord to use the sportsmen for their joint amusement, and to extract a good dinner from them besides.

At Drury Lane no novelty was brought out until the holidays. John Kemble had left the theatre on the termination of the previous season, and had become a proprietor of the other house, by purchasing the share in the establishment which had previously belonged to Mr. W. Lewis. He became acting manager at once; Mr. Wroughton succeeding to his (Mr. Kemble's) old situation at Drury Lane.

In January, 1805, they brought out at Drury a most miserable specimen of a pantomime called "Harlequin's Fireside," which, contrary to the expectations of the company, ran till the following Easter, and was received, to their great amazement, with considerable applause. Mr. T. Dibdin, to whom Grimaldi expressed his surprise at its reception, admitted the poverty of the piece, and observed that the abilities of the actors had alone occasioned its success. Grimaldi says it was very kind of him to say so, and thinks that perhaps it might be. It is by no means improbable, for similar results are not unfrequent now-a-days.

Sadler's Wells reopened, as usual, at Easter, 1805: Grimaldi and Bologna were again engaged, and the season was a very profitable one. When "Harlequin's Fireside" had ceased running, he did not play at Drury above half a dozen times during the rest of the season. The theatre closed in June, and reopened again on the 21st of September, the performances being "Othello" and "Lodoiska," in which latter piece Grimaldi, his wife, and mother, all appeared.

On the conclusion of the night's amusements, he had an interview with the acting manager, which, although at first both pleasing and profitable, led in less than six weeks to his departure from the theatre at which he had originally appeared, and in which he had constantly played, with all possible success, for nearly four-and-twenty years.

## CHAPTER XI.

1805 to 1806.

Stage Affairs and Stage Quarrels—Mr. Graham, the Bow Street Magistrate and Drury Lane Manager—Mr. Peake—Grimaldi is introduced to Mr. Harris by John Kemble—Leaves Drury Lane and engages at Covent Garden—Mortification of the authorities at "the other house"—He joins Charles Dibdin's Company and visits Dublin—The *wet* Theatre—Ill success of the speculation, and great success of his own Benefit—Observations on the comparative strength of Whisky Punch and Rum Punch, with interesting experiments.

THE manager of Drury Lane had advertised Tobin's comedy of "The Honey Moon" as the play for the second night of the season;\* not recollecting, until it was too late to alter the bills, that in consequence of the secession of Mr. Byrne, who had been ballet-master, and the non-engagement of any other person in his place, there was no one to arrange the dance incidental to the piece. In this dilemma, Grimaldi, who had been accustomed to arrange the dances at Sadler's Wells, was sent for, and, as soon as "Lodoiska" was over, the interview took place between him and the manager to which reference was made at the close of the last chapter.

Mr. Wroughton, after stating that he was in a very unexpected dilemma, and that unless Grimaldi would assist him he would have to change the piece for the ensuing night,—which it was exceedingly desirable to avoid doing, if possible,—briefly narrated the circumstances in which the theatre was placed, and concluded by offering him two pounds per week in addition to his regular salary, if he would arrange the dance in question, and assist in getting up any other little dances and processions that might be required. This offer he readily accepted, merely stipulating that the increased salary should be understood to extend over the whole season, and not merely until another ballet-master was engaged. Mr. Wroughton observed that nothing could be fairer, that this was what he meant, and that Grimaldi

\* Drury Lane opened for the season on September 14, 1805, with the "Country Girl," Peggy, Mrs. Jordan; and the farce of "The Irishman in London." Byrne, and his son Oscar, had quitted at the close of the last season, and were engaged at Covent Garden; and D'Egville had abandoned his situation at the King's Theatre, to succeed Byrne as ballet-master at Drury Lane: all this was known before the opening.

had his instructions to engage as many male dancers as he might deem necessary. He at once entered upon his new office, immediately engaged as many hands (or legs) as he required, arranged the dance during the night, called a rehearsal of it at ten in the morning, got it into a perfect state by twelve, rehearsed it again in its proper place in the comedy, and at night had the satisfaction of hearing it encored with great applause.

At the end of the week he received his increased salary from Mr. Peake, the treasurer, a gentleman well known and highly respected by all connected with the stage or theatrical literature, who shook him by the hand, congratulated him on this new improvement of his income, and cordially wished him success.

Before he accepted the money, he said, "My dear sir, to prevent any future difference, it is thoroughly understood, is it, that this increase is for the season?"

"Undoubtedly," replied Mr. Peake: "I will show you, if you like, Mr. Graham's written order to me to that effect." This he did, and Grimaldi, of course, was perfectly satisfied. Mr. Graham, who was then a magistrate at Bow Street, was at the head of affairs at Drury Lane.

All went on well for some little time. Mr. James D'Egville was engaged as ballet-master shortly afterwards; but this made no alteration in the footing upon which Grimaldi was placed. There was no difference of opinion between the ballet-master and himself, for he continued to arrange the minor dances and processions, and his arrangements were repeatedly very warmly commended by Mr. D'Egville.

A new grand ballet, called "Terpsichore," was produced by the latter gentleman immediately after his joining the company, in which Grimaldi performed Pan, which he always considered a capital character, and one of the best he ever had to play. The ballet was got up to bring forward Madame Parisot,\* who was engaged for the season for

one thousand guineas. It was thoroughly rehearsed, at least fourteen times before the night of performance; was very favourably received, and had a good run.

He was not a little surprised, on Saturday, the 26th of October, when he went, as usual, to the treasury to draw his salary, to hear that henceforth the extra two pounds would not be paid. Mr. Peake admitted that he was also very much surprised and annoyed at the circumstance, again producing Mr. Graham's letter, and candidly acknowledging that in his opinion this uncalled-for attempt to rescind the contract, which was none of Grimaldi's seeking, was very paltry. He immediately waited upon Mr. Wroughton and mentioned the circumstance, at which he too appeared greatly vexed, although it was not in his power to order the additional sum to be paid. He then mentioned the circumstance to his wife, dwelling upon it with great irritation; but she, observing that it was of no consequence, for they could do very well without it, proposed that, having nothing to do at Drury Lane that night, they should go for an hour or two to Covent Garden.

To this proposition he made no objection; so, as he passed down Bow Street, he called in upon Mr. T. Dibdin for an order, and the conversation happening naturally enough to turn upon theatrical affairs, mentioned what had just occurred at Drury Lane. Mr. Dibdin immediately expressed himself in very strong terms upon the subject, and counselled Grimaldi to withdraw from the theatre, and to accept an engagement at the other house. The advice generated a long conversation between them, which terminated in Grimaldi saying, Mr. Dibdin might, if he pleased,

this allowed Joe full latitude of display, and the applause the ballet obtained had never been exceeded on the production of any drama or piece in that, or any other theatre. The ballet was performed the fifth time, on Saturday, November 9, on which night Grimaldi quitted the theatre, and never afterwards was within its walls. "Terpsichore's Return" was performed a sixth time, on Monday, November 25, and Pan was personated by George D'Egville, a pantomimist, and brother to James D'Egville, the ballet-master. George D'Egville had performed with great *éclat* the part of Caliban, at the Haymarket, in a similar ballet, derived from Shakspeare's "Tempest," and as his engagement was possibly on the *tapis* for Drury Lane (Pan apparently having been designed for him), Joe fancying that two suns could not shine in the same sphere, broke the terms of his engagement, and left the course clear to his successor.

\* The management of Drury Lane, in their desire of novelty, had engaged M. Joubert, and Mademoiselle Parisot, from the King's Theatre for the season. On October 24, it was underlined in the bill of the day, that she would appear for the first time, on that stage, on Monday, the 28th, in a new ballet, composed by M. D'Egville, entitled "Terpsichore's Return:" it was, however, "owing to the indisposition of a principal performer," deferred a few days—till November 1. In this ballet, Grimaldi had a great part, that of Pan, in which he fell in love with Terpsichore, who, after favouring his pretensions, jilted him;

mention the subject to Mr. Harris, and say, if the Management were willing to engage him, he was willing to enter into articles for the following season.

In the course of the evening he received a note begging his attendance at Covent Garden on Monday, at twelve, and keeping the appointment, was ushered into a room in which were Mr. Harris and John Kemble. The latter greeted him in a very friendly manner, and said,—

"Well, Joe, I see you are determined to follow me."

"Yes, sir," replied Grimaldi, who had been thinking of something polite; "you are a living magnet of attraction, Mr. Kemble."

At this Mr. Harris laughed, and congratulated the tragedian on receiving so handsome a compliment. Kemble inquired of Grimaldi whether he knew Mr. Harris, and, receiving a reply in the negative, introduced him to that gentleman as "Joe Grimaldi," whose father he had known well, who was a true chip of the old block, and the first low comedian in the country.

Mr. Harris said a great many fine things in reply to these commendations, and, rising, requested Grimaldi to follow him into an adjoining apartment. He did so, and in less than a quarter of an hour had signed articles for five seasons; the terms being, for the first season, six pounds per week; for the second and third, seven pounds; and for the fourth and fifth, eight pounds. Independent of these emoluments, he had several privileges reserved to him, among which was the very important one of permission to play at Sadler's Wells, as he had heretofore done. These arrangements being concluded, he took his leave greatly satisfied with the improved position in which he stood, as up to that time he had only received four pounds per week at Drury Lane.\*

\* The transfer of Joe's services from Drury Lane to the rival Theatre Covent Garden, is differently accounted for by Tom Dibdin, who was a party in the affair, and whose recollection of past facts was generally too correct to be called in question. Grimaldi's engagement at Covent Garden is stated to have been effected prior to his going to Peter Street, Dublin, in the pay of the two Dibdins; the contrary was the fact. After Grimaldi's return from Dublin, he sought employment at Covent Garden, nor is there reason to doubt Dibdin's statement in any way. He says: "I had often pressed Mr. Harris to engage Grimaldi for my pantomimes, but his answer was, he would not be the first to infringe an agreement

In the evening he had to play Pan in the ballet at Drury. When he had dressed for the part, he entered the green-room, which was pretty full of ladies and gentlemen, among whom was Mr. Graham, who, the moment he saw him, inquired if a report that had reached him of Mr. Grimaldi's going to Covent Garden for the following season were correct. Grimaldi replied in the affirmative, adding, that he was engaged at the other house not only for the following season, but for the four ensuing seasons.

Mr. Graham started up in a state of considerable excitement on hearing this, and addressed the performers present at considerable length, expatiating in strong language upon what he termed "Grimaldi's ingratitude" in leaving the theatre. Grimaldi waited patiently until he had concluded, and then, addressing himself to the same auditors, made a counter-statement, in which he recapitulated the whole of the circumstances as they had actually occurred. When he came to mention Mr. Graham's letter to Mr. Peake, the treasurer, the former hastily interrupted him by demanding what letter he referred to.

"The letter," replied Grimaldi, "in which you empowered Mr. Peake to pay the increased salary for the whole of the season."

"If Mr. Peake showed you that letter," replied Mr. Graham, in a great passion, "Mr. Peake is a fool for his pains."

"Mr. Peake," rejoined Grimaldi, "is a gentleman, sir, and a man of honour, and, I am quite certain, disdains being made a party to any such unworthy conduct as you have pursued towards me,"

A rather stormy scene followed, from which

made between Drury Lane and Covent Garden, not to engage each other's performers until a twelvemonth had elapsed since such performers had left their situations. Grimaldi, by going in our venture to Dublin, had now dissolved this obstacle; and I one day met him at the stage-door of Covent Garden, waiting, as he told me, to see Mr. Shotter, a confidential servant of Mr. Harris, who would take up his name to the proprietor: he also told me what terms he meant to ask for three years, which were so very modest, and so much beneath his value, that I went immediately to Mr. Harris, and advised him to offer a pound per week the first year; two the second: and three the third more than the sum Mr. Grimaldi had mentioned; this was done instantaneously, and the best clown ever seen on the stage was retained for 'Mother Goose:' when I say the best, I do not except his father, whose *vis comica* I perfectly well remember."—*Reminiscences*, 1827, Vol. I. p. 399.

Grimaldi came off victorious ; Barrymore and others taking up his cause so vigorously, that Mr. Graham at length postponed any further discussion and walked away. Enough having taken place, however, to enable him to foresee that his longer stay at Drury Lane would only be productive of constant discomfort to himself, he gave notice to Mr. Graham on the following morning of his intention to leave the theatre on the ensuing Saturday week. This resolve gave rise to another battle between Mr. Graham and himself, in the course of which he was pleased to say, that he could not play the ballet without him, and, consequently, that if he left, he would bring an action against him for loss incurred by its not being performed. Grimaldi however, firmly adhered to his original resolution : acting therein upon the advice of Mr. Hughes, who strenuously counselled him by no means to depart from it.

Considering himself now at perfect liberty until Easter, he entered into an engagement to perform at Astley's theatre in Dublin, which had just been taken for a short period by Messrs. Charles and Thomas Dibdin. These gentlemen had engaged the greater part of the Sadler's Wells' company, including Bologna and his wife (who had been engaged by Mr. Harris for the next season at Covent Garden, on the same day as Grimaldi himself), and they offered Grimaldi fourteen guineas a-week for himself, and two for his wife, half a clear benefit at the end of the season, and all his travelling expenses both by land and sea.

On the 9th of November he closed his engagement at Drury Lane, performing Pan in the ballet of "Terpsichore." He started on the following morning, accompanied by his wife, for Dublin, leaving his little son, who was in very weak health, at home. They had a very tedious journey to Holyhead, and a very stormy one from thence to Dublin ; experiencing the usual troubles from cold, sickness, fatigue, and otherwise by the way. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Dibdin, who had arrived first, received them with much cordiality and kindness ; and they took lodgings at the house of a Mr. Davis, in Peter-street.

On Monday, November the 18th, the theatre opened, and their career was for some time eminently successful, as long, indeed, as the fine weather lasted ; but no sooner did the rainy weather set in, than the manager discovered, to his horror and surprise, that the roof of the theatre, being in a dilapidated

condition, was not waterproof. At length, one night, towards the end of December, a very heavy rain coming down during the performance, actually drove the audience out of the house. The water descended in torrents into the pit and boxes : some people who were greatly interested in the performance put up their umbrellas, and others put on great coats and shawls ; but at length it came down so heavily upon the stage, that the performers themselves were obliged to disappear. In a few minutes the stage was covered, the scenery soaked through, the pit little better than a well, and the boxes and gallery streaming with water.

This unforeseen occurrence threw, both literally and figuratively, a damp upon the performances which there was no recovering. From that time, with the single exception of one evening, the theatre was deserted. Tarpaulins, and all kinds of cheap remedies, were tried, but they all failed in producing their intended effect. They never kept the water out, or drew the company in. As to any thorough repair of the roof, it was wholly out of the question ; for the Dibdins only held the theatre until March, and the necessary repairs under this head alone would have cost at the very least 200*l*.

In this state of things, Mr. Charles Dibdin was compelled to write to London for remittances wherewith to pay his company. Knowing exactly how he was situated, Grimaldi volunteered his services in the only way in which he could render them, and offered not to send to the treasury for his salary, but to leave it to be paid whenever the manager might appoint after their return to London. This offer, it is almost unnecessary to add, was gratefully accepted.

About the middle of January, Mr. Jones, the manager of the Crow Street Theatre, hearing how badly the Astley's people were doing, and yet finding that, bad as their business was, it injured his made an offer to Mr. Dibdin to take his company off his hands at the terms upon which he had originally engaged them, and for the remainder of the time specified in their articles, and further, to make some pecuniary compensation to Mr. Dibdin himself. The manager assembled the company on the stage, after their having had the mortification of playing to an empty house, on Tuesday, January the 28th, and communicated this offer to them, and earnestly urged upon them the acceptance of the proposal, as the only means by which himself and his brother could hope to recover any portion



of the losses they had already sustained. Grimaldi at once expressed his readiness to accede to the proposition, and used his utmost influence with the other members of the company to induce them to do the like. He succeeded, except in the case of two of the performers, who preferred returning at once to England.

When this was arranged to the satisfaction of all parties, Mr. Dibdin announced his intention to close the theatre on the next Saturday, February the 1st. Grimaldi took the opportunity of inquiring what was to become of his half-benefit, which had been agreed upon. The manager replied with a melancholy smile, that he might give him anything he liked for *his* half—twenty pounds would do, and he should have the entire house next Saturday. Grimaldi immediately paid the twenty pounds, and on the following morning commenced making preparations for his benefit, having barely four days in which to announce the performances, and sell his tickets.

He had borne an introductory letter to Captain Trench, whose unvarying kindness to him on every possible occasion he most gratefully acknowledged, and to this gentleman he first mentioned his intention of taking a benefit. He also mentioned it to his landlord. Their replies were characteristic.

"Let me have a hundred box-tickets," said Captain Trench: "keep the two centre boxes for me. If I want any more tickets I'll send for them: but here's the money for the hundred."

"Give me a hundred pit-tickets," said the landlord. "If I can sell more, I will; but here is the money for them."

He had his bills printed and well circulated but did no more business until the Saturday morning, which made him uneasy; thought the fact simply was, that the people were waiting to see how the weather would turn out; very well knowing that if it were a wet night, the theatre would be the very worst place in which to encounter the rain. Fortune however, was propitious; the day was cloudless, fair, and beautiful; and the result was, that after having at nine o'clock in the morning no one place taken except the two boxes bespoken by Captain Trench, at one o'clock in the afternoon not a single place remained unlet. At one time, when there was no doubt of the weather remaining dry, there were no fewer than sixteen carriages standing before his door, the owners of which were all anxious

to obtain places, and all of whom he was reluctantly compelled to disappoint.

The receipts of the house amounted to one hundred and ninety-seven pounds nineteen shillings, not to mention a variety of presents, including a magnificent gold snuff-box, from Captain Trench, which was worth, in weight alone, more than thirty pounds sterling.

This purchase of Dibdin's half of the benefit for twenty pounds was not only a very fortunate thing for Grimaldi, but was, on the other hand, in some degree serviceable to Dibdin also, inasmuch as it enabled Grimaldi to oblige him with a loan of one hundred pounds, of which, at that moment, in consequence of his undeserved misfortunes, he stood much in need. This advance, together with salary due and other matters, left Mr. Dibdin indebted to Grimaldi in the sum of one hundred and ninety-six pounds, the whole of which was honourably repaid a few months afterwards.

This benefit closed the season of the "wet" Theatre in Peter Street; and on the following Monday, Grimaldi, and the greater part of the London company, appeared at the Crow Street Theatre, where they acted until the 29th of March. One circumstance is sufficient to show that the performances were unusually successful, which is, that the two pieces in which he came out,—namely, "Harlequin Æsop," and "Coa and Zoa, or the Rival Indians,"—were found quite attractive enough for the whole period. He did not appear in any other part, even for a single night, during the whole of his engagement.

On Sunday, March the 30th, they packed up, and at ten o'clock in the evening of Monday went on board the packet, in which they had taken their berths to Holyhead, after receiving the warmest and kindest hospitality from every person they had encountered in Dublin. With only one letter of introduction Grimaldi had found himself in the course of a few days surrounded by friends whose hospitality and cordiality, not only of profession, but of action, were beyond all bounds: one would invite him to dinner, and be personally affronted by his not dining with him every day: another who wished to pay him a similar attention, but whose dinner-hour would have interfered with the rehearsal, only gave up his claim upon the condition that his wife and himself should dine with him every Sunday; a third placed a jaunting-car at his disposal, and sent it to his door at eleven o'clock every morning; and a fourth expected him to meet a small party at supper regularly



every night. He had heard and read a great deal of Irish hospitality, but had formed no conception of its extent and heartiness until he experienced its effects in his own person.

He was much struck, as most Englishmen are, by the enormous consumption of whisky-punch, and the facility with which the good folks of Dublin swallowed tumbler after tumbler of it, without any visible symptoms of intoxication. He entertained a theory that some beverage of equal strength, to which they were unaccustomed, would be as trying to them as their whisky-punch was to him, (for he was always afraid of a second tumbler of toddy,) and, with a view of putting it to the proof, gave a little party at his lodgings on Twelfth Night, and compounded some good strong English rum-punch, with rather more than a dash of brandy in it. He considers that the experiment was eminently successful, asserting that one-fourth of the quantity which the guests would have drunk with complete impunity, had it been their ordinary beverage, quite overset them; and states, with great glee, that Mr. Davis, his landlord, who could drink his seven tumblers of whisky-punch, and go to bed afterwards rather dull from excessive sobriety, was carried up stairs after one tumbler of the new composition, decidedly drunk. We are inclined to think, however, that Mr. Davis had been taking a few tumblers of whiskey-punch in his own parlour before he went up stairs to qualify himself for the party, and that the success of the experiment is not sufficiently well established to justify us in impressing it on the public mind without the addition of this trifling qualification.



## CHAPTER XII.

1806 to 1807.

He returns to town, gets frozen to the roof of a coach on the road, and pays his rent twice over when he arrives at home—Mr. Charles Farley—His first appearance at Covent Garden—Valentine and Orson—Production of "Mother Goose," and its immense success—The mysterious adventure of the Six Ladies and the Six Gentlemen.

THEY were six days getting back to London, the weather being very inclement, and the travelling very indifferent. Through a mistake of the booking-office keeper, Grimaldi had to travel the earlier portion of the road from Holyhead outside the coach. The cold was so intense, and the frost so severe, that he actually got frozen to his seat; and when the coach arrived at Red Landford, it was with some difficulty that he was lifted off, and conveyed into an inn in a complete state of exhaustion and helplessness. His feet were bathed in brandy, and various other powerful stimulants applied with the view of restoring suspended circulation, but several hours elapsed before he recovered, and it was not until the following morning that he was enabled to resume his journey towards London, where he at length arrived without further hindrance or accident.

He had no sooner returned to town than an unpleasant circumstance occurred, as if in especial illustration of the often urged remark, that he never had a sum of money but some unforeseen demand was made upon him, or some extraordinary exigency arose.

He had been one morning to the City on business, and was somewhat amazed on his return to find a broker and his assistant in the best parlour, engaged in coolly taking an inventory of his goods and chattels.

"What on earth is the meaning of this?" he inquired.

"Only an execution for rent," replied the broker, continuing his instructions to his amanuensis—"Mirror in gilt frame, Villiam."

The tenant replied that it was quite impossible, and searching among his papers, found and produced the receipt of his rent.

The broker looked it over with a cheerful smile, and then, with many legal phrases, proceeded to apprise him that the landlord himself was but a lessee, and that, in consequence of his not having paid his rent, the head landlord had determined to seize upon

whatever property was found upon the premises.

Greatly annoyed at this information, he hurried to Mr. Hughes, his constant adviser in all difficulties, to consult with him. Having narrated the affair, Mr. Hughes asked what was the amount claimed.

"Eighty-four pounds."

"Well, then, Joe," said he, "you must pay it, or lose your furniture."

Accordingly he returned home very indignant, and handed over the specified sum to the broker, who said nothing could be more satisfactory, and walked away accompanied by his assistant.

The next morning the landlord came, and being ushered in, expressed much trouble in his countenance, and said that he was very glad to see Mr. Grimaldi and such a fine morning together.

"But I beg your pardon," he added; "I don't think you know me."

Grimaldi replied, that unless he was the gentleman who had imposed upon him the necessity of paying his rent twice over, he had not the pleasure of his acquaintance. At which remark the landlord assumed a very penitent and disconsolate visage, declared his sorrow for what had occurred, and, as some slight reparation for the loss and wrong, proposed to assign the lease to him. Grimaldi under all the circumstances was extremely glad to accede to the proposal, and cheerfully paid all the legal expenses contingent upon the transfer.

The upshot of the matter was, that, a very short time afterwards, he received another communication from the same landlord, in which he imparted the very unexpected fact, that either party to the lease had a discretionary power of cancelling it at that period if he thought proper, and that he intended to avail himself of the clause, unless indeed Mr. Grimaldi would prefer retaining the house at an advanced rent, which he was at liberty to do if he pleased. An inspection of the deed proved but too clearly that this statement was correct: so the eighty-four pounds were lost, together with the legal charges for the assignment of the lease and the costs of the execution; and the burden of an increased rent was imposed upon the unlucky tenant into the bargain.

His old articles at Sadler's Wells expiring this year, he entered into a fresh engagement, under which he bound himself to that theatre for three years, at a weekly salary of

twelve pounds and two clear benefits. The pantomime produced at Easter was entitled "Harlequin and the Forty Virgins," and proved remarkably successful, running indeed through the whole of the season. In this piece he sung a song called "Me and my Neddy," which afterwards became highly popular and was in everybody's mouth. Several presents were made to him by admirers of his performance, and, among others, a very handsome watch, the face of which was so contrived as to represent a portrait of himself in the act of singing the romantic ditty just mentioned.

All this season the pantomime was played first, which arrangement released him at half-past eight o'clock, thus affording him an opportunity, which he enjoyed for the first time in his life, of being abroad in the evening, in the spring and summer of the year. During the greater portion of his life in those seasons, he had entered Sadler's Wells every night at six o'clock, and remained there until twelve. The novelty of being at liberty before it was yet dark was so great, that he scarcely knew what to do with himself, sometimes strolling about the streets in perfect astonishment at finding himself there, and then turning home in pure lack of employment.

On the opening of Covent Garden Theatre in October,\* he became first acquainted

\* Covent Garden Theatre commenced the season of 1806-7, on September 15, with Colman's comedy of "John Bull," and the farce of the "Miser." Mrs. Grimaldi was, on September 22, one of the singing-women in the Anthem, sang in Shakspeare's play of "King Henry the Eighth:" Cardinal Wolsey, Mr. Kemble; Queen Katharine, Mrs. Siddons. She was also, on October 6, one of the choral witches in Macbeth; and on the 8th enacted Dolly Trull in the Beggar's Opera: a part in which she appears to have been cast on all future representations. On October 9th, not the 10th, Joe made his *début* on the boards of old Covent Garden as Orson, on the revival of Tom Dibdin's "Valentine and Orson." Dubois had, on its previous representation at that theatre, obtained unequivocal applause from the art he displayed in his performance of Orson. Bologna, jun., also made his first appearance, after an absence of two years, as the "Sorcerer Agramant; or, The Green Knight." The part of the second page in this piece, introduced to the stage a boy named Smalley, with a surprising excellence of voice, who, by some kind soul, was rescued from wretchedness and obscurity, and will long be remembered by those in whose recollection the performance of "Mother Goose" remains. "The Cabin Boy," as sung by him, was long highly popular; every youngster, who fancied he had a voice, made the

with Mr. Farley, between whom and himself a very warm and sincere friendship ever after existed. This gentleman inquired in what character he would wish to make his first appearance. He mentioned Scaramouch in "Don Juan," which had been one of his most successful parts at the other house; but Mr. Farley suggested Orson, in "Valentine and Orson," urging that the drama, which had not been acted for several years, had been very popular with the town, and that Orson was a character well suited to his abilities, in which it was very probable he would make a great hit. Grimaldi at once consented to play the part, merely requesting that Mr. Farley would be good enough to give him some instruction in it, as he had never seen any portion of the piece, and was at some loss how to study the character. Mr. Farley readily agreed to do so, and faithfully kept his word.

It has been sometimes said, and indeed stated in print, that Grimaldi was a pupil and copyist of Dubois. No greater mistake can be made: if he can be said to have been the pupil of anybody, Mr. Farley was certainly his master, as he not only took infinite pains to instruct him in the character of Orson, but afterwards gave him very valuable advice and great assistance in getting up many other parts, in which he was also highly successful.

He was very anxious about his first appearance at Covent Garden, and studied Orson with great assiduity and application for some time. He made his first appearance in the character on the 10th of October, 1806, Farley playing Valentine. The piece, which was received with most decided success, was acted nearly every night until the production of the pantomime at Christmas rendered its withdrawal imperative.

The part of Orson was in Grimaldi's opinion the most difficult he had ever had to play; the multitude of passions requiring to be portrayed, and the rapid succession in which it was necessary to present them before the spectators, involving an unusual share both of mental and physical exertion upon the part of the performer. He played this character both in town and country on many occasions, but the effect produced upon him by the exertions of the last scene of the

ballad the object of his execution. It was warbled by men, women, and children, and Grimaldi obtained great applause for his performance of Orson.

first act was always the same. As soon as the act-drop fell, he would stagger off the stage into a small room behind the prompter's box, and there sinking into an arm-chair, give full vent to the emotions which he found it impossible to suppress. He would sob and cry aloud, and suffer so much from violent and agonizing spasms, that those about him, accustomed as they at length became to the distressing scene, were very often in doubt, up to the very moment of his being "called," whether he would be able to go upon the stage for the second act. He never failed, however; extraordinary as his sufferings were, his fear of not being ready as the time for his call approached, and the exertions he made to conquer those painful feelings invariably enabled him to rally at the necessary time—a curious instance of the power of habit in enabling him to struggle successfully with the weaknesses which no length of habit, and no repetition of the same part, however frequent, were sufficient to banish.

The effect produced on the audience by his personation of this character was intense: it enhanced his reputation greatly, bringing him before the public in quite a new line. The compliments and congratulations which he received from persons ranking high in his own profession, in literature, and in the fine arts, bore high testimony to the merit and striking character of this singular performance.

Preparations now began to be made for the production of "Mother Goose," destined to acquire a degree of popularity quite unprecedented in the history of pantomime, and to occupy a place in the choicest recollections of the play-goers of the time.

At Drury Lane, the Management, well knowing that great preparations were making at Covent Garden for the production of a new harlequinade on the 26th of December, and dreading the advantage they had gained in securing Grimaldi, hurried on the preparations for their own pantomime, and engaging Montgomery, who had acquired some celebrity at the Circus, at a high salary, to play Clown, produced their pantomime on the 23rd, thus gaining an advantage of three days over the other house. The piece, however, partook infinitely more of the character of a spectacle than a pantomime: the scenery and tricks were good, but the "business," as it is technically termed, was so wretched that the audience began to hiss before it was half over, and eventually grew so clamorous, that it was deemed prudent to drop the curtain, long before the intended conclusion of the

piece. Grimaldi and his friend Bologna were present, and were very far from regretting this failure. Up to that time Drury Lane had always been more successful in pantomime than the other house; and there is little doubt that the production of this unsuccessful, but very splendid, piece three days before the usual time, was intended not merely to crush the pantomime in preparation at Covent Garden, but Grimaldi too, if possible.

They had a night rehearsal of "Mother Goose" on the ensuing evening, and the performers were in a state of great anxiety and uncertainty as to its fate. It had always been the custom to render a pantomime the vehicle for the display of gorgeous scenery and splendid dresses; on the last scene especially, the energies of every person in the theatre connected with the decoration of the stage were profusely lavished, the great question with the majority of the town being which pantomime had the finest conclusion. "Mother Goose" had none of these accessories; it had neither gorgeous processions, nor gaudy banners, nor splendid scenery, nor showy dresses. There was not even a spangle used in the piece, with the exception of those which decked the Harlequin's jacket, and even they would have been dispensed with but for Grimaldi's advice. The last scene too was as plain as possible, and the apprehensions of the performers were proportionately rueful.

But all these doubts were speedily set at rest; for on the production of the pantomime on the 26th of December, 1806, it was received with the most deafening shouts of applause, and played for ninety-two nights, being the whole remainder of the season. The houses it drew were immense: the doors were no sooner open than the theatre was filled; and every time it was played the applause seemed more uproarious than before—another instance of the bad judgment of actors in matters appertaining to their craft. "She Stoops to Conquer" was doomed by the actors to inevitable failure up to the very moment when the performances commenced (although in this case many eminent literary men and critics of the time held the same opinion); and "The Honey Moon" lay neglected on the manager's shelf for many years, it being considered impossible that an audience would be found to sit out its representation.

Grimaldi's opinion of Mother Goose—it may or may not be another instance of the bad judgment of actors—always remained

pretty much the same, notwithstanding its great success. He considered the pantomime, as a whole, a very indifferent one, and always declared his own part to be one of the worst he ever played; nor was there a trick or situation in the piece to which he had not been well accustomed for many years before. However this may be, there is little doubt that the exertions of Bologna and himself, as Harlequin and Clown, contributed in a very important degree to the success of the piece; it being worthy of remark, that whenever the pantomime has been played without the original Harlequin and Clown, it has invariably gone off flatly, and generally failed to draw.

On the 9th of June he took a benefit in conjunction with Bologna, upon which occasion Mother Goose was played for the eighty-second\* time. The receipts amounted to £679 18s.

During the run of this pantomime he fell curiously into a new and mysterious circle of acquaintance. The mystery which overhung them, the manner of his introduction, their style of living, and his subsequent discovery of their rank and title, are not a little curious.

On the 6th of January, 1807, a gentleman called at his house in Baynes' Row, and desiring to see him was shown into the parlour. In this person he was surprised to recognise his quondam friend Mackintosh who owned the preserves. He apologised for calling, entered into conversation with great ease, and trusted that the little trick he had played in mere thoughtlessness might be completely forgiven. Being courteously requested not to trouble himself by referring to it, Mr. Mackintosh went on to say, that his mother had sold, not her mangle, but her inn, and had retired to a distant part of the

\* On the night of the joint benefit of Grimaldi and Bologna, June 9, 1807, Macklin's "Man of the World" was performed; Sir Pertinax, by Mr. Cooke; a new comic ballet, entitled "Poor Jack," Poor Jack, by Mr. Bologna, jun. Joe also sang Dibdin's song of "The Country Club," often previously sung by him at Sadler's Wells, with reiterated plaudits. The evening's entertainments concluded with "Mother Goose," for the eighty-eighth time, not the eighty-second.

In the preceding April, on the 16th, was produced at Covent Garden, for the first time, a grand ballet of action, entitled "The Ogre and Little Thumb; or, the Seven League Boots;" Anthropophagos, the Ogre, Mr. Farley; Count Manfredi, Mr. Bologna, jun.; Scamperini, the Count's Servant, Mr. Grimaldi; Little Thumb, Miss M. Bristol, her first appearance.

country ; while he himself having attached himself to business, had come to reside permanently in London, and had taken a house and offices in Throgmorton-street, in the City.

Mr. Mackintosh's appearance was extremely smart, his manners were greatly improved, and altogether he had acquired much polish and refinement since the days of the chaise-cart and the fustian jacket. As, notwithstanding the absurd scrape into which he had led his guests, he had treated them very hospitably, Grimaldi invited him to dine on the following Sunday. He came in due course ; his conversation was jocose and amusing, and, becoming a favourite at the house, he frequently dined or supped there ; Grimaldi and his wife occasionally doing the same with him in Throgmorton-street, where he had a very business-looking establishment, plainly but genteelly furnished.

About a month after his first calling, he waited upon Grimaldi one morning, and said that some friends of his, residing in Charlotte-street, Fitzroy-square, were very anxious to make his acquaintance, and wished much for his company at supper one evening after he had finished at the theatre. Grimaldi, who, if he had accepted all the invitations he received at this period, would have had very little time for his profession, parried the request for some time, alleging that he was a very domestic person, and that he preferred adhering to his old custom of supping at home with his wife after the play. Mackintosh, however, urged that his friends were very wealthy people, that he would find them very useful and profitable acquaintances, and by these, and a thousand other persuasions, overcame his disinclination to go. He consented, and an evening was fixed for the visit.

On the appointed night, as soon as he had finished at the theatre, he called a coach and directed the driver to set him down at the address which Mackintosh had given him. The coach stopped before a very large house, apparently handsomely furnished, and brilliantly lighted up. Not having any idea that the man could possess friends who lived in such style, he at first supposed that the driver had made a mistake ; but, while they were discussing the point. Mackintosh elegantly dressed, darted out of the passage, and, taking his arm, conducted him into a brilliant supper-room.

If the outside of the house had given him cause for astonishment, its internal appearance redoubled his surprise. Everything was on a scale of the most costly splendour :

the spacious rooms were elegantly papered and gilded, elegant chandeliers depended from the ceilings, the richest carpets covered the floors, and the other furniture, too, was of the most expensive description. The supper comprised a choice variety of luxuries, and was splendidly served ; the costliest wines of various kinds and vintages sparkled upon the table.

There were just twelve persons in the supper-room, besides Mackintosh and himself—to wit, six ladies and six gentlemen, who were all introduced as married people. The first couple to whom he was introduced were of course the host and hostess, Mr. and Mrs. Farmer, who welcomed him with enchanting urbanity and condescension. Every member of the party was beautifully dressed : the ladies wore jewellery of the most brilliant description, the numerous attendants were in handsome liveries, and the whole scene was so totally different from anything he had anticipated that he was thoroughly bewildered, and actually began to doubt the reality of what he saw. The politeness of the gentlemen, and the graceful ease of the ladies, however, soon restored his self-possession ; while the delicious flavour of the wines and dishes convinced him that with respect to that part of the business, at all events, he was labouring under no delusion.

In eating, drinking, singing, and story-telling, the night wore on till past five o'clock, when he was at length suffered to return home. A recital of all the circumstances astonished his wife not a little ; and he was quite as much amazed at recollecting what he had seen, as she at hearing of it.

A few days afterwards, Mackintosh called again ; hoped he had enjoyed himself, was delighted to hear he had, and bore an invitation for the next night.

To this Grimaldi urged all the objections he had before mentioned, and added to them an expression of his unwillingness to leave his wife at home. Mr. Mackintosh, with great forethought, had mentioned this in Charlotte-street ; he was commissioned to invite her, Mrs. Farmer trusting she would come in a friendly way and excuse the formality of her calling.

Well, there was no resisting this ; so Grimaldi and his wife went to Charlotte-street next night, and there were the rooms, and the six ladies and the six gentlemen, and the chandeliers, and the wax-lights, and the liveries, and, what was more to the purpose than all, the supper, all over again.

There were several other parties after this; and then the six ladies and the six gentlemen *would* come and see Mr. Grimaldi at his own house,—whereat Mrs. Grimaldi was rather vexed, inasmuch as they had not one quarter so many spoons as the Charlotte-street people, and no chandeliers at all. However, they were polite enough to say, that they had never spent a more delightful evening; and as they talked and laughed very much, and were very friendly and kind, the visit passed off to the admiration of all parties.

There was some mystery about these great friends, which the worthy couple were quite unable to solve. It did not appear that they were connected by any other ties than those of friendship, and yet they were always together, and never had a stranger among them; there were always the same six ladies and the same six gentlemen, the only change being in their dresses, which varied in make and colour, but never in quality. Then they did not seem to be in any business, and there was a something in the politeness of the gentlemen and the jocoseness of the ladies which struck them as rather peculiar, although they could never tell what it was. Grimaldi saw that they were not like the noblemen and gentlemen he was in the habit of meeting in the green-rooms of the theatres; and yet, notwithstanding that he pondered upon the matter a great deal, he could not for the life of him discover in what the difference consisted. His wife was in just the same state of perplexity; but although they talked the matter over very often, they never arrived at any tangible conclusion. While they were thinking about it, the parties kept going on, and January and February passed away.

On the 13th of March he had promised to act, in conjunction with Messrs. Bartley, Simmons, Chapman, and Louis Bologna, at the Woolwich Theatre, for the benefit of Mr. Lund. Chancing to mention the circumstance at one of the Charlotte-street parties a few days before the time, Mr. Farmer immediately proposed that he and the other five gentlemen should accompany their excellent friend; that they should all sup together at Woolwich after the theatre was over, and return to town next day. This was immediately agreed to by all the party except one gentleman, with the uncommon name of Jones, who had an appointment with a nobleman, which it was impossible to postpone.

The five gentlemen were punctual, and they, Mackintosh, and Grimaldi, started to-

gether. They dined at Woolwich, and afterwards adjourned to the theatre, where the five gentlemen and Mackintosh went into the boxes, and Grimaldi upon the stage. The five gentlemen talked very loud, and applauded very much; and their magnificent appearance created quite a sensation, not only among the audience, but the actors also. They supped together at the hotel at which they had dined; slept there, and returned to town next day; Mr. Farmer and the four gentlemen coming home in a barouche; Mackintosh, Grimaldi, and some other professional persons preferring to walk, for the benefit of the exercise.

Upon the way, Grimaldi sounded Mackintosh relative to the professions, connections, and prospects of his friends; but he evaded making any reply, further than by observing, with an air of great respect, that they were very wealthy people. He dined in Throgmorton-street a few days afterwards, and again tried to penetrate the mystery, as did his wife, who accompanied him. Mr. Mackintosh threw no light upon it, but it was destined to be shortly revealed, as the next chapter will show.

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## CHAPTER XIII.

1807.

The mystery is cleared up, chiefly through the instrumentality of Mr. Alderman Harmer; and the characters of the six Ladies and the six Gentlemen are satisfactorily explained. The Trial of Mackintosh for Burglary—Its result.

ABOUT three weeks had elapsed since the last dinner in Throgmorton-street, during the whole of which time nothing had been seen or heard either of the six ladies or of the six gentlemen, when, as Grimaldi was sitting reading in his parlour, a strange gentleman was shown into the room. As he was accustomed to be waited upon by many people of whom he knew nothing, he requested the gentleman to take a chair, and after a few commonplace remarks upon the weather and the papers, begged to ask his business with him.



"Why, my business with you, Mr. Grimaldi," said the stranger, putting down his hat, as if he had come to stop a long time, "is of a very peculiar nature. Perhaps I had better commence by telling you who I am. My name is Harmer."

"Harmer?" said Grimaldi, running over in his mind all the theatrical names he had ever heard.

"Mr. James Harmer, of Hatton Garden. The reason of my waiting upon you is this,—I wish to speak to you upon a very disagreeable affair."

There was a peculiar solemnity in the visitor's manner, although it was very gentlemanly and quiet, which at once threw Grimaldi into a state of great nervous excitement. He entreated him, with a very disturbed countenance, to be kind enough to explain the nature of the communication he had to make, as explicitly as he could.

"To come, then, at once to the point," said Mr. Harmer,—“do you not know a person of the name of Mackintosh?”

"Yes, certainly," replied Grimaldi, his thoughts flying off at a tangent, first to Throgmorton-street, and then to the ladies and gentlemen in Charlotte-street—"oh yes, I know him."

"He is now," said Mr. Harmer, "solemnly, in great danger, of losing his life."

Grimaldi at once supposed his visitor was a doctor,—said he was very sorry to hear it, asked how long he had been ill, and begged to know what was the matter with him.

"His bodily health is good enough," replied Mr. Harmer, with a half smile. "In the course of my professional career, Mr. Grimaldi, I have known many men in imminent danger of losing their lives, who have been in most robust health."

Grimaldi bowed his head, and presumed his visitor referred to cases in which the patient had gone off suddenly. Mr. Harmer said that he certainly did, and that he had strong reason to fear Mr. Mackintosh would go off one morning very suddenly indeed.

"I greatly regret to hear it," said the other. "But pray tell me his condition without reserve: you may safely be communicative to me. What is the nature of the disorder? what is it called?"

"Burglary," answered Mr. Harmer, quaintly.

"Burglary!" exclaimed Grimaldi, trembling from head to foot.

"Nothing less," replied Mr. Harmer

"The state of the case Mr. Grimaldi, is simply this: Mackintosh is accused of having committed a burglary at Congeleton, in Cheshire. I am a solicitor, and am engaged on his behalf; the evidence against him is very strong, and if he be found guilty, which I must say appears to me extremely likely, he will most infallibly be hanged."

This intelligence so amazed Grimaldi, that he fell into a chair as if he had been shot, and it was some little time before he was sufficiently recovered to resume the conversation. The moment he could do so, he hastened to explain, that he had never supposed Mackintosh to be other than an honest man, or he would carefully have shunned all acquaintance with him.

"He has been anything but an honest man for a long time past," said Mr. Harmer: "still, I may say, that he is anxious to reform; and at all events, I am certain that this particular robbery was not committed by him."

"Good God! and he still likely to be hung for it!"

"Certain," said Mr. Harmer; "unless we can prove an *alibi*. There is only one man who has it in his power to do so; and that man, Mr. Grimaldi, is yourself."

"Then," said Mr. Grimaldi, "you may command me."

In a lengthened, and, to him, very interesting conversation which ensued, he learned that the robbery had been committed on the 13th of March, on the very night on which he had played for Lund's benefit at Woolwich, and afterwards supped with Mackintosh and his friends. This accidental circumstance was of course of the last importance to Mr. Harmer's client, and that gentleman receiving a promise from Grimaldi that he would make an affidavit of the fact, if required, wished him a good morning and left him.

Mackintosh being admitted to bail a few days afterwards, called upon Grimaldi to express his gratitude for the readiness with which he had consented to give his important evidence. The insight into the man's character which Mr. Harmer had given him, rendered him of course desirous to be as little in his company as possible; but as his kind nature would not allow him to wound his feelings more than was absolutely necessary in this interview (quite voluntary on his part), immediately after the exposure, and as he was moreover very desirous to put a few questions to him concerning the twelve ladies and gentlemen, he dissembled

his dislike, and placed some refreshment before him, of which he partook. He then said,

"Mr. Mackintosh, I cannot suppose you to be guilty of any act of this kind, for you have so many circumstances in your favour. Putting myself out of the question,—I am merely an actor, working for my subsistence,—you can call, to prove your *alibi*, gentlemen of station and undoubted respectability. Mr. Farmer and his friends, for instance, could not fail to have great weight with the court."

A very perceptible change overspread the countenance of Mr. Mackintosh when he heard these words. He shook his head with great vehemence, and looked strongly disposed to laugh. Grimaldi, who was one of the simplest creatures in all worldly matters that ever breathed, paused for a reply, but finding his acquaintance said nothing, added,

"Besides,—the ladies. Dear me, Mr. Mackintosh, the appearance of those gentlemen's wives would be almost enough to acquit you at once."

"Mr. Grimaldi," said Mackintosh, with a slight tremor in his voice which, despite his serious situation, arose from an incipient tendency to laughter,—"*Mr. Grimaldi, none of those women are married.*"

Grimaldi stared incredulously,

"Not one," said Mackintosh: "they only pass for married people—they are not really so."

"Then how," said Grimaldi, waxing very angry, "how dared you to invite my wife among them, and induce me to take her there!"

"I'm very sorry, sir," said the man humbly.

"I'll tell you what, sir," interposed the other, "I'll be put off no longer: this is not the time for secrecy and falsehood, nor is it your interest to tell me anything but the truth. Now, I demand to know at once the real characters of these people, and why you shook your head when I mentioned your bringing them forward as witnesses."

"Mr. Grimaldi," replied the man, with great apparent humility, "they would not come if they were sent for; and besides, if they did, it would injure, not assist me, for they are all marked men."

"Marked men!" exclaimed Grimaldi.

"Too true, sir," said Mackintosh; "desperate characters every one."

"What! Farmer?"

"He was sentenced to death at the Old

Bailey, and got a reprieve while standing on the drop beneath the gallows."

"And Williams?"

"Williams is a forger of notes."

"And Jesson?"

"He and Barber are both burglars."

"And the Jewish-looking man, I forget the rascal's name,—the man who sings Kelley's songs; what is he?"

"Oh, he helps to pass the forged notes, and has been three times in the pillory."

"There is one other man whom I have not named—that fellow Jones. What is he? a murderer?"

"No, sir, only a burglar," answered Mackintosh. "Don't you recollect, Mr. Grimaldi, that he would not join the party to Woolwich?"

"Perfectly well."

"Well, sir, the truth is, he left town for Cheshire the same day the party was proposed, and he is the man who actually committed the deed I am charged with. He did the robbery. I found it out only to-day; but, though I know it, I can't prove it now;—and all those people in Charlotte-street are doing their best to get me found guilty, and save the real man, who is better liked among them than I am."

The enumeration of all these crimes, the reflection of having been intimately associated with such wretches, and the fear of having his innocence confounded with their guilt, quite over-whelmed their unfortunate victim. He was thoroughly stupefied for some minutes, and then, starting up with uncontrollable fury, seized the man by the throat, and demanded how he durst take him among such a horde of villains, under pretence of being his friend. Mackintosh alarmed at this unexpected ebullition of resentment, fell on his knees before him in the most abject manner, and poured forth many entreaties for mercy, and protestations of regret.

"Answer me one question," said Grimaldi, releasing his hold: "give me a plain and straightforward answer, for it's only by telling me the truth now, that you can hope for any leniency at my hands. What was your motive for taking me into the company of these men and women, and why did they want to have me amongst them?"

"I'll tell you the truth, by God!" replied Mackintosh, "and without the smallest attempt at disguise. They thought you must be very good company, and hearing me say that I knew you, gave me no rest until I con-

sented to take you to the house in Charlotte-street ; which I at last agreed to do, stipulating, upon my soul, that no harm should ever be done you, and that their real characters should be carefully concealed. You turned out as they expected ; they were very much delighted with your songs and stories, and I was obliged to promise to bring you again. And that's the truth."

Although this explanation relieved him from some very terrible fears relative to the motives of these persons in seeking his companionship, it was a very galling reflection to have been playing the jester to a gang of robbers and vagabonds ; and as it presented itself to his mind, it drove him almost mad with rage. Never accustomed to give way to his passions, the fit of fury into which he had worked himself was such that it was many hours before he recovered from its effects. Mr. Mackintosh, with much wisdom, took himself off the moment his confession was concluded.

About a week after this agreeable visit Grimaldi was sitting at breakfast one morning, when his servant announced a lady, and in walked—as he sat paralysed with surprise—no less a person than Mrs. Farmer, who, sitting down with great composure and freedom, said, when the servant had left the room,

"Well, Grim, here's Jack Mackintosh has got himself into a pretty hobble, hasn't he?"

"He has, indeed," said Grim, all abroad with amazement, "and I am sorry for it."

"Lord ! you don't mean that !" returned the lady : "I'm sure it's more than I am. Of course, it's everybody's turn one time ; and Jack's had a very long string."

It being now thoroughly evident that the party, deeming longer concealment hopeless, wished to treat Grimaldi as one of themselves, and to imply that he had been acquainted with their real characters all along, he resolved to act decidedly ; so the moment the lady had finished speaking, he said,

"By some extraordinary mistake and blindness I have been led into the society of yourself and your associates, ma'am. I regret this bitterly for many reasons, but for two especially : first, that I should ever have had acquaintance with such characters ; and secondly, that it compels me to act with apparent harshness to a woman. As I have no other course to pursue, however, I beg you will have the goodness to tell the ladies and gentlemen whom I have had the unhappiness to meet in Charlotte Street that I re-

quest them never to show their faces here ; and that I wish never to see, and certainly shall never speak to any of them again."

The servant entering the room at this point, in reply to the summons he had previously given, he continued,

"As soon as this person has rested herself after her walk, show her to the door ; and take care that you never admit her, or any of the people who have been in the habit of coming here with her, into the house again." With these words he quitted the room, as did the "lady" immediately afterwards ; and well pleased he was to be rid of her society.

Sadler's Wells opened the season of 1807 with a new piece, called the "Ogre," in which he enacted a character dignified by the name of "Scamperino." This drama was not very successful, lingering only through ten nights ; but as he was wanted of course in something else, and had every night to hurry to Covent Garden afterwards, to play the clown in "Mother Goose," which was still running with unabated spirit, he endured very great fatigue for more than three months, during which the two theatres were open together.\*

In the July of this year a very extraordinary circumstance occurred at Sadler's Wells, which was the great topic of conversation in the neighbourhood for some time afterwards. It happened thus :—

Captain George Harris, of the Royal Navy, who was related to the Mr. Harris, of Covent Garden, and with whom Grimaldi was slightly acquainted, had recently returned to England after a long voyage. The crew being paid off, many of the men followed their commander up to London, and proceeded to enjoy themselves after the usual fashion of sailors. Sadler's Wells was at that

\* Sadler's Wells opened the season of 1807 on Easter Monday, March 30th, with a new pantomime, entitled "Jan Ben Jan ; or, Harlequin and the Forty Virgins." Ridgway made his first appearance as Harlequin, Bologna, jun., having seceded from the theatre. Among other débutants on that night, was Pyne, the singer, as also Mrs. M'Cartney, who subsequently became Mrs. Pyne. Grimaldi, as usual, was clown in the pantomime, which had a long and successful run. In the scene 'of the interior of Pidcock's menagerie, at Exeter 'Change, he spoke and sang "The Exhibitor's Chant," which became highly popular. The journalists of that time were of one accord ; the inimitable drolleries of the clown were the principal cause of the crowded lobbies and the scarcely standing room on every night of the performance.

time a famous place of resort with the blue-jackets, the gallery being sometimes almost solely occupied by seamen and their female companions. A large body of Capt. Harris's men resorted hither one night, and amongst them a man who was deaf and dumb, and had been so for many years. This man was placed by his shipmates in the front row of the gallery. Grimaldi was in great force that night, and, although the audience were in one roar of laughter, nobody appeared to enjoy his fun and humour more than this poor fellow. His companions good-naturedly took a good deal of notice of him, and one of them, who talked very well with his fingers, inquired how he liked the entertainments; to which the deaf and dumb man replied, through the same medium, and with various gestures of great delight, that he had never seen anything half so comical before.

As the scene progressed, Grimaldi's tricks and jokes became still more irresistible; and at length, after a violent peal of laughter and applause, which quite shook the theatre, and in which the dumb man joined most heartily, he suddenly turned to his mate, who sat next to him, and cried out with much glee, "What a d——d funny fellow!"

"Why, Jack," shouted the other man, starting back with great surprise: "can you speak?"

"Speak!" returned the other; "ay, that I can, and hear, too."

Upon this the whole party, of course, gave three vehement cheers, and at the conclusion of the piece adjourned in a great procession to the "Sir Hugh Middleton," hard by, with the recovered man, elevated on the shoulders of half a dozen friends, in the centre. A crowd of people quickly assembled round the door, and great excitement and curiosity were occasioned as the intelligence ran from mouth to mouth, that a deaf and dumb man had come to speak and hear, all owing to the cleverness of Joey Grimaldi.

The landlady of the tavern, thinking Grimaldi would like to see his patient, told the man that, if he would call next morning he should see the actor who had made him laugh so much. Grimaldi, being apprised of the circumstance, repaired to the house at the appointed time, and saw him, accompanied by several of his companions, all of whom still continued to manifest the liveliest interest in the sudden change that had happened to their friend, and kept on cheering, and drinking, and treating everybody in the house, in proof of their gratification. The

man, who appeared an intelligent well-behaved fellow, said, that in the early part of his life he could both speak and hear very well; and that he had attributed his deprivation of the two senses to the intense heat of the sun in the quarter of the world to which he had been, and from which he had very recently returned. He added, that on the previous evening he had for a long time felt a powerful anxiety to express his delight at what was passing on the stage; and that, after some feat of Grimaldi's which struck him as being particularly amusing, he had made a strong effort to deliver his thoughts, in which, to his own great astonishment, no less than that of his comrades, he succeeded. Mr. Charles Dibdin, who was present, put several questions to the man; and, from his answers, it appeared to every one present that he was speaking the truth. Indeed, his story was in some measure confirmed by Captain Harris himself; for one evening, about six months afterwards, as Grimaldi was narrating the circumstance in the green-room at Covent Garden, that gentleman, who chanced to be present, immediately remarked that he had no reason, from the man's behaviour while with him, to suppose him an impostor, and that he had seen him on that day in the full possession of all his senses.

In the month of August following this circumstance Grimaldi received a subpoena to attend the trial of Mackintosh, at Stafford. He immediately gave notice to the manager of Sadler's Wells that he was compelled to absent himself for a few days, and Bradbury, of the Circus, was engaged to supply his place. Mr. Harmer and himself went down together; and on the day following their arrival, a true bill having been found against Mackintosh by the grand jury, the trial came on.

Grimaldi forgets the name of the prosecutor's counsel,\* and regrets the circumstance very much, observing that the lengthened notice which he bestowed upon him ought to have impressed his name on his memory. If this notice were flattering on account of its length, it certainly was not so in any other respect; inasmuch as the gentleman in question, in the exercise of that licence which many practitioners unaccustomed to briefs assume, was pleased to designate the principal witness for the prisoner, to wit, Mr. Joseph Grimaldi, as a common player, a mountebank-stroller, a man reared in and

\* The late Mr. Dauncey.

ever accustomed to vice in its most repulsive and degrading forms—a man who was necessarily a systematic liar—and, in fine, a man upon whose word or oath no thinking person could place any reliance.

During this exordium, and pending the logical deductions of the ingenious gentleman whose name is unhappily lost to his country, the prisoner eyed his witness with intense anxiety, fearing, no doubt, that in his examination, either by angry words, or by attempting to retort on the counsel, or by volunteering jokes, or by seeking revenge upon himself, against whom he had such just ground of complaint, he might pass the rope round his neck, instead of serving his cause; but his fears were needless. His witness had gone there to discharge what he considered a solemn duty; and, apart from all personal considerations, to give his honest testimony in a case involving a man's life and death. He went there, of course, prepared to give his evidence in the manner best befitting himself and the occasion; and, if he wanted any additional incentive to caution and coolness, he would have found it in the taunts of the opposing counsel, which naturally made him desirous to show, by his behaviour, that the same man who could play the clown upon a public stage could conduct himself with perfect propriety as a private individual—in the same way as many young gentlemen, who are offensive in wigs, become harmless and obscure in social life.

No fewer than nine witnesses were examined for the prosecution, all of whom, to Grimaldi's astonishment and horror, swore positively to the identity of the prisoner. The case for the prosecution being closed, he was immediately put into the box for the defence: when, after stating that the prisoner was in his company at Woolwich, at the time of the commission of the burglary, he proceeded to detail as briefly as he could all that had happened on the day and night in question. He carefully suppressed any extraneous matter that related to himself or his own feelings, which might have been injurious to the prisoner, and produced the playbill of the night, to prove that there could be no mistake respecting the date. He was then submitted to a very long and vexatious cross-examination, but he never lost his temper for an instant, or faltered in his testimony in any way; and at its conclusion he was well rewarded for his good feeling and impartiality by the highly flattering terms in which the presiding judge was pleased to express his opinion of the

manner in which he had conducted himself.\*

His wife was the next witness called, and she fully corroborated his evidence. Two more witnesses were examined on the same side, when the judge interposed, putting it to the jury whether they really deemed it necessary to hear any further evidence, and not hesitating to say that the full conviction on his own mind was, that the witnesses for the prosecution were mistaken, and that the prisoner at the bar was innocent of the offence laid to his charge. The jury fully coincided in the learned judge's opinion, and immediately returned a verdict of "Not guilty," after a trial which had already lasted for upwards of nine hours.

Previous to his return to town, on the following morning, Grimaldi sought and obtained a few minutes' private conversation with Mackintosh. In this interview, he used his utmost endeavours to awaken his mind to a sense of his situation, to induce him to reflect on the crimes he had committed, and to place before him the inevitable consequences of his career if he held the same course; by all of which remonstrances the man appeared much affected, and for which he expressed himself very grateful. It was scarcely necessary for Grimaldi to add, that any communication between them must be discontinued for the future; but, lest his true repentance might be endangered by the loss of the only friend he seemed to have, he gave him permission to write to him if he ever needed his assistance, and assured him that if it were in his power to relieve him, the appeal should never be made in vain.

It says something for the honour of human

\* The gentleman who first revised Grimaldi's reminiscences adds the following note in this stage of the Memoirs: "That Mr. Grimaldi has not unworthily commended his own conduct in this instance, no one who has heard him speak in public will be disposed to believe. His manner was always that of a man who, while he entertained a just respect for himself, properly respected the parties to whom he addressed himself. This was strikingly exemplified whenever, in consequence of the sudden illness of a performer, or some other stage mishap, an apology became necessary; on which occasions he would step forward, and announcing the calamity, claim the kindness of the audience with so much gentlemanly ease, and such an entire absence of all buffoonery or grimace, that, in spite of his grotesque dress and appearance, and the associations which they necessarily awakened, the audience forgot the clown, and only remembered the gentleman."

nature and the sincerity of the man's repentance, that he never took undue advantage of this permission, and, indeed, was never heard of by Grimaldi again.

The witness returned to town, as he had every reason to do, with a light heart; and as he never heard any further intelligence either of the half-dozen gentlemen, or the six Lucretias to whom he had so unwittingly introduced his wife, he experienced no further trouble or disquiet on this score.

## APPENDIX TO CHAPTER XIII.

### AN INTERPOLATION.

THE facts relating to Grimaldi's connection with John Mackoull, *alias* Mackintosh, are the following:—

Mackoull, during two years previous to Michaelmas, 1804, was a publican; he kept the George Inn, at Hayes, in Kent; and, in his own words, in his "Abuses of Justice," mentions the following particulars:—"In justice to Mr. Grimaldi, I will shortly state the commencement and nature of our acquaintance. I saw him for the first time as a guest at my house at Hayes, where, from the attention I paid him and his friends, he visited me several times.

"Shortly after I came to London, I accidentally met him, and invited him and his wife to dine with me. The invitation was accepted, and he in turn invited me and my wife to dine; indeed, the whole of our acquaintance consisted in several times mutually dining at each other's houses."

Mackoull lived in White Lion-court, in Throgmorton Street, and the occasional intimacy appears to have continued till 1807, in which year, on March 13th, Lund had a benefit at the Woolwich Theatre, when the Bolognas, Grimaldi, and Norman, were to enact Don Juan. Mackoull accompanied John Bologna from London to Woolwich on the morning of the 13th; the performances went off well at night, and the whole party continued there till two o'clock in the after-

noon of the 14th, when Mackoull left, Grimaldi having promised to dine with him on the Wednesday following.

It so happened, that on the night of the 12th of March, or on the morning of the 13th, the Edinburgh mail-coach was robbed of a parcel, forwarded by the Newark bank to Messrs. Kensington, of Lombard Street. The parcel contained bank-notes and bills to the amount of 4,500*l.*, payable in London; and, was, as afterwards transpired, stolen by a man, then travelling in the mail, named Treble, who, to avoid hanging, destroyed himself. A returned transport, named Duffield, received the bills, and a strolling player, named John Knight, who, under the assumed name of Warren, at Salisbury and other places enacted Othello, and other principal characters. He became the negotiator of some of the bills, by forging or indorsing them in his own theatrical name of Warren, and contrived to discount one at Burton-upon-Trent, on March 17th; another at Uttoxeter, on the 18th; a third at Congleton, on the 19th; and a fourth at Wirksworth, on the 20th. Information that some of these bills had been discounted at the above provincial banks having transpired, and a description of the person who had negotiated them being transmitted, Mackoull's personal appearance was extremely similar to that of the delinquent described; and he was apprehended accordingly at his house in White Lion Court, on April 3rd, taken to the Brown Bear, in Bow Street, and on that evening charged at Bow Street with felony, having robbed the mail, and with forgery of the indorsements on the bills asserted to have been negotiated by him. He was remanded to the 8th, on which day Mackoull was again placed at the bar, Mr. Alley as his counsel, and Mr. Harmer also appearing in his defence. But it was not until the third hearing, on the 11th, that specific charges were made against him, and he was sworn to be the person who had obtained the money for the bill discounted at the Congleton bank on March 19th. Mackoull, being in possession of the charge, was enabled to prove an *alibi* most satisfactorily, as Grimaldi and his wife had dined with him on the 18th of March. Mrs. Grimaldi had left them at five o'clock, to sustain her part in the Oratorio that evening at Covent Garden Theatre, and Joe had remained with Mackoull till eleven that night; it was therefore clear that he was not the person who had negotiated the bills, nor was he the party who had robbed the mail as he had evidence in John



and Louis Bologna, Grimaldi, Norman, and many others; for he was then with them at Woolwich. These circumstances being named by Mackoull to Mr. Harmer, he undertook to wait upon Mr. and Mrs. Grimaldi, which, it would seem, he did on the Sunday, as on the Monday, April 13th, being Mackoull's fourth examination, Mr. Alley proposed offering a satisfactory *alibi* to the charge; but, as all the witnesses had not been conferred with, desired leave to bring them forward on the following day. It is tolerably certain that Mr. Harmer had seen Grimaldi and his wife on Sunday, for Alley mentioned them, amongst others, as witnesses whom he should bring forward on the Tuesday; and till the 11th, Mackoull was not in possession of the particular charge against him.

Mackoull states that Mr. Harmer undertook to wait upon Mr. and Mrs. Grimaldi, both of whom recollected perfectly the day on which they had dined with Mackoull, previous to Mr. Harmer's apprising them with his reasons for the inquiry: both spontaneously proffered to prove the fact, before the magistrates, or otherwise, if required; hence Mr. Alley's intimation to the magistrates on the 13th, on which day a young man, named Millar, son of the police-constable, and then an under clerk at Bow Street Office, went personally to Grimaldi, and endeavoured to persuade him not to appear on the following day before the magistrates; and insinuated he had no object in interfering but a regard for Mr. Grimaldi, and the interest that he felt for his reputation. Joe was, however, not to be deterred or intimidated from publicly asserting what he knew to be true—more particularly, as he learned that the life of a fellow-creature was at stake; and contrary to this stripling's expectation and wishes, he attended at Bow Street before the magistrates, Messrs. Read and Graham, on the 14th, giving in evidence the facts already stated. Two points of *alibi* were fully established by Joe. Mackoull had not committed the robbery with which he was in the first instance charged,—because John and Louis Bologna, Grimaldi, and Norman, and many others, could and did swear that he was with them at Woolwich at the time the robbery was effected; and as to his being the person who had been the negotiator of the bills from the 17th to the 20th of March, Grimaldi's evidence was not single, and was therefore indisputable; but Mr. Kensington's professional adviser, having a wealthy plaintiff as a client, abetted his reluctance to believe Mackoull had been erroneously

charged and sworn to. On the 13th, former witnesses had sworn most positively to the personal identity of Mackoull. He was the man who had negotiated the bills, notwithstanding the evidence offered in support of the *alibi*. The obstinacy of the banker Kensington made matters still worse, and Mackoull was criminally charged with five offences in the several towns and places named; four of them were capital, and a conviction on either would have involved the forfeiture of his life.

A further hearing was deferred till April 23rd, when Grimaldi and his wife again attended, and swore to the truth of their allegations: bail was tendered, offering full guarantee for Mackoull's appearance when required, but in vain; the influence of the Lombard Street firm was paramount; bail, however unobjectionable, was refused; and again was Mackoull remanded. On the 27th, he was brought up, as he supposed, to be admitted on bail; but no; it was for his committal to Newgate, preparatory to his trial at the ensuing Stafford assizes,—so pertinaciously had his prosecutors driven matters, that there seemed no escape for him. Application was, however, made to Sir Soulden Lawrence, one of the judges in the King's Bench, and on the affidavits of Joseph Grimaldi and his wife Mary Grimaldi, was Mackoull immediately enlarged. Mackoull may now speak for himself—

"Two or three days previous to the assizes, my witnesses, Mr. Harmer, and myself, in all eighteen persons, left London for Stafford; my mind filled with the most gloomy apprehensions. When we arrived at Lichfield, Mr. Harmer determined to finish the briefs before he went on to Stafford. Every circumstance they could really prove was known to myself and my solicitor; he had a plain statement of facts to narrate, and though it ran to a considerable length the brief was drawn, and two copies made nearly in one day, in the following manner. As soon as Mr. Harmer had drawn a paragraph it was handed to Mr. Grimaldi, who [read or] dictated, and myself, and a young man we procured in the town wrote the fair copies for counsel.

"Early in the morning of the commission day, Mr. Harmer and myself went on to Stafford, leaving my witnesses to follow. Mr. Grimaldi was the first witness called on my behalf; he stated exactly what had been set forth in his affidavit, and the solemn manner in which he gave his testimony carried conviction, and made a lively impression upon

every one present. He underwent the most strict examination; but the more he was questioned, the more apparent was the truth of his evidence; and those who expected to see the zany disgracing himself by his buffoonery, beheld him deliver his evidence with a firmness which could only arise from conscious rectitude; yet still with that caution and dignity which should characterize every honest man when asserting the cause of truth under the awful obligation of an oath.

"I should here perhaps mention, that I felt some apprehension, lest the prosecutor's counsel should endeavour, in the cross-examination of Mr. Grimaldi, to throw him off his guard, by insinuating that his acquaintance with me was disreputable, and exert their abilities to make him appear ridiculous; therefore, on our way down, I hinted my fears, and begged him, for God's sake, to keep his temper, to answer every question with calmness and propriety, and not to be irritated by any interrogatories of counsel; to which he answered, 'Whatever were your transactions previous to my acquaintance I know not; but certainly I never observed anything improper in your conduct; nor did I, till this unfortunate affair, hear anything to your disadvantage: but admitting you to be the vilest character on earth, I am bound, as a man and a Christian, to speak the truth; and I should consider myself highly culpable if I withheld my testimony, when, by giving it, I might prevent an innocent man from losing his life. I am going to assert nothing but the truth, to do which can dishonour no man. I assure you I am too much impressed with a sense of your unfortunate situation to be otherwise than serious: and I trust those who hear me will be properly satisfied, that I know my duty when giving testimony in a court of justice, as well as when performing before an audience at a public theatre.' These were his observations, and he fully verified them.

"Mrs. Grimaldi was next called and confirmed the testimony of her husband in every particular.

"Mr. Dauncey, the counsel for the prosecution, in his opening speech, had mentioned that I kept houses of a certain description, and endeavoured to impress the minds of the jury with a belief that no credit was to be given to any witness who could visit or associate with me. He even said it was material to consider whether I and my witnesses were not guilty of a foul conspiracy to defeat justice; and, in order to lessen the effect of Mr. and Mrs. Grimaldi's evidence,

they were interrogated by the prosecutor's counsel as to their knowledge of my keeping disorderly houses, which they most positively, and with truth, denied.

"Mr. Justice Graham, in addressing the jury, told them he conceived they must entertain the same opinion with himself, that the witnesses for the prosecution had mistaken Mackoull for the person who had committed the offences, and if so, it would be unnecessary for him to sum up the evidence. The jury instantly expressed their concurrence with the opinion of the judge; and, after a trial of nine hours, Mackoull was pronounced—Not guilty.

"How impotent now appeared the whole phalanx of my opponent. During the examination of Mr. and Mrs. Grimaldi, young Millar was in the outer hall taunting the rest of my witnesses. He said 'he should soon do away with their evidence, and that, when he was called, it would be all over with me.' When Mrs. Grimaldi came out of court he personally insulted her.

"Notwithstanding the satisfactory manner in which my innocence was established, my acquittal was attributed to base and unworthy means. It was said that Grimaldi was, no doubt, well paid for perjuring himself. The reputation of Mr. Grimaldi is so well established, that he cannot be affected by the gross slanders circulated respecting his evidence. He is well known to be incapable of a dishonourable action; and far from being paid to give false testimony, he was a loser of his salary for the time he was absent. It is true, I offered to pay him the amount, but he generously declined accepting it, saying, he felt the injuries I had suffered, and would not add to my distress by receiving a shilling.

"Facts have their point-marks as pleasurable as the ensanglements of fable."

## CHAPTER XIV.

1807 to 1808.

Bradbury, the Clown—His voluntary confinement in a Madhouse, to screen an "Honourable" Thief—His release, strange conduct, subsequent career, and death—Dreadful Accident at Sadler's Wells—The Night-drives to Finchley—Trip to Birmingham—Mr. Macready, the Manager, and his curious Stage-properties—Sudden recall to Town.

ON his return to town, of course, he went immediately to Sadler's Wells; where, however, to his great surprise, he was informed by Mr. Dibdin that he was not wanted just yet, inasmuch as Bradbury had been engaged for a fortnight, and had not been there above half the time. He added, too, that Bradbury had made a great hit, and become very popular.

This intelligence vexed Grimaldi not a little, as he naturally feared that the sudden popularity of the new favourite might affect that of the old one; but his annoyance was much increased when he was informed that the proprietors were anxious that on the night of Bradbury's benefit, they should both play in the same pantomime. He yielded his consent with a very ill grace, and with the conviction that it would end in his entire loss of favour with the audience. When the proposition was made to Bradbury in his presence, it was easy to see that he liked it as little as himself; which was natural enough. It was not for him, however, to oppose the suggestion, as the combination of strength would very likely draw a great house, and he had only taken half of it with the proprietors for that night.

It was accordingly arranged that they should appear together on the following Saturday; Bradbury sustaining the part of the clown for the first three scenes in the pantomime, then Grimaldi taking it for the next three scenes, and Bradbury coming in again to close the piece. Grimaldi was so much dissatisfied with these arrangements, that on the morning of the day fixed, he told his friend Richard Lawrence (now or lately the Surrey treasurer) that he was certain it was "all up with him," and that Bradbury had thrown him completely out of favour with the public.

The result, however, was not what he anticipated. The moment he appeared, he was received with the most tremendous ap-

plause. Animated by this encouraging reception, he redoubled his exertions, and went through his three scenes amidst the loudest and most enthusiastic plaudits. This reception rather vexed and confused the other who had to follow, and who, striving to outdo his predecessor, made such a complete failure, that, although it was his own benefit, and he might reasonably be supposed to have a good many friends in the house, he was actually hissed, and ran off the stage in great disorder. Grimaldi finished the pantomime for him, and the brilliant manner in which it went off sufficiently testified to him that all the fears and doubts to which he had previously given way were utterly groundless. Indeed, when the performances were over, Bradbury frankly admitted that he was the best Clown he had ever seen, and that if he had been aware of his abilities, he would not have suffered himself to be put in competition with him on any account whatever.

This Bradbury was a clever actor in his way, and a very good Clown, but of so different a character from Grimaldi, that it was hardly fair to either to attempt instituting a comparison between them. He was a tumbling Clown rather than a humorous one, and would perform many wonderful and dangerous feats. He would jump from the flies—that is, from the curtains above the stage—down on to the stage itself, and do many other things equally surprising. To enable himself to go through these performance without danger, he always occupied a very long time in dressing for the part, and adjusting no fewer than nine strong pads about his person, in such manner as to protect those parts of his frame which were the most liable to injury; wearing one on the head, one round the shoulders, one round the hips, two on the elbows, two on the knees, and two on the heels of his shoes. Thus armed, he would proceed to throw and knock himself about in a manner which, to those unacquainted with his precautions, appeared to indicate an intense anxiety to meet with some severe, if not fatal accident. Grimaldi, on the contrary, never wore any padding in his life; nor did he attempt any of the great exploits which distinguished Bradbury. His Clown was of a much more composed and subdued temperament, although much more comical and amusing, as is sufficiently shown by the result of the comparison between the two which has just been described. Bradbury was very original withal, and copied no one; for he had struck

out a peculiar line for himself, and never departed from it.

After the night at Sadler's Wells, Grimaldi heard nothing more of Bradbury for some time; but at length received a note from him, dated, to his excessive surprise, from a private mad-house at Hoxton, requesting him to visit him there without delay, as he was exceedingly anxious to see him. He was much astonished at this request, as little or no intimacy had previously existed between them, and the place where the letter was dated was so very unexpected and startling. Not knowing what to do, he showed the letter to his friend Lawrence, who recommended him by all means to go, and volunteered to accompany him.

As he gladly availed himself of this offer, they went together to Hoxton, and inquiring at the appointed place, were introduced to Bradbury, who was a patient in the asylum, and had submitted to the customary regulations: all his hair being shaved off, and his person being kept under strict restraint. Concluding that he had a maniac to deal with, Grimaldi spoke in a very gentle, quiet manner, which the patient observing, burst into a roar of laughter.

"My dear fellow," said Bradbury, "don't look and speak to me in that way!—for though you find me here, treated as a patient and with my head shaved, I am no more mad than you are."

Grimaldi rather doubted this assurance, knowing it to be a common one with insane people, and therefore kept at a respectful distance. He was not long in discovering, however, that what Bradbury said was perfectly true. The circumstances which had led to his confinement in the lunatic asylum were briefly these:

Bradbury was a very dashing person, keeping a tandem, and associating with many gentlemen and men of title. Upon one occasion, when he had been playing at Plymouth, a man-of-war was coming round from that town to Portsmouth, on board of which he had several friends among the officers, who took him on board with them. It was agreed that they should sup together at Portsmouth. A splendid meal having been prepared, they spent the night, or at least the larger portion of it, in great hilarity. As morning approached, Bradbury rose to retire, and then, with considerable surprise, discovered that a magnificent gold snuff-box, with a gold chain attached, which he was accustomed to wear in his fob, and which he

had placed on the table for the use of his friends, had disappeared. He mentioned the circumstance, and a strict search was immediately instituted, but with no other effect than that of proving that the valuable box was gone. When every possible conjecture had been hazarded, and inquiry made without success, it was recollected that one of their companions, a young gentleman already writing "Honourable" before his name, and having a coronet in no way remote perspective, had retired from the table almost immediately after supper: it was suggested that he might have taken it in jest, for the purpose of alarming its owner.

Bradbury and several others went to this gentleman's room, and communicated to him the loss, and their doubts respecting him. The young gentleman positively denied any knowledge of the box, and, after bitterly reproaching them for their suspicions, abruptly closed the door in their faces, leaving Bradbury in a state of violent mortification at his loss.

On the following morning, nothing more having been heard of the missing property, the gentleman, against whom Bradbury now nourished many serious misgivings, sent down word to his friends that he was so much vexed with them for their conduct of the night before in supposing it possible he could have taken anything away, even in jest, that he should not join them at breakfast, but, on the contrary, should immediately return to town. This message, instead of allaying, as it was doubtless intended to do, Bradbury's suspicions, caused him to think still worse of the matter; and upon ascertaining that the young man had actually taken a place in the next coach which started for London, he lost no time in obtaining a warrant, by virtue of which he took him prisoner just as he was stepping into the coach. Upon searching his portmanteau the box was found, together with several articles belonging to his other companions. Bradbury was determined to prosecute, not considering the young gentleman's nobility any palliation of the theft: he was instantly taken before a magistrate, and fully committed for trial.

No sooner did this affair become known to the relatives and connections of the offender, than, naturally anxious to preserve the good name of the family, they proceeded to offer large sums to Bradbury if he would relinquish the prosecution,—all of which proposals he for some time steadily refused. At length they offered him a handsome annuity, firmly

secured for the whole of his life : he was not proof against this temptation, and at length signified his readiness to accept the bribe.

The next point to be considered was, how Bradbury could accept the money without compounding a felony, and increasing the obloquy already cast upon the thief. He hit upon and carried into execution a most singular plan :—he caused the report to be circulated that he had suddenly become insane—committed many extravagant acts—and in a short time was, apparently against his own will, but in reality by his own contrivance, deprived of his liberty, and conveyed to the asylum where Grimaldi visited him. The consequence of this step was, that when the stealer of the snuff-box was placed upon his trial, no prosecutor appearing, he was adjudged not guilty, and liberated accordingly. Intelligence of this was directly sent to Bradbury, who proceeded to make arrangements for his own release : this was soon effected, and it was on the eve of the day of his departure that Grimaldi saw him in the mad-house. His only object in writing, or rather in causing the letter to be written, for he could not write a line himself, nor read either, was to ask him to play for his ensuing benefit at the Surrey Theatre, which he readily consented to do ; then wishing him a speedy deliverance from his disagreeable abode, he took his departure.

The next day Bradbury came out of the asylum, telling everybody that he was perfectly recovered, having got well in as sudden a manner as he fell ill, and in the following week his benefit took place. Grimaldi played and sang for him, and took money at the gallery door, to boot. The house was quite full, and everything went on well until Bradbury made his appearance, when, impelled by some strange and sudden whim, he was guilty of a disgusting piece of irreverence and impertinence. The consequence of this was that the audience very naturally and properly took great offence, and upon a repetition of the conduct literally hooted him from the stage.

This was the ruin of Bradbury as a pantomimist. He did not appear again in London for many years, and, although he played occasionally in the country theatres, never afterwards regained his former rank and celebrity in the profession. As far as pecuniary matters were concerned, it did not matter much to him, the annuity affording him a handsome independence ; but whether he afterwards sold it and dissipated the money,

or whether the annuity itself was discontinued in the course of years, this at least is certain, that when he died, which he did in London, in 1828, he was in very indifferent circumstances, if not in actual want.

In October Covent Garden commenced the new campaign, and brought forward "Mother Goose," which ran, with the same degree of success as before, until nearly Christmas, and was played altogether twenty-nine times.

On the 15th of this month a most frightful accident occurred at Sadler's Wells. The pantomime was played first that night, which, joined to his having nothing to do at Covent Garden, enabled Grimaldi to go home early to bed. At midnight he was awakened by a great noise in the street, and loud and repeated knocks at the door of his house : at first he concluded it might be some idle party amusing themselves by knocking and running away ; an intellectual amusement not at that time exclusively confined to a few gentlemen of high degree ; but finding that it was repeated, and that the noise without increased, he hastily slipped on a morning-gown and trousers, and hurried to the street-door.

The people who were clamouring outside were for the most part friends, who exclaimed, when he appeared, that they had merely come to assure themselves of his personal safety, and were rejoiced to find that he had escaped. He now learned, for the first time, that some vagabonds in the pit of the theatre had raised a cry of "Fire !" during the performance of the last piece, "The Ocean Fiend," and that the audience had risen simultaneously to make their escape : that a violent rush towards the doors had ensued, and that in the confusion and fright a most fearful loss of life had taken place. He waited to hear no more, but instantly ran off to the theatre.

On arriving there he found the crowd of people collected around it so dense as to render approach by the usual path impossible. Filled with anxiety, and determined to ascertain the real state of the case, he ran round to the opposite bank of the New River, plunged in, swam across, and finding the parlour window open, and a light at the other end of the room, threw up the sash and jumped in *à la Harlequin*. What was his horror, on looking round, to discover that there lay stretched in the apartment no fewer than nine dead bodies ! yes ! there lay the remains of nine human beings, lifeless, and scarcely yet cold, whom a few hours back







LIKE MASTER LIKE MAN.

he had been himself exciting to shouts of laughter. Paralysed by the sad sight, he stood awhile without the power of motion; then, hurrying to the door, hastily sought to rid himself of the dreadful scene. It was locked without, and he vainly strove to open it, so knocked violently for assistance. At first the family of Mr. Hughes were greatly terrified at hearing these sounds issuing from a room tenanted, as they imagined, only by the dead; but at length recognizing the voice, they unlocked the door, and he gladly emerged from the apartment.

It was not known until next day how many lives were lost; but when the actual loss of life could be ascertained, it appeared that twenty-three people, male and female, were killed, not to mention many dangerous and severe accidents. This melancholy catastrophe was mainly attributable to the imprudence of those persons who reached the theatre doors first, and who, upon finding that nothing really was the matter, sought to return to their places. The meeting of the two crowds in the passages caused a complete stoppage; and this leading the people inside to believe that all egress was blocked up, impelled them to make violent efforts to escape, for the most part fatal to the unfortunate persons who tried them. Several people flung themselves from the gallery into the pit, others rushed hopelessly into the densest part of the crowd and were suffocated, others were trodden under foot, and hence the melancholy result.

This accident happening on the last night but four of the season, it was deemed prudent not to re-open the house that year.\*

\* The house closed, but reopened for two nights on Monday, November 2, and Tuesday, November 3. The whole proceeds were given to the relations of the deceased, and to the maimed sufferers on that luckless night, the 15th of the preceding month. The entire company engaged in the theatre tendered their services gratuitously: the two nights' representations produced £290 7s., which was beneficially and impartially distributed by the proprietors, a proceeding which elicited the following declaration:—

"We, the magistrates, who have acted on this occasion, feel it incumbent upon us to express to the public our approbation of the conduct of the proprietors of Sadler's Wells, who used, as it appears, every possible exertion at the time, and have shown every attention to alleviate, as much as was in their power, the distress occasioned by so melancholy an event; and at the same time we feel a pleasure in bearing our testimonies to the grateful deportment of those who have experienced

Such performers as were entitled to benefits, and had not yet taken them, took them at the Circus; and thus terminated the season of 1807,—the most melancholy termination of a season which Sadler's Wells Theatre had ever known.

On the 26th of December was produced "Harlequin in his Element; or, Fire, Water, Earth, and Air," in which Bologna and Grimaldi were the harlequin and clown. It was highly successful, and in Grimaldi's opinion deservedly so, for he always considered it one of the best pantomimes in which he ever played. During this season he also performed in an unsuccessful melodrama, entitled "Bonifacio and Bridgetino,"† and also Baptiste, in "Raymond and Agnes," which latter piece went off very well, and was repeated several times.

At this time he had a cottage at Finchley,‡ to which place he used to drive down in his gig after the performances. If there were no rehearsal, he remained there until the following afternoon; if there were, he returned to town immediately after breakfast. His principal reason for taking the house originally was that his young son, of whom he was extremely fond, might have the benefit of country air: but both he and his wife became so much attached to it, that when his original term expired he renewed the lease, and retained it altogether for several years.

He met with numerous little adventures during these night-drives after the theatre: sometimes he fell asleep as soon as he had turned out of town, and only awoke when he arrived at his own gate. One night he was so fatigued with his performance that he still continued to sleep, when the horse, a very steady one, who could always find his way home without assistance, had stopped at the gate. The best of it was, that upon this particular night the man-servant, who always sat up for him, had fallen asleep too;

the attention, the humanity, and the liberal relief which has been afforded them.

"A. CUMMING.

"W. WIX.

"RICHARD LONDON.

"SADLER'S WELLS, Nov. 27, 1807."

† Bologna Jun. and Grimaldi were the two heroes in this piece, produced for the first time at Covent Garden Theatre, on Thursday, March 31, 1808.

‡ On the edge of the common, between the seventh and eighth mile stone, on the lefthand side of the road from town.

so there sat he slumbering on one side of the fence, while on the other side, not six feet off, sat his master in the gig, fast asleep too; and so they both remained, until the violent snorting of the horse, which probably thought it high time to turn in for the night, awoke the man, who roused the master, and speedily set all to rights. But as one circumstance which recurred to him during these night journeys will be narrated at greater length in another part of the volume, we will leave the subject for the present.

He very grievously offended Mr. Fawcett, in March, 1808, from a very slight cause, and without the remotest intention of doing so. Fawcett called one afternoon at his cottage at Finchley, on his road to town from his own house at Totteridge, which was only two miles distant from Grimaldi's, and asked Grimaldi to play for his benefit, then close at hand: this he most willingly promised to do.

"Ah," said Fawcett, "but, understand, I don't want you to play clown or anything of that sort: I want you to do Brocket in the 'Son-in-Law.'"

Grimaldi demurred a little to this proposition, considering that as he had made a great hit in one branch of his profession, he could not do better than retain his standing in it, without attempting some new line in which, by failure, he might injure his reputation. Not wishing to disoblige Mr. Fawcett if he could possibly help it, he replied that he must decline giving an answer at that moment, but that in the course of a day or two he would write. Having consulted his friends in the mean time, and being strongly advised by them not to appear in the character Mr. Fawcett had mentioned, he wrote, declining in respectful terms to do so, and stating the grounds of his objection. Odd as it may appear, the little circumstance angered him much: he never afterwards behaved towards him with any cordiality, and for the three years immediately following, never so much as spoke to or noticed him whenever they chanced to meet.

On the 14th, he received permission from Mr. Kemble to play for his sister-in-law's benefit at the Birmingham Theatre, which was then under the management of Mr. Macready, the father of the great tragedian. Immediately upon his arrival, Grimaldi repaired to his hotel, and was welcomed by Mr. Macready with much cordiality and politeness, proposing that he should remain in Birmingham two, or, if possible, three

nights after the benefit at which he was announced to perform, and offering terms of the most liberal description. Anticipating a proposal of this nature, Grimaldi had, before he left town, inquired what the performances were likely to be at Covent Garden for some days to come. Finding that if the existing arrangements were adhered to, he could not be wanted for at least a week, he had resolved to accept any good offer that might be made to him at Birmingham, and therefore closed with Mr. Macready, without hesitation. After breakfast they walked together to the theatre to rehearse; and here Grimaldi discovered a great lack of those adjuncts of stage effect technically known as "properties:" there were no tricks, nor indeed was there anything requisite for pantomimic business. After vainly endeavouring to devise some means by which the requisite articles could be dispensed with, he mentioned his embarrassment to the manager.

"What! properties?" exclaimed that gentleman: "wonderful! you London stars require a hundred things, where we country people are content with one: however, whatever you want you shall have.—Here, Will, go down to the market and buy a small pig, a goose, and two ducks. Mr. Grimaldi wants some properties, and must have them."

The man grinned, took the money, and went away. After some reflection Grimaldi decided in his own mind that the manager's directions had been couched in some peculiar phrases common to the theatre, and at once went about arranging six pantomime scenes, with which the evening's entertainments were to conclude. While he was thus engaged, a violent uproar and loud shouts of laughter hailed the return of the messenger, who, having fulfilled his commission to the very letter, presented him with a small pig, a goose, and two ducks, all alive, and furthermore, with Mr. Macready's compliments, and he deeply regretted to say that those were all the properties in the house.

He accepted them with many thanks, and arranged a little business accordingly. He caused the old man in the pantomime and his daughter to enter, immediately after the rising of the curtain, as though they had just come back from market, while he himself, as clown and their servant, followed, carrying their purchases. He dressed himself in an old livery coat with immense pockets, and a huge cocked hat; both were, of course, over his clown's costume. At his back, he carried a basket laden with carrots and



THE END OF THE WORLD

THE END OF THE WORLD



George Cruikshank

LIVE PROPERTIES.

turnips ; stuffed a duck into each pocket, leaving their heads hanging out ; carried the pig under one arm, and the goose under the other. Thus fitted and attired, he presented himself to the audience, and was received with roars of laughter. His songs were all encored—"Tippitywitchit" three times, and the hit was most decided. The house was full to the ceiling, and it was equally full on the following night, when he played Scaramouch ; the third night was as good as any of the preceding ; and the fourth, which terminated his engagement, was as successful as the rest. Just as he was going on the stage on this last evening, and had even taken up his "properties" for that purpose, a note was put into his hands, which was dated that morning, and had just arrived from London, whence it had been despatched with all possible speed. He opened it hastily, and read, in the hand of an intimate friend,—

"DEAR JOE,—They have announced you to play to-morrow night at Covent Garden ; and as they know you have not returned from Birmingham, I fear it is done to injure you. Lose not a moment, but start immediately on the receipt of this."

He instantly ran to Mr. Macready, and showing him the letter, told him, that, although he was very sorry to disappoint his Birmingham friends, he could not stop to play.

"Not stop to play !" echoed the manager : "why, my good fellow, they will pull the house down. You must stop to play, and post up to London afterwards. I'll take care that a chaise and four are waiting for you at the stage door, and that everything shall be ready for you to start the moment you have finished your business."

He played with the same success to a brilliant house, received £294, from the manager as his remuneration for three nights, threw himself into the chaise, and at twelve o'clock, within a few minutes after he had quitted the stage, was on his road to London.

The weather was tempestuous, the roads in a most desperate condition, and, to make matters worse, he treated the postboys so liberally in the hope of accelerating their speed, that they became so drunk as to be scarcely able to sit their horses. After various escapes and perils, they discovered, at the end of an unusually long stage, that they had come fourteen miles out of the road, "all in consequence," as one of the boys said, with

many hiccups, and much drunken gravity,— "all in consequence of only taking one wrong turn."

The result of this combination of mischances was, that he did not reach Salt Hill until seven o'clock on the following evening ; having been nineteen hours on the road. Here he jumped into another chaise which fortunately stood ready at the door, and hurried up to London, without venturing to stay for any refreshment whatever. He drove straight to the theatre, where he found his friend awaiting his arrival with great trepidation. Hearing that the overture to the piece in which he was to perform was then playing, he gave his friend the £294 to take care of, ran to his dressing-room, dressed for his part, which Farley had already made preparations for performing himself, and went on the stage the moment he got his cue, much to the astonishment of his friends, and greatly to the surprise of some individuals connected with the management of the theatre, who had anticipated a very different result from his visit to Birmingham.

## CHAPTER XV.

1808 to 1809.

Covent Garden Theatre destroyed by fire—Grimaldi makes a trip to Manchester : he meets with an accident there, and another at Liverpool—The Sir Hugh Myddleton Tavern at Sadler's Wells, and a description of some of its frequenters, necessary to a full understanding of the succeeding chapter.

OF course some unforeseen circumstance was to happen, and some unexpected demand to be made on the money so easily earned. A short time before he went to Birmingham, being short of cash, he had commissioned a friend on whom he placed great reliance to get his bill at one month for £150 discounted. The friend put the bill into his pocket-book,



and promised to bring the money at night. Night came, but the money did not : it had not arrived when he returned from Birmingham ; the friend was nowhere to be found, and he had soon afterwards the satisfaction of paying the whole sum, without having received a sixpence of the money.

During the season of 1808, at Sadler's Wells, the principal and most successful part he had was in a burletta, called "Odd Fish ; or, Mrs. Scaite in the Seraglio." His two benefits were bumpers,\* and the theatre closed on the 26th of September, after another most profitable campaign.

The Covent Garden season, which had terminated on the 13th of July,† recommenced on the 12th of September. Seven days afterwards the theatre was burned to the ground, after the performance of "Pizarro," and the "Portrait of Cervantes." The company removed to the Italian Opera-house, and subsequently to the Haymarket ; but as Grimaldi was not wanted, he availed himself of an offer to visit the Manchester Theatre,

\* Grimaldi's two benefits at Sadler's Wells were special favours granted to him by his father-in-law, Mr. Hughes ; but the burletta of "Odd Fish ; or, Mrs. Scaite in the Seraglio," was not performed in 1808. Joe's parts this year were Clown in the Pantomimes of "Harlequin's Lottery," and "Harlequin Highflyer ; or, Off She Goes." In the former, he sang the afterwards popular ditty of the "Smithfield Bargain, or Will Patty ;" in the latter the songs of "Oh ! my deary !" and "A Bull in a China Shop." The season, which continued till November the first, concluded with a grand Aquatic Romance, called the "Magic Minstrel ;" in this piece Grimaldi played Mulock ; and Darnsit, afterwards of Covent Garden, the part of Oberon, the Magic Minstrel. In the pantomime of "Harlequin's Lottery," in which Mrs. Cawse (who died in 1845) personated Fortune, the chief scenes had reference to Bish's far-famed lottery offices.

† The season of 1807-8, at Covent Garden, closed June 27th, 1808, not the 13th of July. That of 1808-9, began September 12th, and on Monday, 19th, were performed "Pizarro," and the "Portrait of Cervantes." About four o'clock on the following morning, flames were seen to issue from the roof, alarm was given, but too late ; in two hours more the whole theatre, all the adjacent buildings in Hart Street and Bow Street, were a pile of smouldering ruins. The fire was occasioned by leaving a German stove in the property-room, charged with fuel, after the man had left ; the pipe is supposed to have conducted the heat to the roof, which by that means took fire. The Covent Garden Company continued their season at the King's Theatre, from September 28th till December 3rd, and removed to the Haymarket on December 5th.

then managed by Messrs. Ward, Lewis, and Knight, and left town for that purpose. There was a strong rivalry between the coach proprietors on the road at that time, but for the safety of the passengers it was expressly understood between them that the coaches should never be allowed to pass each other, but that the coach which took the lead at starting should retain it all the way through, unless any temporary stoppage of the first vehicle enabled the second to assume the post of honour. Grimaldi's coach was the last, and just as they were going into Macclesfield, the Defiance, (which was the name of the other coach,) stopping to change horses and to allow the passengers to take tea, became entangled with the wheels of the second vehicle in the darkness of the evening ; and when the second coach overset, which it did immediately, the empty Defiance fell upon the top of it so neatly and dexterously, that the passengers were obliged to be dragged through the two coaches before they could be extricated. Fortunately nobody was much hurt, although Grimaldi was the worst off, for he was the undermost, and five stout men (they carried six inside at that time) fell on the top of him. The only disagreeable part of the matter was, that they were delayed upwards of four hours, and that the unfortunate Defiance was left both literally and figuratively *on* the road for a much longer time.

During this provincial trip he played six nights at Manchester and one at Liverpool, for which he received in all £251. The only drawback upon the expedition was, that he sustained two accidents, the effects of which were quite bad enough, but might have been much more serious. He arranged and got up a very pretty little pantomime called "Castles in the Air," in which he of course played Clown. His first appearance was to be from a large bowl, placed in the centre of the stage, and labelled "Gooseberry Fool ;" \* to pass through which it was necessary for him to ascend from beneath the stage, through a trap-door which the bowl concealed. On the first night of the piece he ascended from below at the proper time ; but when he gained the level of the stage the ropes which were attached to the trap broke, and he fell back into the cellar, from which he had just risen. He was terribly shaken and stunned

‡ "Castles in the Air ; or, Columbine Cowslip," was not produced till the close of the season of 1809, at Sadler's Wells.

by the fall, but quickly recovering himself he ascended the stairs, went on the stage, and played as though nothing had happened to discompose him. In spite of his assumed calmness, however, he was in agony during the whole of the first scene; but the pain wholly left him as he went on, in the excitement of the part; and by the time he had finished the pantomime, he was as well as he had been before its commencement.

This was at Manchester. The Liverpool Theatre belonging to the same managers, and being resorted to by the same company, they all travelled thither for one night, for the purpose of playing "Castles in the Air," as the afterpiece, having the same master-carpenter with them as they had at Manchester. Grimaldi sought the man out, and explaining to him the nature of the accident which had happened through his negligence on the previous night, entreated him to render all secure for that evening, and to prevent a repetition of the occurrence. This he promised, but failed to do notwithstanding, for a precisely similar accident took place here. Grimaldi had ascended to the stage, and got his head through the bowl, when, as a shout of laughter and welcome broke from the audience, the ropes gave way and he was left struggling in the trap. For a second or two he did not fall; for having passed through the trap nearly to his waist, he strove to support himself by his arms. All his endeavours, however, were vain; the weight of his body pulled him downwards, and the trap being small his elbows were caught by the edges, and forced together above his head, thereby straining his shoulders to such an extent that he thought his arms were wrested from their sockets. He fell a considerable distance, and when he rose from the ground was in excessive pain. He managed with great difficulty to crawl through the first scene, and then warming with his exertions and kindling with the great applause he received, he rallied successfully, and got through the part with flying colours.

When he reached his inn, which, now that the excitement of acting was over, was a task of considerable difficulty, he was well rubbed with the infallible embrocation, and put to bed in a very helpless state. On the following morning, scarcely able to crawl, he was assisted into the coach, and returned home.

Grimaldi acted very little at the Haymarket \* with the Covent Garden company,

\* Grimaldi was not in requisition for any part at the Haymarket till "Mother Goose" was re-

till after Christmas, when "Mother Goose" was revived, with a new last scene, representing the ruins of Covent Garden Theatre, transformed by a touch of Harlequin's wand into a new and splendid building. In March he sustained for the first time the character of Kanko in "La Perouse." He took his benefit on the 23rd of May. \* The season terminated a few nights afterwards; and with it, it may be incidentally observed, terminated the theatrical career of the celebrated Lewis, who retired from the stage at this period.

Sadler's Wells presented no particular novelty in 1809.† Its chief production was a piece called "Johnnie Armstrong," in which Grimaldi played Kirstie, a kind of "Touchstone;" it was very successful, and the season closed, as all the Sadler's Wells seasons did at that time, with great profits.

Before adverting to the little adventure arising out of one of the nocturnal rides to which reference has been already made, it will be necessary to mention a few circumstances, upon which such interest as it possesses mainly depends.

The pantomime was usually played first, at Sadler's Wells. When this was the case

lived with two new scenes, and subsequently a third, on Monday, December 26, 1808. "La Perouse" was revived, for "the first time these four years," on Thursday, January 26, 1809, and not in March, as here stated. La Perouse was performed by Bologna, junior; Madame Perouse, by Miss Bristow; Umba, by Miss Adams; Kanko, suitor to Umba, by Mr. Grimaldi; their first appearance in those characters. The eighteenth representation was on April 5th.

† On Joe's benefit night was performed the "Busy Body;" Marplot, by Mr. Lewis; and "Mother Goose." Mr. Lewis took his final leave of the stage, on the 29th, as the Copper Captain, in "Rule a Wife and have a Wife;" "The Ghost;" and "Valentine and Orson." The season terminated on May 31st, with the "Exile" and "Valentine and Orson."

‡ Sadler's Wells opened at Easter, April 3, 1809, and in the pantomime of "Fashion's Fool; or, The Aquatic Harlequin," Grimaldi played Clown, and sang the songs of "Odd Fish," and the "Whip Club." On Whit Monday, May 22, he played the Wild Man, in the Aquatic Melodramatic Romance of "The Wild Man: or, Water Pageant." On July 31, a new Harlequinade, called "Castles in the Air; or, Columbine Cowslip," was produced. Grimaldi played Clown, with the song of "Looney's Lamentation for Miss Margery Muggins," and a quartetto caricatura, called "Cut and Come Again; or, The Clown's Ordinary." On Mrs. C. Dibdin's night, October 16, Grimaldi, in compliance to her, sang three new songs, in addition to those pertaining to "Castles in the Air."

Grimaldi was at liberty by about half-past eight : he would sometimes call at the Sir Hugh Myddleton, and take a glass of wine and water with some friends who frequented the house, and then start off in his gig to Finchley.

He had several times met at this tavern a young man of the name of George Hamilton, a working jeweller, residing somewhere in Clerkenwell, a sociable good-tempered merry fellow enough, but rather too much addicted to drinking and squandering his money. This man was very sensitive upon the subject of trade, being, as the phrase goes, above his business, having an ambition to be a gentleman, and resenting any allusion to his occupation as a personal affront. He was a very ingenious and skilful man at his business, and could earn a great deal of money ; but his companions suspected that these absurdities led him into spending more than he could well afford. Grimaldi was so strongly impressed with this opinion, that, with a good-hearted impulse, he frequently felt tempted to remonstrate with him upon his folly. Their slight intimacy, however, restrained him, and the man continued to take his own course.

These were his mental peculiarities : he had a remarkable physical peculiarity besides, wanting, either from an accident or a natural defect, the third finger of his left hand. Whether he wished to conceal this imperfection, or had some other defect in the same hand, is uncertain ; but he invariably kept his little finger in a bent position beneath the palm of it ; so that when he sat, or walked, as he usually did, with his left hand half hidden in his pocket, the defect was not observable ; but when he suddenly changed his position, or drew forth his hand in discourse, it had always the appearance of having only two fingers upon it.

Grimaldi's first acquaintance with this person was in 1808, when he was very frequently at Sadler's Wells, and the Sir Hugh Myddleton. At the termination of the summer season he lost sight of him, in consequence of his engagements taking him elsewhere ; but in Easter, 1809, when Sadler's Wells re-opened, and Grimaldi resumed his habit of calling at the tavern for half-an-hour or so, before driving out to Finchley, he again encountered him. He had been married in the interval, and frequently took his wife, a pretty young creature, to the tavern with him, as at that time many tradesmen in the neighbourhood were accustomed to do.

Grimaldi paid little attention to these circumstances at first ; but a change had come over the man which irresistibly attracted his attention. He had become very violent and irritable,—and acquired a nervous restlessness of manner, an occasional incoherence of speech, a wildness of look, and betrayed many other indications of a mind somewhat disordered. He dressed differently too : formerly he had been neatly attired, and looked like a respectable, well-doing man ; but now he was showy and gaudy, wore a number of large rings and other articles of cheap jewellery, and his desire to be thought a great man had increased greatly,—so much so, indeed, that his declamations against trade and all concerned in it deeply affronted the worthies who were wont to assemble at the Sir Hugh, and occasioned many disputes and altercations.

All these things evidently made the wife very unhappy. Although he usually abstained from drinking to his customary excess in her presence, he said and did enough to make her wretched, and frequently, when she thought she was unobserved, she would sit in a remote corner and weep bitterly.

One night Hamilton brought with him a new friend, a man of very sinister appearance and marvellously ill-favoured countenance. They were, or affected to be, both greatly intoxicated. The strange man was introduced by his friend to Grimaldi, and began entering into conversation with him ; but as there was something remarkably repulsive in his appearance, he rose and left the room.

The two men came together very often. Nobody knew who or what the stranger was ; nobody liked or even spoke to him ; and it was constantly observed that whenever Hamilton was in a state of gross intoxication, he was in this person's company. The old visitors of the Sir Hugh shook their heads mysteriously, and hoped he had not fallen into bad company ; although, truth to tell, they could not help thinking that appearances were greatly against him.

One night Grimaldi was sitting alone in the room, reading the newspaper, when Hamilton, the stranger, and the poor wife came in together. The former was in a state of intoxication, so much so that he could scarcely stand. The wife had evidently been crying, and seemed truly wretched ; but the strange man wore an air of dogged triumph that made him look perfectly hideous.

Curious to see what passed, Grimaldi held the paper before his face, and watched them closely. They did not recognize him, but walked to the other end of the room. Hamilton hiccoughed forth an order for something to drink, stammering in reply to the earnest entreaties of his wife, that he would go home directly he had taken "this one glass more." It was brought, but not tasted, for his head had fallen upon the table, and he was fast asleep before the liquor came.

The man whom he had a minute before named for the first time—Archer he called him—regarded his sleeping companion in silence for some minutes, and then leaning behind him to reach the wife, who was on the other side, touched her lightly on the shoulder. She looked up, and he, pointing with a contemptuous air to the sleeping drunkard, took her hand and pressed it in a manner which it was impossible to misunderstand. She started indignantly from her seat, and darted at the man a look which completely quelled him. He sat with his arms folded, and his eyes fixed on the ground for above a quarter of an hour, and then, suddenly rousing himself, tendered his assistance in attempting to awaken the husband. His harsh voice and rough gestures accomplished what the whispered persuasion of the wife had been unable to effect: Hamilton awoke, emptied his glass, and they all left the apartment together; she studiously avoiding any contact with the man called Archer.

This little scene interested the observer much. He sat thinking upon what had passed so long that he was upwards of an hour later than usual in reaching home. He felt a strong inclination to speak to Hamilton, and kindly but firmly to tell him what he had seen, and what he thought. On consideration, however, he determined not to interfere, deeming it more prudent to leave the issue to the good sense and proper feeling of his wife, who evidently knew what danger threatened her, and how to avert it.

The situation of these persons occupied so much of his thoughts, that when he called as usual at the tavern next night, he felt a strong anxiety to meet them there again. He was disappointed, for Hamilton was seated in the room alone. He nodded as Grimaldi entered, and said,—

"Are you going to Finchley to-night?"

"No," was the reply; "I wish I was: I

have an engagement at my house here in town which will prevent my doing so."

"I thought you always went there on summer evenings," said Hamilton, glancing over the paper as he spoke, and speaking in an uninterested and careless style.

"No, not always," said Grimaldi: "pretty nearly though—five nights out of six."

"Then you'll go to-morrow?" asked Hamilton.

"Oh, certainly! to-morrow, and every night this week except to-night."

They exchanged a "Good-evening!" and parted.

It so happened that Grimaldi was reluctantly obliged to remain in town, not only next night, but the night after also, in consequence of the arrival in town of some country friends. On the third night, the 9th of July, he called at the tavern to take his usual glass, before mounting his gig, and, his mind being still occupied with thoughts of the poor young woman and her dissipated husband, he inquired whether Hamilton had been there that night. The reply was, he had not: he had not been there for three evenings, or, in other words, since he had seen and spoken to him.

When Grimaldi produced his purse to pay for the wine and water he had drunk, he found he had nothing but two five-pound notes. He gave the waiter one, requesting change, and put the other in his waistcoat pocket. He usually carried notes in a pocket-book, but upon this evening he did not happen to have it about him; in fact, he had received the notes very unexpectedly while he was in the theatre from a person who owed him money. He put the change in his purse, got into the gig, and drove homeward.

On that particular evening Grimaldi had a call to make in Tottenham Court Road, which delayed him for some little time. As he was passing through Kentish Town, a friend, who was standing at his door, the weather being sultry, insisted upon his coming in and taking a glass of wine: this detained him again, as they stood chatting for half-an-hour or so; and by the time he had resumed his journey homewards it was near the middle of the night.

## CHAPTER XVI.

1809.

His Adventure on Highgate Hill, and its consequences.

It was a fine, clear night; there was no moon, but the stars were shining brightly; the air was soft and fresh, and very pleasant after the heat of the day. Grimaldi drove on at a quicker pace than usual, fearing that they might be alarmed at home by his being so late, and having just heard some distant clock strike the three quarters after eleven. Suddenly the horse stopped.

Near the spot was a ridge across the road for the purpose of draining the fields on the higher side, forming a little hollow, which in the summer was dry, and in the winter generally full of mud. The horse knew it well, being accustomed to pause there for a minute, to cross the ditch slowly, and then to resume his usual trot. Bending forward to assure himself that he had arrived at this part of the road, Grimaldi heard a low whistle, and immediately afterwards three men darted out of a hedge. One seized the horse's bridle, and the two others rushed up, one to each side of the gig; then, presenting pistols, they demanded his money.

Grimaldi sat for a moment quite incapable of speaking, the surprise had come so suddenly upon him; but hearing the cocking of a pistol close beside him, he roused himself, and seeing that he had no chance against three armed men, cried,—

"Mercy, gentlemen, mercy!"

"You won't be hurt," said the man on his left, "so long as you give your money directly."

"No, no," said the man at the horse's head, "you won't be hurt. Your money is what we want."

"You shall have it," he answered; "but I expect you not to injure me." He fumbled at his pocket for his purse, and while doing so looked narrowly at the persons by whom he was attacked. They all wore black crape over their faces, so that not a feature was discernible, and were clad in very large black frocks. The disguises were complete: it was impossible to make out anything of their appearance.

"Look sharp!" said the left-hand man; "the money!—come, we can't stay here."

Grimaldi extricated the purse, and handed it to the speaker. The man at the horse's head looked sharply on, and cried,—

"Tom, what has he given you?"

"His purse," was the reply.

"That won't do," said the man. "You have more money about you; I know you have: come, hand over, will ye?"

"I have not, indeed," replied Grimaldi. "Sometimes I carry a little in my pocket-book; but to-night I forgot to bring it with me."

"You have more money with you, and you know it," said the man who held the bridle: "you have got a bank-note in your left-hand waistcoat pocket."

The circumstance had really escaped Grimaldi's memory; but, being reminded of it, he drew forth the note, and delivered it to the man to whom he had resigned his purse.

"It's all right, Tom," said the man on his right; "we had better be off now."

As the man spoke he moved round the back of the gig, as if with the intention of going away. It was the first time he had uttered a word, and his voice struck Grimaldi as being a familiar one, though he could not, in his confusion, recollect where or when he had heard it. He had no time to reflect on the matter, for the man at the horse's head demanded of the man on his left whether he had got his watch.

"No," said the fellow, "I forgot his watch. Give it here!" With these words he again raised his pistol, which had been all this time, and still was, on full cock.

Grimaldi gave it up, but not without a sigh, for it was the very watch which had been presented to him with his own portrait on the dial-plate. As he put it into the man's hand, he said,—

"If you knew who I am, you would not treat me in this manner."

"Oh, we know you well enough, Mr. Grimaldi," said the man at the reins; "we have been waiting for you these three nights, and began to think you would not come to-night."

The other men laughed, and the man whose voice had struck him, recommended his companion to give the watch back again.

"Oh yes, I dare say!" said the man, with a sneer, who held the horse.

"Well, I don't know," said the fellow who had been addressed as Tom; "I don't think it's worth a couple of pounds."

"No, no, it is not; and besides, I say he shall have it again," cried the man, whose

voice, familiar at first, now seemed perfectly well known to Grimaldi. "Here!" He snatched the watch from his comrade's hand, who made no effort to retain it, and handed it into the gig. Grimaldi gladly received it back; but, in the act of doing so, he saw that the hand from which he took it had, or appeared to have, *but two fingers upon it*.

The watch was no sooner returned than the robbers made off with great rapidity, and he was once again alone, in a far greater state of alarm and trepidation than when the robbers surrounded him. The revulsion of feeling was so great that he felt as if his existence depended upon instant flight, and that his flight would be far more speedy if he ran than if he rode. Acting upon the impulse of his disordered nerves, he sprang at once out of the gig, but, not jumping sufficiently high to clear it, was thrown into the road, head foremost, with great force, and struck his temple heavily against a flint. The blow and the previous fright quite bewildered him, but did not render him insensible; he was up again directly, and found himself, at the expiration of some ten minutes, stopped by the patrol, to whom he was well known. He had no recollection of running, but he had run for a long distance, and the first thing he was conscious of was the being half-supported by this man, and receiving many eager inquiries what had befallen him.

Grimaldi spoke as plainly as his agitation would permit, and related what had passed.

"Just what I have expected to happen to somebody for these many nights past," said the patrol. "Sir, I have watched those three men repeatedly; it was only last night I warned 'em that I did not like to see them loitering about my beat, and that if anything wrong happened I should suspect them. Make your mind easy, sir; I know where they are to be found, and I'll lay my life that in less than two hours I have them safe."

"And what am I to do?" Grimaldi inquired.

"Nothing to-night, sir," was the patrol's reply; "I would only recommend you to get home as fast as you can. At twelve o'clock to-morrow you attend at Bow Street; and if I don't show you the men, I shall be as much surprised as you have been to-night."

The horse came up just then, having trotted on very composedly, with the gig at his heels; taking the patrol's advice, Grimaldi got in, and having promised to meet him next morning, made the best of his way home, which

he reached without further hindrance or interruption.

Grimaldi found his wife, as he had expected, very much terrified at his being so late; nor were her fears allayed by his wild demeanour and the appearance of the blow on his temple. To her hurried inquiries he gave the best answers that occurred to him, and being unwilling to give her any unnecessary alarm, merely remarked that he had a fall from his gig, which had made him giddy and uncomfortable. The pains he afterwards took to keep the real truth from coming to her knowledge were infinite. Every newspaper that came into the house he carefully searched, to ascertain that it contained no paragraph relative to the robbery; and so successful were his precautions, that she had not the least linking of the circumstance until more than two years afterwards, upon their giving up the cottage at Finchley, and returning to town; when her first exclamation was, "Oh, Joe, if I had only known this at the time, I never could have slept another night in Finchley!"

This was exactly what Grimaldi had supposed, and he was not a little delighted to find that he had been enabled to remain during the whole of that time in a place to which he was very much attached, and where, in the society of his wife and child, he had spent some of the happiest hours of his existence.

Grimaldi got very little sleep after the robbery, his thoughts turning all night upon the distressing consequences it seemed likely to involve. That Hamilton was one of the men he felt pretty well sure: the voice and defect in the left hand were strong proofs against him. Added to this, there was other evidence, circumstantial, it is true, but still very weighty. It was plain, from the knowledge which one of the thieves possessed relative to the note, that he or some one connected with him had been at the tavern in the earlier part of the night, and had there closely watched his actions. The doubtful character of Archer, and his suspicious looks and manner, had struck him often; the thieves had been waiting three nights, and for three nights Hamilton had been absent from his usual place of resort. The more he thought of these things, the more sure he felt that Hamilton was a highwayman: then came the reflection, that if, upon his evidence, he was sentenced to death, it would most probably involve the fate of his young wife, of whose meekness and gentleness he had



seen so many tokens. He tossed and tumbled through the night, meditating upon these things over and over again; he rose the follow morning feverish and dejected, trusting the thieves might escape rather than that he should be the means of bringing any of his fellow-creatures to a violent death, or dooming others to living and hopeless wretchedness.

Pleading an early call to rehearsal as the reason for his going so early to town, he left Finchley immediately after breakfast, and drove to Bow Street, where he found the patrol already waiting. The moment he caught sight of the man and observed the air with which he approached to receive him, all the hopes which he had involuntarily nourished evaporated, and he felt terrified at the thought that a capital prosecution at the Old Bailey was certainly reserved for him.

"Well, sir," said the man, as he helped him out of the gig, "it's all right. I have got three men, and I have no doubt they are the fellows."

Grimaldi's distress was redoubled, and he inquired, trembling, whether any of the stolen property had been found upon them.

The man replied, with evident chagrin, he had not succeeded so far, and therefore supposed they had got rid of the booty before he found them; but if they were sworn to, they would be committed at once; and that when it was known among their companions, he had little doubt but that he should be able to trace out some evidence relative to the note. With this brief preparation, he led Grimaldi at once into the presence of the magistrate, to whom he recounted the particulars of the robbery, hinting that as he had not been personally injured by the thieves, he had no wish to prosecute if it could be avoided;—an intimation to which the patrol listened in high dudgeon, and which the magistrate appeared to regard with some doubt, merely observing that the circumstance might possibly be taken into consideration with a view to the mitigation of punishment, but could not be urged or recognized at all, in that stage of the proceedings.

The patrol was then examined, and, after stating in effect what he had stated to Grimaldi on the previous night, deposed that he had taken the prisoners into custody at a place which he named. The magistrate inquired whether any of the stolen property had been found upon them or traced, whether any such disguises as Mr. Grimaldi had described were discovered in their possession,

and whether any suspicious implements, offensive or defensive, had been found upon them. To all these questions the patrol answered in the negative, and the magistrate then ordered that Grimaldi should be taken to view the prisoners. He also inquired if Grimaldi thought he should recognize them; who replied that he had no doubt he should know one of the men.

Grimaldi was taken into another room, and the first person he saw was, as he expected, George Hamilton himself: the other two prisoners were perfect strangers to him. They had described themselves to the magistrate as gentlemen; but he might have exclaimed, with young Mirabel, "For gentlemen they have the most cut-throat appearance I ever saw."

Hamilton behaved himself with great coolness and self-possession; he advanced without the least appearance of agitation, and said,—

"How do you do, Mr. Grimaldi? It is an odd circumstance, is it not, that I should be charged with robbing an old friend like you? But strange coincidences happen to all of us."

Composed as the man's manner was, if Grimaldi had entered the room with any doubt of his guilt, it was at once and entirely dispelled. The practised eye of an old actor was not so easily deceived. He had evidently made a desperate effort to assume an easy confidence of manner, knowing that upon the success with which he did so depended his only chance of escape from the gallows.

"Why, what's this!" said the gaoler, or turnkey, or whoever had accompanied them to the room. "Do you know him, sir?"

"Yes," said Grimaldi, looking hard at Hamilton, "I know him very well."

"Well, then, sir, of course you can tell whether *he* is one of the men who robbed you?"

The pause which ensued was of not more than two or three seconds' duration, but it was a trying one to two of the parties present. Hamilton looked as if he awaited the reply without fear, and acted the innocent man boldly. The turnkey and constable turned away for an instant to speak to each other; and as they did so, Grimaldi held up his left hand, turning down two of the fingers in imitation of Hamilton's, and shook his head gravely. The man instantly understood his meaning, and saw that he was known. All his assumed fortitude forsook him; his face became ashy pale, and his whole frame trem-

bled with inward agitation. It appeared as if he would have fallen on the floor, but he rallied a little; and after bestowing a look of intense supplication upon Grimaldi, laid his finger on his lip, and fixed his eyes on the ground.

"Well, sir," said the patrol, "there they are; can you swear to them all, or to any of them?"

A thousand thoughts crowded through Grimaldi's brain, but one was uppermost—the desire to save this young man, whom he strongly suspected to be but a beginner in crime. After a moment's pause, he replied, that he could not swear to any one of them.

"Then," said the turnkey to the patrol, with a meaning look, "either you have gone upon a wrong scent altogether, or these chaps have had a very narrow escape."

After informing the magistrate that it was not in his power to identify the prisoners, Grimaldi hurried away. The men were discharged in the course of the afternoon, and thus terminated the interview at the police-office.

A day or two afterwards, Hamilton called at Grimaldi's house, and, in a conversation with him, humbly acknowledged that he was one of the men who had robbed him; that he had been incited to the act, partly by an anxiety to acquire money faster than he could make it in trade, and partly by the persuasions of his friend Archer; but that it was his first attempt at crime, and should be his last. He thanked his benefactor in the warmest and most grateful manner for his clemency; and Grimaldi then acquainted him with the designs of Archer upon his wife, severely reproaching the vicious habits which had led him to abandon one by whose means he might have been rendered happy and respectable, and saved from his guilty career, and leaving her exposed to the insults of men inured to every species of villiany and crime. Hamilton assured him that neither his information nor his advice was ill bestowed, and after a long interview they parted, he pouring forth his thanks and promises of reformation, and Grimaldi repeating his forgiveness and his admonitions.

Grimaldi had reason to hope that Hamilton kept his promise, and shrunk from his old associates, for he resided nearly twenty years after that period in Clerkenwell, carrying on a good business, and bearing the reputation of an honest man.

At this time Grimaldi was in the habit of taking three benefits every year; that is to

say, two at Sadler's Wells, and one at Covent Garden. Regularly on the morning of each of these occasions, for very many years, some person called at his house for ten box-tickets, always paying for them at the time, in exactly the amount required, and leaving the house immediately, as if anxious to avoid notice. He was in the constant habit of receiving anonymous remittances for tickets, and therefore did not attach much importance to this circumstance, although it struck him as being singular in one respect, inasmuch as the greater part of his friends who took tickets for his Sadler's Wells benefits did not take them on his Covent Garden nights, and *vice versa*. The family became at last so used to it, that when they were sorting tickets on the night before one of his benefits, his wife would regularly say, "Don't forget to put ten on the mantelpiece for the gentleman who calls early in the morning." This continued for perhaps twelve years or more, when one day, as his servant was giving him the money, paid as usual by the unknown person for his admissions, he casually inquired of the girl what kind of person in appearance this gentleman was.

"Oh, I really don't know, sir," she replied; "there is nothing particular about him, except——"

"Well, except what?"

"Except, sir, that he has only got two fingers on his left hand."

The mystery was explained.

The fate of this man was truly pitiable. A neighbour's house having taken fire, and being in imminent hazard of destruction, Hamilton rushed in with several others to save some children who were in danger of perishing in the flames. He darted upstairs through the smoke and reached the second story. The instant he set his feet upon it the whole flooring gave way, and sank with him into the mass of glowing fire below, from which his body, burnt to a cinder, was dug out some days afterwards.



## CHAPTER XVII.

1809 to 1812.

Opening of the new Covent Garden Theatre—The Great O. P. Rows—Grimaldi's first appearance as Clown in the public streets—Temporary Embarrassments—Great success at Cheltenham and Gloucester—He visits Berkeley Castle and is introduced to Lord Byron—Fish Sauce and Apple Pie.

ON the 18th of September in this year, the new theatre in Covent Garden opened with Shakspeare's tragedy of *Macbeth* and the musical afterpiece of *The Quaker*, with the following casts :—

## MACBETH.

Duncan, King of Scotland	Mr. Chapman.
Malcolm . . . . .	Mr. Claremont.
Donaldbain . . . . .	Mr. Menage.
Macbeth . . . . .	Mr. John Kemble.
Banquo . . . . .	Mr. Murray.
Fleance . . . . .	Miss Bristow.
Lenox . . . . .	Mr. Cresswell.
Rosse . . . . .	Mr. Brunton.
Witches . . . . .	Messrs. Blanchard, Farley, and Simmonds.
Lady Macbeth . . . . .	Mrs. Siddons.

## THE QUAKER.

Steady . . . . .	Mr. Incedon.
Lubin . . . . .	Mr. Taylor.
Solomon . . . . .	Mr. Liston.
Gillian . . . . .	Miss Bolton.
Floretta . . . . .	Mrs. Liston.

It was at this period that the great O. P. Row began, of which so much has been said, and sung, and written, that little of novelty or interest could accompany the description of it here. Everybody knows that the O. P. Row originated in the indignation with which the playgoing public regarded an increase in the prices of admission of one shilling each person to the boxes, and sixpence to the pit, with which was coupled a considerable increase in the number of private boxes; and everybody knows, moreover, that the before-mentioned playgoing public expressed their dissatisfaction night after night in scenes of the most extraordinary and unparalleled nature. The noises made by the audience utterly overwhelmed every attempt that the actors could make to render themselves audible. Not a word that was said on the

stage could be distinguished even in the front row of the pit, and the O. P. (Old Price) rioters, fearful that the exercise of their voices would not create sufficient uproar, were in the habit of bringing the most extraordinary variety of curious and ill-toned instruments with them, to add to the noise and discordance of the scene. One gentleman, who constantly seated himself in the boxes, regaled himself and the company with a watchman's rattle, which he sprang vigorously at short intervals throughout the performances; another took his seat regularly every night in the centre of the pit, armed with a large dustman's bell, which he rang with a perseverance and strength of arm quite astounding to all beholders;\* and a party of three or four pleasant fellows brought live pigs, which were pinched at the proper times, and added considerably to the effect of the performances.

But rattles, bells, pigs, trumpets, French horns, sticks, umbrellas, catcalls, and bugles, were not the only vocal weapons used upon these occasions: Kemble was constantly called for, constantly came on, and constantly went off again without being able to obtain a hearing. Numbers of Bow Street officers were in regular attendance: whenever they endeavoured to seize the ringleaders, the ringleaders were defended by their partisans, and numerous fights (in one of which a man was nearly killed) resulted. Scarce an evening passed without flaming speeches being made from pit, boxes, and gallery; and sometimes half-a-dozen speeches would be in course of delivery at the same time. The greater portion of the time of the magistrates was occupied in investigations connected with the disturbances, and this state of things continued for nearly seventy nights. Placards were exhibited in every part of the house, principally from the pit; of the quality of which effusions the following may be taken as specimens :—

*"Notice to the Public.*—This house and furniture to be sold, Messrs. John Kemble Co. declining business."

\* The gentleman who made notes of Grimaldi's recollections subjoins a note to the effect, that the gentleman who rang the bell is a personal acquaintance of his, and that he has repeatedly heard him mention the circumstance, which he looks back upon now as an act of thoughtless folly, but which he considered then as the performance of a sacred duty to the public. He was at the time in his nonage, studying (after a manner) the law; he is now, and has long been, editor of a newspaper published in Sussex.

"*Notice to the Public.*—The workhouse in Covent Garden has been repaired, and greatly enlarged for the use of the Public."

"*Cause of Justice.*—John Bull *versus* John Kemble—verdict for the plaintiff."

A large coffin with the inscription, "Here lies the body of New Prices, who died of the whooping-cough, Sept. 23, 1809, aged six days."

The instant the performances began, the audience, who had been previously sitting with their faces to the stage, as audiences generally do, wheeled round to a man, and turned their backs upon it. When they concluded, which, in consequence of the fearful uproar, was frequently as early as half-past nine o'clock, they united in singing a parody on "God save the King," of which the first verse ran thus :—

"God save great Johnny Bull,  
Long live our noble Bull,  
God save John Bull !  
Send him victorious,  
Loud and uproarious,  
With lungs like Boreas ;  
God save John Bull !"

Then followed the O.P. dance and a variety of speeches, and then the rioters would quietly disperse.

The opinions of the Press being, as a matter of course, divided on every question, were necessarily divided upon this. The *Times* and *Post* supported the new system ; in consequence of which a placard was exhibited from the pit every evening for at least a week, with the inscription,

"The *Times* and *Post* are bought and sold,  
By Kemble's pride and Kemble's gold."

The *Chronicle*, on the other hand, took up the opposite side of the question, and supported the O.P. rioters with great fervour and constancy. In its columns one of the most popular of the numerous squibs on the subject appeared, which is here inserted. It may be necessary to premise that "Jack" was John Kemble ; that the "Cat" was Madame Catalani, then engaged at Covent Garden Theatre, and who was much opposed at that time, in consequence of her being a foreigner ; and that the "boxes" were the new private boxes, among the great objects of popular execration.

"THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT.

"This is the House that Jack built.

"These are the boxes, let to the great, that visit the house that Jack built.

"These are the pigeon-holes, over the boxes, let to the great, that visit the house that Jack built.

"This is the Cat, engaged to squall, to the poor in the pigeon-holes, over the boxes, let to the great, that visit the house that Jack built.

"This is John Bull, with a bugle-horn, that hissed the Cat, engaged to squall, to the poor in the pigeon-holes, over the boxes, let to the great, that visit the house that Jack built.

"This is the thief-taker, shaven and shorn, That took up John Bull, with his bugle-horn, who hissed the Cat, engaged to squall, to the poor in the pigeon-holes, over the boxes, let to the great, that visit the house that Jack built.

"This is the manager, full of scorn,  
Who RAISED THE PRICES to the people forlorn,

And directed the thief-taker, shaven and shorn,

To take up John Bull, with his bugle-horn, who hissed the Cat, engaged to squall, to the poor in the pigeon-holes, over the boxes, let to the great, that visit the house that Jack built."

When this had gone on for several nights, Kemble sent for Grimaldi, and said, that as the people would not hear dialogue they would try pantomime, which might perhaps suit their tastes better, and accordingly "Don Juan" \* was put up for the next night, Grimaldi sustaining his old part of Scaramouch. He was received on his entrance with great applause, and it happened oddly enough that on that night there was little or no disturbance. This circumstance, which he naturally attributed in some degree to himself, pleased him amazingly, as indeed it did Kemble also, who, shaking him cordially by the hand when he came off, said, "Bravo, Joe ! we have got

\* The tragic pantomimic ballet of "Don Juan" was one of the pieces intended for representation, and for which new dresses and properties had to be prepared, without reference to the Old-Price Riots, and was played for the first time in the New Theatre on November 20 ; Scaramouch, by Mr. Grimaldi ; Donna Anna, by Miss Bristow. The piece was performed several nights in succession :

them now : we'll act this again to-morrow night." And so they did ; but it appeared that they had not " got them " either, for the uproar recommenced with, if possible, greater fury than before, all the performers agreeing that until that moment they had never heard such a mighty and indescribable din.

Eventually, on the fifteenth of December,\* the famous O.P. row terminated, on the proprietors of the theatre lowering the charge of admission to the pit, removing the obnoxious private boxes, rescinding Madame Catalani's engagement, discharging Mr. James Brandon, house and box book-keeper, who had rendered himself greatly offensive to the O.P. people, abandoning all prosecutions against those who had been required to answer for their misconduct at the sessions, and offering a public apology. The ungracious task of making it fell upon Mr. Kemble, who delivered what it was deemed necessary to say with remarkable self-possession and dignity. It was received by the audience with great applause, and a placard was immediately hoisted in the pit, bearing the words, " We are satisfied ; " it was speedily followed by a similar announcement in the boxes ; and thus terminated† the famous O. P. war, wholly unparalleled in dramatic or indeed in any other annals.

At Christmas, " Harlequin Pedlar, or the Haunted Well," was produced : it met with very great success, being played fifty-two nights. In March, 1810, Grimaldi first appeared as Skirmish in " The Deserter of Naples ; " and " Mother Goose " was again played. The theatre closed in July, and reopened in October.‡ Nothing particular new was done that season at Sadler's Wells. At

\* Kemble this night played Penruddock, in the " Wheel of Fortune ; " the afterpiece, " The Blind Boy."

† It was resumed on the opening of the season of 1810-11 ; the private boxes remaining the same ; on September 18th the theatre closed ; the obnoxious boxes were rendered free to the public, and on the 24th, peace was finally established.

‡ " The Deserter of Naples " was revived at Covent Garden on May 23, 1810, not in March ; nor in fact was this Grimaldi's first appearance as Skirmish. He had in the last season, in the Old Theatre, played that part for Mr. Charles Taylor's benefit, June 3, 1808. After its revival in May, the " Deserter of Naples " was repeated a few nights during the remnant of that season. " Mother Goose " was again revived on June 12th. The theatre closed on July 6th, and reopened for the season of 1810-11, on September 10th, not October, as here stated.

Christmas, 1810, he appeared, as usual, in the Covent Garden pantomime, which was called " Harlequin Asmodeus, or Cupid on Crutches." It was acted for forty-six nights, and was played occasionally until May, 1811.§

During the month he had to play Clown at both theatres, the pantomime being acted as the first piece at Sadler's Wells, and as the last piece at Covent Garden. Not having time to change his dress, and indeed having no reason for doing so if he had, in consequence of his playing the same character at both houses, he was accustomed to have a coach in waiting, into which he threw himself the moment he had finished at Sadler's Wells, and was straightway carried to Covent Garden to begin again.

One night it so happened that, by some forgetfulness or mistake on the part of the driver, the coach which usually came for him failed to make its appearance. It was a very wet night, and not having a moment to lose, he sent for another. After a considerable interval, during which he was in an agony of fear lest the Covent Garden stage should be kept waiting, the messenger returned in a breathless state with the information that there was not a coach to be got. There was only one desperate alternative, and that was to run through the streets. Knowing that his appearance at Covent Garden must by this time be necessary, he made up his mind to do it, and started off at once.

The night being very dark, he got on pretty well at first ; but when he came into the streets of Clerkenwell, where the lights of the shops showed him in his Clown's dress running along at full speed, people began to grow rather astonished. First, a few people turned round to look after him, and then a few more, and so on until there were a great many, and at last, one man who met him at a street corner, recognizing the favourite, gave a loud shout of, " Here's Joe Grimaldi ! "

This was enough. Off set Grimaldi faster than ever, and on came the mob, shouting, huzzaing, screaming out his name, throwing up their caps and hats, and exhibiting every

§ Grimaldi in this pantomime introduced the happiest of his creations—the vegetable pugilistic figure. On the night of his benefit at Covent Garden, June 25th, Joe played Acres in the " Rivals," as the bills announced, " for this night only." " Harlequin and Asmodeus " followed, for the forty-sixth time. The season terminated on July 24, 1811.



APPEARING IN PUBLIC.





manifestation of delight. He ran into Holborn with several hundred people at his heels, and being lucky enough to find a coach there, jumped in. But this only increased the pressure of the crowd who followed the vehicle with great speed and perseverance; when, suddenly poking his head out of the window, he gave one of his famous and well-known laughs. Upon this the crowd raised many roars of laughter and applause, and hastily agreed, as with one accord, that they would see him safe and sound to Covent Garden. So the coach went on surrounded by the dirtiest body-guard that was ever beheld, not one of whom deserted his post, until Grimaldi had been safely deposited at the stage-door; when, after raising a vociferous cheer, such of them as had money rushed round to the gallery-doors, and making their appearance in the front just as he came on the stage, set up a boisterous shout of, "Here he is again!" and cheered him enthusiastically, to the infinite amusement of every person in the theatre who had got wind of the story.

In the season of 1811, "The Great Devil" was revived at Sadler's Wells:\* he played a part in it in which he was highly successful and applauded to the very echo. In July, he injured his chest severely by falling upon a tight-rope, and was obliged for several weeks to give up all his theatrical engagements. He reappeared at Covent Garden in October following,\* playing in "Asmodeus,"

\* Sadler's Wells opened on Easter Monday, April 15, 1811, with "Dulce Domum;" Clown, Mr. Grimaldi, with two new songs, "A Peep at Turkey," and "Massena's Retreat." "Harlequin and Blue Beard" followed on July 15, in which Joe, in the character of Clown, sang "Mr. Greig and Mrs. Snap; or, Bubble, Squeak, and Pettitoes." The season extended till October. At Covent Garden, September 30th, "Raymond and Agnes" was revived, and the parts of Jaques and Robert, sons of Baptiste the robber, were played by Grimaldi and Cardoza; and on Boxing-night, December 26th, the new pantomime called "Harlequin and Padmanaba; or, the Golden Fish," in which Grimaldi played Cayfacat Adhri, the Persian cook, afterwards Clown. This entertainment was highly attractive: several embossed prints were published of Joe's drolly transformed vehicle, drawn by a pair of dogs, to ridicule the superb curricule of a West Indian gentleman better known as Mr. Romeo Coates.

† Covent Garden commenced the season of 1811-12 in September, not October. Joe, on September 11th, played Kanko, in "La Prouse;" on the 16th, Clown in "Harlequin and Asmodeus;" on the 26th, "Orson;" and on the 30th of

"Mother Goose," "Valentine and Orson," and "Raymond and Agnes;" in the latter piece he supported, for the first time, the part of Robert. On the 26th of December the new pantomime appeared; it was called "Harlequin and Padmanaba, or the Golden Fish," and went off very well.

One of his earlier appearances in the regular drama occurred in the following June (1812),† when, for his own benefit, he played Acres in "The Rivals." The house was a very good one, and he cleared upwards of two hundred pounds by it.

This year was rendered remarkable to him by some temporary embarrassments into which he was plunged, partly, he says, by the great expense consequent upon keeping a country as well as a town house, and partly by the great extravagance of his wife, who although an excellent woman, had, like everybody else, some fault; hers was a love of dress which almost amounted to a mania. Finding that retrenchment must be the order of the day, he gave up his house at Finchley, discharged his groom, sold his horse and gig, and placed his affairs in the hands of Mr. Harmer, the solicitor, to whom circumstances had so oddly introduced him a few years before. Seven or eight months served to bring affairs into the right train again; by the end of that time every one of his creditors had been paid to the last penny of their demands.

In 1812, there was nothing particularly worthy of notice at Sadler's Wells. His second benefit, which took place in October, was a great one, the receipts being two hundred and twenty-five pounds. It was supposed the theatre would not hold more than two hundred pounds, but no benefit of his ever brought him less than two hundred and ten; and indeed one, which we shall presently have occasion to mention, produced nearly two hundred and seventy pounds—whether those who contributed this sum were all in the theatre at one period or not, we cannot of course pretend to say.

the same month, in "Raymond and Agnes," Norman played Joe's part of Baptiste the robber; Grimaldi and Cardoza for the first time represented his sons Jaques and Robert, by which a change productive of greater scenic power was effected.

† Grimaldi played Acres at Covent Garden theatre, June 25, 1811. On the night of his benefit, June 24, 1812, "Cato" was performed, followed by the pantomime of "Harlequin Padmanaba," for the forty-ninth or fiftieth representation that season.

In the latter end of this month, he entered into an engagement to perform for two nights with Mr. Watson of the Cheltenham Theatre, who arranged to give him a clear half of whatever the receipts might be. Previously to leaving town, he consulted with Mr. Hughes about this speculation, who told him that Cheltenham was a bad theatrical town, on account of its having many other amusements; but still he fancied he might clear his expenses, and perhaps forty or fifty pounds besides. At the appointed time he left London, having received a species of half-notice from Mr. Harris, that he would not be wanted at Covent Garden: and on the next night, played Scaramouch and sang Tippetwitchit with great *tclat* at Cheltenham. The following evening he played Clown in a little pantomime of his own concoction.

The house was full on each occasion, the performances gave perfect satisfaction, and he was induced by the manager to stay in that part of the country two days longer, and to go to Gloucester, nine miles off, at which place he likewise had a theatre. Thither they started early on the following morning, played the same pieces as at Cheltenham; and met with an equal degree of success.

After the performances were over, Mr. Watson and he supped together; and when the cloth was removed, the former said,—

"Now, Joe, I can only allow you to take one glass of punch, time is so very precious."

"I do not understand you," replied Grimaldi.

"Why, what I mean is, that it is now twelve o'clock and time to go to bed," he answered.

"Oh! with all my heart," said Grimaldi. "But this is something new, I suspect, with you. Last night, I remember, it was three hours later than this before you suffered me to retire; and the night previous it was later even than that."

"Ay, ay," replied Watson; "but to-night we had perhaps better get to bed soon, as to-morrow I want you to go out rather early with me."

"What do you call rather early?" inquired Grimaldi.

"Why, let me see, we must start before three," answered the manager.

"Indeed!" said Grimaldi; then I shall wish you good-night at once;" and so saying, without any loss of time, he went to his chamber. After they had stepped into a chaise next day, he found that their destina-

tion was Berkeley Castle, to which its host had sent them a special invitation, and that their morning's amusement was to consist of coursing.

He had the honour of an acquaintance with Colonel Berkeley (now Lord Segrave), at whose table he was occasionally in the habit of dining, and upon their arrival at the castle was most hospitably received. The castle was full of company. Several noblemen were there, as well as distinguished commoners; among the former was Lord Byron, whom he had frequently seen, and who always patronized his benefits at Covent Garden, but with whom he had never conversed. Colonel Berkeley introduced him to such of the company as he was unacquainted with, and, in common with the rest, to Lord Byron, who instantly advanced towards him, and, making several low bows, expressed in very hyperbolic terms his "great and unbounded satisfaction in becoming acquainted with a man of such rare and profound talents," &c., &c.

Perceiving that his lordship was disposed to be facetious at his expense, Grimaldi felt half inclined to reply in a similar strain; but, reflecting that he might give offence by doing so, abstained—resolving, however, not to go entirely unrevenged for the joke which he was evidently playing him: he returned all the bows and congees threefold, and as soon as the ceremonious introduction was over, made a face at Colonel Berkeley, expressive of mingled gratification and suspicion, which threw those around into a roar of laughter; while Byron, who did not see it, looked round for the cause of the merriment in a manner which redoubled it at once.

"Grimaldi," said the Colonel, "after breakfast, at which meal we expect your company and that of Mr. Watson, you shall have a course with the greyhounds yonder; then you must return and dine with us. We will have dinner early, so that you can reach the theatre in time to perform."

To this, he had no further reply to make than to express his gratitude for such consideration and kindness. After they had taken a plentiful meal, they went out with the dogs, and had some famous sport. Hares were so plentiful that they started twenty-seven in one field; and the day being fine, and the novelty great, Grimaldi was highly delighted with the proceedings.

Upon their return to the castle, they found most of the party with whom they had breakfasted assembled together, and shortly after-

wards they sat down to dinner. Lord Byron sat on Grimaldi's left, and a young nobleman whom he knew very well, from his being constantly behind the scenes at Covent Garden, but whose name he could not recollect, on his right.

"Grimaldi," whispered this young nobleman, just as dinner commenced, "did you ever meet Byron before?"

"Never, my lord," answered Grimaldi: "that is, never to converse with him."

"Then, of course, you have not met him at a dinner-party?"

"Never, my lord."

"Well, then," continued the young gentleman, who as anybody but Grimaldi would have seen, was playing on his simplicity in conjunction with Lord Byron, "I will tell you why I asked these questions: I was anxious, if you should chance not to know his lordship's peculiarities, to point out to you one trifling but still distinguishing one, to which if you happen to oppose yourself, he will infallibly take a dislike to you; and I need not assure you that it is always best for a public character to be on good terms rather than bad with such men."

Grimaldi bowed his thanks, and really did feel very grateful.

"What I allude to is simply this," added his noble friend: "Byron is very courteous at the dinner-table, but does not like to have his courtesy thrown away, or slighted; I would recommend you, if he asks you to take anything, as he is almost sure to do, no matter whether it be to eat or drink, not to refuse."

"I am very much obliged to you, my lord," was Grimaldi's reply: "in fact, I look upon your kindness as a great personal favour, and I shall carefully act upon your recommendation."

And so he did, and so indeed he had plenty of opportunities of doing; for Lord Byron asked him to partake of so many things, none of which he liked to decline, that at last he was quite gorged, and was almost fearful that if it lasted much longer he should be unable to perform that night at Gloucester.

Towards the end of the repast his lordship invited him to eat a little apple-tart, which he thought he could manage, the more especially as he was very fond of it; he therefore acquiesced, with many thanks; and the tart being placed before him, commenced operations. Byron looked at him for a moment, and then said, with much seeming surprise,—

"Why, Mr. Grimaldi, do you not take soy with your tart?"

"Soy, my lord?"

"Yes, soy: it is very good with salmon, and therefore it must be nice with apple-pie."

Poor Grimaldi did not see the analogy, and was upon the point of saying so; but his friend on his right touched his elbow, when recollecting what he had previously communicated, he bowed assent to Byron's proposal, and proceeded to pour some of the fish-sauce over the tart. After one or two vain attempts to swallow a mouthful of the vile mess, he addressed Lord Byron with considerable formality, begging him to observe, "that no one could do more justice than himself to his kindness, but that he really trusted he would forgive his declining to eat the mixture he had recommended; as, however much the confession might savour of bad taste, he really did not relish soy with apple-tart."

He was much relieved by Byron's taking the apology in very good part, and by the rest of the company laughing most heartily—at what he says, he cannot possibly tell, *unless* it had been determined to put a joke upon him. We should imagine that it had been; but, in any case, should be strongly disposed to say, that a great deal more of innate politeness was displayed on the side of simplicity than on that of nobility.

Shortly afterwards they took their leave and returned to Gloucester, where they found the theatre crowded as before. The performances went off as well as possible; and after all was over, Watson presented him with one hundred and ninety-five pounds as his share.

At seven o'clock next morning he was on his road to London, where he arrived that night.

Early on the following morning he waited upon his friend, Mr. Hughes; and having reminded him that "Cheltenham was a very bad theatrical town, on account of its spas and other amusements, but that still it was possible forty or fifty pounds might be made there," triumphantly exhibited his one hundred and ninety-four pounds.

In the evening he called at Covent Garden, and saw Mr. H. Harris, who informed him that Mr. Dimond, of the Bath and Bristol theatres, wished to engage him for five weeks—that his terms were twenty-five pounds per week, with half a clear benefit at each of the places named; and that if he liked to go he was at perfect liberty to do so, the proprietors of Covent Garden not needing his services.

until Christmas. His salary was to be paid, however, just as though he were performing.

Of this liberality he gladly availed himself ; and after expressing his gratitude, wrote to Dimond, accepting the proposal. A week after he had returned from Gloucester he left town for Bath.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

1812 to 1816.

A Clergyman's Dinner-party at Bath—First Appearance of Grimaldi's Son, and Death of his old Friend, Mr. Hughes—Grimaldi plays at three Theatres on one night, and has his salary stopped for his pains—His severe illness—Second journey to Bath—Davidge, "Billy Coombes," and the Chest—Facetiousness of the aforesaid Billy.

Two days after his arrival in Bath he appeared at the theatre, where he was fortunate enough to elicit the warmest applause and approbation from a crowded audience ; nor was he less successful at Bristol, the theatre being completely filled every night he performed. He remained in this part of the country during five weeks, playing four nights in every week at Bath, and the remaining two at Bristol. By this trip he realized £287—£125 for salary, and £162 for benefits ; but although it was a lucrative expedition it was by no means a pleasant one, the weather being exceedingly inclement, and he being compelled to return to Bath every evening after the performances at Bristol were over. The nightly rides at that season of the year were by no means agreeable ; he suffered very much from colds, and, upon the whole, was very far from sorry when his engagement terminated.

During his stay at Bath a little incident happened, developing, in a striking point of view, a very repulsive trait of discourtesy and bad breeding in a quarter where, least of any,

such an exhibition might have been looked for.

Higman, the bass-singer, who was then in great repute, and was afterwards the original Gabriel, in *Guy Mannering*, but is since dead, was invited with Grimaldi to dine with a reverend gentleman of that city. They accepted the invitation, and upon their arrival found a pretty large party of gentlemen assembled, the clerical host of course presiding. The very instant the cloth was removed, this gentleman commanded, rather than asked, Higman to sing a song. Not wishing to appear desirous of enhancing the merit of the song by frivolous objections, he at once consented, although he had scarcely swallowed his meal. It was deservedly very much applauded and complimented, and the moment the applause had ceased the reverend doctor turned to Grimaldi, and in the same peremptory manner requested a song from him. He begged leave to decline for the present, urging—what was indeed the truth—that he had scarcely swallowed his dinner. The observation made by the host in reply rather astonished him.

"What, Mr. Grimaldi!" he exclaimed, hastily, "not sing, sir! Why, I asked you here, sir, to-day expressly to sing."

"Indeed, sir!" said Grimaldi, rising from the table: "then I heartily wish you had said so when you gave me the invitation; in which case you would have saved me the inconvenience of coming here to-day, and prevented my wishing you, as I now beg to do, a very unceremonious good-night."

With these words he left the apartment, and very soon afterwards the house.

It may appear to a great many persons a remarkable circumstance that a pantomime Clown should have been called upon to read a lesson of politeness and common decency to a reverend divine. The circumstance, however, happened literally as it is here narrated. A somewhat similar story has been told of another well-known actor; but this rudeness, whether it arose in ignorance or intention, was offered to Grimaldi by the reverend gentleman in question, whose name he well remembered, but which we abstain from mentioning.

The Christmas pantomime at Covent Garden was entitled "*Harlequin and the Red Dwarf, or the Adamant Rock*:" it was entirely successful.\* On Easter Monday, 1813, the

\* The pantomime of "*Harlequin and the Red Dwarf*," notwithstanding the scenery was superb,

melodrama of "Aladdin, or the Wonderful Lamp," written by Mr. Farley, was acted for the first time, Grimaldi playing the character of Kasrac, a dumb slave, which became one of his most popular characters.\* The Sadler's Wells season merits no further notice than that, as usual, it was very profitable, and that Grimaldi produced a dance, called "Fun and Physic," which was performed every night.

Covent Garden re-opened in September; and this year he was in constant requisition

and the changes and machinery entitled to great praise, was in no way so successful as several of the former similar productions brought out at Covent Garden; and yet the burlesques introduced by Joe were sufficiently droll to prompt several highly coloured prints of certain characters in the print-shops of that day. The scenes in which the Epping Hunt was represented supplied one of the finest landscapes ever displayed in any theatre. Horses were introduced—a jolly fat Parson, Pantaloon, and the Clown, took part in the joys of the chase; Pantaloon on a little Shetland pony was followed by Grimaldi on a great cart-horse, aping the mammoth wonder for size; Joe with a long waggoner's whip in his hand, and a jockey-cap, the peak of prodigious extent, seemed as anxious to be in at the death as if nothing in the world was comparable to it; his eagerness created a doubt whether Barnes and his miniature horse would or would not be galloped over by Joe and his Bucephalus—or be trundled over, horse and man, for the popular diversion.

On February 8th, 1813, the comic burletta of "Poor Vulcan" was revived at Covent Garden—the bills stated, "not acted for many years." In this piece there was a pastoral ballet at Mount Ida, in which the characters were thus sustained: Silenus, Mr. Bologna; Bacchanals, Mr. Bologna, jun., and M. Montignani; Pan, Mr. Grimaldi; and Bacchante, Mrs. Parker. Joe's attachment to his old part of Pan in "Terpsichore's Return," was here again renewed; it was performed a sixth time on the 16th of the same month.

\* The gorgeous spectacle of "Aladdin" was, after Douglas by Master Betty, performed for the first time on April 19th. "Aladdin" was represented by Mrs. C. Kemble; Abanazar, the Magician, by Mr. Farley; and Kasrac, his Chinese Slave, by Mr. Grimaldi: it was highly attractive, and was performed for the thirty-fourth time on June 21. Grimaldi's benefit this year was on July 1st, when were performed "Five Miles Off," "Love, Law, and Physic," and for the forty-second time, "Harlequin and the Red Dwarf." At the close of this season, by permission of the proprietors of Drury Lane Theatre, Sheridan's "Robinson Crusoe and his Man Friday" was produced at Covent Garden; the Shipwrecked Mariner, by Mr. Grimaldi; his Man Friday, by Mr. Bologna, jun. It was repeated a few times, and the season terminated on July 15th.

Joe's popularity at this period is thus happily

before Christmas, as well as after, Aladdin being found an extremely profitable piece. "Harlequin and the Swans, or the Bath of Beauty," was produced at Christmas,\* and

celebrated by the late James Smith in the following:—

TRIBUTARY STANZAS TO GRIMALDI THE CLOWN.

Facetious mime! thou enemy of gloom;

Grandson of Momus, blithe and debonair,

Who aping Pan, with an inverted broom

Canst brush the cobwebs from the brows of care.

Our gallery gods immortalize thy songs,

Thy Newgate thefts impart ecstatic pleasure;

Thou bidd'st a Jew's harp charm a Christian throng,

A Gothic salt-box teem with Attic treasure.

When Harlequin, his charmer to regain,

Courts her embrace in many a queer disguise,

The light of heels looks for his sword in vain—

Thy furtive fingers snatch the magic prize.

The fabled egg from thee obtains its gold:

Thou sett'st the mind from critic bondage loose,

Where male and female cacklers, young and old,

Birds of a feather, hail the sacred goose.

Even pious souls, from Bunyan's durance free,

At Sadler's Wells applaud thy agile wit,

Forget old care, while they remember thee—

Laugh the heart's laugh, and haunt the jovial pit.

Long mayst thou guard the prize thy humour won;

Long hold thy court in Pantomimic State;

And to the equipoise of English fun,

Exalt the lowly and bring down the great.

† "Harlequin and the Swans," produced at Covent Garden on December 27, 1813, presented two Harlequins, Bologna, jun., and Ellar, who then made his first appearance at that theatre. Grimaldi played in the prelude, "Doctor Tumble Tuzzy," Chief Physician to the Court, when, if laughter be physic to the megrims, he and his assistant medical gentlemen fiung it about in no small potions.

The Grand Asiatic Spectacle of "Sadak and Kalasrade" was produced at the same Theatre on Easter Monday, April 11, 1814; Sadak, by Mr. Abbott; Hassan, his Slave, by Mr. Grimaldi; Agra, Principal Dancer, by Mr. Ellar; Kalasrade, by Mrs. H. Johnston. On the same night, Sadler's Wells commenced the season of 1814 with Joe's Comic Dance of "Fun and Physic," and the Pantomime of "Rival Genii; or, Harlequin Wild Man." Ellar made his first appearance there as Harlequin in the "Rival Genii;" Clown, Mr. Grimaldi, with a new song, called "Frost Fair; or, the Disasters of Mr. Higgins and Mrs. Wiggins." As these pieces were frequently performed on the same evening at the two theatres, it was a regular run for both from the Wells to Covent Garden.



followed at Easterby "Sadakand Kalasrade," in which Grimaldi played Hassan.

Having now none of those amusements which in former years had served to employ his idle hours—having lost his flies, given up his pigeons, removed from Finchley, sold his house, and resigned his garden, he devoted the whole of his leisure time to the society and improvement of his son. As he could not bear to part with him, and was wholly unable to make up his mind to send him to any great boarding-school, he was partly educated at the same school at which his father had been a pupil, and partly by masters who attended him at home. The father appears to have bestowed great and praiseworthy care upon his education. Although at this time he was only twelve years old, he had not only quite mastered the common rudiments of learning, but had become well acquainted with French literature, and wrote the language with ease and propriety. He had at a very early age manifested a great fondness for music, especially the violin, and had acquired great proficiency on that instrument, under the tuition of one of the first masters in the country.

As he was a very clever boy, was an excellent dancer, and displayed a great fondness and aptitude for the stage, his father, finding that his inclinations lay irrevocably that way, determined to encourage them, and accordingly proceeded to instruct him in melodrama and pantomime. He fancied that in his old age, when his own heyday of fame and profit was over, he should gather new life from the boy's success, and that old times would be called up vividly before him when he witnessed his popularity in characters which had first brought his father before the public, and enabled him gradually, after the loss of his property, to acquire an independent and respectable station in society. The wish was a natural one, and the old man cherished it dearly for many years. It was decreed otherwise; and although in his better days the blight of this hope caused him great grief and misery, he endeavoured to bear it with humility and resignation.

On the 26th of April\* he resumed his labours at Sadler's Wells. He acted in a drama called the "Slave Pirate," which was successful. His first benefit brought him

\* Sadler's Wells opened April 11th, not the 26th. The Aqua-Drama of "Kaloc; or, The Pirate Slave," Kaloc, by Mr. Grimaldi, performed in the previous season for the first time, August 9th, 1813, was not played during that of 1814.

£216, and his second £263 10s.; the last-named being the best he ever had at that house.

The great attraction of this benefit of 1814† was the first appearance on any stage of his son, who performed "Friday" in "Robinson Crusoe," Grimaldi playing the latter part himself, and thus introducing his son to the public in the same piece in which his father had brought him forward thirty-three years before. For six weeks previous to the *débüt*, the pains he had taken to render him master of the character, and the drillings he gave him were innumerable, although they rather arose from the nervousness of the father than from any lack of intelligence on the part of the son, who not only rapidly acquired the instructions communicated to him, but in many instances improved upon them considerably. His intended appearance was kept a profound secret until within a week of the night on which he was to perform; and when the announcement was at length made; the demand for tickets and places was immense. The result was, that the benefit not only turned out, as has already been mentioned, the best Grimaldi ever had, but the reception of the son was enthusiastic, and his exertions were both applauded by the public and commended in the newspapers. It may appear a mere matter of course to say that the father considered the performance the best that he had ever seen; but long afterwards, when the boy was dead, and censure or praise was alike powerless to assist or harm him, Grimaldi expressed, in the same strong terms, his high opinion of his abilities, and his high conviction that had he been only moderate and temperate in the commonest degree, he must in a few years have equalled, if not greatly excelled, anything which he himself had achieved in his very best days.

On the 20th of December following, he sustained a severe loss in the death of his constant and sincere friend, Mr. Richard Hughes, who had been his well-wisher and adviser from infancy, and whose relationship to his first wife gave him a strong and lasting claim on his regard. As another instance of the severe and mental trials which an actor

† Bologna, jun., and Grimaldi, had jointly their benefit at Covent Garden on June 29th, 1814; when were performed O'Keeffe's "Our Way in France;" Lord Winlove, by Mr. Incedon; the Melo-Dramatic Piece, "For England Ho!" and for the fourth time these five years, "Harlequin and Mother Goose;" with the favourite scene of the Dog-Cart; and the "Oyster Duet," with the "Dissection of Harlequin."

has to undergo, it may be mentioned that during the time his friend was lying dead, he was engaged for many hours each day in rehearsing broadly humorous pantomime, and that, as if to render the contrast more striking, the burial being fixed for the 26th of the month, he was compelled to rehearse part of his Clown's character on the stage, to run to the funeral, to get back from the churchyard to the theatre to finish the rehearsal, and to exert all his comic powers at night to set the audience in a roar.

This pantomime was founded upon the story of Whittington and his Cat, and had a very extended run. On the night of its production, his spirits were so affected by the calamity he had sustained, that it was with great difficulty he could go through his part, in which he had very nearly failed. He succeeded by a strong effort in finishing the piece and although his health paid very dearly for this and other efforts of the same nature, the constant bustle and excitement of his professional duties aided in recovering him, and enabling him to act with his accustomed vivacity.

The harlequinade of "The Talking Bird" was produced at Sadler's Wells this season, in which he first enacted the Bird and afterwards the Clown. During the run of this pantomime he performed the remarkable feat of playing three very heavy parts (two of them Clowns) at three different theatres on the same night. He was intimately acquainted with a Mr. Hayward, who, being married to a clever actress at the Surrey, one Mrs. Dely, begged him as a great favour to act for her at that theatre on her benefit night. He asked and obtained permission from the proprietors of Sadler's Wells, but could not do the same at Covent Garden, as Mr. Harris was absent from town. He did not think it a point of any great importance, however, inasmuch as he had not been called upon to act for some time, and nothing was then announced in which it was at all likely he would be wanted. Unfortunately, on the very night of the benefit, "La Perouse," in which he acted, was advertised at Covent Garden. In this dilemma, he hurried over the water, explained the circumstance, and pointed out the impossibility of his performing at the Surrey.

But the Surrey people who had advertised him stoutly contending that there was no impossibility in the case, assured him that all would be right; that he should play there first, then go to Sadler's Wells, and then to Covent Garden to finish the evening. To

the end that he should be in good time at each house, it was proposed that a chaise, with the best horses that could be procured, should be provided, and held in readiness to carry him at the greatest possible speed from place to place.

Not having the heart to disappoint the parties interested, he consented to this arrangement. At the Surrey, he played with Bologna, in the pantomime; the moment it was over, he jumped into a chaise and four that was waiting at the door, and started for Sadler's Wells. Bologna accompanied him to see the issue of the proceeding, and, by dashing through the streets at a most extraordinary pace, they reached Sadler's Wells just at the commencement of the overture for the pantomime. Hurrying to re-paint his face, which had been very much dedaubed by the rain, which poured upon it, as he looked out of the chaise-window entreating the post-boys to drive a little slower, and thrusting himself into the dress of the "Talking Bird," he was ready at the instant when the call-boy told him he was wanted. There still remained Covent Garden, and towards the close of the pantomime he grew very anxious, looking constantly towards the sides of the stage to see if Bologna was still there; for as he was the Perouse of the night, and was wanted a full half-hour before him, he felt something like security so long as he remained. At length the pantomime was over, and once more taking their seats in the same chaise, they drove at the same furious pace to Covent Garden, and were ready dressed and in the green-room before the first bars of the overture had been played. This change of dress assisted greatly in recovering him from his fatigue, and he went through the third part as well as the first, feeling no greater exhaustion at the close of the performances than was usual with him on an ordinary night. The only refreshment which he took during the whole evening was one glass of warm ale, and a biscuit. He plumed himself very much on this feat; for although he had played Clown at two theatres, for twenty-eight nights successively, he considered it something out of the common way, and triumphed in it greatly.

He had a specimen next day of the spirit which Fawcett still cherished towards him, and which, but for the kindness of Mr. Harris, might have injured him severely on many occasions. Applying as usual at the treasury for his weekly salary of ten pounds, he was informed by the treasurer, with great

politeness and apparent regret, that he had received orders from Mr. Fawcett to stop it for that week. He instantly posted off in search of that gentleman, and upon finding him, requested to know why his salary was not to be paid.

"Because, sir," replied Mr. Fawcett,—"because you have thought fit to play at the Surrey Theatre without mentioning the matter to *us*, or asking *our* permission."

Grimaldi whistled a little to express his total unconcern, and, turning away muttered, "For *us* and for *our* tragedy, thus stooping to your clemency, we beg your hearing patiently." In crossing the stage to the door, he met Mr. Harris, who had that instant entered the theatre, having arrived in town not ten minutes before. He shook him kindly by the hand, and inquired how he was.

"Why, sir," said Grimaldi, "I am as well as can be expected, considering that my salary has been stopped."

"Why, what have you been about, Joe?"

"Played for Mrs. Hayward's benefit at the Surrey, sir."

"Oh! without leave, I suppose?"

"Why, sir," answered Grimaldi, "there was no one in the theatre who was, in my opinion, entitled actually to give or refuse leave; you were out of town; with Mr. Fawcett I have nothing to do—he has neither connection with nor influence over my line of business, nor do I wish him to have any; Mr. Farley is the only gentleman under yourself, whom I consider myself obliged to acknowledge as a superior here—and to him I did name it, and he told me to go, for I should not be wanted."

"Joe," said Mr. Harris, after a moment's pause, "go to Brandon, and tell him to give you your money. And, mind, I've entered into an arrangement for you to go and see Dimond again in October, upon the same terms as before: so mind you go, and I'll take care you are neither fined nor wanted."

For this double liberality he expressed his best thanks, and returning to the treasury, with the manager's message, received his salary and departed.

On the 15th of the next month, his first benefit for that season took place at Sadler's Wells. He sustained the part of Don Juan; and his son, J. S. Grimaldi, played Scaramouch, being his second appearance. He acted the part capitally, and had a great reception, so that his father now in good earnest began to hope he would not only support the name of Grimaldi, but confer upon it in-

creased popularity. The receipts of this night were £231 14s. Three months afterwards his second benefit occurred; Monday, the 9th of October, was the day fixed for it, but on the preceding Saturday he was suddenly seized with severe illness, originating in a most distressing impediment in his breathing. Medical assistance was immediately called in, and he was bled until nigh fainting. This slightly relieved him; but shortly afterwards he had a relapse, and four weeks passed before he recovered sufficiently to leave the house. There is no doubt but that some radical change had occurred in his constitution, for previously to this attack he had never been visited with a single day's illness, while after its occurrence he never had a single day of perfect health.

On the Monday, finding it would be impossible for him to play, he procured a substitute, and immediately had bills printed and posted outside the theatre. His absence made a difference of about fifty pounds in the receipts; but as his son played Scaramouch, and played it well, he sustained no greater pecuniary loss, and had the satisfaction of hearing from all quarters that his son was rapidly improving.

After the lapse of a month Grimaldi became tolerably well, and as it was now time for him to keep his engagement with Dimond, he went to Bath in November, and remained there until the middle of December, occasionally acting at Bristol. The profits of this trip were two hundred and ninety-four pounds.

It was either during this provincial trip, or about this time, that he first became acquainted with Mr. Davidge, the late lessee of the Surrey Theatre. He was then the Harlequin at Bath and Bristol, and although he afterwards became a round and magisterial figure was then a very light and active pantomimist.

In the pantomimes Davidge was the Harlequin, and Grimaldi of course the Clown. They were accustomed to call the Pantaloon, who was a very indifferent actor, by the name of "Billy Coombes" why, they best knew, but it seems not to have been his real name. This worthy had given both Davidge and Grimaldi mighty offence upon several occasions, possibly by making his appearance on the stage in a state of intoxication. Grimaldi forgot the precise cause of affront, but, whatever it was, they deemed it a very great one; and Davidge, upon several occasions, took opportunities of hinting, in speeches fraught with determination and re-

plete with a peculiar variety of expletives, that he was resolved some time or other to be revenged upon that Billy Coombes.

One evening, while the pantomime was in progress, and the two friends were exciting much mirth and applause, Davidge pointed to a chest which was used in the piece, and whispering that there was a lock upon it with a key, remarked that Billy had to get into it directly, and asked whether it would not be a good joke to turn the key upon him. Grimaldi readily concurred, and no sooner was the unconscious Billy Coombes beneath the lid of the chest, than he was locked in; amidst the plaudits of the audience, who thought it a capital trick. There were but two more scenes in the pantomime, which Davidge had to commence. Just as he was going on the stage, Grimaldi inquired whether he had let out the Pantaloon.

"No," he replied hastily, "I have not, but I will directly I come off." So saying, he danced upon the stage, followed by Grimaldi, and the usual buffeting ensued with the accustomed effect. The pantomime was over a few minutes afterwards, and Grimaldi, who felt very tired when he had gone through his part, in consequence of his recent illness, went straight home, and was in bed a very short time after the curtain fell.

There was a call the next morning for the rehearsal of a few new pantomime scenes which Grimaldi had prepared to vary the entertainments. However, as the Pantaloon was not forthcoming, they could not be gone through with any usual effect. When Davidge arrived, Grimaldi mentioned the circumstance.

"I suppose," he said, "our victim has taken our conduct in high dudgeon, and doesn't mean to come this morning. We shall be in a pretty mess at night if he does not!"

"What do you mean?" said Davidge, with a look of surprise.

"This Billy Coombes, he is not come to the theatre to-day, and is not to be found at his lodgings, for we have sent a man there."

"By G—," said Davidge, "I never let him out of the box!"

On reflection, they had certainly finished the pantomime without him, although it did not strike them at the time, because, as he was no great actor, the business of the last two scenes had been arranged entirely between Davidge and Grimaldi. They lost no time in inquiring after the chest, and it was at length discovered in a cellar below the

stage. On raising the lid, the Pantaloon was discovered, and a truly pitiable object he looked, although they were both not a little relieved to find he was alive, for not knowing that the chest was perforated in various places, they had entertained some serious fears that when he did turn up he might be found suffocated. Every necessary assistance was afforded him, and he never suffered in the slightest degree from his temporary confinement. He said that he had shouted as loud as he could, and had knocked and kicked against the sides of his prison, but that nobody had taken the least notice of him, which he attributed to the incessant noise and bustle behind the scenes. With the view of keeping the stage as clear as possible, everything used in a pantomime is put away at once; the chest was lowered by a trap into the cellar, notwithstanding the shouts from the Pantaloon, who, knowing that he would be released next day, went to sleep very quietly.

This was the version of the story given by the ingenious Mr. Coombes, and in this version Grimaldi was an implicit believer. We are rather disposed to think that Mr. Coombes might have thrown an additional light upon the matter by explaining that he had got into the chest that morning to turn the tables upon his assailants, the more so as he received various little presents in the way of compensation for his imprisonment, with which he expressed himself perfectly satisfied.

This "Billy Coombes," or whatever the man's name may have been, once said a very ludicrous thing upon the stage, which convulsed the audience with laughter. The play was "Romeo and Juliet," and he was cast to perform Sampson. The wardrobe of the theatre being very scanty, he was habited in a most absurd and ridiculous dress, every article of which had evidently formed a portion of a different suit, and which was, moreover, full three sizes too large for him, especially the coat, the cuffs of which, instead of ornamenting his wrists, dangled over his fingers' ends. In this disguise, "Billy," who waxed extremely wrath at the figure he cut, presented himself to the audience, and was, of course, received with a loud laugh.

Now, in the first scene of the play, Sampson, according to the stage-direction, has to bite his thumb at Abram, a servitor of the rival house, upon which the following dialogue ensues:—

"Abram. Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

"*Samp.* (*aside*) Is the law on our side if I say ay?"

"*Gregory.* No.

"*Samp.* No, sir, I do not bite my thumb at you, s'r; but I bite my thumb, sir."

Billy Coombes very coolly omitted biting his thumb at all, but the actor who played Abram, desirous to carry on the business of the scene, thought it best to take it for granted that the stage-direction had been complied with, and turning indignantly round, said,—

"Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?"

"No, sir," replied Billy Coombes, in a clear and loud voice; "I would, sir, with pleasure, only my master puts me into such a queer coat, sir," holding up one of the long sleeves, "that I can't get at my fist for the life of me."

The audience roared, the actors laughed, and for some minutes the stage-business was at a complete stand-still: Billy meanwhile making many apparently sincere and laboured attempts to uncover his hand, in which at last he thought proper to succeed, and giving the right cue, the play went on.

When Grimaldi returned to town, the rehearsals of "*Harlequin and the Sylph of the Oak, or the Blind Beggar of Bethnal Green*," commenced at Covent Garden. It was produced with great success at the usual time, and was followed, in April, 1816, by Pocock's melodrama of "*Robinson Crusoe, or the Bold Buccaneer*," in which Grimaldi played Friday, and Farley acted Crusoe. This was the most successful adaptation of De Foe's great story; it was played for a great many nights, and is still occasionally performed.\*

\* Performed for the first time, on Wednesday, December 26, 1806. Harlequin, Mr. Bologna; Clown, Mr. Grimaldi; Pantaloon, Mr. Norman; Flyflap, attendant on Harlequin, by Master Grimaldi; Columbine, Miss T. Dennett, her first appearance in that character.

## CHAPTER XIX.

1816 to 1817.

He quits Sadler's Wells in consequence of a disagreement with the Proprietors—Lord Byron—Retirement of John Kemble—Immense success of Grimaldi in the Provinces, and his great Gains—A scene in a Barber's Shop.

AT Sadler's Wells the principal novelty of the season of 1816 was a very successful melodrama called "*Philip and his Dog*." During a period of thirty-eight years, that is to say, from 1782† to 1820 inclusive, Grimaldi was never absent from Sadler's Wells, except for one season. The cause of his non-engagement in 1817 was this:—His former articles expiring a few days before the close of the previous season, he received a note from Mr. Charles Dibdin, requesting to know upon what terms he would be disposed to renew them. He replied, that they had only to make the pounds‡ guineas, and he would be content. There was no objection to this proposition, but he was informed that the proprietors had arrived at the resolution of no longer allowing him two benefits in each year, and of permitting him in future to take only one. He considered this a very arbitrary and unjust proceeding. As he had never under any circumstances cleared less than £150 from a benefit, this reduction necessarily involved the diminution of his yearly income by a large sum; and as he paid £60 for the house on every such occasion, which was probably more than it would otherwise have had in it, he did not think that the proprietors could urge any just reason for proposing the alteration. After considering these points, he wrote to Mr. Charles Dibdin, at that time a proprietor himself, that he could on no consideration give up either of his accustomed benefits. To this note he received no reply, but he confidently expected that they would not attempt a season without him, he being at that time unquestionably the lion of the theatre, and certainly drawing money to the house. He was, however, deceived, for he heard no more from

† Joe made his *début* on the stage at Sadler's Wells, on Easter Monday 1781.

‡ Grimaldi's salary at this time was twelve pounds, but the determination of not allowing him the second benefit was the cause of his absence from the Wells in 1817.

Mr. Charles Dibdin, and eventually learned that Paulo was engaged in his place.

In the November of this year he made a little excursion of four days to Brighton, the theatre of which town belonged to Mr. John Brunton, who was likewise an actor, and a very good one too, at Covent Garden. This gentleman was the father of one of our best modern actresses—Mrs. Yates, whose talents are so well and so deservedly appreciated. He was always a kind friend to Grimaldi, and had no cause to accuse him of ingratitude.

At Brighton they played "Valentine and Orson," "Robinson Crusoe," &c., in which Brunton, who was well acquainted with pantomime and melodrama, acted Farley's parts, while Grimaldi, of course, sustained his original characters. They were very successful indeed, Grimaldi receiving £100 for his remuneration, with which, as will be readily supposed, he was perfectly well satisfied.

At this time he repeatedly met with Lord Byron, not only at Covent Garden, but at various private parties to which he was invited; and eventually they became very good friends. Lord Byron was, as all the world knows, an eccentric man, and he loses nothing of the character in Grimaldi's hands.

"Sometimes," he says, "his lordship appeared lost in deep melancholy, and when that was the case, really looked the picture of despair, for his face was highly capable of expressing profound grief; at other times he was very lively, chatting with great spirit and vivacity; and then occasionally he would be a complete fop, exhibiting his white hands and teeth with an almost ludicrous degree of affectation. But whether 'grave or gay, lively or severe,' his bitter, biting sarcasm never was omitted or forgotten."

It never fell to Grimaldi's lot to hear any person say such severe things as Byron accustomed himself to utter, and they tended not a little to increase the awe with which, upon their first interview, he had been predisposed to regard him. As to Grimaldi himself, Byron invariably acted towards him with much condescension and good humour, frequently conversing with him for hours together; and when the business of the evening called him away, he would wait at the "wings" for him, and as soon as he came off the stage recommence the conversation where it had been broken off. Grimaldi rarely contradicted him, fearing to draw down upon himself the sarcasms which he constantly heard fulminated against others;

and when they spoke on subjects with Byron's opinions upon which he was unacquainted, he cautiously endeavoured to ascertain them before he ventured to give his own, fearing, as he felt so very warmly upon most questions, that he might chance to dissent from him upon one in which he took great interest.

Before Lord Byron left England upon the expedition whence he was destined to return no more, he presented Grimaldi, as a token, he said, of his regard, with a valuable silver snuff-box,\* around which was the inscription, "The gift of Lord Byron to Joseph Grimaldi." It was of course preserved with the most scrupulous care, and valued more highly than any article in his possession. It is but an act of justice to both parties to say that Lord Byron always treated him with the greatest liberality. In 1808, when he saw him act for the first time, he sent a message to his residence, requesting that he would always forward to him one box ticket whenever he took a benefit. This he regularly did, and in return invariably received on the following day a five-pound note.

"Harlequin Gulliver, or the Flying Island," which was the pantomime of the year at Covent Garden, was so successful as to be played sixty-three nights before Easter. On the 30th of March, a piece, under the title of "The Marquis de Carabbas, or Puss in Boots," was produced, and utterly failed. It was a very poor affair, was only played one night, and appears to have fully deserved its fate.

On the same night Sadler's Wells commenced its season, upon which occasion the unexpected absence of Grimaldi occasioned quite a commotion among the audience. He had said nothing about it himself, nor was the circumstance known to the public until the bills were put forth, when the announcement of Paulo's engagement and Grimaldi's secession occasioned much surprise and some manifestation of feeling. Grimaldi had been spending a few days at Egham; and upon his return to town, towards the latter end of March, was not a little amazed to see the walls in the neighbourhood of his house in Spa Fields completely covered with placards emanating from the rival parties, some bearing the words "Joey for ever!" others displaying "No Paulo!" and others, again, "No Grimaldi!" It was supposed by some

\* Mrs. Bryan, Joe's legatee, possesses this snuff-box.



that Grimaldi himself had a hand in the distribution of these bills; but he solemnly denied it, declaring that he never saw or heard anything of them until they were paraded upon the walls on his return to town.

The theatre opened with "Philip and his Dog," and a new harlequinade, called "April Fools, or Months and Mummery." Being informed that it was Dibdin's intention, if any disturbance occurred in consequence of his absence, to address the house, and state that it had resulted from Grimaldi's express wish, he went to the boxes on the opening night, determined, if any such statement were made, to address the audience from his place, and explain the circumstances under which he had left the theatre. He was spared this very disagreeable task, however, no other expression of public feeling taking place except that which is of all others most sensibly and acutely felt by a manager—the people stayed away. Instead of every seat being taken, and standing-places eagerly secured, as had formerly been the case, the theatre was not a quarter filled. There were only forty persons, and these principally friends of the proprietors, in the boxes; not more than a hundred in the pit, and the gallery was not half full. Grimaldi stayed only the first act of the first piece, and then, seeing no probability of being called for, walked away to Covent Garden, to dress for "Puss in Boots," the untimely fate of which has been already recorded.

The next morning the newspapers, one and all, made known Grimaldi's absence from Sadler's Wells, and regretted it as a circumstance which could not fail to prove very injurious to the interests of the theatre. They did this without decrying the merits of Paulo, who was really a very good Clown, but who laboured under the double disadvantage of not being known at Sadler's Wells, and of following in the wake of one who had been a great favourite there for so many years.

Grimaldi's non-engagement at Sadler's Wells was no sooner made known than the provincial managers vied with each other in their endeavours to secure him. Mr. W. Murray, the manager of the Edinburgh and Glasgow Theatres, offered him an engagement at each for six nights when Covent Garden closed, which he immediately accepted. The terms were these:—Grimaldi was to have the best night's receipts out of each six, Murray the second best, and the other four to be equally divided between

them, deducting forty pounds for expenses. He had no sooner closed with this proprietor than he was waited upon by Mr. Knight, of the Manchester and Liverpool Theatres, who offered him an engagement for three weeks, into which he also entered. There then followed such a long list of offers, that if he had had twelve months at his disposal instead of six weeks, they would have occupied the whole time. Many of these offers were of the most handsome and liberal nature; and it was with great regret that he was compelled to decline them.

As there was nothing for Grimaldi to do at Covent Garden, in consequence of the early decease of "Puss in Boots," he accepted an overture from Mr. Brunton, who was the lessee of the Birmingham Theatre, for himself and his son, to act there for seven nights. It was the son's first provincial excursion, and the profits were somewhere about two hundred pounds. He took Worcester in his way on his return, and agreed, at the pressing request of Mr. Crisp, the manager, to stop and play there one night. He offered forty pounds down, or a fair division of the receipts. Grimaldi chose the former terms, acted Scaramouch to a very crowded house, sang several songs, and finished with a little pantomime in which he and his son were Clowns. He supped with the manager, who, at the conclusion of the meal, presented him with a fifty-pound note, saying, if he would accept that sum in lieu of the one agreed upon, it was heartily at his service, and he (the manager) would still be a great gainer by the transaction. This liberal treatment gave him a very favourable impression of the Worcester manager, whom he assured that, should he ever be in that part of the country again, he would not fail to communicate with him. The next day father and son both returned to town, when the former had the satisfaction of hearing that he had not been wanted at Covent Garden. He found several letters from provincial managers offering great terms; but as he was obliged to be in London at the opening of Covent Garden, and the theatres to which they related did not lie anywhere in his route from Edinburgh to Liverpool, he had no option but to decline these proposals.

On the 23rd of June, in this year, John Kemble took his final leave of the stage, the entertainments being "Coriolanus," and "The Portrait of Cervantes." At the conclusion of the play, in which he had sustained the chief part with all his wonted dignity and

grace, Kemble spoke a brief address, in which he took his farewell of the public, whom he had so long delighted: A white satin scarf with a wreath was thrown from the boxes, which falling short, lighted in the orchestra; upon which M. Talma, the French tragedian, who was sitting there, instantly rose from his seat and placed it on the stage, amidst thunders of applause.

Grimaldi appeared but seldom during the remainder of the season at Covent Garden, which closed on the 2nd of July. On the following day he left London for Scotland. When he reached Edinburgh he was not a little surprised to hear from Mr. Murray that in consequence of Emery being engaged to play at Glasgow he should be obliged to limit his (Grimaldi's) nights there to three instead of six, as agreed upon. This very much surprised him; but, as there was no help for it, he acquiesced with a good grace, and left Edinburgh immediately for Glasgow, where he was to act on the following night. It chanced that it was Sunday, a day on which the common stage-coaches do not run in Scotland, and he therefore took a post-chaise, which was eleven hours and a-half performing the distance, or about double the time in which he could have walked it with ease.

"Whittington," "Don Juan," "Valentine and Orson," and "The Rivals," were the pieces acted at Glasgow. In the first three his son performed with him; in the latter he played Acres, and was very well received. He played this part throughout his provincial trips, and always to the perfect satisfaction and amusement of the audience. He never played Richard the Third in the provinces, as has been represented, but limited his performance of characters out of pantomime or melodrama to Acres, Moll Flaggon, and one other part.

When Grimaldi had finished at Glasgow, he joined the company at Edinburgh, where he played Acres twice. The song of Tippetty-witchet took amazingly with the gude folks of Auld Reekie, and both he and his son were received with great kindness and favour.

On the day after the completion of the engagement, Mr. Murray called at Grimaldi's lodgings, and wrote him a cheque for £417 as his share, concluding by inviting him to pay him a similar visit during the following summer. The next morning he went to the bank to get his cheque cashed, when he was told that he could only receive Edinburgh notes, which were not payable out of Scot-

land, unless he consented to pay five per cent. for the accommodation. He was very loth to accept the one or pay the other; which the banker perceiving, told him that he happened to have a bank-stock English note, payable forty days after sight, for £400, which he could let him have. Not being short of cash, he accepted this, and received the £17 balance in Scotch notes.

On the 22nd, Grimaldi left Edinburgh for Berwick, where he had promised to play for two nights, and where he came out the following evening. He was greatly amazed when he saw the theatre at this town: it was situate up a stable yard, in a loft, to reach which it was necessary to climb two flights of stairs, the whole entrance being mean and dirty, and, to ladies especially, particularly disagreeable. But his surprise was far from being confined to the exterior of the theatre: on the contrary, when he surveyed its interior, and found it neat and complete, perfect in its appointments, and even stylish in its decorations, his amazement was increased. It was still further augmented by the appearance and manner of the audience to which he played in the evening, for he had never by any chance acted (taking the size of the building into consideration) to a more fashionable and brilliant box-company.

The second night was as good as the first, and he received for his exertions £92 7s. On this evening he supped with the manager, and during their meal the servant brought in a letter directed to Grimaldi, which had just been left at the door by a footman in livery, who, after delivering it, had immediately walked away. He broke the seal, and read as follows:

"SIR,—Accept the enclosed as a reward of your merit, and the entertainment we have received from you this evening.

"A FRIEND.

"Thursday, July 24th, 1817."

The "enclosed" alluded to by the writer was a bank note for £50!

Next day Grimaldi bade adieu to Berwick, and went direct to Liverpool, where he made his first appearance on the 30th; and here, according to previous arrangement, he remained three weeks. His salary was to be £12 per week, with half a clear benefit, or the whole house for £40, which he chose.

As the night fixed upon for his benefit (which was the last of his engagement) drew nigh, he began anxiously to deliberate

whether he should speculate in the "whole house," or not. He had no friends or acquaintances in Liverpool to assist him, but, on the other hand, he had made a tremendous hit; so, not being able to decide himself, he called in the aid of his friends, Emery, Blanchard, and Jack Johnstone, who chanced to be there at the time, and requested their advice how he should proceed. With one accord they advised him to venture upon taking the house, which he, adopting their advice, forthwith did, paying down his £40, however, with many doubts as to the result. He lost no time in making out his bill, and getting it printed. The play was "The Rivals," in which he acted Acres, and the afterpiece the pantomime of "Harlequin's Olio," in which his son was to appear as Flipflap, a kind of attendant upon harlequin, and he as the Clown.

Several days elapsed, but nothing betokening a good benefit presented itself, and Grimaldi began to suspect it would turn out a complete failure. On the morning of the very day he had sold only fourteen tickets, and walked to the theatre with rather downcast spirits. At the box door he met Mr. Banks, one of the managers, who addressed him with,—

"Well, Joe, a precious benefit you will have!"

"So I expect," he answered, with a sigh.

"Have you looked at the box-book?" inquired the manager, with a slight degree of surprise in his manner.

"No," said Grimaldi; "I really am afraid to do so."

"Afraid!" echoed the manager; "upon my word, Mr. Grimaldi, I don't know what you would have, or what you are afraid of. Every seat in the boxes is taken; and if there had been more, they would have been let."

Hastening to the box-office, Grimaldi found that this good news was perfectly correct. His benefit, which took place on the 20th August, produced the greatest receipts ever known in that theatre: the sum taken was £328 14s., being £1 more than was received at Miss O'Neil's benefit (who was a wonderful favourite in the town), and beating John Emery's by £5. He cleared upwards of £280, by following the advice of his friends; upon the strength of which they all dined together next day, and made very merry.

Many offers from other theatres came pouring in, but Grimaldi only accepted two;

one to act at Preston, and the other to play four nights at Hereford for Mr. Crisp, for whom he naturally entertained very friendly feelings, remembering the courteous and handsome manner in which he had treated him at Worcester.

Two days after his great benefit, Grimaldi travelled over to Preston, to fulfil his engagement with Mr. Howard, the manager, but was very much dispirited by the number of Quakers whom he saw walking about the streets, and whose presence in such numbers caused him to entertain great doubts of the success of this trip. The manager, however, was more sanguine, and, as it afterwards appeared, with good reason. He played Acres and Scaramouch to full houses, the receipts on the first night being £84, and on the second £87 16s. His share of the joint receipts was £86, with which sum, as it far exceeded his expectations, he was well contented.

On the second day after Grimaldi's arrival in Preston a little circumstance occurred, which amused him so much, that he intended to have introduced it in one of his pantomime scenes, although he never did so. He was walking along the street by the market-place, when, observing a barber's pole projecting over the pavement, and recollecting that he wanted shaving, he opened the shop-door, from above which hung the pole, and looking into the shop, saw a pretty little girl, about sixteen years of age, who was sitting at needlework. She rose to receive him, and he inquired if the master was within.

"No, sir," said the girl; "but I expect him directly."

"Very good," replied Grimaldi: "I want to look about me a little; I'll call again."

After strolling through the market-place a little while, he called again, but the barber had not come home. Grimaldi was walking down the street after this second unsuccessful call, when he encountered Mr. Howard, the manager, with whom he fell into conversation, and they walked up and down the street talking together. As he was going to the theatre, and wished Grimaldi to accompany him, they turned in that direction, and passing the barber's shop, again looked in. The girl was still sitting at work; but she laid it aside when the visitors entered, and said she really was very sorry, but her father had not come in yet.

"That's very provoking," said Grimaldi, "considering that I have called here three times already."



THE BARBER'S SHOP.



The girl agreed that it was, and, stepping to the door, looked anxiously up the street and down the street, but there was no barber in sight.

"Do you want to see him on any particular business?" inquired Howard.

"Bless my heart! no, not I," said Grimaldi: "I only want to be shaved."

"Shaved sir!" cried the girl. "Oh, dear me! what a pity it is you did not say so before! for I do most of the shaving for father when he's at home, and all when he's out."

"To be sure she does," said Howard; "I have been shaved by her fifty times."

"You have!" said Grimaldi. "Oh, I'm sure I have no objection. I am quite ready, my dear."

Grimaldi sat himself down in a chair, and the girl commenced the task in a very business-like manner, Grimaldi feeling an irresistible tendency to laugh at the oddity of the operation, but smothering it by dint of great efforts while the girl was shaving his chin. At length, when she got to his upper lip, and took his nose between her fingers with a piece of brown paper, he could stand it no longer, but burst into a tremendous roar of laughter, and made a face at Howard, which the girl no sooner saw than she dropped the razor and laughed immoderately also; whereat Howard began to laugh too, which only set Grimaldi laughing more; when just at this moment in came the barber, who, seeing three people in convulsions of mirth, one of them with a soapy face and a gigantic mouth making the most extravagant faces over a white towel, threw himself into a chair without ceremony, and dashing his hat on the ground, laughed louder than any of them, claring in broken words as he could find breath to utter them, that "that gentleman as was being shaved, was out of sight the funniest gentleman he had ever seen," and entreating him to "stop them faces, or he knew he should die." When they were all perfectly exhausted, the barber finished what his daughter had begun; and rewarding the girl with a shilling, Grimaldi and the manager took their leaves.

Having settled at the theatre, received his money, and made several purchases in the town (for he always spent a per-centage in every place where he had been successful), Grimaldi returned to Liverpool on the 24th of August.

## CHAPTER XX.

1817.

More provincial success—Bologna and his economy—Comparative dearth of Welsh Rarebits and Partridges—Remarkably odd modes of saving money.

HAVING no engagement at Liverpool—indeed, having no time to accept one,—Grimaldi remained there only two days, at the expiration of which time he went to Hereford, and having waited on Mr. Crisp, the manager, went to look at the theatre, which, to his great astonishment and concern, he found to be nothing more than a common square room, with a stage four yards wide and about as many high, the head of the statue in Don Juan being obscured by the flies, and thus rendered wholly invisible to the audience. What made this circumstance the more annoying, was, that on the statue being seen to nod its head depended the effect of one of the very best scenes of Scaramouch.

As Grimaldi did not hesitate to express his great mortification and annoyance, and his decided indisposition to act in such a place for four nights, which was the term originally proposed, a fresh arrangement was entered into, by which he engaged to play two nights at Hereford, and two at Worcester, where he knew there was a better theatre. At the former town the receipts were on the first night £42, and on the second £45, his share of the total being £43 10s. At Worcester, the receipts of the first night were £87, and of the second £93 16s. : here he also received a moiety of the two nights' receipts.

Having now concluded his provincial engagements, Grimaldi repaired to Cheltenham for rest and relaxation, and remained there until the second week in September, when he returned to London. While at Cheltenham he stumbled upon his old friend, Richer, the rope-dancer, already mentioned as having been engaged at Sadler's Wells at an early period of Grimaldi's career. He had retired from the profession, and was married to the widow of a clergyman who had died extremely rich. They were living in great style, and to all appearance very happy.

The following account of Grimaldi's gains during this short excursion will afford some idea of the immense sums he was in the habit of receiving about this time. The amount was so much more than he had supposed.



that on going over the calculation he could scarcely believe he was correct. It was as follows :—

	£	s.	d.
Brighton, four nights . . .	100	0	0
Birmingham, six . . .	210	0	0
Worcester, one . . .	50	0	0
Glasgow and Edinburgh, nine	417	0	0
Berwick, two . . .	102	7	0
Liverpool, sixteen . . .	324	14	0
Preston, two . . .	86	0	0
Hereford, two . . .	43	10	0
Worcester (2nd visit), two .	90	8	0
Total . . .	£1423	19	0

The accounts which he received at Sadler's Wells on his return were unusually bad. They were fully corroborated by Mr. Hughes, who informed him it had been the very worst season the theatre had ever known.

Having nothing to do at Covent Garden, and entertaining a very pleasant and lively recollection of the profits of his last trip, Grimaldi determined on making another excursion, and accepted an offer from Elliston, to play four nights at Birmingham, by which he cleared £150. From Birmingham he went to Leicester, where Elliston also had a theatre, and where he played for two nights, being accompanied by Mr. Brunton, who was Elliston's stage manager. They were very successful, Grimaldi's share of the receipts being £70.

The morning after his last performance here, Grimaldi took a post-chaise and started for Chester, where he had undertaken to act for one week. As the chaise drove up to the White Lion, the London coach drove up too, and, seated on the outside, he saw, to his great surprise, his old friend Old Bologna, who, it appeared, had been engaged expressly to perform with him in "Mother Goose." The unexpected meeting afforded great pleasure to both, and having ordered a private sitting-room and a good dinner, they sat down together and fell into conversation; in the course of which Bologna, by various hints and other slight remarks, gave his friend to understand that his old characteristic of never being able, without a strong effort, to make up his mind to spend a penny was by no means impaired by time. The room was handsomely fitted up; and the dinner, which was speedily placed before them, consisted of a great variety of expensive delicacies, the sight of which awakened in Bologna's mind a great many misgivings concerning the bill, which were not at all lessened by the landlady's inform-

ing them, with a low curtsey, as she placed the first dish on the table, that she knew who they were, and that she would answer for their being provided with every luxury and comfort the house would afford. They were no sooner left alone, than Bologna, with a very dissatisfied air, informed his friend that he saw it would never do to stay in that house.

"Why not?" inquired Grimaldi.

"Because of the expense," he answered. "Bless me! look at the accommodations: what do you suppose they'll charge for all this? It won't suit me, Joe; I shall be off."

"You can do as you please," rejoined his friend; "but if you'll take my advice, you'll remain where you are: for I have found from experience that if there is a choice between a first-rate and a second-rate house, one should always go to the former. There you have the best articles at a fair price; while at the other you have bad things, worse served up, and enormously dear."

Bologna was ultimately prevailed upon not to leave the house, contenting himself with various economical resolutions, which he commenced putting in practice when the waiter appeared to know if they would order supper.

"Supper!" exclaimed Bologna; "certainly not; not on any account. Suppers are extremely unhealthy: I never take them by any chance."

"You may get some supper for *me*," said Grimaldi, "and have it ready at half-past eleven."

"What will you like to order, sir?"

"I'll leave it to the landlady. Anything nice will do."

"Good Heaven!" said Bologna, as the waiter went out of the room; "what a bill you'll have to pay here!"

They strolled about the town; arranged with the manager to commence next night with "Mother Goose," and having beguiled the time till supper, repaired to the inn, where a fine brace of partridges, done to a turn, were placed before Grimaldi, which his companion eyed with very hungry looks, congratulating himself aloud, however, upon having saved himself that expense, at all events.

There was a silence for some minutes, broken only by the clatter of the knives and forks; and then Bologna, who had been walking up and down the room in a restless manner, stopped short, and inquired if the birds were nice?

"Very," replied Grimaldi, helping himself again; "they are delicious."

Bologna walked up and down the room faster after this and then rang the bell with great vehemence. The waiter appeared, and Bologna, after a long consideration, hesitatingly ordered a Welsh rare-bit.

"Certainly, sir," said the man; and by the time Grimaldi had finished his supper the Welsh rare-bit appeared.

"Stop a minute, waiter," said Bologna. "Grimaldi, do you mean to take supper every night?"

"Certainly. Every night."

"Well, then, waiter, remember to bring me a Welsh rare-bit every evening when Mr. Grimaldi takes his supper. I don't want it; but it has so rude an appearance to sit looking on while another man is eating that I must do it as a matter of form and comfort. You'll not forget?"

"I'll be sure to remember, sir," was the reply.

The moment he was gone, Grimaldi burst into a great roar of laughter, which his friend took in high dudgeon, muttering various observations regarding extravagance, which were responded to by divers remarks relative to shabbiness. Neither of them gave way, and the supper arrangement was regularly acted upon; Grimaldi always having some warm dish of game or poultry, and Bologna solacing himself with a Welsh rare-bit, and the reflection of having saved money while his companion spent it. They stayed at Chester nine days in all, and when the bills were brought at last, found, as Grimaldi had anticipated, that the charges were moderate, and well merited by the manner in which they had been accommodated.

"Well, Bologna," said Grimaldi, with a triumphant air, "are you satisfied?"

"Pretty well," he replied. "I must acknowledge that the bills are not so heavy as I feared they would have been; but there is one terrible mistake in mine. Look here! they have charged me for supper every night just as they have charged you. That must be wrong, you know: I have had nothing but Welsh rare-bits!"

"Certainly," said Grimaldi, looking over the bill. "You had better ring for the waiter: I have no doubt he can explain the matter."

The bell was rung, and the waiter came.

"Oh! here's a mistake, waiter," said Bologna, handing him the bill. "You have charged me for supper every night here, and you'll remember I only had a Welsh rare-bit. Just get it altered, will you?"

"I beg your pardon, sir," replied the waiter, glancing from the bill to the customer; "it's quite right, sir."

"Quite right?"

"Quite, sir: it's the rule of the house, sir—the rule of every house on the road—to charge in that way. Half-a-crown for supper, sir; cold beef, fowl, game, or bread and cheese: always half-a-crown, sir. There were a great many other dishes that you might have had; but you recollect giving a particular order for a Welsh rare-bit, sir?"

The saving man said not another word, but paid the nine half-crowns for the nine Welsh rare-bits, to his own great wrath and his friend's unspeakable amusement.

The next morning they returned to London, and on the road Grimaldi had another instance of his companion's parsimony, which determined him never to travel in his company again. When the coach came to the door, he was perfectly amazed to find that the economical Harlequin was going to travel outside, but not surprised to hear him whisper, when he expressed his astonishment, that he should save a pound by it, or more.

"Yes," answered Grimaldi, "and catch a cold by sitting outside all night, after your exertions at the theatre, which will cost you £20 at least."

"You know nothing about it," replied Bologna, with a wink: "I shall be safe inside as well as you."

"What! and pay outside fare?"

"Just so," replied he. "I'll tell you how it is. I've ascertained that there's one place vacant inside, and that the coach belongs to our landlady. Now, I mean to remind her what a deal of money we have spent in the house; to tell her that I shall be soon coming here again; and to put it to her, whether she won't let me ride at least a part of the way inside."

Grimaldi was not a little offended and vexed by this communication, feeling that, as they had been stopping at the house as companions and friends, he was rather involved in the shabbiness of his fellow-traveller. His angry remonstrances, however, produced not the slightest effect. Bologna acted precisely as he had threatened, and received permission from the good lady of the house, who was evidently much surprised at the application, to occupy the vacant inside place; it being stipulated and understood on both sides, that if anywhere on the road a passenger were found requiring an inside place,

Bologna should either give up his, or pay the regular fare on to London.

As Grimaldi could not prevent this arrangement, he was compelled to listen to it with a good grace. The manager, who came to see them off, brought £100 for Grimaldi, all in three-shilling pieces, packed up in a large brown-paper parcel; and this part of the luggage being stowed in the coach-pocket, away they went, Bologna congratulating himself on his diplomacy, and Grimaldi consoling himself with the reflection that he should know how to avoid him in future, and that he was now, at least, safe from any further exhibition of his parsimony during the journey. The former resolution he kept, but in the latter conclusion he was desperately wrong.

It was evening when they started, and at four o'clock in the morning, when they stopped to change horses, a customer for an inside place presented himself; whereupon the driver, opening the coach-door, civilly reminded Bologna of the conditions upon which he held his seat.

Bologna was fast asleep the first time the man spoke, and, having been roused, had the matter explained to him once more; upon which he sat bolt upright in the coach, and repeating all the man had said, inquired with great distinctness whether he understood it to be put to him, that he must either pay the inside fare, or get out.

"That's it, sir," said the coachman.

"Very well," said Bologna, without the slightest alteration of tone or manner; "then I shall do neither the one nor the other."

The coachman, falling back a space or two from the door, and recovering from a brief trance of astonishment, addressed the passengers, the would-be passenger, the ostlers and stable-boys, who were standing around, upon the mean and shabby conduct of the individual inside. Upon this, the passengers remonstrated, the would-be passenger stormed, the coachman and guard bellowed, the ostlers hooted, the stable-boys grinned. Grimaldi worked himself into a state of intense vexation, and the cause of all the tumult sat quite immovable.

"Now, I'll tell you what it is," said the coachman, when his eloquence was quite exhausted, "one word's as good as a thousand. Will you get out?"

"No, I will not," answered the sleepy Harlequin.

"Very well," said the man; "then off

goes my benjamin, and out you come like a sack of saw-dust."

As the man was of that portly form and stout build which is the badge of all his tribe, and as, stimulated by the approving murmurs of the lookers-on, he began suiting the action to the word without delay. Bologna thought it best to come to terms; so turned out into the cold air, and took his seat on the coach-top, amidst several expressions of very undisguised contempt from his fellow-passengers.

They performed the rest of the journey in this way, and Grimaldi, alighting at the Angel at Islington, left Bologna to go on to the coach-office in Holborn, previously giving both the guard and coachman something beyond their usual fee, as an intelligible hint that he was not of the same caste as his companion.

Two or three days afterwards, meeting Bologna in the street, he inquired how he had got on at the coach-office.

"Oh, very well," said Bologna; "they abused me finely."

"Just what I expected."

"Yes; and very glad I was of it, too."

"What do you mean?"

"Saved my money, Joe; that's what I mean. If they had been civil, of course I must have given something, not only to the coachman, but the guard besides; but as they were not civil, of course I did not give either of them a penny, and so saved something handsome by it."

Bologna had many good qualities, and he and Grimaldi always remained on good terms; but as he was not upon the whole the most entertaining travelling companion that could be found, they never afterwards encountered each other in that capacity.

## CHAPTER XXI.

1817 to 1818.

Grimaldi becomes a Proprietor of Sadler's Wells—Newcastle Salmon, and a Coal Mine—Production of Baron Munchausen—Anecdote of Ellar the Harlequin, showing how he jumped through the Moon, and put his hand out—Gold Snuff-box, Sir Godfrey Webster, and the Duke of York.

GRIMALDI need not have hastened back to town with so much expedition, for he was not in request at Covent Garden, as it turned out, until November, and then only for a night or two in "La Perouse." Still, as it was uncertain whether he might not be wanted at a few days' notice, he was careful of accepting any provincial engagement of more than a week's duration.

Sadler's Wells was closed when he reached London, after a season which had entailed a very severe loss on the proprietors; the balance against whom was so heavy, as to cause it to be rumoured that one more such season would throw a few of the shares into new hands, which in reality shortly afterwards occurred. In a pecuniary point of view, it was an extremely fortunate thing for Grimaldi that he had remained absent from Sadler's Wells during the summer of 1817, his gains in the provinces being considerably more than they would have been if he had remained in town; while, on the other hand, the degree of exertion he had to encounter in the provinces was greatly inferior to that which he must have sustained at Sadler's Wells. In addition to the £1,423 19s., of which an account is given in the last chapter, he received for four nights at Birmingham £150, for two nights at Leicester £70, and for six at Chester £100, making a clear gain of £1,743 19s., for fifty-six nights' performance; whereas, if he had remained at Sadler's Wells, he would have merely received his thirty weeks' salary at £12 each, and two benefits of £150 each, making a total of £660, for one hundred and eighty nights' performance. He was therefore a gainer not only in the saving of bodily exertion, but in the sum of £1,073 19s., by his fortunate and unlooked-for expulsion from Sadler's Wells.

In February, 1818, Grimaldi received several intimations that if he chose to make application to the proprietors of Sadler's Wells he might return almost upon his own terms; but he declined doing so, partly from feeling rather annoyed at the manner in which he had been treated, and partly from

discovering how well provincial excursions answered in a pecuniary point of view, and how much more conducive they were to his health than remaining in town. Nevertheless, when Mrs. Hughes, the widow of his friend, waited upon him and entreated him herself to return, he scarcely knew how to refuse, and at last told her that if he returned at all to that establishment, it must be as a part proprietor. He said this, thinking that it would either release him from any further requests to go back to Sadler's Wells, or enable him to share in the profits which had been for many years accruing to the proprietors. But in this idea, as in many others, he was totally mistaken. After some little preliminaries, in the shape of meetings, discussions, waiving of objections &c., the proposal was accepted, and he became the purchaser of a certain number of shares in Sadler's Wells from Mrs. Hughes herself.\* This being arranged, Grimaldi accepted an engagement for the ensuing season upon his old terms, merely bargaining that he should be permitted to leave town about the end of July, for six weeks in each year, to fulfil provincial engagements.

The Covent Garden season terminated on the 17th of July, and his benefit at Sadler's Wells, which occurred two nights afterwards, being over (the receipts were £243 19s., he left town to fulfil the engagements he had entered into with country managers. He went first to Liverpool, where he acted from the 27th July until the 19th August: his profits amounted to £327, being two pounds and a few shillings more than the result of his previous visit. Thence he went to Lancaster, the theatre of which town, like the one at Berwick, he found up a stable-yard, but very

\* Joe's desire was to become a proprietor, and an eighth share, at his request, was disposed of to him by his brother-in-law, Mr. Hughes; nor was the purchase-money demanded at the time of sale: the object was, to invest Grimaldi with an interest in the theatre, and to attach him to it more permanently; but so far from any loss having arisen, we find that on reference to the treasurer's books, the season of 1818 and the two following were profitable, and Joe participated in the benefits arising therefrom. The season of 1821 was attended by loss; but even then the deficit required from Grimaldi, by reason of his eighth share, was little more than ninety pounds; and in that instance Joe experienced the kindness of the family to which his early marriage had attached him. The loss referred to was rendered easy to him in its liquidation. Mr. Hughes's subsequent losses, as connected with Sadler's Wells Theatre, exceeded £5,000.

neat and commodious. Here he played two nights, for which he received £111 16s. From this town he went to Newcastle-upon-Tyne, where he performed five nights, realizing £243 14s. as his share of the profits.

During his stay at Newcastle, he recollected that the best pickled salmon sold in London was called by that name, and came from thence, and he resolved to have a feast of it, naturally concluding that he should procure it in high perfection in the place whence it was brought for sale. Accordingly, one evening he ordered some to be got ready for supper upon his return from the theatre, which the waiter of the hotel he was staying at promised should be done, but in so curious a manner that he could not help fancying he did not understand his meaning. He therefore asked him if he had heard what he said.

"Oh dear, yes, sir!" was the reply: "I'll take care it shall be ready, sir."

This appeared to settle the point, and as soon as the play was over he returned to the inn, anticipating how much better the salmon would be than the London pickle. The cloth was duly spread, and a covered dish placed before him.

"Supper, sir—quite ready, sir," said the waiter, whisking away the cover, and presenting to his sight a mutton cutlet. "You'll find this excellent, sir."

"No doubt; but I ordered pickled salmon!"

"I beg your pardon, sir,—did you, sir?" (with a slight appearance of confusion.)

"Did I! Yes, to be sure I did. Do you mean to say you do not recollect it?"

"I may have forgotten it, sir; I suppose I have forgotten it, sir."

"Well, it does not matter much; I can make a supper of this. But don't forget to let me have some pickled salmon to-morrow evening."

"Certainly not, sir," was the waiter's answer; and so the matter ended for that night.

On the following evening, Grimaldi invited the manager, at the close of the performances, to go home and sup with him, which he willingly did. As on the preceding evening, the meal was prepared and awaiting their arrival. Down they sat, and upon the removal of the cover, a rumpsteak presented itself. A good deal surprised, he said to the waiter,—

"What's this! have you forgotten the pickled salmon again?"

"Why, really, sir, dear me!" hesitated

the man,—*"I believe I have—I really fancied you said you would have beef to-night, sir. To-morrow night, sir, I'll take care that you have some."*

"Now, mind that you *do* remember it, for to-morrow is the last day I shall be here, and I have a particular wish to taste some before I leave the town."

"Depend upon me, sir,—you shall certainly have some to-morrow, sir," said the waiter. The manager preferred meat, so it was no great matter, and they took their hot supper very comfortably.

There was a crowded audience next night, which was Grimaldi's benefit and the last of his performance. He played Acres and Clown, received the cash, bade farewell to the manager, and hurried to his inn, greatly fatigued by his performance, and looking forward with much pleasure to the pickled salmon.

"All right to-night, waiter?" he inquired.

"All right to-night, sir," said the waiter, rubbing his hands. "Supper is quite ready, sir."

"Good! Let me have my bill to-night, because I start early in the morning."

Grimaldi turned to the supper-table: there was a dish, with a cover; the waiter removed it with a flourish, and presented to his astonished eyes—not the long expected pickled salmon, but a veal-cutlet. These repeated disappointments were rather too much, so he pulled the bell with great vehemence and called for the landlord.

The landlord came, and Grimaldi having stated his grievance, he appeared to understand as little about the matter as his waiter; but at length, after many explanations, Grimaldi learned, to his great surprise, that pickled salmon was an article unknown in Newcastle, all Newcastle pickled salmon being sent to London for sale. The brilliant waiter not having the remotest conception of what was wanted, and determined not to confess his ignorance, had resolved to try all the dishes in the most general request until he came to the right one.

Grimaldi saw a coal mine on this expedition, his curiosity having been roused by the manager's glowing description. We should rather say that he went down into one, for his survey was brief enough. He descended some two or three hundred feet in a basket, and was met at the bottom of the shaft by a guide, who had not conducted him far, when a piece of coal, weighing about three tons,



fell with a loud noise upon a spot over which they had just passed.

"Hollo!" exclaimed Grimaldi, greatly terrified. "What's that?"

"Hech!" said the guide, "it's only a wee bit of cool fallen doon: we ha'e that twa or three times a day."

"Have you?" replied Grimaldi, running back to the shaft. "Then I'll thank you to ring for my basket, or call out for it, for I'll stop here no longer."

The basket was lowered, and he ascended to the light without delay, having no wish whatever to take his chance again among the "wee bits of cool."

While upon this last expedition, he received a letter from Mr. Harris, in which that gentleman informed him that it would be necessary for him to be in London by the 7th of September, to attend the opening of Covent Garden; in consequence of which he was obliged to forego his Edinburgh engagement with Mr. Murray, which annoyed him greatly, for he had calculated upon clearing pretty nigh five hundred pounds by that portion of his trip; besides, being at Newcastle, he was within one day's journey of Edinburgh. However, he was obliged to attend to the summons, and so returned to London, where a few days afterwards he encountered Mr. Harris, with whom he had the following vexatious colloquy:—

"Ah, Joe!" he exclaimed, with evident surprise, "why, I did not expect to see you for three weeks to come!"

"You did not, sir!" exclaimed Grimaldi, with at least an equal degree of astonishment.

"Certainly not; I thought you were going into Scotland."

"So I was; but I received a letter from you, recalling me to town by to-day; which summons I have obeyed, by sacrificing my Edinburgh excursion, and with it about five hundred pounds."

"Ah!" said Mr. Harris, "I see now how all this is. I suppose you left Newcastle the same day you received my letter?"

"I did, sir."

"That was unfortunate; for I changed my mind after writing that letter, and wrote again on the following day, giving you permission to stay away until the first week of October. Never mind; as you *are* here, we'll find you something to do;—we'll try 'Mother Goose' for a night or two next week."

To this obliging promise he made no reply, not deriving the smallest degree of comfort

from it. Mr. Harris, observing that his offer had failed in producing the intended effect, added, "And as to the loss of your Edinburgh engagement, that I must endeavour to make up to you in some way or other at a future time."

He thanked him for this kindness, and Mr. Harris did not forget his promise.

The result of Grimaldi's first season's proprietorship was far from propitious. At first all went on very well; but after he had left (as previously stipulated) in July, the houses fell to nothing, and when he arrived in town again in September, he was informed that there would be a clear loss instead of any profit. This both surprised and vexed him; for Sadler's Wells had always been considered a very good property, and he had fully expected that he should, merely upon becoming a proprietor, have to receive a sum of money yearly, in addition to his regular salary.

The first proprietors' meeting which he attended occurred a few days after the close of the season; and then all the books and papers connected with the business of the theatre being produced, it was found that a heavy loss was really attendant upon the year's campaign.

"And pray what may be the amount?" he inquired, rather dolefully,—for he now began to repent of his purchase, and to fancy that he saw all his recently acquired wealth fading away.

Mr. Richard Hughes shook his head when he heard his question, and said, "Ah, Joe, the loss is £333 13s."

"Oh, come!" cried Grimaldi, "it's not so bad as I thought,—£333 13s. is not so much among six persons!" which was the number of proprietors at that time.

"Joe," said Mr. Hughes, gravely, "is this the first meeting you have attended?"

"Yes."

"Ah, then I do not wonder you have misunderstood me. What I meant was, that the loss to each person is £333 13s., the gross loss being six times that sum."

This communication was a very unexpected blow to all his hopes; but as there was nothing better to be done, he paid his share of the money at once with as good a grace as he could assume, having thus gratified his wish to become a proprietor of Sadler's Wells by the expenditure, first, of a large sum of money for his share, and secondly, of another sum of upwards of £330 at the end of the first season.

Grimaldi anticipated other heavy demands



upon his provincial gains of 1817 and 1818, and bitterly regretted having connected himself with the establishment in any other way than as a salaried actor.

The Christmas pantomime at Covent Garden was entitled "*Baron Munchausen*,"\* and proved as successful as its predecessors had done for some years. During its run, a circumstance occurred worthy of mention, as an instance of the brutality of a man belonging to the theatre.

One night, a fellow engaged as a carpenter, and whose business it likewise was to assist in holding a carpet in which the pantomime characters are caught when they jump through the scenes, went to Ellar, who was the Harlequin, and holding up the carpet, said that it was very dry, thereby intimating in the cant phrase that he required something to drink. Ellar, from some cause or other, either because he had already feed the men liberally, or was engaged at the moment in conversation, returned some slight answer, unaccompanied by the required gratuity, and the fellow went away grumbling. On the following evening, Ellar was informed that the man had been heard to talk about being revenged upon him: he only laughed at the threat, however, and all went on as usual until the third night afterwards, when, as he and Grimaldi were on the stage together, in the scene where he used to jump through the "moon," and after the former had given the cue for him to take the leap, he was surprised to observe that he hesitated, and still more so when, drawing close to him, he said, in a whisper, "I am afraid they don't mean to catch me. I have knocked three times against the scene, and asked if they were ready; but nobody has said a word in reply."

"It's impossible," whispered Grimaldi; "I don't believe there is a man in the theatre who would dream of such a thing. Jump, man, jump."

Ellar still paused, and Grimaldi fancying that symptoms of impatience were beginning to appear among the audience, told him so, and again urged him not to stop the business of the scene, but to jump at once.

"Well, well," cried Ellar, "here goes!—but Heaven knows how it will end!" And in a complete state of uncertainty whether any men were there to catch him, or he

was left to break his neck, he went through the scene. His fears were not without good ground; for the fellows whose business it was to hold the carpet were holding it, as they well knew, in a position where he could never reach it, and down he fell. Suspecting his danger while in the very act of going through the panel, he endeavoured to save his head by sacrificing a hand. In this he fortunately succeeded, as he sustained no other injury than breaking the hand upon which he fell. The accident occasioned him great pain and inconvenience, but he insisted on going through the part, and the audience were quite ignorant of the occurrence.

The circumstance was not long in reaching the ears of Mr. Harris and Mr. Fawcett, who were made acquainted not only with Ellar's accident, but with the man's threat, and the occasion which had given rise to it. Fawcett immediately caused all the carpenters to assemble on the stage, and told them that if Mr. Ellar would undertake to say he believed the accident had been brought about willfully, they should every one be discharged on the spot. Ellar being sent for, and informed that this was the proprietor's deliberate intention, replied without hesitation, that he could not believe it was intentional, and whispered to Grimaldi, as he left the house, that the fellow had got a wife and half-a-dozen children dependent upon him.

This praiseworthy resolution, which prevented several men from being thrown out of employment, was rendered the more praiseworthy by Ellar's having no earthly doubt that the mistake was intentional, and by his knowing perfectly well that if he had fallen on his head in lieu of his hand, he would most probably have been killed on the spot.

While upon the subject of stage accidents, we may remark, that very few of these mischances befel Grimaldi, considering the risks to which a pantomime actor is exposed, and the serious injuries he is constantly encountering. The hazards were not so great in Grimaldi's case as they would have been to any other man similarly situated, inasmuch as his clown was a very quiet personage, so far as the use or abuse of his limbs was concerned, and by no means addicted to those violent contortions of body which are painful alike to actor and spectator. His clown was an embodied conception of his own, whose humour was in his looks, and not in his tumbles, and who excited the laughter of an audience while standing upon his heels, and not upon his

\* "*Baron Munchausen*: or, the Fountain of Love," first performed on December 26, 1818. Harlequin, Mr. Ellar; Clown, Mr. Grimaldi; Pantaloon, Mr. Norman; Columbine, Miss F. Dennett.

head. If the present race of clowns, and the rising generation of that honourable fraternity would endeavour to imitate him in this respect, they would be more at ease themselves, and place their audiences more at ease also.

While playing in "Baron Munchausen" at Covent Garden, one evening very shortly after Ellar's accident, he observed his Royal Highness the Duke of York, accompanied by Sir Godfrey Webster and another gentleman, sitting in his Royal Highness's private box, and laughing very heartily at the piece. Upon his coming off the stage about the middle of the pantomime, he found Sir Godfrey waiting for him.

"Hard work, Grimaldi!"

"Hard and hot, Sir Godfrey!"

"Have a pinch of snuff, Grimaldi," said Sir Godfrey: "it will refresh you." With this he produced from behind him, where he had been holding it, the largest snuff-box Grimaldi had ever beheld. The sight of it amused him much. Sir Godfrey laughed and said, "Take it to that gentleman," pointing to the pantaloon, who was on the stage, "and see if he would like a pinch."

Grimaldi willingly complied, and having shortly afterwards to enact a foppish scene swaggered about the stage, ostentatiously displaying this huge box, which, from its enormous size, really looked like a caricature made expressly for the purpose, and offered a pinch to the pantaloon with all that affectation of politeness in which he was so ludicrous. The audience laughed at its gigantic size, and the pantaloon, looking suspiciously at him, demanded,

"Where did you get this box?"

To this, affecting modest reserve and diffidence, he made no answer, but turned away his head.

"You've stolen it!" continued Pantaloon.

This the injured Clown strongly denied upon his honour, with many bows and slides, and averred it was a gift.

"Given to you!" cried the Pantaloon: "and pray, who gave it to you?"

In answer to this, he pointed significantly to the box whither Sir Godfrey had retired, and the merriment which this occasioned was great indeed. The Duke, to whom, as he discovered afterwards, the box belonged, was convulsed with laughter; nor were the gentlemen with him less merry, while the audience, either suspecting that some joke was afloat, or being amused at the scene,

joined in the hearty laughter emanating from the royal box.

"Where are you going to take the box?" asked Pantaloon, as he turned to go off.

"Where it has often been before," cried Grimaldi, pointing upwards: "to my uncle's!" And so saying, he ran off the stage amid a fresh burst of merriment.

Sir Godfrey was with him in two minutes. Whether he thought the box was really in danger of being so disposed of is uncertain, but he popped round behind the scenes as quickly as possible.

"Capital, Grimaldi!" he cried, still laughing; "you have won me a wager—so ought to go snacks in it;" and he slipped five guineas into his hand.

"So, so," said the Duke of York, who, unperceived by Grimaldi, had followed his friend; "this is the way stakes are divided, eh?—I'll tell you what, Sir Godfrey, although Mr. Grimaldi is not a porter, I entertain no doubt that he would carry your box for you every evening upon such terms as these."

Having vented this joke, his Royal Highness returned to his box. As he was not often behind the scenes at the theatre, this was, with one exception, the only time Grimaldi encountered him.

## CHAPTER XXII.

1818 to 1823.

Profit and Loss—Appearance of his Son at Covent Garden—His last engagement at Sadler's Wells—Accommodation of the Giants in the Dublin Pavilion—Alarming state of his health—His engagement at the Coburg—The liberality of Mr. Harris—Rapid decay of Grimaldi's constitution, his great sufferings, and last performance at Covent Garden—He visits Cheltenham and Birmingham with great success—Colonel Berkeley, Mr. Charles Kemble, and Mr. Bunn.

By his six weeks' excursion in 1818, Grimaldi cleared £682 12s. but the disastrous

result of the Sadler's Wells season, and the expenditure of ready money in the purchase of his shares, swallowed up nearly the whole of his gains in the provinces—so that, notwithstanding his great success and the enormous sums he had so recently acquired, the autumn of 1818 found him still poor, and entirely dependent on his salary for support. He looked forward, however, to the next season at Sadler's Wells, in the hope that some success might repay a portion of the money he had already lost.

The opening of Sadler's Wells\* was attended by many difficulties and embarrassments. Only ten days before the commencement of the season, Mr. Charles Didbin suddenly relinquished his post of acting stage-manager, and was with great difficulty prevailed upon to make the necessary arrangements for the first week. As he left the theatre at Whitsuntide, and nobody could be

\* Sadler's Wells opened on Easter Monday, April 12, 1819, with a pantomime, the scenes selected from successful harlequinades at that theatre, commencing with the opening from that of the "Talking Bird;" Clown, Mr. Grimaldi, with a new song, "HOT CODLINS," composed by Mr. Whitaker; Columbine, Miss Tree, from the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane. On April 19, the "Great Devil" was revived; Nicola, Mr. Grimaldi; The Lady Matilda, Miss Tree: and on Whit Monday, May 31, the new harlequinade, called "The Fates, or Harlequin's Holiday," was produced under Grimald's immediate direction. He played the Clown; Bologna, as Harlequin, made his first appearance that evening, after a ten years' absence; Barnes, Pantaloon; the ever juvenile Widdicomb played the West Indian; and Columbine, Miss Tree. On the same night, at Covent Garden, "Mother Goose" was revived, with additional scenes from "Harlequin Munchausen," "Gulliver," and "Whittington." Ellar was the Harlequin, and Grimaldi had to play at both theatres in the two pieces. The pantomime was played at Covent Garden on July 19th, the last night of the season, by the express desire of the Duke and Duchess of Kent. The pantomime of "Harlequin's Holiday" continued uninterruptedly till August 9th, when it was announced it would be withdrawn for a short time, to re-embellish the scenery, machinery, and dresses, and would be re-produced with additional scenes. On August 2, Grimaldi sustained Friday in the Burletta of the "Bold Buccaneers," which was successfully repeated during the season. The Duke and Duchess, pleased with Grimaldi's performance at Covent Garden, visited Sadler's Wells on August 27. On September 13th, Grimaldi played Scaramouch, in "Don Juan;" Donna Anna, Miss Tree; when the bills announced a change of entertainments on the Monday following, September 20th, for the benefit of Mr. Grimaldi.

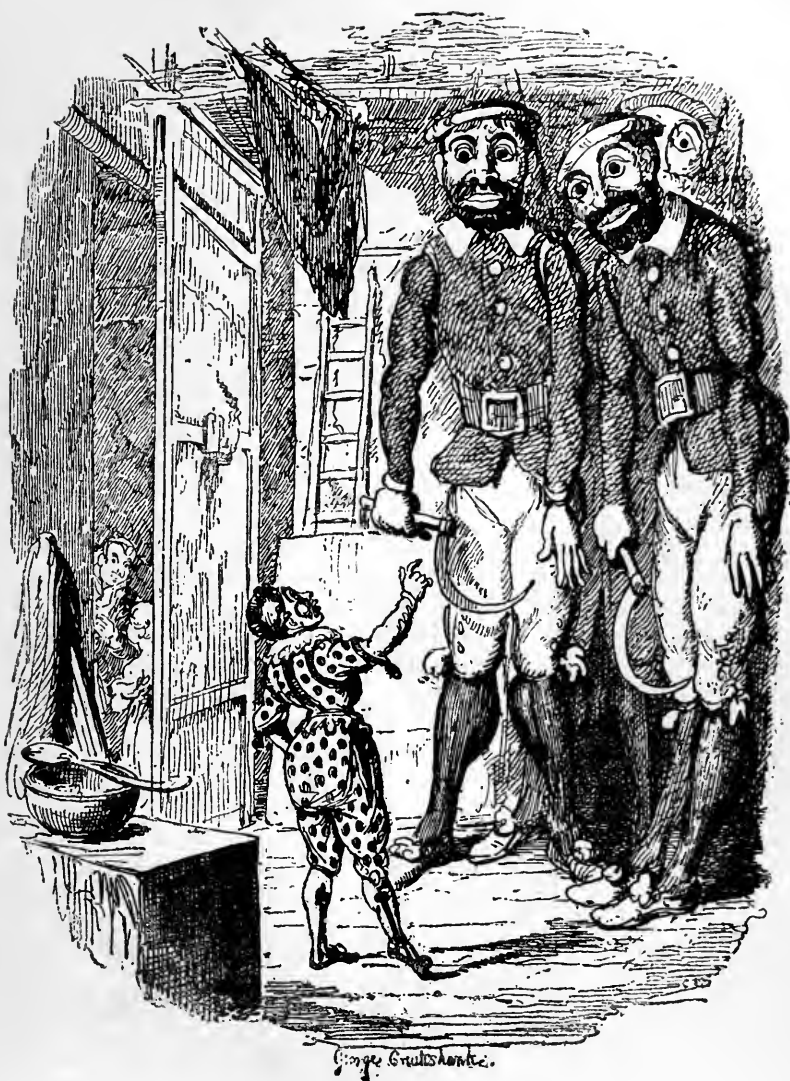
found to supply his place, Grimaldi was obliged to fill it himself, and to relinquish, though with great unwillingness, his summer excursion, with all its advantages. He produced a new pantomime of his own invention, called "The Fates," which ran the whole of the season, and drew very good houses. The result was, that when the books were made up at the end of the season, each of the proprietors had something to receive; which was a very agreeable improvement on the untoward prospects with which the preceding year had opened.

Gradually, but surely, during the whole of this year Grimaldi felt his health sinking, and heavy and painful infirmities creeping upon him. He learnt, when it was too late, that if at this time he had retired from the profession, and devoted one or two years to relaxation and quiet, his constitution would in all probability have rallied, and he would have been enabled to resume his usual occupations, with every hope of being long able to perform them, instead of being compelled, as he eventually was, to quit the stage when he was little more than forty years old.

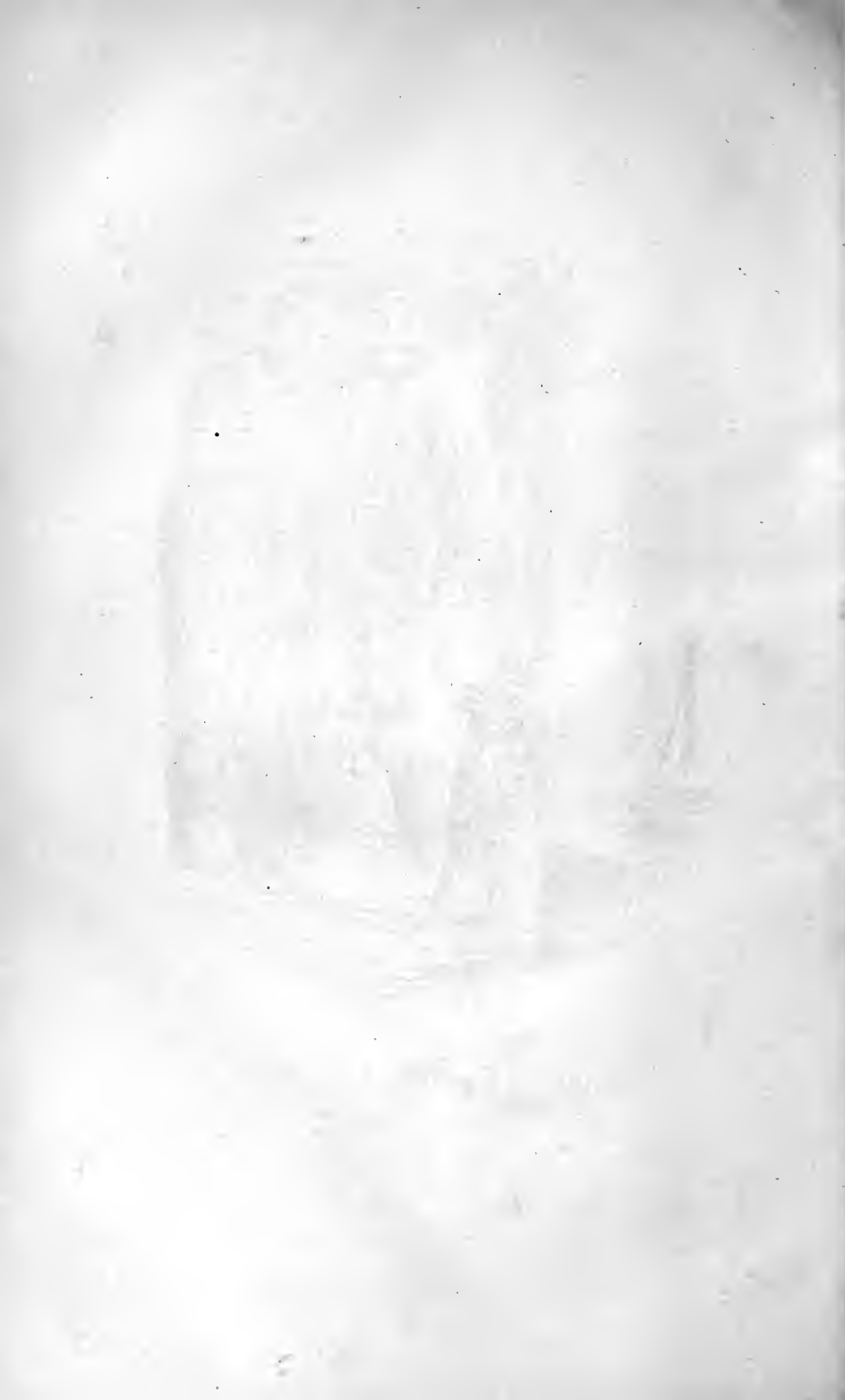
The Christmas pantomime at Covent Garden was "Harlequin Don Quixote," which was not quite so successful as the pantomimes at that house usually had been, although Grimaldi played Sancho Panza in the opening, and afterwards Clown. Its success was so equivocal that another pantomime, called "Harlequin and Cinderella," was produced in April; but it had no greater success than its predecessor, for it went off but indifferently, and did not long run. Having a few nights to spare in March, he accepted a theatrical invitation from Lynn in Norfolk, where he acted four nights, and received one hundred and sixty pounds.

At Sadler's Wells a new system had been acted upon. The authorities being greatly puzzled in the choice of a stage-manager, and having received an offer from Mr. Howard Payne to take the theatre for one season at a certain rental, agreed to let it. Mr. Howard Payne commenced his campaign at Easter,† and a most unprofitable

† Sadler's Wells opened under the management of Mr. Howard Payne on Easter Monday, April 3, 1820, with the best playing company ever assembled within its walls. The stage business was arranged by Grimaldi; and in the first piece, the pantomime of "Goody Two Shoes," Bologna played Harlequin; Grimaldi, Clown; Barnes, Pantaloon; Farmer, with a song, Mr. Wood, the husband of Miss Paton, afterwards Lady Lennox;



GRIMALDI'S KINDNESS TO THE GIANTS.



one it proved, for he lost a considerable sum of money, as did the proprietors also, and Grimaldi not unnaturally began to be weary of the speculation. As both his benefits, however, were bumpers, he left the theatre in good spirits in the month of September,\* to fulfil an engagement at Dublin, little dreaming at the time that, with the exception of his farewell night, he was destined never again to act upon the Sadler's Wells stage.

Grimaldi's travelling companions were Ellar and his son, all three being engaged by Mr. Harris to act at his theatre in Dublin, and receiving permission to absent themselves from Covent Garden for that express purpose. Since his last journey to the Irish capital in 1805, roads and coaches had improved, and

Columbine, Miss Vallancey. On Whit Monday, May 22, was produced a splendid Persian Pantomime, entitled "The Yellow Dwarf; or, Harlequin King of the Golden Mines;" Harlequin, Mr. Bologna; Columbine, Miss Vallancey; Pantaloon, Mr. Barnes; Grim, afterwards Clown, with a song, "London Cheats, or there never was such Times," by Grimaldi: the Yellow Dwarf, afterwards Yellow Harlequin, Mr. Guerint; Umbrino, his attendant Genie, afterwards Yellow Clown, Mr. Grimaldi, Junior, his first appearance this season. On July 3, was revived the pantomime of "Don Juan;" Don Juan, Mr. Bologna; Scaramouch, Mr. Grimaldi, with the song of "Tippitywitchet;" Donna Anna, Miss Vallancey. Grimaldi's benefit, Thursday, July 27th, presented a crowded house: the entertainments were, "Kaloc; or, the Slave Pirate;" Kaloc, by Mr. Grimaldi; "Ko and Zoa," in which Bologna played Ko, Grimaldi, Ravin; and the "Yellow Dwarf;" and the applause with which they were received induced a repetition on the two following nights. "Raymond and Agnes" was revived on August 7, when Grimaldi played Robert the Bandit.

\* On Howard Payne's night, October 5th, after T. Dibdin's melodrama of "Douglas," followed a harlequinade, compiled by Grimaldi from the best scenes of the last popular pantomimes, entitled "Scraps: or, Fun for the Gallery." Bologna, Guerint, Grimaldi, Young Grimaldi, Barnes, and Miss Vallancey performed the parts; and the bills stated that, on this occasion, Mr. Grimaldi would appear for the last time this season, and introduce one of his most celebrated comic songs, and with Mr. Bologna a grotesque dance, the *Pas-de-Deux* from "Mother Goose." C. M. Westmacott, who was scene-painter and composer of the pantomimes this season at Sadler's Wells, had also a benefit on October 11th, the bills for which invitingly asked the reader, "Will you come for nothing?" the prices of admission were as usual; but to every person in the boxes and pit was presented an excellent portrait of Grimaldi, engraved after Wageman's drawing, by Blood; and to every person in the gallery a book of the songs of the evening.

steam-packets had supplied the place of the old sailing-boats, so that they reached their destination in half the time which the same journey had occupied before.

The theatre in which they were to act was called the Pavilion, and had formerly been an assembly-room. It was perfectly round, and very ill adapted for dramatic representations; the stage room, too, was so inconvenient, and they were so pressed for want of space, that when "Harlequin Gulliver" was in preparation they were at a loss where to put the Brobdignagians. These figures were so very cumbersome and so much in the way, that the men who sustained the parts were at last obliged to be dressed and put away in an obscure corner before the curtain was raised, whence they were brought forward when wanted upon the stage, and into which they were obliged to retreat when they had no more to do, and to remain there as quietly as they could, until the pantomime was over, there being actually no room to get them out of their cases. The dresses and makings-up were very cumbrous and inconvenient; but as no other mode of proceeding presented itself the unfortunate giants were obliged to make the best of a bad bargain, and to remain in a great state of perspiration and fatigue until they could be reduced to the level of ordinary men. Grimaldi pitied the poor fellows so much that after the first night's performance was over he thought right to represent to them that no relief could be afforded, and to ask whether they could make up their minds to endure so much labour for the future.

"Well, then," said the spokesman of the party, "we have talked it over together, and we have agreed to do it every night, if your honour—long life to you!—will only promise to do one thing for us; and that is, just to let us have a leetle noggin of whiskey after the green rag comes down."

This moderate request was readily complied with, and the giants behaved themselves exceedingly well, and never got drunk.

The party stayed seven weeks at Dublin. Grimaldi made a great deal of money by the trip, and realized by his benefit alone two hundred pounds.

Between September, 1820, when Covent Garden re-opened, and Christmas, when the new pantomime was brought forward, Grimaldi frequently appeared as Kasrac in "Aladdin;" nor did his increasing infirmities render his performance more painful or wearisome than usual. The pantomime was called



"Harlequin and Friar Bacon," and was exceedingly successful, as it was received with great approbation, and was repeated for fifty-two nights. This season his son was for the first time regularly engaged at Covent Garden.\* He played Fribble in the opening, and afterwards the Lover (a character which has now become obsolete), and bade fair to become a great public favourite.

Sadler's Wells was let at Easter, 1821, for the ensuing three seasons, to Mr. Egerton, well known to the public as a performer at Covent Garden. He and Grimaldi had been very good friends for many years; but some clauses being introduced into his agreement for hiring the theatre which Grimaldi as a proprietor so strongly disapproved that he refused to affix his signature to the document, a coolness took place between them which was never afterwards removed. Notwithstanding this difference, he always continued to entertain a high respect for Egerton, who was greatly liked by his friends and the profession generally, and who had been at one period of his career a much better actor than the playgoers of the present day remember him. This gentleman was afterwards connected with Mr. Abbott in the management of the Victoria Theatre, in which speculation they both sustained considerable losses. Both are since dead.

On the 23rd of April, Farley produced his melodrama of "Undine; or, the Spirit of the Waters," in which Grimaldi sustained a new character.†

\* Young Joe made his first appearance at Covent Garden, as Chittaque, a little-footed Chinese Empress, with a big body, afterwards Clowny-chip, in the pantomime of "Harlequin and Fortunio," on December 26, 1815. Young Joe, as Adonis Fribble, in "Harlequin and Friar Bacon," was an admirable lover of the dandy kind; Ellar, Barnes, and Miss E. Dennett maintained the usual ascendancy of pantomime at this theatre; but the greatest merit characterised Grimaldi, whose Clown seemed to carry all before it. His parody on the dagger-scene in "Macbeth," and his duet with the oyster, elicited unequivocal plaudits. Most truly did Theodore Hook observe—"The Covent Garden pantomime is excellent. The strength of Grimaldi, the Garrick of Clowns, seems like that of wine, to increase with age; his absurdities are admirable. There is a life and spirit about the whole arrangement of this species of entertainment here, which is calculated not only to bewitch the little Masters and Misses, but even to amuse the children of larger growth."

† Kühleborn, the Water-King, Mr. Farley; Gylbin, the Goblin Sprite, subject to the power of Kühleborn, Mr. Grimaldi; Undine, Miss E. Dennet.

In the autumn, Ellar, Grimaldi, and his son again repaired to Dublin, making a stay of five weeks at the Birmingham Theatre,‡ which was then in the hands of Mr. Bunn. Here they got up the pantomime of "Friar Bacon," which was played to excellent houses for twenty-four nights. Mr. Bunn behaved on this occasion, as Grimaldi states he did upon every other in which he was concerned, with great liberality, allowing him a salary of twenty pounds per week, and the son nine pounds per week, independent of half a clear benefit, the profits of which were great.§

At Dublin, "Friar Bacon" was played twenty-nine nights out of the thirty-two for which Grimaldi and his party were engaged, and the pieces were so successful that it would have been to the interest of all parties to prolong their engagements, if the arrangements at Covent Garden had admitted of their doing so. It was at this period that, with an agony of mind perfectly indescribable, Grimaldi found his health giving way by alarming degrees beneath the ravages of premature old age. On the eighteenth night of their performance in Dublin he became so ill that he was obliged to throw up his part at a very short notice, and to send immediately for medical aid. He was attended by one of the most eminent physicians in Dublin, and under his treatment recovered sufficiently to

‡ During this stay at Birmingham, Grimaldi had his portrait painted by S. Raven, on a papier-mâché box, circular in form and of large size. The resemblance was so satisfactory that he had it copied, and brought away in all six boxes, which he presented to friends, not retaining one for himself.

§ In another part of the data upon which these Memoirs are founded, Grimaldi has the following remarks concerning this gentleman, which as he appears to have been anxious that they should obtain publicity, the Editor subjoins in his own words:—"A great deal has been said about, and indeed against, Mr. Bunn, since he has become a London manager; but I have had many opportunities of observing him and his mode of doing business, and I feel satisfied that he has most liberal notions, and would if it were in his power amply recompense according to their talents any *artiste* employed by him. I beg it may be understood that in this remark I do not allude in any way to myself; for, putting aside every consideration of what my talents might have been, my *name* alone stood so high as to ensure a full house at Birmingham:—I speak from what I know of his conduct with regard to others; and if ever his industry meets with the success it deserves, I feel certain that the liberality of disposition which I have spoken of will be displayed in a commensurate degree."

be enabled to resume his character in about a week. But he felt, although he could not bear to acknowledge it even to himself, that his restoration to health was only temporary, that his strength was rapidly failing him, that his limbs grew weaker, and his frame became more shaken every succeeding day, and that utter decrepitude, with its long train of miseries and privations, was coming upon him. His presentiments were but too fully realized, but the realization of his worst fears came upon him with a rapidity which even he, conscious as he was of all the symptoms, had never deemed possible.

The successful sojourn of the party at Dublin at length drew to a close, as it was necessary that they should return to London to be in readiness for the pantomime. On the 6th of December, 1821, they bade farewell to Ireland, and after a most boisterous voyage landed at Holyhead, whence they posted in haste to town, and the day after their arrival began the rehearsals for Christmas. In his ill state of health, Grimaldi was terribly shaken by the journey home and the sea-sickness, and felt worse in point of general health than he had yet done.

The pantomime was "The Yellow Dwarf."\* Although the performers began to rehearse at an unusually late period, its success was perfect; but, notwithstanding it ran forty-four nights, Grimaldi never thought it a favourite with the public. He himself played the Yellow Dwarf, and his son played a part called "Guinea Pig." "Cherry and Fair

\* The pantomime at Covent Garden Theatre, on December 26, 1821, was entitled "Harlequin and Mother Bunch; or the Yellow Dwarf." The characters were:—The King of the Gold Mines, afterwards Harlequin, Mr. Ellar; Guinea Pig, afterwards Harlequin's lacquey, Mr. J. S. Grimaldi; Yellow Dwarf, afterwards Clown, Mr. Grimaldi; the Princess Allfair, afterwards Columbine, Miss E. Dennett; and the Queen of Golconda, a lady with a ruby nose, afterwards Pantaloon, Mr. Barnes.

Grimaldi, for the benefit of Mr. T. Dibdin, at the Surrey Theatre, March 26, 1822, played his old part of Squire Bugle, in "Mother Goose," Ridgway being the Harlequin. On Easter Monday, April 8th, the melo-dramatic romance of "Cherry and Fair Star; or, the Children of Cyprus," was produced at Covent Garden. Fair Star was played by Miss Foote, now Countess of Harrington; Grimaldi enacted Topac, the slave of the Greek Captain. This piece for splendour surpassed every other production at that theatre; the accompaniments were of the first description, and the looking-glass scene presented a gorgeous effect.

Star" was revived at Easter, in consequence of its great success in the previous season, and answered the purpose extremely well.

During the whole of this summer Grimaldi's health gradually but steadily declined. Sometimes there were slight fluctuations for the better, in which he felt so much improved as to fancy that his strength was beginning to return; and although the next day's decay and lassitude showed but too clearly that they were but brief intervals of strength, he fondly regarded these red-letter days as tokens of a real and permanent change for the better. Perhaps even now, as he had nothing to do at Sadler's Wells, and was too unwell to accept country engagements, if he had remained quiet during the Covent Garden recess, lived with great regularity, and acted upon the best medical advice, he might have retained for many years longer some portion of his health and spirits. But Mr. Glossop, who was then the lessee of the Coburg Theatre (now the Victoria), made him an offer which he could not resist, and he acted there for six weeks,† at a considerable sum per week, and

† Grimaldi's performances commenced at the Coburg on Monday, July 1st, 1822, in a pantomime, comprising a selection of the most successful scenes from various harlequinades of the last fifteen years, called "Salmagundi; or, the Clown's Dish of all Sorts!" produced under Grimaldi's directions. The scenery painted by Stanfield and his assistants. Harlequin, Mr. Howell; Pantaloon, Mr. Barnes, his first appearance in that theatre; Lover, Mr. Widdicombe; Clown, Mr. Grimaldi; Columbine, Madame Le Clercq. This lasted six nights; on the 8th, the pantomime of "Harlequin and the Three Wishes; or Puck and the Black Puddings;" the pantomimists as in the former piece. On Monday, July 15th, commenced the third week of Grimaldi's engagement, in a new pantomime called "Disputes in China; or, Harlequin and the Kong Merchants!" the scenery painted from views taken in China, by Stanfield. J. S. Grimaldi made his first appearance at the Coburg this evening. Joe and his son sustained the characters of the two Clowns incidental to the piece. In the scene of the Whampoa river, Joe affected to astonish John China-man with his song of "Hot Codlins." The bill of Monday, July 22, was underlined to the effect that, in consequence of the continuous and dangerous indisposition of Mr. Grimaldi, the pantomime was unavoidably postponed. Gilderoy, in the melodrama of that name, was this night played by Mr. J. Chapman, from the Surrey Theatre: it had been previously played by Henry Kemble, but the irregularities and drunkenness of this man were unpardonable: he was the instigator of young Joe's follies and misconduct; latterly they were inseparable, and which was the worst of the two was hard to be decided. Henry Kemble had been employed to

a free benefit. The engagement turned out so profitable a one for the management, that he might have renewed it for the same space of time if he had not become too ill to appear upon the stage.

At this crisis of his disorder Grimaldi was advised to try the Cheltenham waters. He went to Cheltenham in August, and being somewhat recovered by the change of air, consented to act for Farley and Abbott, who had taken the theatre on speculation, for twelve nights. He cleared £150; and whether this sum of money, or the waters, or the change of scene revived him is uncertain, but he felt greatly improved in health when he returned to London for the opening of Covent Garden, to commence what ultimately proved to be his last season at that theatre.

"Harlequin and the Ogress; or the Sleeping Beauty," was the pantomime of the season. The rehearsals went off very briskly, and the piece, when it was produced, met with the success which generally attended the production of pantomimes at that house. Nothing, indeed, could exceed the liberality displayed by Mr. Harris in getting up this species of entertainment; to which circumstance, in a great measure, the almost uniform success of the pantomimes may be attributed. This spirit was not confined to the stage and its appointments, but was also extended in an unusual degree to the actors. Every suggestion was readily listened to, and as readily acted upon, if it appeared at all reasonable: every article of dress was provided at the expense of the management; the principal actors were allowed a pint of wine each, every night the pantomime was played, and on the evening of its first representation they were invited to a handsome dinner at the Piazza

supply Huntley's vacancy, caused by illness; but he could scarcely be retained a fortnight, and was dismissed.

On the 29th, Grimaldi was so far recovered that he resumed his part of Clown in the "Disputes in China." The bills announced his re-appearance as "positively the last six nights of his performing;" and a further intimation, which was really a matter of fact:—"It is particularly recommended to those families who have not witnessed the *inimitable acting* of Mr. Grimaldi and his son, Mr. J. S. Grimaldi, that they should secure places as soon as possible, much disappointment having been experienced by parties coming late and finding the boxes filled from the overflowing of the pit." Grimaldi sang on these last six nights his two most popular songs, "Tippitywitchet" and "Hot Codlins." His last night was August 3, and concluded the four weeks of his engagement.

Coffee-house, whither they all repaired directly the rehearsal was over. At these dinners Farley took the chair, while Brandon acted as vice; and there is no doubt that they materially contributed to the success of the pantomimes. There can be no better means of securing the hearty good-will and co-operation of the parties employed in undertakings of this or any other description than treating them in a spirit of generosity and courtesy.

In this pantomime Grimaldi played a part with the very pantomimic name of "Grim-gribber;" and that sustained by his son was expressively described in the bills as "Whirligig." It ran until nearly the following Easter, when a new melodrama by Farley appeared, called "The Vision of the Sun; or, the Orphan of Peru."

In this piece, which came out on the 23rd of March, 1823, Grimaldi played a prominent character; but even during the earlier nights of its very successful representation, he could scarcely struggle through his part. His frame was weak and debilitated, his joints stiff, and his muscles relaxed; every effort he made was followed by cramps and spasms of the most agonizing nature. Men were obliged to be kept waiting at the side-scenes, who caught him in their arms when he staggered from the stage, and supported him, while others chafed his limbs,—which was obliged to be incessantly done until he was called for the next scene, or he could not have appeared again. Every time he came off his sinews were gathered up into huge knots by the cramps that followed his exertions, which could only be reduced by violent rubbing, and even that frequently failed to produce the desired effect. The spectators, who were convulsed with laughter while he was on the stage, little thought that while their applause was resounding through the house he was suffering the most excruciating and horrible pains. But so it was until the twenty-fourth night of the piece, when he had no alternative, in consequence of his intense sufferings, but to throw up the part.

On the preceding night, although every possible remedy was tried, he could scarcely drag himself through the piece; and on this occasion it was only with the most extreme difficulty, and by dint of extraordinary physical exertion and agony, that he could conclude the performance, when he was carried to his dressing-room exhausted and powerless.

Here, when his bodily anguish had in some measure subsided, he began to reflect seriously on his sad condition. And when he remem-

bered how long this illness had been hovering about him, how gradually it had crept over his frame, and subdued his energies, with what obstinacy it had baffled the skill of the most eminent medical professors, and how utterly his powers had wasted away beneath it, he came to the painful conviction that his professional existence was over. Enduring from this terrible certainty a degree of anguish, to which all his bodily sufferings were as nothing, he covered his face with his hands and wept like a child. The next morning he sent word to the theatre that he was disabled by illness from performing.

His son studied the part in one day, and played it that night with considerable success. The piece was performed forty-four nights during the season; but although he afterwards rallied a little, he never attempted to resume the part. In spite of all his sufferings, which were great, and a settled foreboding that his course was run, it was some years before hope deserted him: and for a long time, from day to day he encouraged hopes of being at some future period able to resume the avocations in which he had spent his life.

Grimaldi repaired again, in the month of August, to Cheltenham, recollecting that it had had some beneficial effect on his health in the previous year. During his stay, he so far recovered as to be enabled to play a few nights at the theatre, then under the management of Mr. Farley. Here he encountered Mr. Bunn, who informed him that Mr. Charles Kemble was then starring at Birmingham, and that Colonel Berkeley having promised to play for his benefit, he had come over to Cheltenham to ascertain what part the Colonel would wish to play. Mr. Bunn added, that he was there as much for the purpose of seeing Grimaldi as with any other object, as he wanted him to put a little money into both their purses, by playing a few nights at Birmingham. Grimaldi declined at first, but being pressed, and tempted by Mr. Bunn's offer, consented to act for two nights only, the receipts, whatever they might happen to be, to be divided between them.

It was Mr. Charles Kemble's benefit night when he and his son arrived at Birmingham; and as that gentleman was a great favourite there, as indeed he was everywhere throughout his brilliant career, Grimaldi entertained some fears that the circumstance would prove prejudicial to his interests. He sought a few moments' conversation with Mr. Kemble in the course of the evening, and informed him that his son had received an offer of eight

pounds per week from the Drury Lane Management, but that rather than he should leave Covent Garden Theatre, with which his father had now been connected so long, and where he had experienced so much liberality, he was ready to accept an engagement there at six pounds per week, if agreeable to the proprietors.

"Joe," said Mr. Charles Kemble, "your offer is a very handsome one, and I agree to it at once. Your son is now engaged with us on the terms you have mentioned."

They shook hands and parted. Grimaldi strolled into the green-room, and there met Colonel Berkeley, who, after a short conversation, said that he very much wished to play Valentine to his Orson: to which Grimaldi replied, it would give him great pleasure to afford him the opportunity whenever he felt disposed.

"Very well," said Colonel Berkeley, "then we will consider the matter settled. As soon as you have done here, you must come to Cheltenham for one night. I will make all necessary arrangements with Farley: your son shall play the Green Knight, and I will give you one hundred pounds as a remuneration. We will try what we can do together, Joe, to amuse the people."

Grimaldi had not intended to act again after his Birmingham engagement until the production of the Christmas pantomime at Covent Garden; but seeing that Colonel Berkeley was anxious to effect the arrangement, and feeling grateful for the liberality of his offer, he pledged himself without hesitation to accept his terms. The play was never done, however, by these three performers, for Grimaldi's theatrical career was over.

The night after Mr. Charles Kemble's benefit, Grimaldi produced a little pantomime of his own, called "Puck and the Puddings." The hit was so complete, and the sensation he excited so great, that he felt infinitely better than he had done for a long time, and was, indeed, so greatly restored that he was induced to accept an engagement for one additional night, the success of which equalled—it could not excel—that of the two previous evenings. When the curtain fell on the third night, Mr. Bunn presented him with £186 12s. as his share of the profits, accompanied with many wishes for his speedy and perfect restoration to health, which Grimaldi himself, judging from his unwonted spirit and vigour, cheerfully hoped might be yet in store for him.

These hopes were never to be realized; the

enthusiastic reception he had met with—unusually enthusiastic even for him,—had roused him for a brief period, and called forth all his former energies only to hasten their final prostration. With the exception of his two farewell benefits, this was his last appearance, his final exit from the boards he had trodden from a child, the last occasion of his calling forth those peals of merriment and approbation which, cheerfully as they sounded to him, had been surely ringing his death-knell for many years.

### CHAPTER XXIII.

1823 to 1827.

His great afflictions augmented by the dissipation and recklessness of his Son—He is compelled to retire from Covent Garden Theatre, and is succeeded by him—New Speculation at Sadler's Wells—Changes in the System and Management, and their results—Sir James Scarlett and a blushing Witness.

FROM the period at which we have now arrived, down to within a year or so of his death, Grimaldi experienced little or nothing but one constant succession of afflictions and calamities, the pressure of which nearly bowed him to the earth; afflictions which it is painful to contemplate, and a detailed account of which would be neither instructive nor entertaining. A tale of unmitigated suffering, even when that suffering be mental, possesses but few attractions for the reader; but when, as in this case, a large portion of it is physical, it loses even the few attractions which the former would possess, and grows absolutely distasteful. Bearing these circumstances in mind, we shall follow Grimaldi's example in this particular, and study in the remaining pages of his life to touch as lightly as we can upon the heavy catalogue of his calamities, and to lay no unnecessary stress upon this cheerless portion of his existence.

Grimaldi slept at Birmingham the night

after his closing performance, and on the following morning returned to Cheltenham, where he was attacked by a severe and alarming illness, which, for more than a month confined him to his bed, whence he rose at last a cripple for life.

Independent of these sufferings of the body, he had to encounter mental afflictions of no ordinary kind. He was devotedly attached to his son, who was his only child, for whom he had always entertained the most anxious solicitude, whom he had educated at a great expense, and upon whom a considerable portion of the earnings of his best days had been most liberally bestowed. Up to this time he had well repaid all the care and solicitude of his parents; he had risen gradually in the estimation of the public, had increased every year in prosperity, and still remained at home his father's friend and companion. It is matter of pretty general notoriety that the young man ran a reckless and vicious course, and in time so shocked and disgusted even those who were merely brought into contact with him at the theatre for a few hours in a night, that it was found impossible to continue his engagements.

The first notification his father received of his folly and extravagance was during their stay at Cheltenham, when one morning, shortly after he had risen from his sick-bed, he was waited upon by one of the town authorities, who informed him that his son was then locked up for some drunken freaks committed overnight. He instantly paid everything that was demanded, and procured his release; but in some skirmish with the constables he had received a severe blow on the head from a staff, which, crushing his hat, alighted on the skull and inflicted a desperate wound. It is supposed that this unfortunate event disordered his intellect, as from that time, instead of the kind and affectionate son he had previously been, he became a wild and furious savage; he was frequently attacked with dreadful fits of epilepsy, and continually committed actions which nothing but madness could prompt. In 1823, he had a decided attack of insanity, and was confined in a strait-waistcoat in his father's house for some time. As no disorder of mind had appeared in him before, and as his miserable career may be dated from this time, it is not unreasonable to suppose that the wound he received at Cheltenham was among the chief causes of his short-lived delirium.

They returned to London together, and for the next three months Grimaldi consulted the



most eminent medical men in the hope of recovering some portion of his lost health and strength. During that time he suffered an intensity of anxiety which is difficult to conceive, as their final decision upon the remotest probability of his recovery was postponed from day to day. All their efforts were in vain, however. Towards the end of October, he received a final intimation that it was useless for him to nourish any hope of recovering the use of his limbs, and that although nature, assisted by great care on his part and the watchfulness of his medical attendants, might certainly alleviate some of his severe pains, his final recovery was next to impossible, and he must make up his mind to relinquish every thought of resuming the exercise of his profession.

Among the gentlemen to whose kindness and attention he was greatly indebted in this stage of his trials were Sir Astley Cooper, Sir Matthew Tierney, Mr. Abernethy, Dr. Farr, Dr. Temple, Dr. Uwins, Dr. Mitchell, Mr. Thomas and Mr. James Wilson. To all these gentlemen he was personally unknown; but they all attended him gratuitously, and earnestly requested him to apply to them without reserve upon every occasion when it was at all likely that they could be of the slightest assistance.

It was with no slight despair that Grimaldi received the announcement that for the rest of his days he was a cripple, possibly the constant inmate of a sick room, and that he had not even a distant prospect of resuming the occupations to which he had been attached from his cradle, and from which he was enabled up to this time to realize an annual income of fifteen hundred pounds: and all this without any private fortune or resources, with the exception of his shares in Sadler's Wells Theatre, which had hitherto proved a dead loss. For some hours after this opinion of his medical men had been communicated to him, he sat stupefied with the heaviness of the calamity, and fell into a state of extreme mental distress, from which it was a long time before he was thoroughly roused. As soon as he could begin to exercise his reason, he recollected that it was a duty he owed his employers to inform them of his inability to retain his situation at Covent Garden, the more especially as it was time they made some arrangements for the ensuing Christmas pantomime. Accordingly he sent a note to the theatre, acquainting them with his melancholy condition, and the impossibility of his fulfilling his articles (which had only been entered

into in the preceding January, and were for three years), and recommending them to engage without loss of time some other individual to supply his place.

The communication was received with much kindness, and many good wishes for his recovery. After several interviews and much consideration, it was resolved that his son, J. S. Grimaldi, should be brought out as principal Clown in the ensuing Christmas pantomime. He appeared, for the first time\* in that character, in the pantomime of "Harlequin and Poor Robin, or the House that Jack built;" and his success was complete. His father sat in the front of the house on his first night, and was no less gratified by his reception in public than by the congratulations which poured upon him when he went round to the stage and found everybody delighted with the result of the trial. The pantomime proved very successful; it had an extended run, and the proprietors of the theatre, highly satisfied with the young man's success, with much liberality cancelled his existing articles, which were for £6 per week, and entered into a new agreement by which they raised his salary to £8. To Grimaldi, also, they behaved in a most handsome manner; for although his regular salary was, as a matter of course, stopped from the day on which he communicated his inability to perform, they continued to allow him £5 a week for the remainder of the season; an act of much consideration and kindness on their part, and a far greater token of their recollection of his services than he had ever expected to receive.

The three years for which Egerton had taken Sadler's Wells having now expired, he was requested by the proprietors to state what views he entertained as to retaining or giving up the property. It being found impossible to comply with his terms, and a Mr. Williams,† who at that time had the Surrey, having made an offer for the theatre, they agreed to let it to him for one season. Soon after this agreement was entered into, Williams called upon Grimaldi one morning upon business, and in the course of the interview the latter inquired by what plan he proposed to make both theatres answer.

"Why, Mr. Grimaldi," replied Williams, "if two theatres could be kept open at the same expense as one, and the company

\* On Friday December, 26, 1823.

† Son of the proprietor of the well known "Boiled Beef House" in the Old Bailey.



equally—mind, I say *equally*—good, don't you think it very likely that the speculation would succeed?"

"Yes, I think it would," rejoined Grimaldi, doubtfully, for as yet he understood nothing of the manager's drift; "I think it would."

"And so do I," said the other; "and that's the way I mean to manage. I mean to work the two theatres with one and the same company: I mean to employ one-half the company in the earlier part of the evening at Sadler's Wells, and then to transfer them to the Surrey, to finish there;—at that theatre I shall do precisely the same: and I am now having carriages built expressly to convey them backwards and forwards."

This system, which has since been tried (without the carriages) at the two great houses, was actually put in practice. On Easter Monday, 1824, the carriages began to run, and the two seasons commenced. The speculation turned out as Grimaldi had anticipated—a dead failure: the lessee lost some money himself, and got greatly into debt with the proprietors; upon which, fearing to increase their losses, they took measures to recover possession of the theatre. When they obtained it they were obliged to finish the season themselves; by which, as they had never contemplated such a proceeding, and had made no preparations for it, they sustained a very considerable loss.

The other occasion, referred to in a previous chapter, that Grimaldi had the honour of conversing with the Duke of York, was in 1824, when his Royal Highness took the chair at the Theatrical Fund dinner, and kindly inquiring after his health, of some one who sat near him, desired to see him. He was officiating as one of the stewards, but was of course surprised at the Duke's wish, and immediately presented himself. He received him with great kindness, and hearing from his own lips that his infirmities had compelled him to relinquish the exercise of his profession, said, he was extremely sorry to hear him say so, but heartily trusted, notwithstanding, that he might recover yet, for his loss would be a "national calamity." He added, when Grimaldi expressed his acknowledgments, "I remember your father well: he was a funny man, and taught me and some of my sisters to dance. If ever I can be of any service to you, Grimaldi, call upon me freely."

In this year Grimaldi was much troubled by pecuniary matters, and the conduct of his

son. He was living on the few hundred pounds he had put by, selling out his stock, spending the proceeds, and consequently rising every morning a poorer man. His son, who had now a good salary and was rising in his profession, suddenly left his home, and, to the heartrending grief of his father and mother, abandoned himself to every species of wild debauchery and riot. His father wrote to him, imploring him to return, and offering to make every arrangement that could conduce to his comfort, but he never answered the letter, and kept on his headlong course. This shock was a heavy one indeed, and, in Grimaldi's weak and debilitated state, almost broke his heart.

For four years Grimaldi never saw any more of his son, save occasionally on the stage of Sadler's Wells, where he was engaged at a salary of five pounds per week; or when he met him in the street, when the son would cross over the road to get out of the way. Nor during all this time did he receive a single line from him, except in 1825. He had written to the young man, describing the situation to which he was reduced, and the poverty with which he was threatened, reminding him that between the two theatres he was now earning thirteen pounds per week, and requesting his assistance with some pecuniary aid. To this application he at first returned no reply; but several of Grimaldi's friends having expressed a very strong opinion to him on the subject, he at length returned the following note:—

"DEAR FATHER,—At present I am in difficulties: but as long as I have a shilling, you shall have half."

This assurance looked well enough upon paper, but had no other merit; for he never sent his father a farthing, nor did he again see him (save that he volunteered his services at two farewell benefits,) until he came to his door one night in 1828, and hardily claimed shelter and food.

In 1825 the proprietors of Sadler's Well: resolved to open the theatre on their joint account, with which view they secured the services of Mr. T. Dibdin as acting-manager. It was determined at a meeting of proprietors, that it would be advantageous to the property if one of their number were resident on the premises to assist Mr. Dibdin, and regulate the expenditure. As Grimaldi had nothing to do, it was proposed in the kindest manner

by Mr. Jones,\* one of the shareholders, that he should fill the situation, at a salary of four pounds per week. It need scarcely be said that he accepted this proposal with great gratitude. They commenced the season with much spirit, turning the old dwelling-house partly into wine-rooms according to the old fashion, and partly into a saloon, box-office, and passages. The dresses of the opening piece were of a gorgeous description, and every new play was got up with the same magnificence. They also determined to take half-price, which had never before been done at that house, and to play the twelve months through, instead of confining the season to six; this last resolution originating in the immense growth of the neighbourhood around the theatre, which in Grimaldi's time had gradually been transformed from a pretty suburban spot into the maze of streets and squares and closely-clustered houses which it now presents. These arrangements were all very extensive and speculative; but they overstepped the bounds of moderation in point of expense, and the season ended with a loss of £1,400.

Next year they pursued a different plan, and reduced their expenditure in every department. This reduction was superintended by Grimaldi, and the very first salary he cut down was his own, from which he struck off at once two pounds per week. They tried pony-races too in the area attached to the theatre, and, so variable is theatrical property, cleared a sum equal to their losses of the preceding year, between Easter and Whitsuntide alone. The following season was also a successful one, and at length he began to think he should gain something by the proprietorship.

It was about this time, or rather before, that Grimaldi was subpoenaed as a witness in an action between two theatrical gentlemen, of whom Mr. Glossop was one, when his smart parrying of a remark from a counsel engaged in the case occasioned much laughter in court.

\* Mr. Jones married Mr. Reeve's only daughter, and thus became possessed of the share in Sadler's Wells Theatre that had been purchased by that eminent musician.

† Young Joe had a benefit this season, on September 21, 1826 when Planché's melo-drama, entitled "The Caliph and the Cadi," was revived, and in order to introduce both father and son, a new scene and a duet were written by Mr. Dibdin at Grimaldi's desire; their appearance in the same piece produced considerable effect.

On his name being called, and his appearing in the witness-box, there was some movement in the court, which was very crowded, the people being anxious to catch a sight of a witness whose name was so familiar. Sir James Scarlett,‡ who was to examine him, rose as he made his appearance, and, looking at him with a great deal of apparent interest, said, "Dear me! Pray, sir, are you the great Mr. Grimaldi, formerly of Covent Garden Theatre?"

The witness felt greatly confused at this inquiry, especially as it seemed to excite to a still higher pitch the curiosity of the spectators. He reddened slightly, and replied, "I used to be a pantomime actor, sir, at Covent Garden Theatre."

"Yes," said Sir James Scarlett, "I recollect you well. You are a very clever man, sir." He paused for a few seconds, and, looking up in his face, said,—

"And so you really are Grimaldi, are you?"

This was more embarrassing than the other question, and Grimaldi feeling it so, fidgeted about in the box, and grew redder and redder.

"Don't blush, Mr. Grimaldi, pray don't blush; there is not the least occasion for blushing," said Sir James Scarlett.

"I don't blush, sir," rejoined the witness.

"I assure you, you need not blush so."

"I beg your pardon, sir, I really am not blushing," repeated the witness, who beginning to grow angry, repeated it with so red a face that the spectators tittered aloud.

"I assure you, Mr. Grimaldi," said Sir James Scarlett, smiling, "that you *are* blushing violently."

"I beg your pardon, sir," replied Grimaldi, "but you are really quite mistaken. The flush which you observe on my face is a *Scarlet* one, I admit; but I assure you that it is nothing more than a reflection from your own."

The people in the court shouted with laughter, and Sir James Scarlett joining in their mirth, proceeded without further remark with the business of the case.

‡ Afterwards Lord Abinger.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

1828.

Great kindness of Miss Kelly towards Grimaldi—His farewell benefit at Sadler's Wells; last appearance and farewell address—He makes preparations for one more appearance at Covent Garden, but, in a conversation with Mr. Charles Kemble, meets with a disappointment—In consequence of Lord Segrave's benevolent interference, a benefit is arranged for him at Drury Lane—His last interview with Mr. Charles Kemble and Fawcett.

IN February, 1828, a very highly-esteemed and kind friend to Grimaldi, and an actress of deserved popularity, whose wonderful talents have gained for her universal praise and an ample fortune, and whose performances have been for many years the delight and admiration of the public—Miss Kelly,—called at his house to inquire after his health, and to ascertain whether it was probable that he would ever again be enabled to appear upon the stage. He replied, with natural emotion, that he could no longer dare even to hope that he should ever act more.

"Then," asked Miss Kelly, "why not take a farewell benefit? I dare say you are not so rich as to despise the proceeds of such an undertaking."

Grimaldi shook his head, and replying he was much poorer than anybody supposed, proceeded to lay before her his exact position, not omitting to point out, that whenever Sadler's Wells was again let by the proprietors, he would certainly lose his situation, and thus be deprived of his sole dependence. As to taking a benefit, he said, he felt so ill and depressed that he could not venture to undergo the labour of getting one up, far less would his pecuniary means warrant his incurring the chance of a loss.

"Leave it all to me," said Miss Kelly, "and I'll arrange pretty nearly everything for you without a moment's loss of time. There must be two benefits, one at Sadler's Wells, and the other at Covent Garden. The former benefit must take place first, so you go and consult the proprietors upon the subject at once, and I'll lose no time in furthering your interests elsewhere."

The promptitude and decision which Miss Kelly so kindly evinced, infused something of a similar spirit into the invalid. He promised that he would see the proprietors

immediately; and, in spite of a severe attack of spasms, which almost deprived him of speech, went that same night to Sadler's Wells, and stated his intention to take a farewell benefit. He was received with the greatest friendship and liberality: they at once entered into his views, and gave an unanswerable proof of the sincerity with which they did so, by offering him the use of the house gratuitously. Monday, March the 17th, was fixed for the occasion; and no sooner was it known decidedly when the benefit was to take place, than Mr. T. Dibdin, assembling the company, acquainted them with the circumstance, and suggested that their offering to play gratuitously would be both a well-timed compliment and a real assistance. The hint was no sooner given than it was most cheerfully responded to: the performers immediately proffered their services, the band did the same, and every person in the theatre was anxious and eager to render every assistance in his or her power, and to "put their shoulders to the wheel in behalf of poor old Joe."

The following is a copy of the bill of performance put forth on this occasion:—

## "SADLERS WELLS,

MR. GRIMALDI'S NIGHT,

And Last Appearance at this Theatre.

Monday, March 17, 1828.

"It is most respectfully announced that Mr. Grimaldi, from severe and incessant indisposition, which has oppressed him upwards of four years, and continues without any hope of amelioration, finds himself compelled to quit the profession in which, from almost infancy, he has been honoured with as great a share of patronage and indulgence as ever fell to the lot of any candidate for public favour. Nor can he quit a theatre where his labours commenced, and were for so many years sanctioned without attempting the honour of personally expressing his gratitude: and however inadequate he may prove to paint the sincerity of his feelings, it is his intention to offer an address of thanks to his friends and patrons, and conclude his services with the painful duty of bidding them

## FAREWELL.

"The entertainments will commence with the successful romance of 'Sixes, or the Fiend;' Hock, (a drunken prisoner,) by Mr. Grimaldi. After which, the favourite burletta of 'Humphrey Clinker;' to which will be

added the popular farce of 'Wives and Partners;' and the whole to conclude with a grand Masquerade on the stage, in the course of which several novelties will be presented: Mr. Blackmore on the *corde volante*; Mr. Walbourn's dance as 'Dusty Bob;' Mr. Campbell's song of 'Bound Prentice to a Waterman;' Mrs. Searle's skipping-rope dance; Mr. Payne's juggling evolutions; and the celebrated dance between Mr. J. S. Grimaldi and Mr. Ellar. After which, Mr. Grimaldi, will deliver his farewell address: and the whole will conclude with a brilliant display of fireworks, expressive of

## GRIMALDI'S THANKS."

The house was crowded to suffocation on the night. He performed the trifling part for which he had been announced in the first piece, with considerable difficulty, but immense approbation, and in the stage of the performances in which it was announced in the bills of the day, came forward to deliver his Farewell Address, which ran thus:—

"Ladies and Gentlemen,—I appear before you this evening for the last time at this theatre. Doubtless, there are many persons present who think that I am a very aged man: I have now an opportunity of convincing them to the contrary. I was born on the 18th of December, 1779\* and, consequently, on the 18th of last December attained the age of forty-eight.

"At a very early age—before that of three years,† I was introduced to the public by my father at this theatre; and ever since that period have I held a situation in this establishment. Yes, ladies and gentlemen, I have been engaged at this theatre for five-and-forty years.

"By strict attention, perseverance, and exertion, did I arrive at the height of my profession, and proud I am to acknowledge, have oftentimes been honoured with your smiles, approbation, and support. It is now three years since I have taken a regular engagement, owing to extreme and dangerous indisposition: with patience have I waited in hopes my health might once more be re-established, and I again meet your smiles as before:—but, I regret to say, there is little, or, in fact, no improvement perceivable, and it would therefore now be folly in me ever to think of again returning to my professional duties. I could not, however, leave this theatre with-

out returning my grateful thanks to my friends and patrons, and the public; and now do I venture to offer them, secure in the conviction that they will not be slighted or deemed utterly unworthy of acceptance.

"To the proprietors of this theatre, the performers, the gentlemen of the band—in fact, to every individual connected with it, I likewise owe and offer my sincere thanks for their assistance this evening. And now, ladies and gentlemen, it only remains for me to utter one dreadful word, ere I depart—Farewell!—God bless you all! may you and your families ever enjoy the blessings of health and happiness!—Farewell!"

He was received and listened to in the kindest and most encouraging manner; but his spirits met with so severe a shock in bidding a formal farewell to his friends that he did not entirely recover from the effects of it for some days, and so completely dreaded going through a similar ordeal at Covent Garden, that had not Miss Kelly kept him firm to the task, he would have abandoned his intention with regard to the latter place altogether.

The receipts of this benefit were £230; but he received a great number of anonymous letters, containing remittances, which amounted in the whole to £85 more; so that he cleared by the night's performance a total of £315, which was a well-timed and most fortunate assistance to him.

Some short time after this evening, Mr. T. Dibdin left Sadler's Wells. He was succeeded in the capacity of stage-manager by Mr. Campbell, who retained the situation with credit to himself and satisfaction to the proprietors for several years: remaining in it, in fact, until the establishment was again let.

On the 25th of March, being a little recovered, and having at last made up his mind to take the second benefit, Grimaldi walked to Covent Garden, and having been warmly welcomed by the performers, went to Mr. Charles Kemble's room, and was received by him in the most friendly manner.

"Well, Joe," said he, "I hope you have come to say that you feel able to be with us again?"

"Indeed, my dear sir, it is unfortunately quite the reverse; for I am come to tell you that I never shall act more."

"I am very sorry to hear you say so, Joe; I have been in hopes it would be otherwise," returned Mr. Kemble.

"We have known each other a good many years, sir," said Grimaldi.

\* He was born December 18, 1778.

† At Easter, 1781. Joe was then but two years and four months old,

"We have indeed, Joe,—many years!"

"And I think, sir," continued Grimaldi, "that if it were in your power, you would willingly serve me?"

"Try me, Joe, try me!"

He then stated his intention of taking a farewell benefit at Covent Garden, and requested Mr. Kemble's assistance in obtaining the use of the house, if possible, at a low price; but if not, then upon the usual terms.

Mr. Kemble listened until he had finished, and said, "My dear Joe, I perfectly understand you; and if the theatre were solely mine, I should say, 'Take it—'tis yours, and without charge at all:' but, unfortunately, our theatre is in Chancery, and nothing can be done without the consent of others. However, Joe, the proprietors meet every Tuesday, and I will mention it to them. So after Tuesday you shall hear from me."

He thanked Mr. Kemble, and they parted. He awaited the arrival of the day fixed in great anxiety; but it came and passed, and so did another Tuesday, and several more days, without any intelligence arriving to relieve his suspense. Seeing it announced in the papers that Mr. Kemble was about to proceed to Edinburgh, to act there, he wrote a note to him, reminding him of what had passed between them, and requesting a reply. This was on the 13th of April. In the evening of the same day he received an answer, not from Mr. Kemble himself, but from Mr. Robertson, the respected treasurer of the theatre, which ran thus:

"DEAR SIR,

"I am directed by the proprietors of this theatre to acquaint you, in reply to your application relative to a benefit, that they much regret that the present situation of the theatre with regard to Chancery proceedings will prevent the possibility of their accommodating your wishes."

The contents of this letter, of course, greatly disappointed and vexed Grimaldi, who, remembering the number of years he had been connected with the theatre, and the great favourite he had been with the public, could not help deeming it somewhat harsh and unkind conduct on the part of the proprietors to refuse him the house for one night, for which, of course, he would have paid.

Mr. Price was the lessee of Drury Lane at this time, and once or twice Grimaldi thought of applying to him, but fearing it

would be useless, dismissed the idea. In this state of indecision two or three weeks passed away, when one day he received a note from Mr. Dunn, the Drury Lane treasurer, requesting him to attend at the theatre at twelve o'clock next day, as Mr. Price wished to see him. On complying with this very unexpected invitation, he was informed by Mr. Dunn that the lessee had been compelled to meet another party on business, and therefore could not wait to see him; but that he was deputed to say, that he had been apprised of Grimaldi's wish to take a benefit, and that the theatre was at his service for the evening of Friday, June 27th, 1823, the last night but one of the season. "That," added Mr. Dunn, "is unfortunately the only evening we can offer you. Had Mr. Price known earlier of your wishes, you would have had an extended choice of nights, and he would have felt happy in obliging so distinguished a veteran."

Much delighted with this politeness and consideration, he gratefully accepted the theatre for the night mentioned. He was much puzzled at the time to think who could have mentioned the circumstance to Mr. Price, and befriended him so greatly; on mature consideration, however, he had little doubt that it was Lord Segrave to whom he was obliged, for when he told Miss Kelly that he had been offered Drury Lane, she remembered Lord Segrave having expressed great surprise when she told him he had been refused Covent Garden, and his having added, that "he should see Price shortly."

Every assistance that could be afforded him in arranging his benefit was cheerfully rendered. To three gentlemen in particular, for the valuable and cordial aid they rendered to the indefatigable exertions of Miss Kelly, he was under deep and lasting obligations. These were, Mr. James Wallack, Mr. W. Barrymore, and Mr. Peake, scarcely less a favourite with the public than with the members of the profession, to the literature of which his abilities and humour have been long and successfully devoted.

About the middle of June, hearing that Mr. Charles Kemble had returned from the North, Grimaldi resolved to call upon him, and to thank him for the exertions which he felt assured he had made relative to his benefit. He had another object in view,—which was, to apprise him that he had entered into engagements of a satisfactory nature at Drury Lane; which intelligence he hoped would afford him unmitigated satisfaction,



after the strong desire he had always expressed for his prosperity.

Mr. Charles Kemble was alone when Grimaldi was shown up to his room; he said that having recently heard that Mr. Kemble had returned from Scotland, he had determined to lose no time in calling to thank him for the exertions which he had no doubt he had made to enable him to take a benefit at Covent Garden. Although his kindness was unavailing, he was anxious to assure him that he perfectly appreciated it. He then went on to say, that Mr. Price had in the handsomest manner offered the use of Drury Lane Theatre, at which he was to take a benefit on the 27th; and that he had every reason to believe, from the interest which was making for him, that it would be a very great one.

Mr. Kemble was evidently surprised to hear this, and instead of manifesting the gratification which Grimaldi had expected, evinced feelings of a directly opposite nature. At length he exclaimed, "Take a benefit at Drury Lane!"

"Yes, sir," replied Grimaldi, "and knowing that you feel a great interest in my success, I have called upon you to thank you for all your past kindness, and to inform you what I intend doing on my farewell night."

With these words he placed in Mr. Kemble's hand an announce-bill, of which we subjoin a copy. These bills were afterwards recalled, for reasons which will presently appear.

#### "THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

"MR. GRIMALDI'S

"LAST APPEARANCE IN PUBLIC,

"On Friday, June 27, 1828.

"It is respectfully announced that Mr. Grimaldi, after more than four years of severe and unremitting indisposition, which continues without hope of alleviation, is compelled, finally, to relinquish a profession in which, from infancy, he has been honoured with as liberal a share of public patronage as ever has been accorded to candidates of much higher pretensions.

"Numerous patrons having expressed surprise that Mr. Grimaldi's benefit did not take place at the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, he takes the liberty of stating, that after bidding farewell to his friends and supporters at Sadler's Wells (the scene of his favoured exertions from the early age of three years), he applied to the present directors of Covent

Garden Theatre, who, in the kindest manner, expressed their regret that the well-known situation of the theatre precluded the possibility of indulging their strong inclination to comply with the request he had ventured to prefer. On transferring the application to Mr. Price, the lessee of the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, Mr. Grimaldi has the pleasure to say, that it was acceded to with a celerity which enhanced the obligation, and demands his most sincere acknowledgment.

"Mr. Grimaldi made his first appearance\* at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, where he continued twenty-four years, and, but for a very trifling misunderstanding, might have retained his engagement to the present time: it is, however, most grateful to his feelings to finish his public labours on the spot where they commenced, and where for nearly a quarter of a century his exertions were fostered by public indulgence, and stimulated by public applause.†

"To many anxious friends who, from a genuine spirit of good-will, have inquired the cause why, during so long a period of professional exertion, Mr. Grimaldi has not been able to realize a competency that might have precluded the necessity of this appeal, he can only plead the expenses attendant on infirmities, produced by exhausting and laborious duties, the destructive burthen of which were felt some years before he finally yielded to their pressure, and which at length compelled him to relax his exertions at the period when ability to continue them would have insured

\* Joe's assertion that "he made his first appearance at Drury Lane, where he continued twenty-four years," is very questionable; he, in fact, said the contrary in his farewell address at Sadler's Wells, at which theatre it is positive he appeared at Easter, 1781. Sheridan's "Robinson Crusoe" was produced in January of that year, and twenty-four years would carry the time on to January, 1805, but his last performance at Drury Lane was on November 9th in that year, and admitting the generally received belief of his *début* "in Robinson Crusoe," his continuing at Drury Lane would have been twenty-five years, not twenty-four.

† To his old associate, Norman, the Pantaloon, Grimaldi, in a letter dated April 23, 1829, writes:—"I suppose you know I have taken my farewell of the public both at the Wells, and lastly, at Drury Lane, they having refused me at Covent Garden—so much for my long and faithful services. Oh! my poor old master, Mr. Harris; God bless him! had he been still in possession, I should not have asked such a favour a second time. I am now quite a retired gentleman, having only the Wells to look after, and that is of so trifling a nature, it does not put me the least out of my way."



him a comfortable independence. However inadequate he may prove to the painful yet pleasing endeavour to express personally his gratitude on the night of his retreat, it is his intention to offer an address of thanks, in which, though mere words may not be equal to paint the depth and sincerity of his feelings, he will hope to gain credit for the heartfelt sensation of dutiful respect which accompanies his last farewell."

Mr. Kemble read the bill through very attentively, and laid it gently upon the table without saying a word, but still looking very much displeased. Grimaldi, not knowing very well what to say, remained silent, and nothing was said for a minute or two, when Fawcett entered the room,

"Here, Fawcett," said Mr. Kemble, "here's a bill for you: read that."

Fawcett read it in profound silence, and when he had done so, looked as if he could not at all understand what was going forward, or what he ought to do. At length he asked what he was to infer from it, and Mr. Kemble was about to reply, when Grimaldi interrupted him.

"I beg your pardon, sir," he said, "but if Mr. Fawcett is to be appealed to in this business, it is but just that, before he expresses any opinion upon it, he should understand all the circumstances."

With this he proceeded to detail them as briefly as he could. When he had finished, Mr. Kemble said, with an air of great vexation, "Why did you not say, that if you could not take a benefit here, you would do so at the other house! I declare you should have had a night for nothing, sooner than you should have gone there."

Although this remark was very unexpected, Grimaldi made no further reply than that he had never thought of applying to Mr. Price, but that that gentleman, he presumed at the solicitation of some unknown friend, had made an offer to him; he then begged Mr. Fawcett, as he now knew all, to express his opinion upon the matter.

"Why, really," said that gentleman, "had I been situated as Grimaldi has been, I should certainly have acted as he has done. If one theatre could not accommodate me and another could, I should feel no hesitation in accepting an offer from the latter. However," added Mr. Fawcett, after this very manly and straightforward avowal, "I think it would be best, Grimaldi, and I hope you will take my advice, not to send out this bill. It might be

deemed offensive, and cannot, as I see, be productive of any good whatever."

Grimaldi thanked him, and expressed his intention of acting upon his opinion. Addressing Mr. Kemble, he said, that from what had just before fallen from him, it appeared that if he had thought proper, he (Grimaldi) might have had Covent Garden for his benefit, even gratuitously; but that presuming he had not the power of taking a benefit at Drury Lane, he had refused him, which was not the conduct of a friend, and was very unlike the treatment he had expected to receive. He then left the room, and never saw either gentlemen again.

Upon cool reflection he was inclined to consider that Mr. Kemble had some private and very good reasons, arising out of the management of the theatre, for acting as he had done, which there is little doubt was the case, as he could have neither had the intention nor the wish to injure a man whom he invariably treated with kindness and courtesy.

The stage has now lost the services of both these gentlemen. Poor Fawcett died some time since, and Mr. Charles Kemble has retired from the boards of which he was so long, both from his public and private character, a shining ornament.

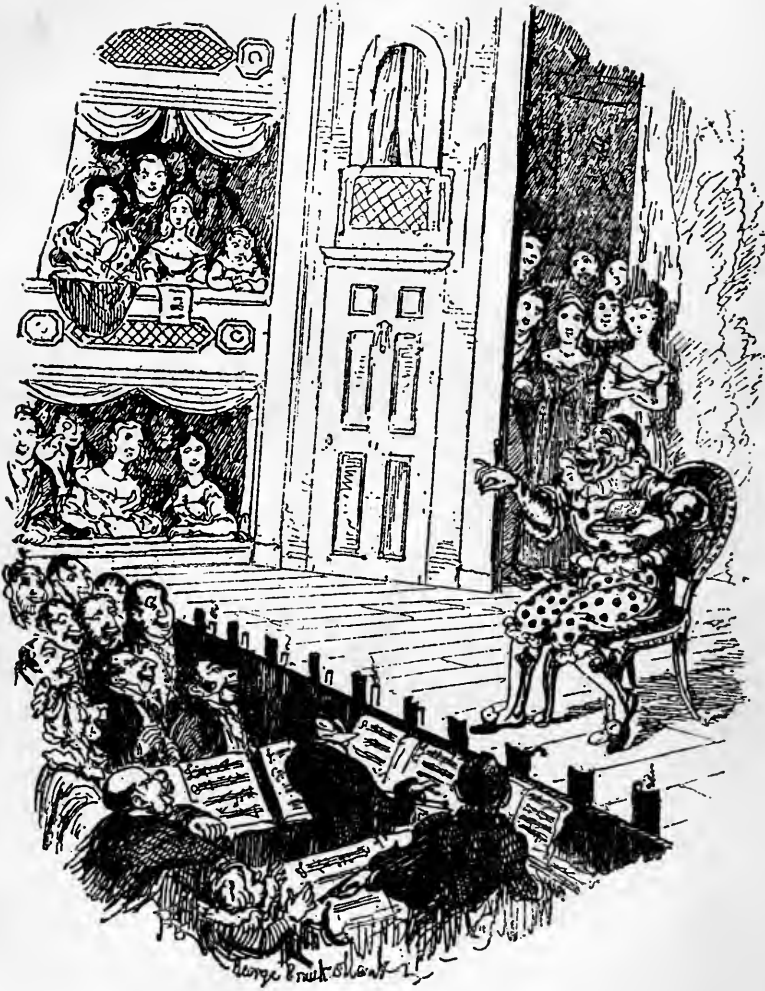
## CHAPTER XXV.

1828 to 1836.

The farewell benefit at Drury Lane—Grimaldi's last appearance and parting address—The Drury Lane Theatrical Fund, and its prompt reply to his communication—Miserable career and death of his son—His wife dies, and he returns from Woolwich (whither he had previously removed) to London—His retirement.

THE three gentlemen who were mentioned in conjunction with Miss Kelly, in the course of the last chapter, exerted themselves with so





THE LAST SONG.

much energy, that Grimaldi's benefit far exceeded his most sanguine expectations. In addition to the most effective company of the theatre were secured the services of Miss Kelly, and Madame Fearon;\* Miss Fanny Ayton, Miss Love,† Mathews, Keeley, and Bartley, besides an immense number of pantomime performers, who crowded to offer their aid, and among whom were—Barnes, Southby, Ridgway and his two sons, and young Grimaldi. Mr. James Wallack arranged everything, and exerted himself as much as he could have done if the night had been his own. The announced bill ran thus :—

**MR. GRIMALDI'S FAREWELL BENEFIT.**

*On Friday, June 27th, 1828,*  
will be performed

**JONATHAN IN ENGLAND;**

after which

**A MUSICAL MELANGE.**

To be succeeded by

**THE ADOPTED CHILD,**

and concluded with

**HARLEQUIN HOAX,**

In which

Mr. Grimaldi will act Clown in one scene, sing a song, and speak his

**FAREWELL ADDRESS.**

It was greatly in favour of the benefit that Covent Garden had closed the night before; the pit and galleries were completely filled in less than half-an-hour after opening the doors, the boxes were very good from the first, and at half-price were as crowded as the other parts of the house. In the last piece Grimaldi acted one scene, but being wholly unable to stand, went through it seated upon a chair. Even in this distressing condition he retained enough of his old humour to succeed in calling down repeated shouts of merriment and laughter. The song, too, in theatrical language, "went" as well as ever; and at length, when the pantomime approached its termination, he made his appearance before the audience in his private dress, amidst thunders of applause. As soon as silence could be obtained, and he could muster up sufficient courage to speak, he advanced to the footlights, and delivered, as well as his emotions would permit, the following Farewell Address :—

\* Mrs. Glossop.

† Since. Mrs. Granby Calcraft.

"Ladies and Gentlemen:—In putting off the clown's garment, allow me to drop also the clown's taciturnity, and address you in a few parting sentences. I entered early on this course of life, and leave it prematurely. Eight-and-forty years only have passed over my head—but I am going as fast down the hill of life as that older Joe—John Anderson. Like vaulting ambition, I have overleaped myself, and pay the penalty in an advanced old age. If I have now any aptitude for tumbling it is through bodily infirmity, for I am worse on my feet than I used to be on my head. It is four years since I jumped my last jump—filched my last oyster—boiled my last sausage—and set in for retirement. Not quite so well provided for, I must acknowledge, as in the days of my clownship, for then, I dare say, some of you remember, I used to have a fowl in one pocket and sauce for it in the other.

"To-night has seen me assume the motley for a short time—it clung to my skin as I took it off, and the old cap and bells rang mournfully as I quitted them for ever.

"With the same respectful feelings as ever do I find myself in your presence—in the presence of my last audience—this kindly assemblage so happily contradicting the adage that a favourite has no friends. For the benevolence that brought you hither—accept, ladies and gentlemen, my warmest and most grateful thanks, and believe, that of one and all, Joseph Grimaldi takes a double leave, with a farewell on his lips, and a tear in his eyes.

"Farewell! That you and yours may ever enjoy that greatest earthly good—health, is the sincere wish of your faithful and obliged servant. God bless you all!"

It was with no trifling difficulty that Grimaldi reached the conclusion of this little speech, although the audience cheered loudly, and gave him every possible expression of encouragement and sympathy. When he had finished, he still stood in the same place, bewildered and motionless, his feelings being so greatly excited, that the little power illness had left wholly deserted him. In this condition he stood for a minute or two, when Mr. Harley, who was at the side scene, commiserating his emotion, kindly advanced and led him off the stage, assisted by his son. As a token of his respect and gratitude, Grimaldi took off a new wig which he wore on the occasion, and presented it to Mr. Harley, together with the original address, which he

held in his hand. Our friend has them both, carefully preserved in a small museum of wigs, autographs, portraits, and other memorials of the most distinguished men in every branch of the profession, of which for upwards of twenty-eight years he has been deservedly one of the most popular members.

Having been led into a private room, and strengthened with a couple of glasses of Madeira, Grimaldi had to sustain another, and a scarcely less severe trial, in receiving the farewells and good wishes of his old associates. The street was thronged with people, who were waiting to see him come out, and as he entered the coach, which stood at the stage door, gave him three hearty cheers, amid which he drove off. But all was not over yet, for hundreds followed the vehicle until it reached his house, and upon getting out he was again hailed with a similar overwhelming shout of approbation and regard; nor could the crowd be prevailed upon to disperse until he had appeared on the top of the steps, and made his farewell bow.

Grimaldi was too exhausted and nervous, after the trying scenes through which he had just passed, to make any calculation that night of what the benefit had produced; but the next day, being somewhat recovered, he entered into the matter, and found the result to be as follows:—The house cost him £210, the printing £70 more, making the expenses £280. The money taken at the doors amounted to rather more than £400, besides which he sold £150 worth of tickets, making a total of £550. Deducting the expenses, the clear profits of the benefit amounted to £270.

There was another source of great profit, which must not be forgotten, namely, the number of anonymous communications Grimaldi received, enclosing sums of money, and wishing him a happy retirement. He received six letters, each containing £20, eleven containing £10, and sixteen containing £5 each. Thus, the amount forwarded by unknown hands was no less than £310, which, added to the amount of profits just mentioned, makes the gross sum realized by this last benefit £580, besides the £315 which he had cleared at Sadler's Wells.

The highest tribute that can be paid to those who in secret forwarded their munificent donations, or to those who rendered him their valuable professional assistance, or to that large number who came forward to cheer the last public moments of a man who had so

often, and so successfully, beguiled their leisure hours, is, that they smoothed the hard bed of premature and crippled old age, and rendered the slow decline of a life, scarcely in years past its prime, peaceful and contented. This benefit closed his theatrical existence, and filled his heart with deep and lasting emotions of gratitude.

Only one more circumstance connected with Grimaldi's theatrical existence remains to be told, and to that one we most anxiously and emphatically invite the attention of all who admire the drama—and what man of thought or feeling does not?—of all those who devote themselves to the cause of real charity—and of all those who now, reaping large gains from the exercise of a glittering and dazzling profession, forget that youth and strength will not last for ever, and that the more intoxicating their triumphs now, the more probable is the advent of a time of adversity and decay.

Counting over his gains, and dwelling upon his helpless state, Grimaldi was not long in finding that even now, whenever his little salary at Sadler's Wells should cease, he would not have adequate means of support. There was only one source to which he could apply for relief, and to that source he at once turned.

It is well known to all our readers that two charitable societies exist in London, called the Drury Lane and Covent Garden Theatrical Funds. They are distinct bodies, and were established with the same great and benevolent object. Every actor who, throughout his engagement at either of the large theatres, contributes a certain portion of his earnings to one of these funds, is entitled, if he should ever be reduced to the necessity of seeking it, to an annuity in proportion to the time for which he has contributed. To one of these most excellent institutions,—the Drury Lane Theatrical Fund,—Grimaldi had belonged for more than thirty years, promoting its interests not merely by his subscription, but by every means in his power. Feeling that in his hour of need and distress he had some claim upon its funds, he addressed the secretary, and stated the situation to which he was reduced. Early on the following morning he was visited by the gentleman to whom he had applied, who informed him that he was awarded a pension of £100 a year for the remainder of his life, and that he was deputed to pay him immediately the amount of one quarter in advance. His fears vanished at once, and he felt that want

at all events could never be his portion.\*

It can be observed at no better place than this, that all applications for relief from these funds are known only to the respective committees, and that the names of all annuitants are kept strictly secret during their lives; that the distribution of their property is confided to gentlemen accustomed to act with the utmost delicacy and discrimination, and that some of the greatest ornaments of the English stage have been relieved in their old age, when their powers of amusing and delighting were gone,—not as poor pensioners, or objects of compassion, but as persons who, not forgetting their poor brethren in their affluence, were not themselves forgotten, when unexpected misfortune or sickness fell upon them.

The unfortunate young man to whom allusion has been frequently made in the course of the last few pages, was, as may easily be imagined, one of the chief sources of Grimaldi's care and trouble in his latter days. After remaining in his house for two months in a state of madness he grew better, left one night to attend Sadler's Wells, where he was engaged, and was seen no more until the middle of the following year, when he again presented himself in a state of insanity, and was conveyed to his own lodgings and carefully attended. The next year he was dismissed from Sadler's Wells on account of his dissolute conduct; engaged at Drury

Lane with a salary of eight pounds per week, most favourably received, and discharged at the end of the first season for his profligacy and drunkenness.

After this, he obtained an engagement for a month at the Pavilion in Whitechapel Road, but left that theatre also in disgrace, and fell into the lowest state of wretchedness and poverty. His dress had fallen to rags, his feet were thrust into two worn-out slippers, his face was pale with disease, and squalid with dirt and want, and he was steeped in degradation. The man who might have earned with ease, with comfort, and respectability, from six to seven hundred pounds a year, and have raised himself to far greater gains by common providence and care, was reduced to such a dreadful state of destitution and filth that even his own parents could scarcely recognize him.

He was again received, and again found a home with his sick father. At Christmas, 1829, he obtained a situation at the Coburg, through the kindness of Davidge, and there he remained until Easter, 1830, when he took the benefit of the Insolvent Debtors' Act, to relieve himself from the creditors who were hunting him down. His support in prison and contingent expenses amounting to forty pounds, were all paid by his father.

He next accepted an engagement at Edinburgh, which turned out a failure; and another at Manchester at Christmas, 1830, by which he gained a few pounds. He then returned to the Coburg, where he might have almost permanently remained, but for his own misconduct, which once again cast him on the world.

In the following autumn, the son again presented himself at his father's door, reduced to a state of beggary and want not to be described. His mother, who had suffered greatly from his misdeeds, outrageous conduct, and gross and violent abuse, besought his father not to receive him, or aid him again, remembering how much he had already wasted the small remnants of his means only to minister to his extravagance and folly. But he could not witness his helpless and miserable state without compassion, and he was once more forgiven, once more became an inmate of the house, and remained there in a state of utter dependence.

In 1832, Sadler's Wells was let out for one season to Mrs. Fitzwilliam and Mr. W. H. Williams. They retained Grimaldi for some little time, but finding that he must be dismissed very shortly he made preparations for

\* Mr. Harley, as master of the Drury Lane Fund, at the Annual Dinner of that glorious charity in the June following Grimaldi's death, thus alluded to the assistance which the benevolence of their patrons had conferred on the distinguished mime:—"Yet shall delicacy suffer no violence in adducing one example, for death has hushed his cock-crowing cackination and uproarious merriment. The mortal Jupiter of practical joke—the Michael Angelo of buffoonery, who, if he was *Grim-all-day*, was sure to make you chuckle at night, he was rendered happy by your bounty. Yes, sirs, this star of eccentric brilliancy in the laughing hemisphere of fun and drollery—this comical reminiscence of 'Me and my Neddy,' 'Mother Goose,' 'Hot Cockles,' and 'Tippitywichtet,' would have set in sorrow but for this institution. You raised his drooping spirit, borne down by domestic calamity; you sustained his sinking frame, prostrated by premature decrepitude; and sheltered him in honourable retirement! Away then with the gloom of fanaticism and the cant of hypocrisy obscuring the bright face of wit and genius! This is true philanthropy, that buries not its gold in ostentatious charity, but builds its hospital in the human heart."



meeting the consequent reduction of his income by giving up the house in which he had lived for several years, and taking a cottage at Woolwich,\* whither he had an additional inducement to retire, in the hope that change of air might prove beneficial to his wife, who had already been ill for some time.

They repaired to their new house in the latter end of September, and in the beginning of November the son received a letter from a brother actor, entreating him to perform for a benefit at Sadler's Wells. His reception was so cordial and his acting so good that on the very same evening, notwithstanding all that had previously passed, he was offered an engagement for the ensuing Christmas at the Coburg, and the next day, on his return to Woolwich, he communicated the intelligence. The following day was his birthday—he completed his thirtieth year that morning—and before it had passed over the then lessee of the Queen's Theatre waited upon him, and offered him an engagement for a short time at a weekly salary of £4. He agreed to take it, and arranged to begin on the following Monday, November 25th, in a part called Black Cæsar.

It was sorely against his father's will that he went to fulfil this engagement, for his health had been waning for some time, and he was fearful that he might relapse into his old habits. However, he was determined to go, and borrowing some money of his father, as was his usual wont, he left Woolwich on the Sunday morning.

On the Wednesday, Grimaldi had occasion to go to town, and eagerly embraced it as an opportunity for seeing his son, to whom, despite all the anxiety and losses he had caused him, he was still most tenderly attached. He wrote to him, naming the friend's house at which he would be found,

\* Grimaldi's residence, while manager of the Wells, was at No. 8, Exmouth-street, Spa-fields:—in a letter, dated April 23, 1829, Joe writes—"I have moved to No. 23, Garnault-place, Spa-fields, about two hundred yards from where I did live." This residence he relinquished at Michaelmas, 1832, and took a small house, No. 6, Prospect-row, Woolwich. After the death of his wife, several letters are addressed from 31, George-street, Woolwich; one is emphatically dated "Wednesday, June 3rd, 1835: Poor Mary's birthday." Joe says—"The repairs of my new house are now complete and I shall very soon be able to quit where I am: next door but one to Arthur's is my future residence." It was his last: the house he referred was No 33, Southampton-street, Pentonville,

and the young man came. He looked in excellent health—was in high spirits, and boasted of his success in terms which from all accounts, it appeared, were justified by its extent. Shortly after dinner he left, observing that as he had to appear in the first scene of the first piece, he had no time to lose. His father never saw him more.

Grimaldi returned to Woolwich next day, and anxiousl hoped on Sunday to see the misguided man to dinner, agreeably to a promise he had made. The day passed away, but he did not come; a few more days elapsed, and then he received an intimation from a stranger that his son was ill. He immediately wrote to a friend (Mr. Glendinning, the printer), requesting him to ascertain the nature of his indisposition, which he feared was only the effect of some new intemperance, and if it should appear necessary, to procure him medical assistance. For two days he heard nothing; but this did not alarm him, for he entertained no doubt that his son's illness would disappear when the fumes of the liquor he had drunk had evaporated.

On the 11th of December a friend came to his house as he was sitting by his wife's bed, to which she was confined by illness, and when, with much difficulty, he had descended to the parlour, told him with great care and delicacy that his son was dead.

In one instant every feeling of decrepitude or bodily weakness left him; his limbs recovered their original vigour; all his lassitude and debility vanished; a difficulty of breathing, under which he had long laboured, disappeared, and, starting from his seat, he rushed to his wife's chamber, tearing without the least difficulty up a flight of stairs, which, a quarter of an hour before, it had taken him ten minutes to climb. He hurried to her bedside, told her that her son was dead, heard her first passionate exclamation of grief, and falling into a chair, was once again an enfeebled and crippled old man.

The remains of the young man were interred, a few days afterwards, in the burial-ground of Whitfield's Tabernacle, in Tottenham-court-road; but some circumstances, apparently of a suspicious nature, being afterwards rumoured about, and it being whispered that marks of blows had been seen upon his head by those who laid him out, an inquest was holden upon the young man's body. Grimaldi states that the body was exhumed: from some passages in the newspapers of the day it would appear that an informal inquest was held, and that the body

was not disinterred. Be this as it may, it was proved before the coroner that his death had arisen from the natural consequences of a misspent life; that his body was covered with a fearful inflammation, and that he had died in a state of wild and furious madness, rising from his bed and dressing himself in stage costume to act snatches of the parts to which he had been most accustomed, and requiring to be held down to die by strong manual force. This closing scene of his life took place at a public-house in Pitt-street, Tottenham-court-road, and here the dismal tragedy ended.

It was long before Grimaldi in any degree recovered this great shock; his wife never did. She lingered on in a state of great suffering for two years afterwards, until death happily relieved her.

He was now left alone in the world; he had always been a domesticated man, delighting in nothing more than in the society of his relations and friends; and the condition of solitary desolation in which he was now left nearly drove him into a state of melancholy madness. His crippled limbs and broken bodily health rendered it necessary to his existence that he should have an attentive nurse, and occasionally at least cheerful society; finding his situation wholly insupportable, he resolved to return to town, and wrote to a friend,\* whose wife was his only remaining relative, to procure a

\* Mr. Arthur, then residing at 35, Southampton-street, but since dead: his widow and family have left the neighbourhood. Mrs. Arthur was not "Grimaldi's only remaining relation;" she was originally a servant to Mr. Hughes, Joe's brother-in-law. Grimaldi's house was No. 33 in the same street, not "next door," and his solicitude to reach town, and occupy this house, his last home, is the subject of a long letter, now among many of Joe's autographs, in the possession of a gentleman resident in Highbury Park, Islington.

Early in the biography of Grimaldi, it will be remembered, mention is made of a sister, and, in fact, she is noticed as having made her *début* with him at Sadler's Wells in 1781. This sister, according to Decastro, was named Mary, and married Signor Grimaldi's pupil, Lascelles Williamson; but of late years had been altogether lost sight of. Joe remembered her not in the disposal of his effects in his will; but soon after his death—and the circumstance became known through the newspapers—Joe's executor received a letter, in the name of Jane Taylor, which stated that she was in extreme poverty; that she was Joe's sister, and mournfully asked if he had borne her in mind, and had bequeathed her any assistance. The executor replied, that she had not been mentioned by Grimaldi in

small house for him in his own neighbourhood, where he too had lived so long and happily. A neat little dwelling, next door to this friend's house, in Southampton-street, Pentonville, being at that time to let, was taken and furnished for him, and thither he removed without more delay. Many of his old friends came from time to time to cheer him with a few minutes' conversation, and he experienced the warmest and kindest treatment from his neighbours, and from Mr. Richard Hughes, who bore in mind his promise to his dying sister, to the last moment of Grimaldi's life.

He concludes his Memoirs by taking a more cheerful view of his condition than could well have been expected of a man suffering so much, and ends in these words:—

"My histrionic acquaintance frequently favour me with their company, when we together review past scenes, and contrast them with those of the present time. My esteemed friend, Alfred Bunn, has been with me this very day, and I expect to see my amiable patroness, if she will permit me to call her so, Miss Kelly, to-morrow.

"In my solitary hours—and in spite of all the kindness of my friends I have many of them—my thoughts often dwell upon the past: and there is one circumstance which always affords me unmitigated satisfaction; it is simply that I cannot recollect one single instance in which I have intentionally wronged man, woman, or child, and this gives me great satisfaction and comfort.

"This is the 18th of December, 1836. I was born on the 18th of December, 1779, and consequently have completed my 57th year.

"Life is a game we are bound to play—  
The wise enjoy it, fools grow sick of it;  
Losers, we find, have the stakes to pay,  
That winners may laugh, for that's the trick of it.

"J. GRIMALDI."

any way, and the recipients of what he possessed had been named by himself

No further application followed; and 'probably' she sleeps too with her kindred clay.

## CONCLUDING CHAPTER.

GRIMALDI died on the 31st of May, 1837, having survived the completion of the last chapter of his biography just five months, during which his health had considerably improved, although his bodily energies and physical powers had remained in the same state of hopeless prostration. Having gradually recovered the effects of the severe mental shocks which had crowded upon him in his decline, he had regained his habitual serenity and cheerfulness, and appeared likely to live, and even to enjoy life—incompatible with all enjoyment as his condition would seem to have been—for many years. He had no other wish than to be happy in the society of his old friends; and uttered no other complaint than that, in their absence, he sometimes found his solitude heavy and irksome. He looked forward to the publication of his manuscript with an anxiety which it is impossible to describe, and imagined that the day on which he exhibited it in a complete form to his friends would be the proudest of his life.

He was destined never to experience this harmless gratification; the sudden dissolution which deprived him of it mercifully released him from all the pains and sufferings which could not fail to have been, sooner or latter, the attendants upon that state of death in life to which he had been untimely reduced.

It had been Grimaldi's habit for some time previous to his death to spend a portion of each evening at a tavern hard by, where the society of a few respectable persons, resident in the neighbourhood, in some measure compensated him for the many long hours he spent by his lonely fireside. Utterly bereft of the use of his limbs, he used to be carried backwards and forwards (he had only a few doors to go) on the shoulders of a man.

On the night of his death\* he was carried

\* Grimaldi for some months previous to his death frequented the coffee-room of the "Marquis of Cornwallis" Tavern in Southampton-street, Pentonville. Mr. George Cook, the proprietor, considering his infirmity, or loss of the use of his lower extremities, used to fetch him on his back, and take him home in the same manner. On the Wednesday evening, May 31st, he was brought to the coffee-room by Mr. Cook, and seemed quite exhilarated; his conversation and humour smacking of the vivacity of former years; and his anecdotes of the olden times and past events contributed a

home in the usual manner, and cheerfully bidding his companion good night, observed that he should be ready for him on the morrow at the customary time. He had not long been in bed, when his housekeeper, fancying she heard a noise in his room, hurried down, but all was quiet: she went in again later in the night, and found him dead. The body was cold, for he had been dead some hours.

A coroner's inquest was held on the following day. The testimony of the medical gentleman who had been promptly called in, fully established the fact that his death had arisen from causes purely natural; and the jury at once returned a verdict that he had died by the visitation of God.

He was buried on the ensuing Monday, June the 6th, in the burying-ground of St. James's Chapel, on Pentonville Hill. In the

fund of amusement to those enjoying the conviviality of the night. Joe's customary beverage was a little Scotch ale, or a small quantity of gin and water, during the evening. On the inquest, Joe's housekeeper, Susannah Hill, stated that on Wednesday evening he complained to her of a tightness of the chest, and his appetite seemed not so good as usual. About half-past ten she went to the Marquis of Cornwallis, to apprise her master that it was time to return home; and assisted him on to Mr. Cook's back. Joe, as usual, quite sober, reached home about a quarter before eleven; and on parting said to Mr. Cook, "God bless you, my boy, I shall be ready for you to-morrow night." His housekeeper assisted Grimaldi to his bedroom, placed a light on his table, as was her custom, then retired to her bedroom. In the course of the night she was awakened by an unusual noise, similar to loud snoring, in her master's room. She rose, went in, but all was then quiet, the light still burning; and she returned to her bed. Between five and six o'clock in the morning, having risen, she went into Grimaldi's room, and on approaching the bed was shocked on discovering her master a corpse. She ran for Mr. Fennill, a surgeon in the neighbourhood, who immediately attended; pronounced him quite dead; said that he had been so some hours; and that his death he had no doubt arose from natural causes. The inquest held at the Marquis of Cornwallis declared their verdict, "Died by the visitation of God."

Joe was consigned to his last home at one o'clock in the afternoon of Monday, June 5th; the funeral was strictly private and simply plain—a hearse and two mourning coaches, in which were Mr. Richard Hughes, Mr. Dixon, Mr. Arthur, Mr. Dayus, Treasurer of Sadler's Wells; Mr. Norman, Mr. Wells, of the Sir Hugh Myddleton's Head Tavern, Mr. Lawrence, Treasurer of the Surrey Theatre, and three other private friends. So little was the interment expected so soon that but one or two of his professional friends were present, and a few casual spectators were all who witnessed his funeral.

next grave lie the bones of his friend, Mr. Charles Dibdin,—so frequently mentioned in these volumes; the author of many of the pieces in which he shone in his best days, and of many of the songs with which he was wont to set his audience in a roar.\*

Any attempted summary of Grimaldi's peculiarities in this place would be an impertinence. There are many who remember him, and they need not be told how rich his humour was; to those who do not recollect him in his great days, it would be impossible to convey any adequate idea of his extraordinary performances. There are no standards to compare him with, or models to judge him by; all his excellences were his own, and there are none resembling them among the pantomime actors of the present day.

This is not said with any view of depreciating the abilities of the many clever actors we have in this peculiar department. Among a variety of others, Smith and Payne of Covent Garden (not of Lombard-street), and Wieland, of Drury Lane, may be mentioned as possessing grotesque humour of no ordinary kind; while for mere feats of tumbling dexterity Brown, King, and Gibson of the Adelphi, perhaps stand unrivalled. It is no disparagement to all or any of these actors of pantomime to say that the genuine droll, the grimacing, filching, irresistible clown left the stage with Grimaldi, and though often heard of, has never since been seen.†

In private, Grimaldi was a general favourite, not only among his equals, but with his superiors and inferiors. That he was a man of the kindest heart, and the most childlike simplicity, nobody who has read the foregoing pages can for a moment doubt. He was innocent of all caution in worldly matters, and has been known, on the seller's warranty,‡ to

\* The following inscription is on his grave-stone:—

SACRED  
TO THE MEMORY OF  
MR. JOSEPH GRIMALDI,  
WHO DEPARTED THIS LIFE  
MAY 31ST, 1837,  
AGED FIFTY-EIGHT YEARS.

† Tom Matthews, perhaps, presents at this time the nearest approach.

‡ The seller's warranty was doubtless that of some Jew money-lender, by which class of persons he seems to have been almost devoured: when their pressure became insupportable, or they pushed their claims to a consummation not too devoutly to be wished, and sent a sheriff's officer to enforce the demand, Joe was wont to accompany them to

give forty guineas for a gold watch, which, as it subsequently turned out, would have been dear at ten. Among many acts of private goodness may be mentioned—although he shrunk from the slightest allusion to the story—his release of a brother actor from Lancaster jail, under circumstances which showed a pure benevolence of heart, and delicacy of feeling, that would have done honour to a prince.

With far more temptations to indulge in the pleasures of the table than most men encounter, Grimaldi was through life remarkably temperate, never having been seen, indeed, in a state of intoxication. But he was a great eater, as most pantomime actors are, who enjoy good health, and abstain from dram-drinking; and it was supposed, at the time of his decease, that an attack of indigestion consequent upon too hearty a supper at too late an hour materially hastened, if it did not actually occasion, his death.

Many readers will ridicule the idea of a clown being a man of great feeling and sensibility: Grimaldi was so, notwithstanding, and suffered most severely from the afflictions which befel him. The loss of his wife, to whom he had been long and devotedly attached, preyed upon his mind to a greater or less extent for many years. The reckless career and dreadful death of his only son bowed him down with grief. The young man's notorious conduct had embittered the best portion of his existence: and his sudden death, when a better course seemed opening before him, had well-nigh terminated his unhappy father's days.

But although, in the weakened state in which he then was, the sad event preying alike upon his mind and body, changed Grimaldi's appearance in a few weeks to that of a shrunken, imbecile old man; and although, when he had in some measure recovered from this heavy blow, he had to mourn the loss of his wife, with whom he had lived happily for more than thirty years, he survived the trials to which he had been exposed, and lived to recover his cheerfulness and peace.

the shop of Mr. Crouch, a pawnbroker, in Ray-street, Clerkenwell, by whom the sum was immediately paid. When the hour approached for his appearance at the Wells, the messenger belonging to the theatre always knew where to find him; and being told the sum required to redeem him, Joe would wait patiently till he returned and released him; he would then proceed to delight an audience, who had but a few minutes before threatened to pull the house down if he did not appear.

Deprived of all power of motion; doomed to bear, at a time of life when he might reasonably have looked forward to many years of activity and exertion, the worst bodily evils of the most helpless old age; condemned to drag out the remainder of his days in a solitary chamber, when all those who make up the sum of home were cold in death, his existence would seem to have been a weary one indeed; but he was patient and resigned under all these trials, and in time grew contented, and even happy.

This strong endurance of griefs so keen,

and reverses so poignant may perhaps teach more strongly than a hundred homilies that there are no afflictions which time will not soften and fortitude overcome. Let those who smile at the deduction of so trite a moral from the biography of a clown, reflect, that the fewer the resources of a man's own mind, the greater his merit in rising superior to misfortune. Let them remember, too, that in this case the light and life of a brilliant theatre were exchanged in an instant for the gloom and sadness of a dull sick-room.

**THE END.**

THE  
YELLOWPLUSH PAPERS

AND  
OTHER SKETCHES

BY  
W. M. THACKERAY

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# THE YELLOWPLUSH PAPERS.

## NO. I.—FASHNABLE FAX AND POLITE ANNYGOATS.

No. —, GROSVENOR SQUARE,  
10th October.

(N.B. Hairy Bell.)

MY DEAR Y.—Your dellixy in sending me *My Book* does you honour; for the subjick on which it treats, cannot, like politix, metafizix, or other silly sciences, be criticized by the common writin' creaturs who do your and other Magazines at so much a yard. I am a chap of a different sort. I have lived with some of the first families in Europe, and I say it without fear of contradistinction that, since the death of George the IV. and Mr. Simpson of Voxall Gardens, there doesn't, praps, live a more genlmnly man than myself. As to figger, I beat Simpson all to shivers; and know more of the world than the late George. He did things in a handsome style enough, but he lived always in one set, and got narrow in his notions. How could he be otherwise? Had he my opportunities, I say he would have been a better dressed man, a better dined man (*poor angsy deer*, as the French say), and a better furnished man. These qualities an't got by indolence, but by acute hobobservation and foring travel, as I have had. But a truce to heggotism, and let us proceed with bisniss.

Skelton's *Anatomy* (or Skeleton's, which, I presume, is his real name) is a work which has long been wanted in the littery world. A regular slap-up, no mistake, out-an'-out account of the manners and usitches of genteel society, will be appreciated in every famly from Buckly Square to Whitechapel Market. Ever since you sent me the volum, I have read it to the gals in our hall, who are quite delighted of it, and every day grows genteeler and genteeler. So is Jeames, coachman; so is Sam and George, and little Halfred, the sugar-loafed page:—all 'xcept old Huffy, the fat veezy

porter, who sits all day in his hall-chair, and never reads a word of anythink but that cjus *Hage* newspaper. "Huffy," I often say to him, "why continue to read that blaggerd print? Want of decency, Huffy, becomes no man in your high situation; a genlman without morallity is like a livry coat without a shoulder-knot." But the old-fashioned beast reads on, and don't care for a syllable of what I say. As for the Sat'rism that's different: I read it myself reglar; for its of uncompromising Raddicle principils, and lashes the vices of the arristoxty. But again I am diverging from Skeleton.

What I like about him so pertiklerly is his moddisty. Before you come to the book, there is, first, a Deddication; then a Preface; and nex', a Prolygomeny. The fust is about hisself; the second about hisself, too; and, cuss me! if the Prolygolygomeny an't about hisself again, and his schoolmaster, the Rev. John Finlay, late of Streatham Academy. I shall give a few extrax from them.

"Graceful manners are not intuitive: so he who, through industry or the smiles of fortune, *would emulate a polite carriage*, must be *taught* not to outrage propriety. Many topics herein considered have been discussed, more or less gravely or jocosely, according as the subject-matter admitted the varying treatment. I would that with propriety much might be expunged, but that I felt it is all required from the nature of the work. The public is the tribunal to which I appeal: not friendship, but public attestation, must affix the signet to *My Book's* approval or condemnation. Sheridan, when manager of Drury, was known to say he had solicited and received the patronage of friends, but from the public only had he found support. So may it be with me."

There's a sentence for you, Mr. Yorke! We disputed about it for three-quarters of an hour in the servants' hall. Miss Simkins, my lady's *feel-de-chamber*, says its complete ungrammaticle, as so it is. "I would that," &c., "but that," and so forth: what can be the earthly meaning of it? "Graceful manners," says Skeleton, "is not intuitive." Nor more an't grammar, Skelton; sooner than make a fault in which, I'd knife my fish or malt after my cheese.

As for "emulating a genteel carriage," not knowing what that might mean, we at once asked Jim Coachman; but neither he nor his helpers could help us. Jim thinks it was a baroosh; cook says, a brisky; Sam, the stable-boy (who, from living chiefly among the hosses and things, has got a sad low way of talking), said it was all dicky, and bid us drive on to the nex' page.

"For years, when I have observed anything in false taste, I have remarked that, when *My Book* makes its appearance, such an anomaly will be discontinued; and, instead of an angry reply, it has ever been, 'What! are you writing such a work?' till at length, in several societies, *My Book* has been referred to whenever *une méprise* has taken place. As thus: '*My Book* is indeed wanted;' or, 'If *My Book* were here;' or, 'We shall never be right without *My Book*;' which led me to take minutes of the barbarisms I observed. I now give them to the world, from a conviction that a rule of conduct should be studied, and impressed upon the mind. Other studies come occasionally into play; but the conduct, the deportment, and the manner are ever in view, and should be a primary consideration, and by no means left to chance (as at present) whether it be good, or whether it be evil.

"Most books that have appeared on this vital subject have generally been of a trashy nature; intended, one would imagine—if you took the trouble to read them—as advertisements to this trade or for that man, this draper or that dentist, instead of attempting to form the mind and leaving the judgment to act.

"To Lord Chesterfield other remarks apply: but Dr. Johnson has so truly and so wittily characterised, in few words, that heartless libertine's advice to his son, that, without danger of corrupting the mind, you cannot place his works in the hands of youth.

"It should ever be kept in our recollection,

that a graceful carriage—a noble bearing, and a generous disposition to sit with ease and grace—must be enthroned 'in the mind's eye' on every virtuous sentiment."

There it is, the carriage again! But never mind that; to the nex' sentence its nothink: "to sit with ease and grace must be enthroned 'in the mind's eye' on every virtuous sentiment!" Heaven bless your bones, Mr. Skeleton! where are you driving us? I say, this sentence would puzzle the very Spinx himself! How *can* a man sit in his eye? If the late Mr. Finlay, of Streatham Academy, taught John Henry Anatomy Skeleton to do this, he's a very wonderful pupil, and no mistake! as well as a finominy in natural history, quite exceeding that of Miss Mackavoy. Sich *peculiar* opportunities for hobobservation must make his remarks really valuable.\*

Well, he observes on every think that is at all observable, and can make a gen'l'man fit for gen'l'manly society. His beayviour at dinner and brexfast, at bawls and swarries, at chuch, at vist, at skittles, at drivin cabs, at gettin in an' out of a carriage, at his death and burill—givin, on every one of these sub-jicks, a plenty of exlent maxums; as we shall very soon see. Let's begin about dinner—it's always a pleasant thing to hear talk of. Skeleton (who is a slap-up heppycure) says:

"Earn the reputation of being a good carver; it is a weakness to pretend superiority to an art in such constant requisition, and on which so much enjoyment depends. You must not crowd the plate—send only a moderate quantity, with fat and gravy; in short, whatever you may be carving, serve others as if you were helping yourself; this may be done with rapidity, if the carver takes pleasure in his province, and endeavours to excel. It is cruel and disgusting to send a lump of meat to any one; if at the table of a friend, it is

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\* I cannot refrain from quating, in a note, the following extract from page 8: "To be done with propriety, every thing must be done quietly. When the cards are dealt round, do not sort them in all possible haste, and, having performed it in a most hurried manner, clap your cards on the table, looking proudly round, conscious of your own superiority. I speak to those in good society—not to him who, making cards his trade, has his motives for thus hurrying—that he may remark the countenances of those with whom he plays, that he may make observations in *his mind's eye*, from what passes around, and use those observations to *suit ulterior ends*." This, now, is what I call a reglar parrylel passidge, and renders quite clear Mr. Skeltonse's notion of the situation of the mind's eye.—CHAS. YLPLSH.

offensive ; if at your own, unpardonable. No refined appetite can survive it."

Taken in general, I say this remark is admiral. I saw an instance, only last wick, at our table. There was, first, Sir James and my lady, in course, at the head of their own table ; then there was Lord and Lady Smigsmag right and left of my lady ; Capt. Fluff, of the huzzas (huzza he may be ; but he looks, to my thinkin, much more like a bravo) ; and the Bishop of Biffiter, with his lady ; Haldermin Snodgrass, and me,—that is, I waited.

Well, the haldermin, who was helpin the tuttle, puts on Biffeter's plate a wad of green fat, which might way a pound and three quarters. His ludship goes at it very hearty ; but not likin to seprate it, tries to swallow the lump at one go. I relect Lady Smigsmag saying gaily, "What, my lord, are you goin that whole hog at once ?" The bishop looked at her, rowled his eyes, and tried to spick ; but between the spickin and the swallerin, and the green fat, the consquinsies were fadle ! He sunk back on his chair, his spoon dropt, his face became of a blew colour, and down he fell as dead as a nit. He recovered, to be sure, nex day ; but not till after a precious deal of bleedin and dosin, which Dr. Drencher described for him.

This would never have happened, had not the haldermin given him such a platefull ; and to Skeleton's maxim let me add mine.

Dinner was made for eatin, not for talkin : never pay compliments with your mouth full.

"The person carving must bear in mind that a knife is a saw, by which means it will never slip ; and should it be blunt, or the meat be overdone, he will succeed neatly and expertly, while others are unequal to the task. For my part, I have been accustomed to think I could carve any meat with any knife ; but lately, in France, I have found my mistake,—for the meat was so overdone, and the knives so blunt, that the little merit I thought I possessed completely failed me. Such was never the case with any knife I ever met with in England.

"Pity that there is not a greater reciprocity in the world ! How much would France be benefited by the introduction of our cutlery and woollens ; and we by much of its produce !

"When the finger-glass is placed before you, you must not drink the contents, or even rinse your mouth, and spit it back ; although this has been done by some inconsiderate persons.

Never, in short, do that of which, on reflection, you would be ashamed ; for instance, never help yourself to salt with your knife—a thing which is not unfrequently done in *la belle France* in the 'perfumed chambers of the great.' We all have much to unlearn, ere we can learn much that we should. My effort is 'to gather up the tares, and bind them in bundles to destroy them,' and then to 'gather the wheat into the barn.'

"When the rose-water is carried round after dinner, dip into it the corner of your napkin lightly ; touch the tips of your fingers, and press the napkin on your lips. Forbear plunging into the liquid as into a bath."

This, to be sure, would be diffiklt, as well as ungenlmnly ; and I have something to say on this head too.

About them blue water bowls which are brought in after dinner, and in which the company makes such a bubblin and spirting ; people should be very careful in usin them, and mind how they hire short-sighted servants. Lady Smigsmag is a melancholy instance of this. Her ladyship wears two rows of false teeth (what the French call a *rattler*), and is, everybody knows, one of the most absint of women. After dinner one day (at her own house) she whips out her teeth, and puts them into the blue bowl, as she always did, when the squirtin time came. Well, the conversation grew hanimated ; and so much was Lady Smigsmag interested, that she clean forgot her teeth, and went to bed without them.

Nex morning was a dreadful disturbance in the house ; sumbody had stolen my lady's teeth out of her mouth ! But this is a loss which a lady don't like positively to advertize ; so the matter was hushed up, and my lady got a new set from Parkison's. But nobody ever knew who was the thief of the teeth.

A fortnight after, another dinner was given. Lady Smigsmag only kep a butler and one man, and this was a chap whom we use to call professionally, *Lazy Jim*. He never did nothing but when he couldn't help it ; he was as lazy as a dormus, and as blind as a howl. If the plate was dirty, Jim never touched it until the day it was wanted, and the same he did by the glas ; you might go into his pantry, and see dozens on 'em with the water (he drenk up all the wind) which had been left in 'em since last dinner party. How such things could be allowed in a house, I don't know ; it only showed that Smigsmag was an easy master,



and that Higgs, the butler, didn't know his business.

Well, the day kem for the sek'nd party. Lazy Jim's plate was all as dutty as pos'bil, and his whole work to do; he cleaned up the plate, the glars, and every think else, as he thought, and set out the trays and things on the sideboard. "Law, Jim, you jackass," cried out the butler at half-past seven, just as the people was a-comen down to dinner, "you've forgot the washand basins."

Jim spun down into his room,—for he'd forgotten 'em sure enough; there they were, however, on his shelf, and full of water: so he brought 'em up, and said nothink; but gev 'em a polishin wipe with the tail of his coat.

Down kem the company to dinner, and set to it like good uns. The society was reglar *distangy* (as they say): there was the Duke of Haldersgit, Lord and Lady Barbikin, Sir Gregory Jewin, and Lady Suky Smithfield, asides a lot of commontators. The dinner was removed, and the bubble and squeakers (as I call 'em) put down; and all the people began washin themselves like anythink. "Whrrrr!" went Lady Smigsmag; "Cloocloocloocloophizz!" says Lady Barbikin; "Goggleoggleogleblrrawaw!" says Jewin (a very fat g'n'l'm'n); "Blöbblobgob!" began his grace of Haldersgit, who has got the widest mouth in all the peeridge, when all of a sudden he stopped, down went his washand basin, and he gev such a piercing shriek! such a bust of agony as never I saw, excep when the prince sees the ghost in *Hamlick*: down went his basin, and up went his eyes; I really thought he was going to vomick!

I rushed up to his grace, squeeging him in the shoulders, and patting him on the back. Every body was in alarm; the duke was as pale as hashes, grinding his teeth, frowning, and making the most frightful extortions. The ladis were in astarrix; and I observed Lazy Jim leaning against the sideboard, and looking as white as chock.

I looked into his grace's plate, and on my honour as a gnlmn, among the amins and reasons, there were two rows of TEETH.

"Law!—heavens!—what!—your grace!—is it possible?" said Lady Smigsmag, puttin her hands into the duke's plate. "Dear Duke of Aldersgate! as I live, they are my lost teeth!"

Flesh and blud coodn't stand this, and I bust out laffin, till I thought I should split; a footman's a man, and as impregnable as hany other

to the ridiklous. I bust, and every body bust after me—lords and ladies, duke and butler, and all—everybody excep Lazy Jim.

Would you believe it? *He hadn't cledned out the glasses, and the company was a washin themselves in second-hand water, a fortnit old!*

I don't wish to insinuate that this kind of thing is general; only people had better take warning by me and Mr. Skeleton, and wash themselves at home. Lazy Jeames was turned off the nex morning, took to drinkin and evil habits, and is now, in consquints, a leftenant-general in the Axillary Legend. Let's now get on to what Skelton calls his "Derelictions"—here's some of 'em, and very funny one's they are too. What do you think of Number 1, by way of a Dereliction?

"A knocker on the door of a lone house in the country.

"2. When on horseback, to be followed by a groom in fine livery; or, when in your gig or cab, with a 'tiger' so adorned by your side. George IV., whose taste was never excelled, if ever equalled, always, excepting on state occasions, exhibited his retinue in plain liveries—a grey frock being the usual dress of his grooms.

"4. To elbow people as you walk is rude. For such uncouth beings, perhaps, a good thrashing would be the best monitor; only there might be disagreeables attending the correction, in the shape of legal functionaries.

"9. When riding with a companion, be not two or three horse-lengths before or behind.

"10. When walking with one friend, and you encounter another, although you may stop and speak, never introduce the strangers, unless each expresses a wish to that effect.

"13. Be careful to check vulgarities in children; for instance: 'Tom, did you get wet?'—No; Bob did, but I cut away.' You should also affectionately rebuke an unbecoming tone and manner in children.

"18. To pass a glass, or any drinking-vessel, by the brim, or to offer a lady a bumper, are things equally in bad taste.

"19. To look from the window to ascertain who has knocked, while the servant goes to the door, must not be done.

"26. Humming, drumming, or whistling, we must avoid, as disrespectful to our company.

"27. Never whisper in company, nor make confidants of mere acquaintance.

"28. Vulgar abbreviations, such as gent for gentleman, or buss for omnibus, &c., must be shunned.

"29. Make no noise in eating; as, when you masticate with the lips unclosed, the action of the jaw is heard. It is equally bad in drinking. Gulping loudly is abominable—it is but habit—unrestrained, no more; but enough to disgust.

"30. To do anything that might be obnoxious to censure, or even bear animadversion from eccentricity, you must take care not to commit.

"31. Be especially cautious not to drink while your plate is sent to be replenished.

"32. A bright light in a dirty lamp\* is not to be endured.

"33. The statue of the Achilles in Hyde Park is in bad taste. To erect a statue in honour of a hero in a defensive attitude, when his good sword has carved his renown—ha, ha, ha!"

Ha, ha, ha! Isn't that reg'lar rediklous? Not the statute I mean, but the *Dereliction* as Skillyton calls it. Ha, ha, ha! indeed! *Defensive* hattitude! He may call that nasty naked figure *defensive*—I say its *hoffensive*, and no mistake. But read the whole bunch of remarx, MR. YORKE; a'nt they *rich*? a'nt they what you may call a perfect gallixy of derelictions?

Take, for instance, twenty-nine and thutty-one—gulgins, mastigatin, and the haction of the jaw! Why, sich things an't done, not by the knife-boy, and the skillery-made, who dine in the back kitchen after we've done! And nex appeal to thutty-one. *Why* shouldn't a man drink, when his plate's taken away? Is it unnatural? is it ungen'm'nly? is it unbecomin? If he'd said that a chap shouldn't drink when his *glass* is taken away, that would be a reason, and a good one. Now let's read "hayteen." Pass a glass *by the brim*! Put your thumb and fingers, I spose. The very notin makes me feel all over uncomfrble; and, in all my experience of society, I never saw no not a coal-heaver, do such a thing. Nex comes:

"The most barbarous modern introduction is the habit of wearing the hat in the 'salon,' as now practised, even in the presence of the ladies.

"When, in making a morning call, you give your card at the door, the servant should be instructed to do his duty, and not stand looking at the name on the card while you speak to him."

There's two rules for you! Who *does* wear a hat in a salon? Nobody, as I ever saw.

\* "If in the hall, or in your cab, this, if seen a second time, admits no excuse; *turn away the man*."

And as for Number 40, I can only say, on my own part, individuiwidiwally, and on the part of the perfession, that if ever Mr. Skelton comes to a house where I am the gen'l'm'n. to open the door, and instrux me about doing my duty, I'll instruct him about the head, I will. No man should instruct other people's servants. No man should bully or talk loud to a gen'l'm'n who, from his wery situation, is hincapable of defence or reply. I've known this cistim to be carried on by low swaggerin fellers in clubbs and privit houses, but never by reel gen'l'm'n. And now for the last maxim, or dereliction:

"The custom of putting the knife in the mouth is so repulsive to our feelings as men, is so entirely at variance with the manners of gentlemen, that I deem it unnecessary to inveigh against it here. The very appearance of the act is

'A monster of so odious mien,  
That to be hated, needs but to be seen.'"

Oh heavens! the notion is overpowering! I once saw a gen'l'm'n cut his head off eating peeze that way. Knife in your mouth!—Oh! fawgh!—it makes me all over. Mrs. Cook, do have the kindniss to git me a basin!

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In this abrupt way Mr. Yellowplush's article concludes. The notion conveyed in the last paragraph was too disgusting for his delicate spirit, and caused him emotions that are neither pleasant to experience nor to describe.

It may be objected to his communication, that it contains some orthographic eccentricities, and that his acuteness surpasses considerably his education. But a gentleman of his rank and talent was the exact person fitted to criticize the volume which forms the subject of his remarks. We at once saw that only Mr. Yellowplush was fit for Mr. Skelton, Mr. Skelton for Mr. Yellowplush. There is a luxury of fashionable observation, a fund of apt illustration, an intimacy with the first leaders of the *ton*, and a richness of authentic anecdote, which is not to be found in any other writer of any other periodical. He who looketh from a tower sees more of the battle than the knights and captains engaged in it; and, in like manner, he who stands behind a fashionable table knows more of society than the guests who sit at the board. It is from this source that our great novel writers have drawn their experience, retailing the truths which they learned.

It is not impossible that Mr. Yellowplush

may continue his communications, when we shall be able to present the reader with *the only authentic picture of fashionable life* which has been given to the world in our time. All the rest are stolen and disfigured copies of that original piece, of which we are proud to be in possession.

After our contributor's able critique, it is needless for us to extend our remarks upon Mr. Skelton's book. We have to thank that gentleman for some hours' extraordinary amusement, and shall be delighted at any further productions of his pen.

O. Y.

## NO. II.—MISS SHUM'S HUSBAND.

DEAR HOLLYVER Y.,—There was a pritty distubbance, as you may phancy, when your Magaseen arrived in our hall, and was read by all the men and gals there assambled. Fust there was coachmin; he takes his whig off when I comes into dinner, and boughing with a hair of mock gravity, drinks to "Mr. Charles, the littery man." Nex, Shallott, my lady's maid (a French gal), says, "*O Jew, Maseer, Shawl, vous eight ung belispree.*" "Will you have some bile mutton, Yellowplush?" cries cook; "it's the *leading Harticle* of our dinner to-day." Never, in fact, was such chaffin heard, the jockes and repparees flashin about lightnin.

"I am," says I, in a neat spitch, "I am a littery man—there is no shame in it in the present instins; though, in genneral, it's a blaggerd employment enough. But it ain't my *trade*—it isn't for the looker of gain that I sitt penn to payper—it is in the saycred caws of nollitch (*Hear, hear*). The exolted class which *we* have the honour to serve," says I, "has been crooly misreparysented. Authors have profist to describe what they never see. Pepple in Russle-Square, and that vulgar naybrood, bankers, slissitors, merchints' wives, and indeed snobs in general, are, in their ideer of *our* manners and customs, misguided, delooded, HUMBUGGED—for I can find no more ellygant expression—by the accounts which they receive of us from them authors. Does BULWER," says I, "for instans, know any think of fashionable life?" (*Snears, and hallvgorical cries of "Hookey!" "How's your mother?" &c.*) "You jine with me in a pinion," says I, "and loudly hanser '*No!*' Did SKELETON know any think more?" (*Cries of "Hoff, hoff!" from coachmin, "Fee dong," from my lady's maid.*) "No, no more nor Bulwer. It is against these impostors that I harm myself;

and you, my friends, will applod my resolution."

The drawing-room bell had been ringing all this time like mad, and I was here obliged to finish my spitch in a pint of portèr to the health of the cumpny. On entering the room, I only found miss smilin and readin a copy of your Magazine.

"Papa has been ringin this half hour, Chawls," says she, "and desires you will wait till he returns from the libry." And then Miss (Lucy her name is) simpered and stuttered, and looked down and looked up, and blushed, and seemed very od—bewtiful she always is. "Chawls," says she a summonsin her curridge, "is this—that is—is that—I mean, is this article in *Fraser's Magazine* your composition?"

"It is, miss," says I, looking at her almost tendrilly, "an insignificant triffle from my pen."

"It is the best Magazine in Eurup," adds Miss Lucy.

"And no mistake."

"Your article is—really—very amusing," says she, blushin as red as a piany.

"Do you, *do* you think so, miss?" says I; "miss, *dear* miss, if it gives you any pleasure, oh, how amply it repays me!" I gev her, as I said this, one of my pecuniary loox—I never knew them loox fail with any woman at any hage. I was on my knees, as I said, quite appropo; for I had just been emptying coals from the skittle. I laid one of my hands on my left weskit, and said, "O Miss Lucy!" in a voice of such excrooshiating tenderness, that I saw at once it was all up with her. But "Hush!" cried she all of a sudden; "get up, sir—here's papa."

And papa it was, sure enough. Sir Jeames came into the room very stately, and holdin a

book in his hand. "Chawls," says he, "we have been readin your artickle in *Fraser's Magazine*, and very much amused we was. High life was never so well described, or so authentically. Pray, sir," says he, "may I ask is this review also yours?" and he holds up to me the *Quotly Review* of October on "Ettykitt." I saw at a glans that this was none of *my* doing.

"Sir," says I, "I never so much as see the thing."

"Well, sir," says he, "take it, and read it, and go about your bisniss; and, harky, hanser the bell when it's rung next time."

Cuss the aristoxxy, say I, for a set of proud tyrants, who wont reckonise the highest order of merit, genus.

For the whole of that afternoon I shut myself in the pantry, and devoted myself to the perusal of that artickle. The author of it is particly proud, as I see, of the annygoats which he introjuices; and which are, though I say it, no more to my annygoats than whisky to milk and water. They are ingenus, they are pleasant (many of 'em being very old frens, and not the less welkim for that); but they are not the real thing—only a juke or a juke's footmin can do fashnabble life justice; and it is for that reason that I have determined to have another wack at magazine writin.

In this artikle the author quotes fifteen or sixteen boox about politeniss. Nonsins! only experunce can give authority on the subject—and experunce I have had.

I felt convinced that, to describ fashnabble life, ONE OF US must do the thing, to do it well; and I determined to give you a few passidges from my own autobografy, in which I have passed through all grads of it, from a shop-keeper up to a duke, from a knife-boy to the dignaty of a footman. Here is my fust tail; it ain't about *wery* fashnabble society, but a man don't begin by being at once a leader of the ho tong—*my* fust services was in a much more humble capacity.

## CHAPTER I.

WELL then, *poor commonsy*, as they say, I was born in the year one of the present or Christian hera, and am, in consquints, seven-and-thirty years old, and no mistake. My mamma called me Charles Edward Harrington Fitzroy Yellowplush, in compliment to several noble families, and to a sellybrated coachmin whom she knew, who wore a yellow livry, and drove the Lord Mayor of London.

Why she gev me this genlman's name is a diffiklty, or rayther the name of a part of his dress; however, it's stuck to me through life, in which I was, as it were, a footman by butn.

Praps he was my father—though on this subjick I can't speak suttinly, for my ma wrapped up my butn in a mistry. I may be illygitmit, I may have been changed at nuss; but I've always had genlmanly tastes through life, and have no doubt that I come of a genlmanly origum.

The less I say about my parint the better, for the dear old creature was very good to me, and I fear had very little other goodness in her. Why, I can't say; but I always passed as her nevyou. We had a strange life; sometimes ma was dressed in sattn and rooge, and sometimes in rags and dutt; sometimes I got kisses, and sometimes kix; sometimes gin, and sometimes shampang; law bless us! how she used to swear at me, and cuddle me; there we were, quarreling and making up, sober and tipsy, starving and guttling by turns, just as ma got money or spent it. But let me draw a vail over the seen, and speak of her no more—it's sfisht for the public to know that her name was Miss Montmorency, and we lived in the New Cut.

My poor mother died one morning, Hev'n bless her! and I was left alone in this wide wicked wuld, without so much money as would buy me a penny roal for my brexfast. But there was some amongst our naybours (and let me tell you there's more kindness among them poor disrepppytable creaturs than in half a dozen lords or barrynets) who took pity upon poor Sal's orfin (for they bust out laffin when I called her Miss Montmorency), and gev me bred and shelter. I'm afraid, in spite of their kindness, that my *morriels* wouldn't have improved if I'd stayed long among 'em. But a bennyviolent genlman saw me and put me to school. The academy which I went to was called the Free School of Saint Bartholomew's the Less—the young genlman wore green baize coats, yellow leather whatsisnames, a tin plate on the left harm, and a cap about the size of a muffing. I stayed there sicks years, from sicks, that is to say, till my twelfth year, during three years of witch I distinguished myself not a little in the musicle way, for I bloo the bellus of the church horgin, and very fine tunes we played too.

Well, it's not worth recounting my jewvenile follies (what trix we used to play the apple-woman! and how we put snuf in the old

clark's Prayer-book—my eye!) but one day a genl'mn entered the schoolroom—it was on the very day when I went to subtraxion—and asked the master for a young lad for a servant. They pitched upon me glad enough; and nex day found me sleeping in the skullery close under the sink, at Mr. Bago's country house at Pentonwille.

Bago kep a shop in Smithfield market, and drov a taring good trade in the hoil and Italian way. I've heard him say, that he cleared no less than fifty pounds every year, by letting his front room at hanging time. His winders looked right opsit Newgit, and many and many dozen chaps has he seen hangin there. Laws was laws in the year ten, and they screwed chap's nex for nex to nothink. But my bismiss was at his country-house, where I made my first *ontray* into fashnabl life. I was knife, errint, and stable-boy then, and an't ashamed to own it; for my merrits have raised me to what I am—two livries, forty pound a year, malt licker, washin, silk stockings, and wax candles—not countin wails, which is somethink pretty considerable at *our* house, I can tell you.

I didn't stay long here, for a suckmstance happened which got me a very different situation. A handsome young genl'mn, who kep a tilbry, and a ridin hoss at livry, wanted a tiger. I bid at once for the place; and, being a neat tidy-looking lad, he took me. Bago gave me a character, and he my first livry; proud enough I was of it, as you may fancy.

My new master had some business in the City, for he went in every morning at ten, got out of his tilbry at the City Road, and had it waiting for him at six; when, if it was summer, he spanked round into the Park, and drove one of the neatest turnouts there. Wery proud I was in a gold-laced hat, a drab coat, and a red weskit, to sit by his side when he drove. I already began to ogle the gals, in the carriages, and to feel that longing for fashnabl life which I've had ever since. When he was at the oppera, or the play, down I went to skittles, or to White Condick Gardens; and Mr. Frederick Altomont's young man was somebody, I warrant: to be sure there is very few manservants at Pentonwill, the poppylation being mostly gals of all work: and so, though only fourteen, I was as much a man down there, as if I had been as old as Jerusalem.

But the most singular thing was, that my master, who was such a gay chap, should live in such a hole. He had only a ground-floor

in John Street—a parlour and a bedroom. I slep over the way, and only came in with his boots and brexfast of a morning.

The house he lodged in belonged to Mr. and Mrs. Shum. They were a poor but prolific couple, who had rented the place for many years; and they and their family were squeezed in it pretty tight, I can tell you.

Shum said he had been a hoffer, and so he had. He had been a sub-deputy, assistant, vice-commissionary, or some such think; and, as I heerd afterwards, had been obliged to leave on account of his *nervousness*. He was such a coward, the fact is, that he was considered dangerous to the army, and sent home.

He had married a widow Buckmaster, who had been a Miss Slamcoe. She was a Bristol gal; and her father being a bankrupt in the tallow-chandlery way, left, in course, a pretty little sum of money. A thousand pound was settled on her; and she was as high and mighty as if it had been a millium.

Buckmaster died, leaving nothink? nothink excep four ugly daughters by Miss Slamcoe: and her forty pound a year was rayther a narrow income for one of her appytite and pretensions. In an unlucky hour for Shum she met him. He was a widower with a little daughter of three years old, a little house at Pentonwill, and a little income about as big as her own. I believe she bullied the poor creature into marriage; and it was agreed that he should let his ground-floor at John Street, and so add somethink to their means.

They married; and the widow Buckmaster was the gray mare, I can tell you. She was always talking and blustering about her family, the celebrity of the Buckmasters, and the antickety of the Slamcoes. They had a six-roomed house (not counting kitching and sculry), and now twelve daughters in all; whizz. 4 Miss Buckmasters: Miss Betsy, Miss Dosy, Miss Biddy, and Miss Winny; 1 Miss Shum, Mary by name, Shum's daughter, and seven others, who shall be nameless. Mrs. Shum was a fat, red-haired woman, at least a foot taller than S., who was but a yard and a half high, pale-faced, red-nosed, knock-kneed, bald-headed, his nose and shut-frill all brown with snuff.

Before the house was a little garden, where the washin of the family was all ways hanging. There was so many of em that it was obliged to be done by relays. There was six rails and a stocking on each, and four small goosbry bushes, always covered with some bit of lining



or other. The hall was a reglar puddle: wet dabs of dishclouts flapped in your face: soapy smoking bits of flanning went nigh to choke you; and while you were looking up to prevent hanging yourself with the ropes which were strung across and about, slap came the edge of a pail against your shins, till one was like to be drove mad with hagonny. The great slattnly doddling girls was always on the stairs, pokin about with nasty flower-pots, a-cooking something, or sprawling in the window seats with greasy curl-papers, reading greasy novels. An infernal pianna was jingling from mornin till night—two eldest Miss Buckmasters, "Battle of Prag"—six youngest Miss Shums, "In my Cottage," till I knew every note in the "Battle of Prag," and cussed the day when "In my Cottage" was rote. The younger girls, too, were always bouncing and thumping about the house, with torn pinnyfores, and dog's-eared grammars, and large pieces of bread and treacle. I never see such a house.

As for Mrs. Shum, she was such a fine lady, that she did nothing but lay on the drawing-room sophy, read novels, drink, scold, scream, and go into hystarrix. Little Shum kep reading an old newspaper from weeks' end to weeks' end, when he was not engaged in teachin the children, or goin for the beer, or cleanin the shoes; for they kep no servant. This house in John Street was in short a reglar Pandymony.

What could have brought Mr. Frederic Altamont to dwell in such a place? The reason is hobvius: he adored the fust Miss Shum.

## CHAPTER II.

AND suttlnly he did not shew a bad taste, for though the other daughters were as ugly as their hideous ma, Mary Shum was a pretty, little, pink, modest creatur, with glossy black hair and tender blue eyes, and a neck as white as plaster of Parish. She wore a dismal old black gownd, which had grown too short for her and too tight; but it only served to shew her pretty angles and feet, and bewchus figger. Master, though he had looked rather low for the gal of his heart, had certainly looked in the right place. Never was one more pretty or more hamiable. I gav her always the buttered toast left from our brexfast, and a cup of tea or chocolate, as Altamont might fancy: and the poor thing was glad enough of it, I can vouch; for they had precious short commons upstairs, and she the least of all.

For it seemed as if which of the Shum famly should try to snub the poor thing most. There was the four Buckmaster gals always at her. It was, Mary, git the coal-skittle; Mary, run down to the public-house for the beer; Mary, I intend to wear your clean stockings out walking, or your new bonnet to church. Only her poor father was kind to her; and he, poor old muff! his kindness was of no use. Mary bore all the scolding like a hangel, as she was; no, not if she had a pair of wings and a goold trumpet, could she have been a greater hangel.

I never shall forget one seen that took place. It was when master was in the city; and so, having nothink earthly to do, I happened to be listening on the stairs. The old scolding was a going on, and the old tune of that hojus "Battle of Prag." Old Shum made some remark; and Miss Buckmaster cried out, "Law, pa! what a fool you are!" All the gals began laffin, and so did Mrs. Shum; all, that is, xcep Mary, who turned as red as flams, and going up to Miss Betsy Buckmaster, give her too such wax on her two great red ears as made them tingle again.

Old Mrs. Shum screamed, and ran at her like a Bengal tiger. Her great arms went weeling about like a vinmill, as she cuffed and thumped poor Mary for taking her pa's part. Mary Shum, who was always a-crying before, didn't shed a tear now. "I will do it again," she said, "if Betsy insults my father." New thumps, new shreeks! and the old horridan went on beatin the poor girl till she was quite exosted, and fell down on the sophy, puffin like a poppus.

"For shame, Mary," began old Shum; "for shame, you naughty gal you! for hurting the feelings of your dear mamma, and beating your kind sister."

"Why, it was because she called you a —."

"If she did, you pert miss," said Shum, looking mighty dignitified, "I could correct her, and not you."

"You correct me, indeed!" said Miss Betsy, turning up her nose, if possible, higher than before; "I should like to see you crect me! Imperence!" and they all began laffin again.

By this time Mrs. S. had recovered from the effex of her exsize, and she began to pour in her wolly. Fust she called Mary names, then Shum. "Oh, why," screeched she, "why did I ever leave a genteel famly, where I ad every elygance and lucksry, to marry a creature



like this? He is unfit to be called a man, he is unworthy to marry a gentlewoman; and as for that hussy, I disown her. Thank heaven she an't a Slamcoe; she is only fit to be a Shum!"

"That's true, mamma," said all the gals, for their mother had taught them this pretty piece of manners, and they despised their father heartily: indeed I have always remarked that, in families where the wife is internally talking about the merits of her branch, the husband is invariably a spooney.

Well, when she was exosted again, down she fell on the sofy, at her old trix—more skreeching—more convulshuns: and she would'n't stop, this time, till Shum had got her half a pint of her old remedy, from the "Blue Lion" over the way. She grew more easy as she finished the gin; but Mary was sent out of the room, and told not to come back agin all day.

"Miss Mary," says I—for my heart yurned to the poor gal, as she came sobbing, and miserable down-stairs—"Miss Mary," says I, "if I might make so bold, here's master's room empty, and I know where the cold bif and pickles is." Oh, Charles!" said she, nodding her head sadly, "I'm too retched to have any happytite," and she flung herself on a chair, and began to cry fit to bust.

At this moment, who should come in but my master. I had taken hold of Miss Mary's hand, somehow, and do believe I should have kist it, when, as I said, Haltamont made his appearance. "What's this?" cries he, lookin at me as black as thunder, or as Mr. Philips as Hickit, in the new tragedy of Mac Buff.

"It's only Miss Mary, sir," answered I.

"Get out sir," says he, as fierce as posbil; and I felt something (I think it was the tip of his to) touching me behind, and found myself, next minnit, sprawling among the wet flannings and buckets and things.

The people from up-stairs came to see what was the matter, as I was cussin and crying out. "It's only Charles, ma," screamed out Miss Betsy.

"Where's Mary?" says Mrs. Shum, from the sofy.

"She's in master's room, miss," said I.

"She's in the lodger's room, ma," cries Miss Shum, heckoing me.

"Very good; tell her to stay there till he comes back." And then Miss Shum went bouncing up the stairs again, little knowing of Haltamont's return.

\* \* \* \* \*

I'd long before observed that my master had an anchoring after Mary Shum; indeed, as I have said, it was purely for her sake that he took and kep his lodging at Pentonvill. Except for the sake of love, which is above being mersnary, fourteen shillings a wick was a *little* too strong for two such rat-holes as he lived in. I do believe the family had nothing else but their lodger to live on: they brekfisted off his tea-leaves, they cut away pounds and pounds of meat from his jints (he always dined at home), and his baker's bill was at least enough for six. But that wasn't my business. I saw him grin, sometimes, when I laid down the cold bif of a morning, to see how little was left of yesterday's sirline; but he never said a syllabub; for true love don't mind a pound of meat or so hextra.

At first, he was very kind and attentive to all the gals; Miss Betsy, in partickler, grew mighty fond of him; they sate for whole evenings playing cribbitch, he taking his pipe and glas, she her tea and muffing; but as it was improper for her to come alone, she brought one of her sisters, and this was generally Mary—for he made a pint of asking her too—and one day, when one of the others came instead, he told her, very quietly, that he hadn't invited her; and Miss Buckmaster was too fond of muffings to try this game on again: besides she was jealous of her three grown sisters, and considered Mary as only a child. Law bless us! how she used to ogle him, and quot bits of pottry, and play "Meet Me by Moonlike," on an old gitter: she reglar flung herself at his head, but he wouldn't have it, bein better ockypied elsewhere.

One night, as genteel as possible, he brought home tickets for "Astley's," and proposed to take the two young ladies—Miss Betsy and Miss Mary, in course. I recklect he called me aside that afternoon, and assuming a solamon and misterus hare, "Charles," said he "*are you up to snuff?*"

"Why, sir," said I, "I'm genrally considered toleably downy."

"Well," says he, "I'll give you half a suffering if you can manage this bisniss for me; I've chose a rainy night on purpus. When the theatre is over, you must be waitin with two umbrellows; give me one, and hold the other over Miss Buckmaster; and, hark ye, sir, *turn to the right* when you leave the theatre, and say the coach is ordered to stand a little way up the street, in order to get rid of the crowd."

We went (in a fly hired by Mr. H.), and never shall I forgit Cartliche's hacting on that memrable night. Talk of Kimble! talk of Magreedy! Ashley's for my money, with Cartlich in the principal part. But this is nothink to the porpus. When the play was over, I was at the door with the umberelloes. It was raining cats and dogs, sure enough.

Mr. Altamont came out presently, Miss Mary under his arm, and Miss Betsy followin behind, rayther sulky. "This way, sir," cries I, pushin forward; and I threw a great cloak over Miss Betsy, fit to smother her. Mr. A. and Miss Mary skipped on, and was out of sight when Miss Betsy's cloak was settled, you may be sure.

"They're only gone to the fly, miss. It's a little way up the street, away from the crowd of carriages." And off we turned *to the right*, and no mistake.

After marchin a little through the plash and mud, "Has anybody seen Cox's fly?" cries I, with the most innocent haxent in the world.

"Cox's fly!" hollows out one chap. "Is it the waggin you want?" says another. "I see the blackin wan pass," giggles out another genlman; and there was such an interchange of compliments as you never heard. I pass them over, though, because some of 'em were not very genteel.

"Law, miss," says I, "what shall I do? My master will never forgive me; and I haven't a single sixpence to pay a coach." Miss Betsy was just going to call one when I said that; but the coachman wouldn't have it at that price, he said, and I knew very well that *she* hadn't four or five shillings to pay for a vehicle. So, in the midst of that tarin rain, at midnight, we had to walk four miles, from Westminster Bridge to Pentonvil; and, what was wuss, *I didn't happen to know the way*. A very nice walk it was, and no mistake.

At about half-past two, we got safe to John Street. My master was at the garden gate. Miss Mary flew into Miss Betsy's arms, while master began cussin and swearin at me for disobeying his orders, and *turning to the right instead of to the left!* Law bless me! his acting of anger was very near as natral and as terrybil as Mr. Cartlitch's in the play.

They had waited half-an-hour, he said, in the fly, in the little street at the left of the theatre; they had drove up and down in the greatest fright possible; and at last came home, thinking it was in vain to wait any more. They gave her hot rum-and-water and roast

oysters for supper, and this consoled her a little.

I hope nobody will cast an imputation on Miss Mary for *her* share in this advenster, for she was as honest a gal as ever lived, and I do believe is hignorant to this day of our little strattygim. Besides, all's fair in love; and, as my master could never get to see her alone, on account of her infernal eleven sisters and ma, he took this opportunity of expressin his attachmint to her.

If he was in love with her before, you may be sure she paid it him back agin now. Ever after the night at Ashley's, they were as tender as two tuttle-doves—witch fully accounts for the axdent what happened to me, in being kicked out of the room: and in course I bore no mallis.

I don't know whether Miss Betsy still fancied that my master was in love with her, but she loved muffins and tea, and kem down to his parlor as much as ever.

Now comes the sing'lar part of my history.

### CHAPTER III.

BUT who was this genlman with a fine name—Mr. Frederic Altamont? or what was he? The most mysterus genlman that ever I knew. Once I said to him on a very rainy day, "Sir, shall I bring the gig down to your office?" and he gave me one of his black looks and one of his loudest hoaths, and told me to mind my own bizziness, and attend to my orders. Another day—it was on the day when Miss Mary slapped Miss Betsy's face—Miss M., who adoared him, as I have said already, kep on asking him what was his buth, parentidg, and edication. "Dear Frederic," says she, "why this mistry about yourself and your hactions? why hide from your little Mary?"—they were as tender as this, I can tell you—"your buth and your professin?"

I spose Mr. Frederic looked black, for I was *only* listening, and he said, in a voice agitated by a motion, "Mary," said he, "if you love me, ask me this no more: let it be s'isht for you to know that I am a honest man, and that a secret, what it would be misery for you to larn, must hang over all my actions—that is from ten o'clock till six."

They went on chaffin and talking in this melumcolly and misterus way, and I didn't lose a word of what they said, for them houses in Pentonwill have only walls made of paste-board, and you hear rayther better outside the

room than in. But though he kep up his secret, he swore to her his affektion this day pint blank. Nothing should prevent him, he said, from leading her to the halter, from makin her his adoarable wife. After this was a slight silence. "Dearest Frederic," murmured out miss, speakin as if she was chokin, "I am yours—yours for ever." And then silence agen, and one or two smax, as if there was kissin going on. Here I thought it best to give a rattle at the door-lock; for, as I live, there was old Mrs. Shum a-walkin down the stairs!

It appears that one of the younger gals, a looking out of the bedrum window, had seen my master come in, and coming down to tea half an hour afterwards, said so in a cussary way. Old Mrs. Shum, who was a dragon of vertyou, cam bustling down the stairs, panting and frowning, as fat and as fierce as a old sow at feedin time.

"Where's the lodger, fellow?" says she to me.

I spoke loud enough to be heard down the street—"If you mean, ma'am, my master, Mr. Frederic Altamont, esquire, he's just stept, in, and is puttin on clean shoes in his bedroom."

She said nothink in answer but flumps past me, and opening the parlor door, sees master lookin very queer, and Miss Mary a-drooping down her head like a pale lily.

"Did you come into my family," says she, "to corrupt my daughters, and to destroy the hinnocence of that infamous gal? Did you come here, sir, as a seducer, or only as a lodger? Speak, sir, speak!"—and she folded her arms quite fierce, and looked like Mrs. Siddums in the Tragic Mews.

"I came here, Mrs. Shum," said he, "because I loved your daughter, or I never would have condescended to live in such a beggarly hole. I have treated her in every respect like a genlmn, and she is as hinnocent now, mam, as she was when she was born. If she'll marry me, I am ready; if she'll leave you, she shall have a home where she shall be neither bullied nor starved: no hangy frumps of sisters, no cross mother-in-law, only an affeckshnat husband, and all the pure pleasures of Hyming."

Mary flung herself into his arms—"Dear, dear Frederic," says she, "I'll never leave you."

"Miss," says Mrs. Shum, "you ain't a Slamcoe nor yet a Buckmaster, thank God. You may marry this person if your pa thinks

proper, and he may insult me—brave me—trample on my feelinx in my own house—and there's no-o-o-obody by to defend me."

I knew what she was going to be at; on came her histarrix agen, and she began screechin and roarin like mad. Down comes, of course, the twelve gals and old Shum. There was a pretty row. "Look here, sir," says she, "at the conduck of your precious trull of a daughter—alone with this man, kissin and dandlin, and Lawd knows what besides."

"What, he!" cries Miss Betsy—"he in love with Mary! Oh the wretch, the monster, the deceiver!"—and she falls down too, screechin away as loud as her mamma; for the silly creatur fancied still that Altamont had a fondness for her.

"*Silence these women!*" shouts out Altamont, thundering loud. "I love your daughter, Mr. Shum. I will take her without a penny, and can afford to keep her. If you don't give her to me, she'll come of her own will. Is that enough?—may I have her?"

"We'll talk of this matter, sir," says Mr. Shum, looking as high and mighty as an alderman. "Gals, go upstairs with your dear mamma." And they all trooped up again, and so the skrimmage ended.

You may be sure that old Shum was not very sorry to get a husband for his daughter Mary, for the old creatur loved her better than all the pack which had been brought him or born to him by Mrs. Buckmaster. But, strange to say, when he came to talk of settlements and so forth, not a word would my master answer. He said he made four hundred a year reg'lar—he wouldn't tell how—but Mary, if she married him, must share all that he had, and ask no questions; only this he would say, as he'd said before, that he was a honest man.

They were married in a few days, and took a very genteel house at Islington; but still my master went away to business, and nobody knew where. Who could he be?

#### CHAPTER IV.

IF ever a young kipple in the middlin classes began life with a chance of happiness, it was Mr. and Mrs. Frederic Altamont. Their house at Cannon Row, Islington, was as comfortable as house could be. Carpited from top to to; pore's rates small; furnitur elygant; and three dromestix: of which I, in course,

was one. My life wasn't so easy as in Mr. A.'s bachelor days; but, what then? The three W's is my maxim: plenty of work, plenty of wittles, and plenty of wages. Altamont kep his gig no longer, but went to the city in an omibuster.

One would have thought, I say, that Mrs. A., with such an effectshnut husband, might have been as happy as her blessid majesty. Nothink of the sort. For the fust six months it was all very well; but then she grew gloomier and gloomier, though A. did every think in life to please her.

Old Shum used to come reglarly four times a wick to Cannon Row, where he lunched, and dined, and teed, and supd. The pore little man was a thought too fond of wind and spirits; and many and many's the night that I've had to support him home. And you may be sure that Miss Betsy did not now desert her sister: she was at our place mornink, noon, and night, not much to my master's liking, though he was too good-natured to wex his wife in trifles.

But Betsy never had forgotten therecollection of old days, and hated Altamont like the foul friend. She put all kinds of bad things into the head of poor innocent missis; who, from being all gaiety and cheerfulness, grew to be quite melumcolly and pale, and retchid, just as if she had been the most miserable woman in the world.

In three months more a baby comes, in course, and with it old Mrs. Shum, who stuck to Mrs'. side as close as a wampire, and made her retchider and retchider. She used to bust into tears when Altamont came home: she used to sigh and wheep over the pore child, and say, "My child, my child, your father is false to me;" or, "your father deceives me;" or, "what will you do when your pore mother is no more?" or such like sentimental stuff.

It all came from Mother Shum, and her old trix, as I soon found out. The fact is, when there is a mistry of this kind in the house, its a servant's *duty* to listen; and listen I did, one day when Mrs. was cryin as usual, and fat Mrs. Shum a sittin consoln her, as she called it, though, heaven knows, she only grew wuss and wuss for the consolation.

Well, I listened; Mrs. Shum was a-rockin the baby, and missis cryin as yousual.

"Pore dear innocent!" says Mrs. S., heavin a great sigh, "you're the child of a unknown father and a misrabbable mother."

"Don't speak ill of Frederic, mamma," says missis; "he is all kindness to me."

"All kindness, indeed! yes, he gives you a fine house, and a fine gownd, and a ride in a fly whenever you please; but *where does all his money come from?* Who is he—what is he? Who knows that he mayn't be a murdrer, or a house-breaker, or a utterer of forged notes? How can he make his money honestly, when he won't say where he gets it? Why does he leave you eight hours every blessid day, and won't say where he goes to? Oh, Mary, Mary, you are the most injured of women!"

And with this Mrs. Shum began sobbin; and Miss Betsy began yowling like a cat in a gitter; and pore missis cried too—tears is so remarkable inefekshus.

"Perhaps, mamma," whimpered out she, "Frederick is a shopboy, and don't like me to know that he is not a gentleman."

"A shopboy!" says Betsy; "he a shopboy! O no, no, no! more likely a wretched willain of a murderer, stabbin and robin all day, and feedin you with the fruits of his ill-gotten games!"

More cryin and screechin here took place, in which the baby joined; and made a very pretty consort, I can tell you.

"He can't be a robber," cries missis; "he's too good, too kind, for that; besides, murdering is done at night, and Frederic is always home at eight."

"But he can be a forger," says Betsy, "a wicked, wicked *forger*. Why does he go away every day? to forge notes, to be sure. Why does he go to the city? to be near banks and places, and so do it more at his convenience."

"But he brings home a sum of money every day—about thirty shillings—sometimes fifty: and then he smiles, and says it's a good day's work. This is not like a forger," said pore Mrs. A.

"I have it—I have it!" screams out Mrs. S. "The villain—the sneaking, double-faced Jonas! he's married to somebody else, he is, and that's why he leaves you, the base biggymist!"

At this, Mrs. Altamont, struck all of a heap, fainted clean away. A dreadful business it was—histarrix; then histarrix, in course, from Mrs. Shum; bells ringin, child squalin, suvants tearin up and down stairs with hot water! If ever there is a noosance in the world, it's a house where faintin is always goin on. I wouldn't live in one—no, not to be groom of the chambers, and git two hundred a year.

It was eight o'clock in the evenin when this

row took place; and such a row it was that nobody but me heard master's knock. He came in, and heard the hooping, and screeching, and roaring. He seemed very much frightened at first, and said, "What is it?"

"Mrs. Shum's here," says I, "and Mrs. in astarrix."

Altamont looked as black as thunder, and growled out a word which I don't like to name—let it suffice that it begins with a *d* and ends with a *nation*; and he tore upstairs like mad.

He bust open the bed-room door; missis lay quite pale and stony on the sofy; the babby was screechin from the craddle; Miss Betsy was sprawlin over missus; and Mrs. Shum half on the bed and half on the ground: all howlin and squeelin, like so many dogs at the moonnd.

When A. came in, the mother and daughter stopped all of a sudding. There had been one or two tiffs before between them, and they feared him as if he had been a hogre.

"What's this infernal screeching and crying about?" says he.

"Oh, Mr. Altamont," cries the old woman, "you know too well; it's about you that this darling child is misrabbled!"

"And why about me, pray, madam?"

"Why, sir, dare you ask why? Because you deceive her, sir; because you are a false, cowardly traitor, sir; because *you have a wife elsewhere, sir!*" and the old lady and Miss Betsy began to roar again as loud as ever.

Altamont pawsed for a minnit, and then flung the door wide open; nex he seized Miss Betsy as if his hand were a vice, and he world her out of the room; then up he goes to Mrs. S. "Get up," says he, thundering loud, "you lazy, trollopping, mischief-making, lying old fool! Get up, and get out of this house. You have been the cuss and bain of my happy-niss since you entered it. With your d—d lies, and novvle reading, and histerrix, you have perverted Mary, and made her almost as mad as yourself."

"My child! my child!" shriek out Mrs. Shum, and clings round missis. But Altamont ran between them, and griping the old lady by her arm, dragged her to the door. "Follow your daughter, ma'am," says he, and down she went. "*Charwls, see those ladies to the door,*" he hollows out, "and never let them pass it again." We walked down together, and off they went: and master locked and double-locked the bed-room door after him, intendin, of course, to have a *tator tator* (as they say) with his wife. You may be sure

that I followed up-stairs again pretty quick, to hear the result of their confidence.

As they say at St. Stevenses, it was rayther a stormy debate. "Mary," says master, "you're no longer the merry, grateful gal I knew and loved at Pentonwill; there's some secret a pressin on you—there's no smilin welcom for me now, as there used formly to be! Your mother and sister-in-law have perverted you, Mary; and that's why I've drove them from this house, which they shall not re-enter in my life."

"Oh, Frederic! it's *you* is the cause, and not I. Why do you have any mistry from me? Where do you spend your days? Why did you leave me, even on the day of your marriage, for eight hours, and continue to do so every day?"

"Because," says he, "I makes my livelihood by it. I leave you, and I don't tell you *how* I make it; for it would make you none the happier to know."

It was in this way the convysation ren on—more tears and questions on my misisese's part, more sturmnness and silence on my master's: it ended, for the first time since their marriage, in a reglar quarrel. Wery difrent, I can tell you, from all the hammerous billing and kewing which had proceeded their nupshums.

Master went out, slamming the door in a fury; as well he might. Says he, "If I can't have a comfortable life, I can have a jolly one;" and so he went off to the hed tavern, and came home that evening beesly intawsicated. When high words begin in a famly, drink generally follows on the genlman's side; and then, fearwell to all conjubial happyniss! These two pipples, so fond and loving, were now sirly, silent, and full of il wil. Master went out earlier, and came home later; missis cried more, and looked even paler than before.

Well, things went on in this uncomfortable way, master still in the mopes, missis tempted by the deamons of jellosoy and curosoity; until a singular axident brought to light all the goings on of Mr. Altamout.

It was the tenth of Jennuary; I recklect the day, for old Shum gev me half a crownd (the fust and last of his money I ever see, by the way): he was dining along with master, and they were making merry together.

Master said, as he was mixing his fifth tumler of punch and little Shum his twelfth or so—master said, "I see you twice in the City to-day, Mr. Shum."

"Well, that's curious!" says Shum. 'Il



was in the City. To-day's the day when the divvydins (God bless 'em!) is paid; and me and Mrs. S. went for our half-year's inkem. But we only got out of the coach, crossed the street to the Bank, took our money, and got in agen. How could you see me twice?"

Altamont stuttered and stammered, and hemd and hawd. "Oh!" says he, "I was passing—passing as you went in and out." And he instantly turned the conversation, and began talking about pollytix, or the weather, or some such stuf.

"Yes, my dear," said my missis, "but how could you see papa *twice*?" Master didn't answer, but talked pollytix more than ever. Still she would continy on. "Where was you, my dear, when you saw pa? What were you doing, my love, to see pa twice?" and so forth. Master looked angrier and angrier, and his wife only pressed him wuss and wuss.

This was, as I said, little Shum's twelfth tumler; and I knew pritty well that he could git very little further; for, as reglar as the thirteenth came, Shum was drunk. The thirteenth did come, and its consquinzes. I was obliged to leed him home to John Street, where I left him, in the hangry arms of Mrs. Shum.

"How the d—," sayd he all the way, "how the ddd—the deddy—deddy—devil—could he have seen me *twice*?"

## CHAPTER V.

It was a sad slip on Altamont's part, for no sooner did he go out the nex morning than missis went out too. She tor down the street, and never stopped till she came to her pa's house at Pentonwill. She was closited for an hour with her ma, and when she left her she drove straight to the City. She walked before the Bank, and behind the Bank, and round the Bank: she came home disperryted, having learned nothink.

And it was now an extronary thing, that from Shum's house, for the nex ten days, there was nothink but expyditions into the City. Mrs. S., tho' her dropsicle legs had never carried her half so fur before was eternally on the *key veve*, as the French say. If she didn't go, Miss Betsy did, or missis did; they seemed to have an atrackshun to the Bank, and went there as natral as an omnibus.

At last, one day, old Mrs. Shum comes to our house—(she wasn't admitted when master was there, but came still in his absints)—and she wore a hair of tryumf as she entered.

"Mary," says she, "where is the money your husband brought to you yesterday?" My master used always to give it to missis when he returned.

"The money, ma!" says Mary. "Why here!" And, pulling out her puss, she shewed a sovrin, a good heap of silver, and an odd-looking little coin.

"THAT'S IT! that's it!" cried Mrs. S. "A Queen Anne's sixpence, isn't it, dear—dated seventeen hundred and three?"

It was so, sure enough: a Queen Ans sixpence of that very date.

"Now, my love," says she, "I have found him! Come with me to-morrow, and you shall KNOW ALL!"

And now comes the end of my story.

\* \* \* \* \*

The ladies nex morning set out for the City, and I walked behind, doing the genteel thing, with a nosegay and a goold stick. We walked down the New Road—we walked down the City Road—we walked to the Bank. We were crossing from that heddyfix to the other side of Cornhill, when all of a sudden missis shrieked, and fainted spontaceously away.

I rushed forrard, and raised her to my arms; spiling thereby a new weskit and a pair of crimpson smalcloes. I rushed forrard, I say, very nearly knocking down the old sweeper, who was hobling away as fast as possibil. We took her to Birch's; we provided her with a hackney-coach and every luksury, and carried her home to Islington.

\* \* \* \* \*

That night master never came home. Nor the nex night, nor the nex. On the fourth day an octioneer arrived; he took an infantry of the furnitur, and placed a bill in the window.

At the end of the wick, Altamont made his appearance. He was haggard and pale; not so haggard, however, not so pale as his miserable wife.

He looked at her very tendrilly. I may say, it's from him that I coppied *my* look to Miss —. He looked at her very tendrilly, and held out his arms. She gev a suffycating shreek, and rusht into his umbraces.

"Mary," says he, "you know all now. I have sold my place; I have got three thousand pounds for it, and saved two more. I've sold my house and furnitur, and that brings me another. We'll go abroad and love each other, as formly."

\* \* \* \* \*

And now you ask me, Who he was? I



shudder to relate—Mr. Haltamont SWEP THE CROSSIN FROM THE BANK TO CORNHILL!!

Of cors, I left his servis. I met him, few

years after, at Badden-Badden, where he and Mrs. A. were much respectid and pass for pippel of propaty. C. Y.

### No. III.—DIMOND CUT DIMOND.

THE name of my nex master was, if posbil, still more ellygant and youfonious than that of my fust. I now found myself boddy servant to the Honrabble Halgernon Percy Deuceace, youngest and fith son of the Earl of Crabs.

Halgernon was a barrystir—that is, he lived in Pump Court, Temple: a vulgar naybrood, witch praps my readers don't no. Suffiz to say, it's on the confines of the citty, and the choasen aboad of the lawyers of this metrapolish.

When I say that Mr. Deuceace was a barrystir, I don't mean that he went sesshums or surcoats (as they call em), but simply that he kep chambers, lived in Pump Court, and looked out for a commitionarship, or a revisinship, or any other place that the Wig guvvyment could give him. His father was a Wig pier (as the landriss told me), and had been a Toary pier. The fack is, his lordship was so poar, that he would be anythink or nothink, to get previsions for his sons and an inkum for him self.

I phansy that he aloud Halgernon two hundred a year; and it would have been a very comfortable maintainants, only he knever paid him.

Owever, the young gulmn was a gulmn, and no mistake; he got his allowents of nothink a year, and spent it in the most honrabble and fashnabble manner. He kep a kab—he went to Holmax and Crockfud's—he moved in the most xquizzit suckles—and trubld the law boox very little, I can tell you. Those fashnabble gents have ways of getten money witch common pippel doan't understand.

Though he only had a therd floar in Pump Court, he lived as if he had the welth of Cresas. The tenpun notes floo abowt as common as haypince—clarrit and shampang was at his house as vulgar as gin; and very glad I was, to be sure, to be a valley to a zion of the nobillaty.

Deuceace had, in his sittin-room a large pic-

tur on a sheet of paper. The names of his family was wrote on it; it was wrote in the shape of a tree, a-groin out of a man-in-arme's stomick, and the names were on little plates among the bows. The pictur said that the Deuceaces kem into England in the year 1066, along with William Conqueruns. My master called it his podygree. I do bleeve it was because he had this pictur, and because he was the *Honrabble* Deuceace, that he mannitched to live as he did. If he had been a common man, you'd have said he was no better than a swinler. It's only rank and buth that can warrant such singlarities as my master show'd. For it's no use disgysing it—the *Honrabble* Halgernon was a GAMBLER. For a man of vulgar family, it's the wust trade that can be; for a man of common feelinx of honesty, this profession is quite imposbill; but for a real thorough-bread genlmn it's the esiest and most prophetable line he can take.

It may praps appear curous that such a fashnabble man should live in the Temple; but it must be recklected, that it's not only lawyers who live in what's called the Ins of Cort. Many batchylers, who have nothink to do with lor, have here their loginx; and many sham barrysters, who never put on a wig and gownd twice in their lives, kip apartments in the Temple, instead of Bon Street, Pickledilly, or other fashnabble places.

Frinstance, on our stairkis (so these houses are called) there was 8, sets of chamberses, and only 3 lawyers. These was, bottom floor, Screwson, Hewson, and Jewson, attorneys; fust floor, Mr. Sergeant Flabber—opsite, Mr. Counslor Bruffy; and seeknd pair, Mr. Haggerstony, an Irish counslor, praktising at the Old Baly, and lickwise what they call reporter to the *Morning Post* nyouspapper. Opsite him was wrote

MR. RICHARD BLEWITT;

and on the thud floar, with my master, lived one Mr. Dawkins.

This young fellow was a new comer into the Temple, and unlucky it was for him too—he'd better have never been born; for it's my firm apinion that the Temple ruined him—that is, with the help of my master and Mr. Dick Blewitt, as you shall hear.

Mr. Dawkins, as I was gave to understand by his young man, had just left the Universary of Oxford, and had a pritty little fortin of his own—six thousand pounds or so—in the stox. He was jest of age, an orfin who had lost his father and mother; and having distinkwished hisself at Collitch, where he gained seffral prices, was come to town to push his fortin, and study the barryster's bisness.

Not bein of a very high fammly hisself—indeed, I've heard say his father was a chis-monger, or somethink of that lo sort—Dawkins was glad to find his old Oxford frend, Mr. Blewitt, yonger son to rich Squire Blewitt, of Listershire, and to take rooms so near him.

Now, tho' there was a considrable intimacy between me and Mr. Blewitt's gentleman, there was scarcely any betwixt our masters—mine being too much of the aristoxty to associate with one of Mr. Blewitt's sort. Blewitt was what they called a bettin man; he went reglar to Tattlesall's, kep a pony, wore a white hat, a blue berd's-eye hankercher, and a cut-away coat. In his manners he was the very contrary of my master, who was a slim, ellygant man as ever I see—he had very white hands, rayther a sallow face, with sharp dark is and small wiskus neatly trimmed and as black as Warren's jet—he spoke very low and soft—he seemed to be watchin the person with whom he was in convysation, and always flattered every body. As for Blewitt, he was quite of another sort. He was always swearin, singin, and slappin people on the back, as hearty and famlyar as posbill. He seemed a merry, careless, honest cretur, whom one would trust with life and soul. So thought Dawkins at least; who, though a quite young man, fond of his boox, novvles, Byron's poems, flook-playing, and such like scientafic amusemints, grew hand in glove with honest Dick Blewitt, and soon after with my master, the Honrabble Halgermon. Poor Daw! he thought he was makin good connexions and real frends—he had fallen in with a couple of the most etrocious swinlers that ever lived.

Before Mr. Dawkins's arrival at our house, Mr. Deuceace had barely condysended to speak to Mr. Blewitt; it was only about a month after that suckumstance that my master, all of

a sudding, grew very friendly with him. The reason was pretty clear—Deuceace *wanted him*. Dawkins had not been an hour in master's compny before he knew that he had a pidgin to pluck.

Blewitt knew this too; and bein very fond of pidgin, intended to keep this one entirely to himself. It was amusin to see the Honrabble Halgemon manuvring to get this porc bird out of Blewitt's clause, who thought he had it safe. In fact, he'd brought Dawkins to these chambers for the very porpus, thinking to have him under his eye, and strip him at leisure.

My master very soon found out what was Mr. Blewitt's game. Gamblers know gamblers, if not by instink, at least by reputation; and though Mr. Blewitt moved in a much lower spear than Mr. Deuceace, they knew each other's dealins and caracters puffickly well.

“Charles, you scoundrel,” says Deuceace to me one day (he always spoak in that kind way), “who is this person that has taken the opsit chambers and plays the flute so indus-trusly?”

“It's Mr. Dawkins, a rich young gentleman from Oxford, and a great friend of Mr. Blewittses, sir,” says I; “they seem to live in each other's rooms.”

Master said nothink, but he *grin'd*—my eye, how he did grin. Not the fowl find himself could snear more satannickly.

I knew what he meant:

Imprimish. A man who plays the flook is a simpleton.

Secknly. Mr. Blewitt is a raskle.

Thirldmo. When a raskle and a simpleton is always together, and when the simpleton is *rich*, one knows pretty well what will come of it.

I was but a lad in them days, but I knew what was what, as well as my master; it's not gentlemen only that's up to snough. Law bless us! there was four of us on this stairkes, four as nice young men as you ever see; Mr. Bruffy's young man, Mr. Dawkinses, Mr. Blewitt's and me—and we knew what our masters was about as well as they did their-selves. Frinstance, I can say this for *myself*, there wasn't a paper in Deuceace's desk or drawer, not a bill, a note, or miserandum, which I hadn't read as well as he: with Blewitt's it was the same—me and his young man used to read them all. There wasn't a bottle of wind that we didn't get a glas, nor a

pound of sugar that we didn't have some lumps of it. We had keys to all the cupboards—we pipped into all the letters that kem and went—we pored over all the bill-files—we'd the best pickins out of the dinners, the livvers of the fowls, the force-mit balls out of the soup, the eggs from the sallit. As for the coals and candles, we left them to the landrisses. You may call this robry—nonsince—it's only our rights—a suvvant's purquizzits is as sacred as the laws of Hengland.

Well, the long and short of it is this. Richard Blewitt, exquire, was sityouated as follows: He'd an inkum of three hundred a-year from his father. Out of this he had to pay one hundred and ninety for money borrowed by him at collidge, seventy for chambers, seventy more for his hoss, aty for his suvvant on bord wagis, and about three hundred and fifty for a sepprat establishmint in the Regency Park; besides this, his pockit-money, say a hundred, his eatin, drinkin, and wine-marchant's bill, about two hundred moar. So that you see he laid by a pretty handsome sum at the end of the year.

My master was diffrent; and being a more fashnabble man than Mr. B., in course he owed a deal more money. There was fust:

Account <i>contray</i> , at Crockford's	£3,711	0	0
Bills of xchange and I.O.U.'s			
(but he didn't pay these in most cases)	4,963	0	0
21 tailors' bills in all	1,306	11	9
3 hossdealer's do.	402	11	0
2 coachbilder	506	0	0
Bills contracted at Cambritch	2,193	6	8
Sundries	987	10	0
	<hr/>		
	£14,069	8	5

I give this as a curosimy—pipple doan't know how in many cases fashnabble life is carried on; and to know even what real gnlnm owes is somethink instructif and agreeable.

But to my tail. The very day after my master had made the inquiries concerning Mr. Dawkins, witch I have mentioned already, he met Mr. Blewitt on the stairs! and byoutiffle it was to see how this gnlnm who had before been almost cut by my master, was now received by him. One of the sweatest smiles I ever saw was now vizzable on Mr. Deuceace's countenance. He held out his hand, covered with a white kid glove, and said, in the most frenly tone of vice posbill, "What? Mr.

Blewitt! It is an age since we met. What a shame that such near naybors should see each other so seldom!"

Mr. Blewitt, who was standing at his door in a pe-green dressing-gown, smoakin a segar, and singing a hunting coarus, looked surprised, flattered, and then sispicious.

"Why, yes," says he, "it is, Mr. Deuceace, a long time."

"Not, I think, since we dined at Sir George Hookey's. By the bye, what an evening that was—hay, Mr. Blewitt? What wine! what capital songs! I recollect your 'May-day in the morning'—cuss me, the best comick song I ever heard. I was speaking to the Duke of Doncaster about it only yesterday. You know the duke, I think?"

Mr. Blewitt said, quite surly, "No, I don't."

"Not know him?" cries master; "why, hang it, Blewitt! he knows *you*; as every sporting man in England does, I should think. Why, man, your good things are in everybody's mouth at Newmarket."

And so master went on chaffin Mr. Blewitt. That genlman at fust answered him quite short and angry: but after a little more flumery, he grew as pleased as posbill, took in all Deuceace's flatry, and bleeved all his lies. At last the door shut, and they both went into Mr. Blewitt's chambers together.

Of course I can't say what past there; but in an hour master kem up to his own room as yaller as mustard, and smellin sadly of backo smoke. I never see any genlman more sick than he was; *he'd been smoakin seagars* along with Blewitt. I said nothink, in course, tho I'd often heard him xpress his horrow of backo, and knew very well he would as soon swallow pizon as smoke. But he wasn't a chap to do a thing without a reason: if he'd been smoakin, I warrant he'd smoaked to some porpus.

I didn't hear the convysation between 'em; but Mr. Blewitt's man did: it was,—“Well, Mr. Blewitt, what capital seagars! Have you one for a friend to smoak?” (The old fox, it wasn't only the *seagars* he was a-smoakin!) “Walk in,” says Mr. Blewitt; and then they began a chaffin together; master very ankshous about the young gentleman who had come to live in our chambers, Mr. Dawkins, and always coming back to that subject—saying that people on the same stairkis ot to be frenly: how glad he'd be, for his part, to know Mr. Dick Blewitt, and *any friend of his*, and so on. Mr. Dick, howsoever, seamed quite aware of the trap laid for him. “I really don't no this

Dawkins," said he : "he's a chismonger's son, I hear; and tho' I've exchanged visits with him, I doan't intend to continyou the acquaintance—not wishin to assoshate with that kind of pipples." So they went on, master fishin, and Mr. Blewitt not wishin to take the hook at no price.

"Confound the vulgar thief!" muttard my master, as he was laying on his sophy after being so very ill; "I've poisoned myself with his infernal tobacco, and he has foiled me. The cursed swindling boor! he thinks he'll ruin this poor cheesemonger, does he? I'll step in and warn him."

I thought I should bust a-laffin when he talked in this style. I knew very well his "warning" meant—lockin the stable door, but stealin the hoss fust.

Nex day his strattygam for becoming acquainted with Mr. Dawkins we excited, and very pritty it was.

Besides potry and the flook, Mr. Dawkins, I must tell you, had some other parshallities—wiz., he was wery fond of good eatin and drinkin. After doddling over his music and boox all day, this young genlmm used to sally out of evenings, dine sumptuously at a tavern, drinkin all sots of wind along with his friend Mr. Blewitt. He was a quiet young fellow enough at fust; but it was Mr. B. who (for his own porpuses, no doubt) had got him into this kind of life. Well, I needn't say that he who eats a fine dinner and drinks too much overnight wants a bottle of soda-water, and a grill, praps, in the mornink. Such was Mr. Dawkinse's case; and reglar almost as twelve o'clock came, the waiter from Dix Coffy-House was to be seen on our stairkis, bringing up Mr. D.'s hot breakfast.

No man would have thought there was anythink in such a trifling circkumstance; master did, though, and pounced upon it like a cock on a barlycorn.

He sent me out to Mr. Morell's, in Pickledilly, for wot's called a Strasbug pie—in French, a "*patty defaw graw*." He takes a card, and nails it on the outside case (patty defaw graws come generally in a round wooden box, like a drumb); and what do you think he writes on it? why, as follos: "*For the Honourable Algernon Percy Deuceace, &c., &c., &c. With Prince Talleyrand's compliments.*"

Prince Tallyram's compliments, indeed! I laff when I think of it still, the old surpint! He was a surpint, that Deuceace, and no mistake.

Well, by a most extronary piece of ill-luck, the nex day punctially as Mr. Dawkinses bex-fas was comin *up* the stairs, Mr. Halgernon Percy Deuceace was going *down*. He was as gay as a lark, humming an Oppra tune, and twizzting round his head his hevvy gold-headed cane. Down he went very fast, and by a most unlucky axdent struck his cane against the waiter's tray, and away went Mr. Dawkinses grill, kayann, kitchup, soda-water, and all! I can't think how my master should have choas such an exact time; to be sure, his windo looked upon the cort, and he could see every one who came into our door.

As soon as the axdent had took place, master was in such a rage as, to be sure, no man ever was in befor; he swoar at the waiter in the most dreddle way; he threatened him with his stick; and it was only when he see that the waiter was rayther a bigger man than hisself that he was in the least pazzified. He returned to his own chambres; and John, the waiter, went off for more grill to Dixes Coffy-house.

"This is a most unlucky axdent, to be sure, Charles," says master to me, after a few minnits paws, during witch he had been and wrote a note, put it into an antelope, and sealed it with his bigg seal of arms. "But stay—a thought strikes me—take this note to Mr. Dawkins, and that pye you brought yesterday; and hearkye, you scoundrel, if you say where you got it I will break every bone in your skin!"

These kind of prommisses were among the few which I knew him to keep; and as I loved boath my skinn and my boans, I carried the noat, and of cors said nothink. Waiting in Mr. Dawkinses chambus for a few minnits, I returned to my master with an anser. I may as well give both of these documence, of which I happen to have taken copies.

# I.

"*The Hon. A. P. DEUCEACE to  
T. S. DAWKINS, Esq.*

"Temple, Tuesday.

"Mr. Deuceace presents his compliments to Mr. Dawkins, and begs at the same time to offer his most sincere apologies and regrets for the accident which has just taken place.

"May Mr. Deuceace be allowed to take a neighbour's privilege, and to remedy the evil he has occasioned to the best of his power? If Mr. Dawkins will do him the favour to partake of the contents of the accompanying case

(from Strasburg direct, and the gift of a friend, on whose taste as a gourmand Mr. Dawkins may rely), perhaps he will find that it is not a bad substitute for the *plat* which Mr. Deuceace's awkwardness destroyed.

"It will also, Mr. Deuceace is sure, be no small gratification to the original donor of the *pâté*, when he learns that it has fallen into the hands of so celebrated a *bon vivant* as Mr. Dawkins.

"T. S. Dawkins, Esq., &c., &c., &c."

## II.

"From T. S. DAWKINS, Esq. to the  
Hon. A. P. DEUCEACE.

"Mr. Thomas Smith Dawkins presents his grateful compliments to the Hon. Mr. Deuceace, and accepts with the greatest pleasure Mr. Deuceace's generous proffer.

"It would be one of the *happiest moments* of Mr. Smith Dawkins's life, if the Hon. Mr. Deuceace would *extend his generosity* still further, and condescend to partake of the repast which his *munificent politeness* has furnished.

"Temple, Tuesday."

Many and many a time, I say, have I grind over these letters, which I had wrote from the original by Mr. Bruffy's copyin clark. Deuceace's flam about Prince Tallyram was puffickly successful. I saw young Dawkins blush with delite as he red the note; he toar up for or five sheets before he composed the anser to it, which was as you read abuff, and roat in a hand quite trembling with pleasyer. If you could but have seen the look of triumth in Deuceace's wicked black eyes, when he read the noat! I never see a deamin yet, but I can phansy I, a holding a writhing soal on his pitchfrock, and smilin like Deuceace. He dressed himself in his very best clothes, and in he went, after sending me over to say that he would xcept with pleasyour Mr. Dawkins's invite.

The pie was cut up, and a most frenly conversation begun betwix the two genlmin. Deuceace was quite captivating. He spoke to Mr. Dawkins in the most respectful and flatrin manner—agreed in every think he said—prazed his taste, his furniter, his coat, his classick nollodge, and his playin on the ffoot; you'd have thought, to hear him, that such a polygon of exlens as Dawkins did not breath—that such a modist, sinsear, honrable genlmin as Deuceace was to be seen nowhere xcept in Pump Cort. Pore Daw was com-

plitly taken in. My master said he'd introduce him to the Duke of Doncaster, and Heaven knows how many nob's more, till Dawkins was quite intawsicated with pleasyour. I know as a fack (and it pretty well shews the young genlmin's carryter), that he went that very day, and ordered 2 new coats, on porpus to be introjuiced to the lords in.

But the best joak of all was at last. Singin, swagrin, and swarink—up stares came Mr. Dick Blewitt. He flung open Mr. Dawkins' door, shouting out, "Daw, my old buck, how are you?" when, all of a sudden, he sees Mr. Deuceace: his jor dropt, he turned chocky white, and then burnin red, and looked as if a stror would knock him down. "My dear Mr. Blewitt," says my master, smilin and offring his hand, "how glad I am to see you. Mr. Dawkins and I were just talking about your pony! Pray sit down."

Blewitt did; and now was the question, who should sit the other out; but law bless you! Mr. Blewitt was no match for my master; all the time he was fidgetty, silent, and sulky; on the contry, master was charmin. I never herd such a flo of conversatin, or so many wittacisms as he uttered. At last, completely beat, Mr. Blewitt took his leaf; that instant master followed him; and passin his arm through that of Mr. Dick, led him into our chambers, and began talkin to him in the most affabl and affectshnat manner.

But Dick was too angry to listen; at last, when master was telling him some long stoary about the Duke of Doncaster, Blewitt bust out—

"A plague on the Duke of Doncaster! Come, come, Mr. Deuceace, don't you be running your rigs upon me; I ain't the man to be bamboozl'd by long-wiuded stories about dukes and duchesses. You think I don't know you; every man knows you, and your line of country. Yes, you're after young Dawkins there, and think to pluck him; but you shan't, —no, by—you shan't." (The reader must reckon that the oaths which interspused Mr. B.'s convysation I have lift out.) Well, after he'd fired a wolley of 'em, Mr. Deuceace spoke as cool and slow as posbill.

"Heark ye, Blewitt. I know you to be one of the most infernal thieves and scoundrels unhung. If you attempt to hector with me, I will cane you; if you want more, I'll shoot you; if you meddle between me and Dawkins, I will do both. I know your whole life, you miserable swindler and coward. I know you



have already won two hundred pounds of this lad, and want all. I will have half, or you never shall have a penny." It's quite true that master knew things; but how was the wonder.

I couldn't see Mr. B.'s face during this dialogue, bein on the wrong side of the door; but there was a considerabble paws after thuse complymints had passed between the two genlmn,—one walkin quickly up and down the room,—tother, angry, and stupid, sittin down, and stampin with his foot.

"Now listen to this, Mr. Blewitt," continues master at last. "If you're quiet, you shall have half this fellow's money: but venture to win a shilling from him in my absence, or without my consent, and you do it at your peril."

"Well, well, Mr. Deuceace," cries Dick, it's very hard, and I must say, not fair: the game was of my starting, and you've no right to interfere with my friend."

"Mr. Blewitt you are a fool! You professed yesterday not to know this man, and I was obliged to find him out for myself. I should like to know by what law of honour I am bound to give him up to you?"

It was charmin to hear this pair of raskles talking about *honour*. I declare I could have found it in my heart to warn young Dawkins of the precious way in which these chaps were going to serve him. But if *they* didn't know what honour was, *I* did; and never, never did I tell tails about my masters when in their service—out, in cors, the hobligation is no longer binding.

Well, the nex day there was a gran dinner at our chambers. White soop, turbit, and lobstir sos; saddil of Scoch muttn, grous, and M'Arony; winds, shampang, hock, madeira, a bottle of poart, and ever so many of clarrit. The compny presint was three; wiz., the Honrabble A. P. Deuceace, R. Blewitt, and Mr. Dawkins, Exquires. My i, how we genlmn in the kitchin did enjy it. Mr. Blewittes man eat so much grous (when it was brot out of the parlor), that I reely thought he would be sik; Mr. Dawkinses gnlmn (who was only about 13 years of age) grew so il with M'Arony and plumb-puddn, as to be obleeged to take sefral of Mr. D.'s pils, which  $\frac{1}{2}$  kild him. But this is all promiscuous: I an't talking of the survants now, but the masters.

Would you bleev it? After dinner and praps 8 bottles of wind betwin the 3, the genlmn sat down to *écarty*. It's a game where only 2 plays, and where, in coarse, when there's only 3, one looks on.

Fust, they playd crown pints, and a pound the bett. At this game they were wonderful equill; and about supper-time (when grilled am, more shampang, devld biskits, and other things, was brot in) the play stood thus: Mr. Dawkins had won 2 pounds; Mr. Blewitt 30 shillings; the Honrabble Mr. Deuceace having lost 3*l*. 10*s*. After the devvle and the shampang the play was a little higher. Now it was pound pints, and five pound the bet. I thought to be sure, after hearing the complymints between Blewitt and master in the morning, that now pore Dawkins's time was come.

Not so: Dawkins won always, Mr. B. betting on his play, and giving him the very best of advice. At the end of the evening (which was about five o'clock the nex morning) they stopt. Master was counting up the skore on a card.

"Blewitt," says he "I've been unlucky. I ow you—let me see—yes, five-and-forty pounds?"

"Five-and-forty," says Blewitt, "and no mistake!"

"I will give you a cheque," says the honrabble gnlmn.

"Oh! don't mention it, my dear sir!" But master got a grate sheet of paper, and drew him a check on Messeers. Pump, Algit and Co., his bankers.

"Now," says master, "I've got to settle with you, my dear Mr. Dawkins. If you had backd your luck, I should have owed you a very handsome sum of money. *Voyons*; thirteen points at a pound—it is easy to calculate;" and, drawin out his puss, he clinked over the table 13 goolden suverings, which shon till they made my eyes wink.

So did pore Dawkinses, as he put out his hand all trembling, and drew them in.

"Let me say," added master, "let me say (and I have had some little experience), that you are the very best *écarté* player with whom I ever sat down."

Dawkinses eyes glissened as he put the money up, and said, "Law, Deuceace, you flatter me."

*Flatter* him? I should think he did. It was the very think which master ment.

"But mind you, Dawkins," continyoud he, "I must have my revenge; for I'm ruined—positively ruined—by your luck."

"Well, well," says Mr. Thomas Smith Dawkins, as pleased as if he had gained a millium, "shall it be to-morrow? Blewitt, what say you?"

Mr. Blewitt agreed, in course. My master,



after a little demurring, consented too. "We'll meet," says he, "at your chambers. But mind, my dear fello, not too much wind: I can't stand it at any time, especially when I have to play *écarté* with you."

Pore Dawkins left our rooms as happy as a prin. "Here, Charles," says he, and flung me a sovring. Pore fellow! pore fellow! I knew what was a-comin!

\* \* \* \* \*

But the best of it was, that these 13 sovrings which Dawkins won, *master had borrowed them from Mr. Blewitt!* I brought 'em, with 7 more, from that young genlmn's chambers that very morning: for, since his interview with master, Blewitt had nothing to refuse him.

\* \* \* \* \*

Well, shall I continue the tail? If Mr. Dawkins had been the least bit wiser, it would have taken him six months befoar he lost his money; as it was, he was such a confounded ninny, that it took him a very short time to part with it.

Nex day (it was Thursday, and master's acquaintance with Mr. Dawkins had only commenced on Tuesday), Mr. Dawkins, as I said, gev his party,—dinner at 7. Mr. Blewitt and the two Mr. D.'s as befoar. Play begins at 11. This time I knew the bisniss was pretty serious, for we suvvants was packed off to bed at 2 o'clock. On Friday, I went to chambers—no master—he kem in for 5 minutes at about 12, made a little toilit, ordered more devvles and soda-water, and back again he went to Mr. Dawkins's.

They had dinner there at 7 again, but nobody seemed to eat, for all the vittles came out to us genlmn: they had in more wind though, and must have drunk at least two dozen in the 36 hours.

\* \* \* \* \*

At ten o'clock, however, on Friday night, back my master came to his chambers. I saw him as I never saw him before, namely, reglar drunk. He staggered about the room, he danced, he hickipd, he swoar, he flung me a heap of silver, and, finely, he sunk down exosted on his bed; I pullin off his boots and close, and making him comfrabble.

When I had removed his garmint, I did what it's the duty of every servant to do—I emtied his pockits, and looked at his pocket-book and all his letters: a number of axdents have been prevented that way.

I found there, among a heap of things, the following pretty dockymnt:

I. O. U.

£4700.

THOMAS SMITH DAWKINS.

Friday, 16th January.

There was another bit of paper of the same kind—"I.O.U. four hundred pounds, Richard Blewitt:" but this, in corse, ment nothink.

\* \* \* \* \*

Nex mornin, at nine, master was up, and as sober as a judg. He drest, and was off to Mr. Dawkins. At ten, he ordered a cab, and the two genlmn went together.

"Where shall he drive, sir?" says I.

"Oh, tell him to drive to the BANK."

Pore Dawkins! his eyes red with remors and sleepless drunkenniss, gave a shudder and a sob, as he sunk back in the wehicle; and they drove on.

That day he soald out every hapny he was worth, xcept five hundred pounds.

\* \* \* \* \*

About 12 master had returned, and Mr. Dick Blewitt came stridin up the stairs with a sollum and important hair.

"Is your master at home?" says he.

"Yes sir," says I; and in he walks. I, in coars, with my ear to the keyhole, listning with all my mite.

"Well," says Blewitt, "we maid a pritty good night of it, Mr. Deuceace. You've settled, I see, with Dawkins."

"Settled!" says master. "Oh yes—yes—I've settled with him."

"Four thousand seven hundred, I think?"

"About that—yes."

"That makes my share—let me see—two thousand three hundred and fifty; which I'll thank you to fork out."

"Upon my word—why—Mr. Blewitt," says my master, "I don't really understand what you mean."

"You don't know what I mean?" says Blewitt, in an axent such as I never before heard; "you don't know what I mean! Did you not promise me that we were to go shares? Didn't I lend you twenty sovereigns, the other night, to pay our losings to Dawkins? Didn't you swear, on your honour, as a gentleman, to give me half of all that might be won in this affair?"

"Agreed, sir," says Deuceace; "agreed."

"Well, sir, and now what have you to say?"

"Why, *that I don't intend to keep my promise!* You infernal fool and ninny! do you suppose I was labouring for *you*? Do you fancy I was going to the expense of giving a dinner to that jackass yonder, that you should profit by it? Get away, sir! Leave the room, sir! Or, stop—here—I will give you four hundred pounds—your own note of hand, sir, for that sum, if you will consent to forget all that has passed between us, and that you have never known Mr. Algernon Deuceace."

I've seane pipples angry before now, but never any like Blewitt. He stormed, groned,

belloed, swore! At last, he fairly began blubbing; now cussing and nashing his teeth, now praying dear Mr. Deuceace to grant him mercy.

At last, master flung open the door (Heaven bless us! it's well I didn't tumble head over heels into the room!) and said, "Charles, show the gentleman downstairs!" My master looked at him quite steddily. Blewitt slunk down, as misrabbles as any man I ever see. As for Dawkins, heaven knows where he was!

\* \* \* \* \*

"Charles," says my master to me, about an hour afterwards, "I'm going to Paris; you may come too, if you please." C. Y.

## NO. IV.—SKIMMINGS FROM THE "DAIRY OF GEORGE IV."\*

CHARLES YELLOWPLUSH, Esq., to  
OLIVER YORKE, Esq.

DEAR WHY,—Takin advantage of the Crissmiss holydays, Sir John and me (who is a member of parlyment) had gone down to our place in Yorkshire for six wicks, to shoot grows and woodcox, and enjoy old English hospatalaty. This ugly Canady bisniss unluckaly put an end to our sports in the country, and brot us up to Buckly Square as fast as four postorses could gallip. When there, I found your parsel, containing the two vollums of a new book, witch, as I have been away from the littery world, and emplied solely in athlatic exorcises, have been laying neglected in my pantry, among my knife-cloaths, and dekanter, and blacking-bottles, and bedroom candles, and things.

This will, I'm sure, account for my delay in notussing the work. I see sefrol of the papers and magazeens have been befoarhand with me, and have given their apinions concerning it: specially the *Quotly Review*, which has most mussilessly cut to peases the author of this *Dairy of the Times of George IV.*\*

That it's a woman who wrote it is evydent from the style of the writing, as well as from certain proofs in the book itself. Most suttlny a femail wrote this *Dairy*; but who this *Dairy-maid* may be, I, in coarse, cant conjecter; and

\* *Diary illustrative of the Times of George the Fourth, interspersed with Original Letters from the late Queen Caroline, and from various other distinguished Persons.* 1838.

indeed, common galliantry forbids me to ask. I can only judge of the book itself; which, it appears to me, is clearly trenching upon my ground and favrite subjicks, viz. fashnabble life, as igsibited in the houses of the nobility, gentry, and rile fammly.

But I bare no mallis—infamation is infamation, and it doesn't matter where the infamy comes from; and whether the *Dairy* be from that distinguished pen to which it is ornarily attributed—whether, I say, it comes from a lady of honor to the late quean, or a scullion to that diffunct majisty, no matter: all we ask is nollidge, never mind how we have it. Nollidge, as our cook says, is like trikel-possit—it's always good, though you was to drink it out of an old shoo.

Well, then, although this *Dairy* is likely searsuly to injer my pussonal intrests, by fourstalling a deal of what I had to say in my private memoars—though many, many guineas, is taken from my pockit, by cuttin short the tail of my narratif—though much that I had to say in souperior languidge, greased with all the ellygance of my orytory, the benefick of my classicle reading, the chawms of my agreble wit, is thus abruptly brot befor the world by an inferor genus, neither knowing nor writing English, yet I say, that nevertheless I must say, what I am puffickly prepared to say, to gain-say which no man can say a word—yet I say, that I say I consider this publication welkom. Far from viewing it with enfy, I greet it with

applaws; because it increases that most extlent specious of nollidge, I mean "FASHNABBLE NOLLIDGE;" compayred to witch all other nollidge is nonsense—a bag of goold to a pare of snufflers.

Could Lord Broom, on the Canady question, say moar? or say what he had to say better; we are marters, both of us, to prinsple; and every body who knows eather knows we would sacrafice any think rather than that. Fashion is the goddiss I adoar. This delightful work is an offring on her srine; and as sich all her wushippers are bound to hail it. Here is not a question of trumpry lords and honrabbles, generals and barronites, but the crown itself, and the king and queen's actions; witch may be considered as the crown jewels. Here's princes and grand-dukes and airsaparent, and heaven knows what; all with blood-royal in their veins, and their names mentioned in the very fust page of the peeridge. In this book you become so intmate with the Prince of Wales, that you may follow him, if you please, to his marridge-bed; or, if you prefer the Princess Charlotte, you may have with her an hour's tator-tator.\*

Now, though most of the remarkable extrax from this book have been given already (the cream of the *Dairy*, as I wittily say), I shall trouble you, nevertheless, with a few; partly because they can't be repeated too often, and because the toan of obsyvation with which they have been genrally received by the press, is not igsackly such as I think they merit. How, indeed, can these common magaseen and newspaper pipple know any think of fash-nabble life, let alone ryal?

Conseaving, then, that the publication of the *Dairy* has done reel good on this scoar, and may probly do a deal moor, I shall look through it, for the porpus of selecting the most ellygant passidges, and which I think may be peculiarly adapted to the reader's benefick.

For you see, my dear Mr. Yorke, that in the fust place, that this is no commin catchpny book, like that of most authors and authoresses who write for the basé looker of gain. Heaven bless you! the Dairy-maid is above anything musnary. She is a woman of rank, and no mistake; and is as much above doin a commin or vulgar action as I am supearor to taking beer after dinner with my cheese. She proves that most satisfackarily, as we see in the following passidge:

\* Our estimable correspondent means, we presume, tête-à-tête.—O. Y.

"Her royal highness came to me, and, having spoken a few phrases on different subjects, produced all the papers she wishes to have published—her whole correspondence with the prince relative to Lady J——'s dismissal; his subsequent neglect of the princess; and, finally, the acquittal of her supposed guilt, signed by the Duke of Portland, &c., at the time of the secret inquiry: when, if proof could have been brought against her, it certainly would have been done; and which acquittal, to the disgrace of all parties concerned, as well as to the justice of the nation in general, was not made public at the time. A common criminal is publicly condemned or acquitted. Her royal highness commanded me to have these letters published forthwith, saying, 'You may sell them for a great sum.' At first (for she had spoken to me before concerning this business) I thought of availing myself of the opportunity; but upon second thoughts, I turned from this idea with detestation: for, if I do wrong by obeying her wishes and endeavouring to serve her, I will do so at least from good and disinterested motives, not from any sordid views. The princess commands me, and I will obey her, whatever may be the issue; but not for fare or fee. I own I tremble, not so much for myself, as for the idea that she is not taking the best and most dignified way of having these papers published. Why make a secret of it at all? If wrong, it should not be done; if right, it should be done openly, and in the face of her enemies. In her royal highness's case, as in that of wronged princes in general, why do they shrink from straightforward dealings, and rather have recourse to crooked policy? I wish, in this particular instance, I could make her royal highness feel thus: but she is naturally indignant at being falsely accused, and will not condescend to an avowed explanation."

Can any thing be more just and honrabbler than this? The Dairy-lady is quite fair and aboveboard. A clear stage, says she, and no faviour! "I won't do behind my back what I am ashamed of before my face: not I!" No more she does; for you see that, though she was offered this manyscrip by the princess *for nothink*, though she knew that she could actualy get for it a large sum of money, she was above it, like an honest, noble, grateful, fashnabble woman, as she was. She aboars secrecy, and never will have recors to disguise

or crookid polacy. This ought to be an ansure to them *Raddicle sneerers*, who pretend that they are the equals of fashnabble pepple; whareas it's a well-known fact, that the vulgar roagues have no notion of honour.

And, after this positif declaration, which reflex honor on her ladyship (long life to her! I've often waited behind her chair!)—after this positif declaration, that, even for the porpus of *defending* her missis, she was so himindid as to refuse anythink like a peculiarly consideration, it is actially asserted in the public print by a booxeller; that he has given her a *thousand pound* for the *Dairy*. A thousand pound! nonsince!—it's a phigment! a base liblie! This woman take a thousand pound, in a matter where her dear mistriss, frend, and benyfactriss was concerned! Never! A thousand baggonits would be more prefrabble to a woman of her xquizzit feelins and fashion.

But to proseed. It's been objected to me, when I wrote some of my expearunces in fashnabble life, that my languidge was occasionally vulgar, and not such as is genrally used in those exquizzit famlies which I frequent. Now, I'll lay a wager that there is in this book, wrote as all the world knows, by a rele lady, and speakin of kings and queens as if they were as common as sand-boys—there is in this book more vulgarity than ever I displayed, more nastiness than ever I would dare to *think on*, and more bad grammar than ever I wrote since I was a boy at school. As for authograpy, every genlmn has his own: never mind spellin, I say, so long as the sence is right.

Let me here quot a letter from a corryspendent of this charming lady of honour; and a very nice corryspendent he is too, without any mistake:

"Lady O——, poor Lady O——! knows the rules of prudence, I fear me, as imperfectly as she doth those of the Greek and Latin Grammars: or she hath let her brother, who is a sad swine, become master of her secrets, and then contrived to quarrel with him. You would see the outline of the *mélange* in the newspapers; but not the report that Mr. S—— is about to publish a pamphlet, as an addition to the Harleian Tracts, setting forth the amatory adventures of his sister. We shall break our necks in haste to buy it, of course crying 'Shameful' all the while; and it is said that Lady O—— is to be cut, which I cannot entirely believe. Let her tell two or three old women about town that they are young and

handsome, and give some well-timed parties, and she may still keep the society which she hath been used to. The times are not so hard as they once were, when a woman could not construe Magna Charta with anything like impunity. People were full as gallant many years ago. But the days are gone by wherein my lord-protector of the commonwealth of England was wont to go a love-making to Mrs. Fleetwood with the Bible under his arm.

"And so Miss Jacky Gordon is really clothed with a husband at last, and Miss Laura Manners left without a mate! She and Lord Stair should marry and have children, in mere revenge. As to Miss Gordon, she's a Venus well suited for such a Vulcan—whom nothing but money and a title could have rendered tolerable, even to a kitchen wench. It is said that the matrimonial correspondence between this couple is to be published, full of sad scandalous relations, of which you may be sure scarcely a word is true. In former times, the Duchess of St. A——s made use of these elegant epistles in order to intimidate Lady Johnstone: but that *ruse* would not avail; so in spite, they are to be printed. What a cargo of amiable creatures! Yet will some people scarcely believe in the existence of Pandemonium.

"*Tuesday Morning*.—You are perfectly right respecting the hot rooms here, which we all cry out against, and all find very comfortable—much more so than the cold sands and bleak neighbourhood of the sea; which looks vastly well in one of Van der Velde's pictures hung upon crimson damask, but hideous and shocking in reality. H—— and his '*elle*' (talking of parties) were last night at Cholmondeley House, but seem not to ripen in their love. He is certainly good-humoured, and I believe good-hearted, so deserves a good wife; but his *cara* seems a genuine London miss, made up of many affectations. Will she form a comfortable helpmate? For me, I like not her origin, and deem many strange things to run in blood, besides madness and the Hanoverian evil.

"*Thursday*.—I verily do believe that I shall never get to the end of this small sheet of paper, so many unheard of interruptions have I had; and now I have been to Vauxhall, and caught the toothache. I was of Lady E. B——m and H——'s party: very dull—the Lady giving us all a supper after our promenade—

'Much ado was there, God wot,  
She would love, but he would not.'

He ate a great deal of ice, although he did not seem to require it; and she '*faisoit les yeux doux*' enough not only to have melted all the ice which he swallowed, but his own hard heart into the bargain. The thing will not do. In the mean time, Miss Long hath become quite cruel to Wellesley Pole, and divides her favour equally between Lords Killeen and Kilworth, two as simple Irishinen as ever gave birth to a bull. I wish to Hymen that she were fairly married, for all this pother gives one a disgusting picture of human nature."

A disgusting pictur of human nature, indeed—and isn't he who morilises about it, and she to whom he writes, a couple of pretty heads in the same piece? Which, Mr. Yorke, is the wust, the scandle or the scandle-mongers? See what it is to be a moral man of fashn. Fust, he scrapes together all the bad stoaries about all the people of his acquentance—he goes to a ball, and laffs or snears at everybody there—he is asked to a dinnèr, and brings away, along with meat and wind to his heart's content, a sour stomick filled with nasty stories of all the people present there. He has such a squeamish appytite, that all the world seems to *disagree* with him. And what has he got to say to his delicate female frend. Why that—

Fust. Mr. S. is going to publish indesent stoaries about Lady O——, his sister, which everybody's goin to by.

Nex. That Miss Gordon is going to be cloathed with an usband; and that all their matrimonial corryspondins is to be published too.

3. That Lord H. is going to be married; but there's something rong in his wife's blood.

4. Miss Long has cut Mr. Wellesley, and is gone after two Irish lords.

Wooden you phancy, now, that the author of such a letter, instead of writin about pipples of tip-top qualaty, was describin Vinegar Yard? Would you beleave that the lady he was aritin to was a chased, modist lady of honour, and mother of a family? *O trumperry! O Morris!* as Homer says, this is a higeous pictur of manners, such as I weap to think of, as evry morl man must weap.

The above is one pritty pictur of mearly fashnabble life: what follows is about famlies even higher situated than the most fashnabble. Here we have the princess regint, her daughter the Princess Sharlot, her grandmamma the old

quean, and her madjisty's daughters the two princesses. If this is not high life, I don't know where it is to be found; and it's pleasing to see what affekshn and harmny rains in such an exolted spear.

"*Sunday, 24th.* — Yesterday the princess went to meet the Princess Charlotte at Kensington. Lady — told me that, when the latter arrived, she rushed up to her mother, and said, 'For God's sake, be civil to her,' meaning the Duchess of Leeds, who followed her. Lady — said she felt sorry for the latter; but when the Princess of Wales talked to her, she soon became so free and easy, that one could not have had any *feeling* about her *feelings*. Princess Charlotte, I was told, was looking handsome, very pale, but her head more becomingly dressed,—that is to say, less dressed than usual. Her figure is of that full round shape which is now in its prime; but she disfigures herself by wearing her bodice so short, that she literally has no waist. Her feet are very pretty; and so are her hands and arms, and her ears, and the shape of her head. Her countenance is expressive, when she allows her passions to play upon it; and I never saw any face, with so little shade, express so many powerful and varied emotions. Lady — told me that the Princess Charlotte talked to her about her situation, and said, in a very quiet, but determined way, she *would not bear it*, and that as soon as Parliament met, she intended to come to Warwick House, and remain there; that she was also determined not to consider the Duchess of Leeds as her *governess*, but only as her *first lady*. She made many observations on other persons and subjects; and appears to be very quick, very penetrating, but imperious and wilful. There is a tone of romance, too, in her character, which will only serve to mislead her.

"She told her mother that there had been a great battle at Windsor between the queen and the prince, the former refusing to give up Miss Knight from her own person to attend on Princess Charlotte as sub-governess. But the prince-regent had gone to Windsor himself, and insisted on her doing so; and the 'old Beguin' was forced to submit, but has been ill ever since: and Sir Henry Halford declared it was a complete breaking up of her constitution—to the great delight of the two princesses, who were talking about this affair. Miss Knight was the very person they wished to have; they



think they can do as they like with her. It has been ordered that the Princess Charlotte should not see her mother alone for a single moment; but the latter went into her room, stuffed a pair of large shoes full of papers, and having given them to her daughter, she went home. Lady—— told me everything was written down and sent to Mr. Brougham *next day*."

See what dishcord will creap even into the best reg'lated famlies. Here are six of em—viz., the quean and her two daughters, her son, and his wife and daughter; and the manner in which they hate one another is a complete puzzle.

The Prince hates . . . { his mother.  
his wife.  
his daughter.

Princess Charlotte hates her father.

Princess of Wales hates her husband.

The old quean, by their squobbles, is on the pint of death; and her two jewtiful daughters are delighted at the news. What a happy, fashnabble, Christian famly! O Mr. Yorke, Mr. Yorke, if this is the way in the drawin-rooms, I'm quite content to live below, in pease and charaty with all men; writin, as I am now, in my pantry, or els havin a quite game at cards in the servants-all. With *us* there's no bitter, wicked quarling of this sort. *We* don't hate our children, or bully our mothers, or wish em ded when they're sick, as this Dairy-woman says kings and queans do. When we're writing to our friends or sweet-hearts, *we* don't fill our letters with nasty stoaries, taking away the carrickter of our fellow-servants, as this maid of honour's amusin' moral frend does. But, in coarse, it's not for us to judge of our betters:—these great people are a supearur race, and we can't comprehend their ways.

Do you recklet—it's twenty years ago now—how a bewtiffle princess died in givin buth to a poar baby, and how the whole nation of Hengland wep, as though it was one man, over that sweet women and child, in which were sentered the hopes of every one of us, and of which each was as proud as of his own wife or infnt? Do you recklet how pore fellows spent their last shillin to buy a black crape for their hats, and clergymen cried in the pulpit, and the whole country through was no better than a great dismal funeral? Do you recklet, Mr. Yorke, who was the person that we all took on so about? We called her

the Princiss Sharlot of Wales; and we valyoud a single drop of her blood more than the whole heartless body of her father. Well, we looked up to her as a kind of saint or angle, and blest God (such foolish loyal English pipples as we ware in those days) who had sent this sweet lady to rule over us. But heaven bless you! it was only souperstition. She was no better than she should be, as it turns out—or at least the Dairy-maid says so. No better?—if my daughters or yours was  $\frac{1}{2}$  so bad, we'd as leaf be dead ourselves, and they hanged. But listen to this pretty charritabble story and a truce to reflexshuns:

"*Sunday, January 9, 1814.*—Yesterday, according to appointment, I went to Princess Charlotte. Found at Warwick House the harp-player, Dizzi; was asked to remain and listen to his performance, but was talked to during the whole time, which completely prevented all possibility of listening to the music. The Duchess of Leeds and her daughter were in the room, but left it soon. Next arrived Miss Knight, who remained all the time I was there. Princess Charlotte was very gracious—showed me all her *bonny dyes*, as B—— would have called them—pictures, and cases, and jewels, &c. She talked in a very desultory way, and it would be difficult to say of what. She observed her mother was in very low spirits. I asked her how she supposed she could be otherwise? This *questioning* answer saves a great deal of trouble, and serves two purposes—*i.e.* avoids committing oneself, or giving offence by silence. There was hung in the apartment one portrait, amongst others, that very much resembled the Duke of D——. I asked Miss Knight whom it represented. She said that it was not known; it had been supposed a likeness of the Pretender, when young. This answer suited my thoughts so comically I could have laughed, if one ever did at courts anything but the contrary of what one was inclined to do.

"Princess Charlotte has a very great variety of expression in her countenance—a play of features, and a force of muscle, rarely seen in connection with such soft and shadeless colouring. Her hands and arms are beautiful; but I think her figure is already gone, and will soon be precisely like her mother's: in short, it is the very picture of her, and *not in minia-ture*. I could not help analyzing my own sensations during the time I was with her, and thought more of them than I did of her. Why



was I at all flattered, at all more amused, at all more supple to this young princess, than to her who is only the same sort of person set in the shade of circumstances and of years? It is that youth, and the approach of power, and the latent views of self-interest, sway the heart and dazzle the understanding. If this is so with a heart not, I trust, corrupt, and a head not particularly formed for interested calculations, what effect will not the same causes produce on the generality of mankind?

"In the course of the conversation, the Princess Charlotte contrived to edge in a good deal of *tum-de-dy*, and would, if I had entered into the thing, have gone on with it, while looking at a little picture of herself, which has about thirty or forty different dresses to put over it, done on *isinglass*, and which allowed the general colouring of the picture to be seen through its transparency. It was, I thought, a pretty enough conceit, though rather like dressing up a doll. 'Ah!' said Miss Knight, 'I am not content though, madame—for I yet should have liked one more dress—that of the favourite Sultana.'

"'No, no!' said the princess, 'I never was a favourite, and never can be one'—looking at a picture which she said was her father's, but which I do not believe was done for the regent any more than for me, but represented a young man in a hussar's dress—probably a former favourite.

"The Princess Charlotte seemed much hurt at the little notice that was taken of her birthday. After keeping me for two hours and a half she dismissed me; and I am sure I could not say what she said, except that it was an *olio* of *décousus* and heterogeneous things, partaking of the characteristics of her mother, grafted on a younger scion. I dined *tête-à-tête* with my dear old aunt: hers is always a sweet and soothing society to me."

There's a pleasing, lady-like, moral extrac for you! An innocent young thing of fifteen has picturs of *two* lovers in her room, and expex a good number more. This dellygate young creature *edges* in a good deal of *tumdedy* (I can't find it in Johnson's *Dixonary*), and would have *gone on with the thing* (ellygance of languidge) if the dairy-lady would have let her.

Now, to tell you the truth, Mr. Yorke, I doan't beleave a single syllible of this story. This lady of honner says, in the fust place, that the princess would have talked a good deal of *tumdedy*: which means, I suppose, indeasnsy,

if she, the lady of honner, *would have let her*. This is a good one! Why, she lets everybody else talk *tumdedy* to their hearts' content; she lets her frends *write* *tumdedy*, and, after keeping it for a quarter of a sentry, she *prints* it. Why, then, be so squeamish about *hearing* a little! And then there's the stoary of the two portricks. This woman has the honner to be received in the frendlyest manner by a British princess; and what does the grateful loyal creature do? 2 picturs of the princess's relations are hanging in her room, and the dairy-woman swears away the poor young princess's carrickter by swearing they are picturs of her *lovers*. For shame, oh, for shame! you slanderin backbitin dairy-woman you! If you told all them things to your "dear old aunt," on going to dine with her, you must have had very "sweet and soothing society" indeed.

I had marked out many moar extrax, which I intended to write about; but I think I have said enough about this Dairy; in fack, the butler and the gals in the servants'-hall are not well pleased that I should go on reading this naughty book; so we'll have no more of it, only one passidge about Pollytics, witch is sertnly quite new:

"No one was so likely to be able to defeat Bonaparte as the Crown Prince, from the intimate knowledge he possessed of his character. Bernadotte was also instigated against Bonaparte by one who not only owed him a personal hatred, but who possessed a mind equal to his, and who gave the Crown Prince both information and advice how to act. This was no less a person than Madame de Staël. It was not, as some have asserted, *that she was in love with Bernadotte*; for, at the time of their intimacy, *Madame de Staël was in love with Rocca*. But she used her influence (which was not small) with the Crown Prince, to make him fight against Bonaparte; and to her wisdom may be attributed much of the success which accompanied his attack upon him. Bernadotte has raised the flame of liberty, which seems, fortunately, to blaze all around. May it liberate Europe; and from the ashes of the laurel may olive branches spring up, and overshadow the earth!"

"There's a discovery! that the overthrow of Boneyparte is owing to *Madame de Staël*! What nonsinçe for Colonel Southey or Doctor

Napier to write histories of the war with that Capsican hupstart and murderer, when here we have the whole affair explained by the lady of honour!

"Sunday, April 10, 1814.—The incidents which take place every hour are miraculous. Bonaparte is deposed, but alive; subdued, but allowed to choose his place of residence. The Island of Elba is the spot he has selected for his ignominious retreat. France is holding forth repentant arms to her banished sovereign. The Poissardes who dragged Louis XVI. to the scaffold are presenting flowers to the Emperor of Russia, the restorer of their legitimate king! What a stupendous field for philosophy to expatiate in! What an endless material for thought! What humiliation to the pride of mere human greatness! How are the mighty fallen! Of all that was great in Napoleon, what remains? Despoiled of his usurped power, he sinks to insignificance. There was no moral greatness in the man. The meteor dazzled, scorched, is put out—utterly, and for ever. But the power which rests in those who have delivered the nations from bondage is a power that is delegated to them from heaven; and the manner in which they have used it is a guarantee for its continuance. The Duke of Wellington has gained laurels unstained by any useless flow of blood. He has done more than conquer others—he has conquered himself; and in the midst of the blaze and flush of victory, surrounded by the homage of nations, he has not been betrayed into the commission of any act of cruelty or wanton offence. He was as cool and self-possessed under the blaze and dazzle of fame

as a common man would be under the shade of his garden tree, or by the hearth of his home. But the tyrant who kept Europe in awe is now a pitiable object for scorn to point the finger of derision at; and humanity shudders as it remembers the scourge with which this man's ambition was permitted to devastate every home tie and every heartfelt joy."

And now, after this sublime passidge, as full of awfle reflections and pious sentyments as those of Mrs. Cole in the play, I shall only quot one little extrak more:

"All goes gloomily with the poor princess. Lady Charlotte Campbell told me she regrets not seeing all these curious personages; but she says, the more the princess is forsaken the more happy she is at having offered to attend her at this time. *This is very amiable in her*, and cannot fail to be gratifying to the princess."

So it is—very amiable, very kind and considrate in her, indeed. Poor princess! how lucky you was to find a frend who loved you for your own sake, and when all the rest of the wuld turned its back kep steady to you. As for belaving that lady Sharlot had any hand in this book, Heaven forbid! she is all gratitude, pure gratitude, depend upon it. *She* would not go for to blacken her old frend and patron's carrickter, after having been so outragusly faithful to her; *she* wouldn't do it, at no price, depend upon it. How sorry she must be that others an't quite so squeamish, and show up in this indesent way the follies of her kind, genrus, foolish bennyfactris!—C. Y.

## No. V.—FORING PARTS.

It was a singular proof of my master's modesty, that, though he had won this handsome sum of Mr. Dawkins, and was inclined to be as extravgyant and osntatious as any man I ever seed, yet, wen he determined on going to Paris, he didn't let a single frend know of all them winnings of his, didn't acquaint my Lord Crabs, his father, that he was about to leave his natiff shoars—neigh, didn't even so much as call together his trades-

min, and pay off their little bills befor his departure.

On the contry, "Chawles," said he to me, "stick a piece of paper on my door," which is the way that lawyers do, "and write 'Back at seven' upon it." "Back at seven," I wrote, and stuck it on our outer oak. And so mistearus was Duccacc about his continental tour (to all excep me) that when the landriss brought him heraccount for the last month (amount ain

at the very least to £2 10s.) master told her to leave it till Monday morning, when it should be properly settled. It's extrodny how ickonomical a man becomes when he's got five thousand lbs. in his pocket.

Back at 7 indeed! At 7 we were a-roalin on the Dover Road, in the Reglator Coach—master inside, me out. A strange company of people there was, too, in that wheicle—3 sailors, an Italyin with his music-box and munkey: a missionary, goin to convert the hethens in France; 2 oppra girls (they call 'em figure-aunts) and the figure-aunts' mother inside; 4 Frenshmin, with gingy-bread caps and mustashes, singin, chatterin, and jesticklating in the most wonderful way. Such compliments as passed between them and the figure-aunts, such a munchin of biskits and sippin of brandy! such *O mong Jews*, and *O sacrrrés* and *hill fay frwaws*! I didn't understand their languidge that time so of course can't igsplain much of their conversation; but it pleased me, nevertheless, for now I felt that I was reely going into foring parts, which ever sins I had had any edication at all, was always my fondest wish. Heaven bless us! thought I; if these are specimens of all Frenchmen, what a set they must be! The pore Italyin's monky, sittin mopin and meluncolly on his box, was not half so ugly, and seamed quite as reasonable.

Well, we arrived at Dover—Ship Hotel—weal cutlets, half-a-ginny; glas of ale, a shilling; glas of neagush, half a crown; a hap'ny worth of wax-lites, four shillings; and so on. But master paid without grumbling; as long as it was for himself, he never minded the expens; and nex day we embarked in the packit for Balong sir mare—which means, in French, the town of Balong, sityouated on the sea. I, who had heard of foring wonders, expected this to be the fust and greatest; phansy, then, my disapointment when we got there, to find this Balong not sityouated on the sea, but on the shoar.

But oh! the gettin there was the bisness. How I wish for Pump Cort agin, as we were tawsing about in the Channel! Gentle reader, av you ever been on the otion?—"The sea, the sea, the hopen sea!" as Barry Cromwell says. As soon as we entered our little wessel, and I'd looked to master's luggitch and mine (mine was rapt up in a very small hankercher), as soon, I say, as we entered our little wessel, as soon as I saw the waivs, black and frothy, like fresh drawn porter, a-dashin against the

ribbs of our galliant bark, the keal like a wedge splittin the billoes in two, the sales a flaffin in the hair, the standard of Hengland floating at the mask-head, the steward a gettin ready the basins and things, the captin proudly tredding the deck and givin orders to the salers, the white rox of Albany and the bathin-masheens disappearing in the distans—then, then I felt, for the first time, the mite, the madgisty of existence. "Yellowplush, my boy," said I, in a dialog with myself, "your life is now about to commens—your carear, as a man, dates from your entrans on board this packit. Be wise, be manly, be cautious—forgit the follies of your youth. You are no longer a boy now, but a FOOTMAN. Throw down your tops, your marbles, your boyish games—throw off your childish habbits, with your inky clerk's jackitt; throw up your"—

\* \* \* \* \*

Here, I recklect, I was obleeged to stopp. A fealin, in the fust place singular, in the nex place painful, and at last compleatly overpowering, had come upon me while I was making the abuff speach, and I now found myself in a sityouation which Dellixy for Bids me to discribe. Suffis to say, that now I discovered what basins was made for—that for many, many hours I lay in a hagony of exostion, dead to all intence and purppises, the rain pattering in my face, the salers a tramplink over my body—the panes of purgertory going on inside. When we'd been about four hours in this sityouation (it seamed to me four ears), the steward comes to that part of the deck where we servants were all huddled up together and calls out "Charles!"

"Well," says I, gurgling out a faint yes; what's the matter?"

"You're wanted."

"Where?"

"Your master's wery ill," says he, with a grin.

"Master be hanged!" says I, turning round more miserable than ever. I woodn't have moved that day for twenty thousand masters—no, not for the Empror of Russia or the Pop of Room.

Well, to cut this sad subjeck short, many and many a voyitch have I sins had upon what Shaksapur calls the "wasty dip," but never such a retched one as that from Dover to Balong, in the year Anna Domino 1818. Steemers were scarce in those days; and our journey was made in a smack. At last, when I was in such a state of despare and exostion as reely to

phansy myself at Death's doar, we got to the end of our journey. Late in the evening we hailed the Gaelic shoars, and hankèred in the arbour of Balong sir mare.

It was the entrans of Parrowdice to me and master: and as we entered the calm water and saw the comfrable lights gleaming in the houses, and felt the roal of the vessel degreasing, never was two mortals gladder, I warrant, than we were. At length our capting drew up at the key, and our journey was down. But such a bustle and clatter, such jabbering, such shrieking and swaring, such wolleys of oafs and axications as saluted us on landing, I never knew! We were boarded, in the fust place, by custom-house officers in cock-hats, who seased our luggitch, and called for our passpots: then a crowd of inn-waiters came, tumbling and screaming on deck.—“Dis way, sare,” cries one; “Hôtel Meurice,” says another; “Hôtel de Bang,” screeches another chap—the tower of Babyle was nothink to it. The fust thing that struck me on landing was a big fellow with earrings, who very nigh knock me down, in wrenching master's carpet-bag out of my hand, as I was carrying it to the hotell. But we got to it safe at last; and, for the fust time in my life I slept in a foring country.

I shan't describe this town of Balong, which, as it has been visited by not less (on an avaridge) than two milliums of English since I fust saw it twenty years ago, is tolrabbly well known already. It's a dingy mellumcolly place, to my mind; the only thing moving in the streets is the gutter which runs down em. As for wooden shoes, I saw few of em; and for frogs, upon my honour I never see a single Frenchman swallow one, which I had been led to beleave was their reglar, though beastly custom. One thing which amazed me was the singlar name which they give to this town of Balong. It's divided, as everyboddy knows, into an upper town (sityouate on a mounting, and surrounded by a wall, or *bullyvar*) and a lower town, which is on the level of the sea. Well, will it be believed that they called the upper town the *Hot Veal*, and the other the *Base Veal*, which is, on the contry, genrally good in France, though the beaf, it must be confest, is exscrabble.

It was in the Base Veal that Deuceace took his lodgian, at the Hôtel de Bang, in a very crooked street called the Rue del Ascew; and if he'd been the Archbishop of Devonshire or the Duke of Canterbury he could not have given himself greater hairs, I can tell you.

Nothink was too fine for us now; we had a sweet of rooms on the first floor, which belonged to the prime minister of France (at least the landlord said they were the *premier's*); and the Hon. Algernon Percy Deuceace, who had not paid his landriss, and came to Dover in a coach, seamed now to think that goold was too vulgar for him, and a carriage and six would break down with a man of his weight. Shampang flew about like gingerpop, besides bordo, clarit, burgundy, burgong, and other winds, and all the delixes of the Balong kitchens. We stopped a fortnit at this dull place, and did nothing from morning to night excep walk on the beach, and watch the ships going in and out of arber; with one of them long, sliding opera-glasses, which they call, I don't know why, tallow-scoops. Our amusements for the fortnit we stopped here were boath numerous and daliteful; nothink, in fact, could be more *pickong*, as they say. In the morning before breakfast we boath walked on the Peer; master in a blue mareen jackit, and me in a slap-up new livry; both provided with long sliding opra-glasses, called as I said (I don't know Y, but I suppose it's a scientafick term) tallow-scoops. With these we igsamined, very attentively, the otion, the sea-weed, the pebbils, the dead cats, the fish-wimmin, and the waives (like little children playing at leap-frog), which came tumbling over 1 and other on to the shoar. It seemed to me as if they were scrambling to get there, as well they might, being sick of the sea, and anxious for the blessid, peaceable *terry firmy*.

After brexfast, down we went again (that is, master on his beat, and me on mine—for my place in this foring town was a complete *shiny-cure*), and putting our tally-scoops again in our eyes, we egsumined a little more the otion, pebbils, dead cats, and so on; and this lasted till dinner, and dinner till bed-time, and bed-time lasted till nex day, when came brexfast, and dinner, and tally-scooping, as befoar. This is the way with all people of this town, of which, as I've heard say, there is ten thousand happy English, who lead this plesnt life from year's end to year's end.

Besides this, there's billiards and gambling for the gentlemen, a little dancing for the gals, and scandle for the dowyers. In none of these amusements did we partake. We were a little too good to play crown pints at cards, and never get paid when we won; or to go dangling after the portionless gals, or amuse ourselves with slops and penny-wist along with

the old ladies. No, no ; my master was a man of fortun now, and behaved himself as sich. If ever he condysended to go into the public room of the Hôtel de Bang—the French (doubtliss for reasons best known to themselves) call this a sallymanjy—he swoar more and lowder than any one there ; he abyoused the waiters, the wittles, the winds. With his glas in his i, he staired at every body. He took always the place before the fire. He talked about “my carridge,” “my currier,” “my servant ;” and he did wright. I’ve always found through life, that if you wish to be respected by English people you must be insalent to them, especially if you are a sprig of nobilaty. We *like* being insulted by noablemen—it shows they’re familiar with us. Law bless us ! I’ve known many and many a genlman about town who’d rather be kicked by a lord than not be noticed by him ; they’ve even had an awe of *me*, because I was a lord’s footman. While my master was hectoring in the parlor at Balong, pretious airs I gave myself in the kitching, I can tell you ; and the consequents was that we were better served, and moar liked, than many pipples with twice our merrit.

Deuceace had some partiklar plans, no doubt, which kep him so long at Balong ; and it clearly was his wish to act the man of fortune there for a little time before he tried the character at Paris. He purchased a carridge, he hired a currier, he rigged me in a fine new livry blazin with lace, and he past through the Balong bank a thousand pound of the money he had won from Dawkins, to his credit at a Paris house ; showing the Balong bankers at the same time that he’d plenty more in his potfolio. This was killin two birds with one stone ; the bankers’ clarks spread the nuse over the town, and in a day after master had paid the money, every old dowyer in Balong had looked out the Crabs’ family podigree in the Peeridge, and was quite intimate with the Deuceace name and estates. If Sattn himself were a lord, I do beleave there’s many virtuous English mothers would be glad to have him for a son-in law.

Now, though my master had thought fitt to leave town without excommunicating with his father on the subject of his intended continental tripe, as soon as he was settled at Balong he roat my Lord Crabbs a letter, of which I happen to have a copy. It ran thus :

“*Boulogne, January 25.*

“MY DEAR FATHER,—I have long, in the

course of my legal studies, found the necessity of a knowledge of French, in which language all the early history of our profession is written, and have determined to take a little relaxation from chamber reading, which has seriously injured my health. If my modest finances can bear a two months’ journey, and a residence at Paris, I propose to remain there that period.

“Will you have the kindness to send me a letter of introduction to Lord Bobtail, our ambassador ? My name, and your old friendship with him, I know would secure me a reception at his house ; but a pressing letter from yourself would at once be more courteous and more effectual.

“May I also ask you for my last quarter’s salary ? I am not an expensive man, my dear father, as you know ; but we are no chameleons, and fifty pounds (with my little earnings in my profession) would vastly add to the *agrémens* of my continental excursion.

“Present my love to all my brothers and my sisters. Ah ! how I wish the hard portion of a younger son had not been mine, and that I could live without the dire necessity for labour, happy among the rural scenes of my childhood, and in the society of my dear sisters and you ! Heaven bless you, dearest father, and all those beloved ones now dwelling under the dear old roof at Sizes.

“Ever your affectionate son,

“ALGERNON.

“*The Right Hon. the Earl of Crabs, &c.,*  
“*Sizes Court, Bucks.*”

To this affeckshnat letter his lordship replied, by return of poast, as follos :

“MY DEAR ALGERNON,—Your letter came safe to hand, and I enclose you the letter for Lord Bobtail, as you desire. He is a kind man, and has one of the best cooks in Europe.

“We were all charmed with your warm remembrances of us, not having seen you for seven years. We cannot but be pleased at the family affection which, in spite of time and absence, still clings so fondly to home. It is a sad, selfish world, and very few who have entered it can afford to keep those fresh feelings which you have, my dear son.

“May you long retain them, is a fond father’s earnest prayer. Be sure, dear Alger-non, that they will be through life your greatest comfort, as well as your best worldly ally ; consoling you in misfortune, cheering you in



depression, aiding and inspiring you to exertion and success.

"I am sorry, truly sorry, that my account at Coutts' is so low, just now, as to render a payment of your allowance for the present impossible. I see by my book that I owe you now nine quarters, or 450*l*. Depend on it, my dear boy, that they shall be faithfully paid over to you on the first opportunity.

"By the way, I have enclosed some extracts from the newspapers which may interest you; and have received a very strange letter from a Mr. Blewitt, about a play transaction, which, I suppose, is the case alluded to in these prints. He says you won 4,700*l*. from one Dawkins: that the lad paid it; that he, Blewitt, was to go what he calls 'snacks' in the winning; but that you refused to share the booty. How can you, my dear boy, quarrel with these vulgar people, or lay yourself in any way open to their attacks? I have played myself a good deal, and there is no man living who can accuse me of a doubtful act. You should either have shot this Blewitt or paid him. Now, as the matter stands, it is too late to do the former; and, perhaps, it would be Quixotic to perform the latter. My dearest boy, recollect through life that *you never can afford to be dishonest with a rogue*. Four thousand seven hundred pounds was a great *coup*, to be sure.

As you are now in such high feather, can you, dearest Algernon! lend me five hundred pounds? Upon my soul and honour, I will repay you. Your brothers and sisters send you their love. I need not add that you have always the blessings of your affectionate father,

"CRABS.

"P.S.—Make it 550*l*., and I will give you my note-of-hand for a thousand."

I needn't say that this did not *quite* enter into Deuceace's eyedeers. Lend his father 500 pounds, indeed! He'd as soon have lent him a box on the year! In the fust place, he hadn't seen old Crabs for seven years, as that nobleman remarked in his epistol; in the secknd he hated him, and they hated each other; and nex, if master had loved his father ever so much, he loved somebody else better—his father's son, namely; and sooner than deprive that exlent young man of a penny, he'd have seen all the fathers in the world hanging at Newgat, and all the "beloved ones," as he called his sisters, the Lady Deuceacisses, so many convix at Bottomy Bay.

The newspaper parrowgrafs showed that,

however secret *we* wished to keep the play transaction, the public knew it now full well, Blewitt, as I found after, was the author of the libles which appeared right and left.

"GAMBLING IN HIGH LIFE:—The *Honourable* Mr. De—c—ce again!—This celebrated whist-player has turned his accomplishments to some profit. On Friday, the 16th January, he won five thousand pounds from a *very* young gentleman, Th—m—s Sm—th D—wk—ns, Esq., and lost two thousand five hundred to R. Bl—w—tt, Esq., of the T—ple. Mr. D. very honourably paid the sum lost by him to the honourable whist-player, but we have not heard that, *before his sudden trip to Paris*, Mr. D—uc—ce paid *his* losings to Mr. Bl—w—tt."

Nex came a "Notice to Corryspondents:"

"Fair Play asks us, if we do know of the gambling doings of the notorious Deuceace? We answer, WE DO; and, in our very next Number, propose to make some of them public."

\* \* \* \* \*

They didn't appear, however; but, on the contry, the very same newspepper, which had been before so abusiff of Deuceace, was now loud in his praise. It said:

"A paragraph was inadvertently admitted into our paper of last week, most unjustly assailing the character of a gentleman of high birth and talents, the son of the exemplary E—rl of Cr—bs. We repel, with scorn and indignation, the dastardly falsehoods of the malignant slanderer who vilified Mr. De—c—ce; and beg to offer that gentleman the only reparation in our power for having thus tampered with his unsullied name. We disbelieve the *ruffian* and *his story*, and most sincerely regret that such a tale, or *such a writer*, should ever have been brought forward to the readers of this paper."

This was satisfactory, and no mistake: and much pleased we were at the denial of this consentionious editor. So much pleased that master sent him a ten pound noat and his complymints. He'd sent another to the same address, *before* this parrowgraff was printed; why, I can't think: for I woodn't suppose anything musnary in a littery man.

Well, after this bisniss was concluded, the currier hired, the carridge smartened a little, and me set up in my new livries, we bade ajew



to Bulong in the grandest state posbill. What a figger we cut! and, my i, what a figger the postillion cut! A cock-hat, a jackit made out of a cow's-skin (it was in cold weather), a pig-tale about 3 fit in lenth, and a pare of boots! Oh, sich a pare! A bishop might almost have preached out of one, or a modrat-sized famly slep in it. Me and Mr. Schwigschnaps, the currier, sate behind in the rumbill; master aloan in the inside, as grand as a Turk, and rapt up in his fine fir-cloak. Off we sett, bowing gracefly to the crowd; the harniss-bells jinglin, the great white hosses snortin, kickin, and squeelin, and the postillium crackin his wip, as loud as if he'd been drivin her majesty the quean.

\* \* \* \* \*

Well, I shan't describe our voyitch. We passed sefral sitties, willitches, and metrapolishes; sleeping the fust night at Amiens, witch, as everyboddy knows, is famous ever since the year 1802 for what's called the Pease of Amiens. We had some, very good, done with sugar and brown sos, in the Amiens way. But after all the boasting about them, I think I like our marrowphats better.

Speaking of wedgytables, another singler axdent happened here concerning them. Master, who was brexfasting before going away, told me to go and get his fur travling-shoes. I went and toald the waiter of the inn, who stared, grinned (as these chaps always do), said "*Bong*" (which means, very well), and presently came back.

*I'm blest if he didn't bring master a plate of cabbitch!* Would you bleave it, that now, in the nineteenth sentry, when they say there's schoolmasters abroad, these stewpid French jackasses are so extonishingly ignorant as to call a *cabbridge* a *shoo*! Never, never let it be said, after this, that these benighted souperstitious, misrabbie *savidges*, are equill, in any respec, to the great Brittish people. The moor I travvle, the moor I see the world, and other natiums, I am proud of my own, and despise and deplore the retchid ignorance of the rest of Yourup.

\* \* \* \* \*

My remarks on Parris you shall have by an early opportunity. Me and Deuceace played some curious pranx there, I can tell you.

C. Y.

## NO. VI.—MR. DEUCEACE AT PARIS.

### CHAPTER I.

#### THE TWO BUNDLES OF HAY.

LEFTENANT-GENERAL SIR GEORGE GRIFFIN, K.C.B., was about seventy-five years old when he left this life, and the East Injine army, of which he was a distinguisht ornymnt. Sir George's first appearance in Injar was in the character of a cabbng boy to a vessel; from which he rose to be clerk to the owners at Calcutta, from which he became all of a sudden a capting in the Company's service; and so rose and rose, until he rose to be a leftenant-general, when he stopped rising altogether—hopping the twigg of this life, as drummers, generals, dustmen, and emprors must do.

Sir George did not leave any male hair to perpatuate the name of Griffin. A widow of about twenty-seven, and a daughter avaritching twenty-three, was left behind to deploar his loss, and share his proppaty. On old Sir George's deth, his intresting widdo and orfan,

who had both been with him in Injer, returned home—tried London for a few months, did not like it, and resolved on a trip to Paris; where very small London people become very great ones, if they've money, as these Griffinses had. The intelligent reader kneed not be told that Miss Griffin was not the daughter of Lady Griffin; for though marritches are made tollerably early in Injer, people are not quite so precoashoos as all that: the fact is, Lady G. was Sir George's second wife. I need scarcely add, that Miss Matilda Griffin was the offspring of his fust marritch.

Miss Leonora Kicksey, a hansum, lively Islington gal, taken out to Calcutta, and, amongst his other goods, very comforably disposed of by her uncle, Capting Kicksey, was one-and-twenty when she married Sir George at seventy-one; and the 13 Miss Kickseys, nine of whom kep a school at Islington (the other 4 being married variously in the city), were not a little envious of my lady's luck, and not a

little proud of their relationship to her. One of 'em, Miss Jemima Hicksey, the oldest, and by no means the least ugly of the sett, was staying with her ladyship, and gev me all the partecklars. Of the rest of the famly, being of a lo sort, I in course no nothink; *my* acquaintance, thank my stars, don't lie among them, or the likes of them.

Well, this Miss Jemima lived with her younger and more fortunat sister, in the qualaty of companion, or toddy. Poar thing! I'd a soon be a gally slave as lead the life she did! Every body in the house dispised her; her ladyship insulted her; the very kitching gals scorned and flouted her. She roat the notes, she kep the bills, she made the tea, she whipped the chocklate, she cleaned the Canary birds, and gev out the linning for the wash. She was my lady's walking pocket or rittycule: and fetched and carried her handkercher, or her smell-bottle, like a well-bred spaniel. All night, at her ladyship's swarries, she thumped kidrills (nobody ever thought of asking *her* to dance!); when Miss Griffin sung, she played the piano, and was scolded because the singer was out of tune; abommanating dogs, she never drove out without her ladyship's puddle in her lap; and, reglarly unwell in a carridge, she never got anything but the back seat. Poar Jemima! I can see her now in my lady's *secknd-best* old clothes (the ladies'-maids always got the prime leavings). A liloc sattn gown, crumpled, blotched, and greasy; a pair of white sattn shoes, of the colour of Injer rubber; a faded yellow velvet hat, with a wreath of hartifishl flowers run to sead, and a bird of Parrowdice perched on the top of it, mellumcolly and moulting, with only a couple of feathers left in his unfortunate tail.

Besides this ornyment to their saloon, Lady and Miss Griffin kep a number of other servants in the kitching; 2 ladies'-maids; 2 footmin, six feet high each, crimson coats, goold knots, and white cassymear pantyloons; a coachmin to match; a page; and a Shassure, a kind of servant only known among forriners, and who looks more like a major-general than any other mortal, wearing a cock-hat, a unicorn covered with silver-lace, mustashos, eplets, and a sword by his side. All these to wait upon two ladies; not counting a host of the fair sex, such as cooks, scullion, housekeepers, and so forth.

My Lady Griffin's lodging was at forty pound a week, in a grand sweet of rooms in

the Plas Vandome at Paris. And, having thus described their house, and their servants' hall, I may give a few words of description concerning the ladies themselves.

In the fust place, and in coarse, they hated each other. My lady was twenty-seven—a widda of two years—fat, fair, and rosy. A slow, quiet, cold-looking woman, as those fair-haired gals genrally are, it seemed difficult to rouse her either into likes or dislikes; to the former, at least. She never loved any body but *one*, and that was herself. She hated, in her calm, quiet way, almost every one else who came near her—every one, from her neighbour the duke, who had slighted her at dinner, down to John the footman, who had torn a hole in her train. I think this woman's heart was like one of them lithographic stones, you *can't rub out any thing* when once its drawn or wrote on it; nor could you out of her ladyship's stone—heart, I mean—in the shape of an affront, a slight, or real or phansied injury. She bore an exlent, irreprotchable character, against which the tongue of scandile never wagged. She was allowed to be the best wife possbill—and so she was; but she killed her old husband in two years, as dead as ever Mr. Thurtell killed Mr. William Weare. She never got into a passion, not she—she never said a rude word; out she'd a genius—a genius which many women have—of making *a hell* of a house, and tort'ring the poor creatures of her family, until they were wellnigh drove mad.

Miss Matilda Griffin was a good deal uglier, and about as amiable as her mother-in-law. She was crooked, and squinted; my lady, to do her justas, was straight, and looked the same way with her i's. She was dark, and my lady was fair—sentimental, as her ladyship was cold. My lady was never in a passion—Miss Matilda always; and awfle were the scenes which used to pass between these 2 women, and the wickid, wickid quarls which took place. Why did they live together? There was the mistry. Not related, and hating each other like pison, it would surely have been easier to remain sepat, and so have detested each other at a distans.

As for the fortune which old Sir George had left, that, it was clear, was very considrable—300 thowsnd lb. at the least, as I have heard say. But nobody knew how it was disposed of. Some said that her ladyship was sole mistriss of it, others that it was divided, others that she had only a life inkum, and that the

money was all to go (as was natral) to Miss Matilda. These are subjix which are not praps very interesting to the British public; but were mighty important to my master, the Honrabble Algernon Percy Deuceace, esquire, barrister at law, etsettler, etsettler.

For I've forgot to inform you that my master was very intimat in this house; and that we were now comfortably settled at the Hotel Mirabew (pronounced Marobô in French), in the Rew dely Pay, at Paris. We had our cab, and two riding-horses; our banker's book, and a thousand pound for a balants at Lafitt's; our club at the corner of the Rew Gramong; our share in a box at the oppras; our apartments spacious and elygant; our swarries at court; our dinners at his exlensy Lord Bobtail's and elsewhere. Thanks to poar Dawkins's five thousand pound, we were as complete a gentleman as any in Paris.

Now my master, like a wise man as he was, seasing himself at the head of a smart sum of money, and in a country where his debts could not bother him, determined to give up for the presnt every think like gambling—at least, high play; as for losing or winning a ralow of Napoleums at whist or ecarty, it did not matter; it looks like money to do such things, and gives a kind of respectabillaty. "But as for play, he wouldn't—O no! not for worlds!—do such a thing." "He *had* played, like other young men of fashn, and won and lost [old fox! he didn't say he had *paid*]; but he had given up the amusement, and was now determined, he said, to live on his inkum." The fact is, my master was doing his very best to act the respectable man: and a very good game it is too: but it requires a precious great roag to play it.

He made his appearans reglar at church—me carrying a handsome large black marqcky Prayer-book and Bible, with the psalms and lessons marked out with red ribbings; and you'd have thought, as I graivly laid the voloms down before him, and as he berried his head in his nicely brushed hat, before survice began, that such a pious, proper, morl, young nobleman was not to be found in the whole of the peeridge. It was a comfort to look at him. Efry old tabby and dowyer at my Lord Bobtail's turned up the wights of their i's when they speke of him, and vovd they had never seen such a dear, daliteful, exlent young man. What a good son he must be, they said; and oh, what a good son-in-law! He had the pick of all the English gals at Paris before we

had been there 3 months. But, unfortunately, most of them were poar; and love and a cottidge was not quite in master's way of thinking.

Well, about this time my lady Griffin and Miss G. maid their appearants at Parris, and master, who was up to snough, very soon changed his noat. He sate near them at chapple, and sung hims with my lady: he danced with 'em at the embassy balls; he road with them in the Boy de Balong and the Shandeleasies (which is the French High Park); he roat potry in Miss Griffin's halbim, and sang jewets along with her and Lady Griffin: he bought sweet-meats for the puddle dog: he gave money to the footmin, kissis and gloves to the sniggering ladies'-maids; he was sivil even to poar Miss Kicksey; there wasn't a single soal at the Griffinses that didn't adoar this good young man.

The ladies, if they hated befoar, you may be sure detested each other now wuss than ever. There had been always a jallowsy between them; miss jellows of her mother-in-law's beauty; madam of miss's espre; miss taunting my lady about the school at Islington, and my lady snearing at miss for her squint and her crookid back. And now came a stronger caws. They both fell in love with Mr. Deuceace—my lady, that is to say, as much as she could, with her cold selfish temper. She liked Deuceace, who amused her and made her laff. She liked his manners, his riding, and his good loox; and being a *pervinew* herself had a dubble respect for real aristocratick flesh and blood. Miss's love, on the contrary, was all flams and fury. She'd always been at this work from the time she had been at school, where she very nigh run away with a French master; next with a footman (which I may say, in confidence, is by no means unnatral or unusyouall, as I *could shew if I liked*); and so had been going on sins fifteen. She reglarly flung herself at Deuceace's head—such sighing, crying, and ogling, I never see. Often was I ready to bust out laffin, as I brought master skoars of rose-coloured *billydoos*, folded up like cock-hats, and smelling like barber's shops, which this very tender young lady used to address to him. Now, though master was a scoundrill and no mistake, he was a gentlemin, and a man of good breeding; and *miss came a little too strong* (pardon the vulgarity of the xpression) with her hardor and attachimint, for one of his taste. Besides, she had a crooked spine, and a squint; so that (supposing their fortns tol-

rabbly equal) Deuceace reely preferred the mother-in-law.

Now, then, it was his bisniss to find out which had the most money. With an English famly this would have been easy: a look at a will at Doctor Commons'es would settle the matter at once. But this India naybob's will was at Calcutty, or some outlandish place; and there was no getting sight of a copy of it. I will do Mr. Algernon Deuceace the justas to say, that he was so little musnary in his love for Lady Griffin, that he would have married her gladly even if she had ten thousand pound less than Miss Matilda. In the mean time his plan was to keep 'em both in play, until he could strike the best fish of the two—not a difficult matter for a man of his genius; besides, Miss was hooked for certain.

## CHAPTER II.

"HONOUR THY FATHER."

I SAID that my master was adoared by every person in my Lady Griffin's establishment. I should have said by every persone excep one, —a young French gnlnm, that is, who, before our appearants, had been mighty particklar with my lady, ockupying by her side exactly the same pasition which the Honrabble Mr. Deuceace now held. It was bewtiffle and headifying to see how coolly that young nobleman kicked the poor Shevalliy de L'Orge out of his shoes, and how gracefully he himself stept into em. Munseer de L'Orge was a smart young French gentleman, of about my master's age and good looks, but not possest of  $\frac{1}{2}$  my master's impidinee. Not that that quallaty is uncommon in France; but few, very few, had it to such a degree as my exlent employer, Mr. Deuceace. Besides De L'Orge was reglarly and reely in love with Lady Griffin, and master only pretending: he had, of coars, an advantitch, which the poor Frenchman never could git. He was all smiles and gaty, while Delorge was ockward and melumcolly. My master had said twenty pretty things to Lady Griffin, befor the shevalier had finished smoothing his hat, staring at her, and sighing fit to bust his weskit. O luv, luv! *This* isn't the way to win a woman, or my name's not Fitzroy Yellowplush! Myself, when I begun my carear among the fair sex, I was always sighing and moping, like this poor Frenchman. What was the consquints? The foar fust women I adoared lafft at me, and left

me for something more lively. With the rest I have edopted a diffrent game, and with tolerable suxess, I can tell you. But this is eggatism, which I aboar.

Well, the long and short of it is, that Munseer Ferdinand Hyppolite Xavier Stanislas, Shevalier de L'Orge, was reglar cut out by Munseer Algernon Percy Deuceace, Exquire. Poar Ferdinand did not leave the house—he hadn't the heart to do that—nor had my lady the desire to dismiss him. He was usefle in a thousand different ways, getting oppra-boxes, and invitations to French swarries, bying gloves, and O de Colong, writing French noats, and such like. Always let me recommend an English famly, going to Paris, to have at least one young man of the sort about them. Never mind how old your ladyship is, he will make love to you; never mind what errints you send him upon, he'll trot off and do them. Besides, he's always quite and wel-drest, and never drinks more than a pint of wind at dinner, which (as I say) is a pint to consider. Such a convenients of a man was Munseer de L'Orge—the greatest use and comfort to my lady posbill; if it was but to laff at his bad pronounciatium of English, it was somthink amusink; the fun was to pit him against poar Miss Kicksey, she speakin French, and he our naytif British tong.

My master, to do him justace, was perfickly sivvle to this poar young Frenchman; and having kicked him out of the place which he occupied, sertingly treated his fallen anymy with every rispect and consideration. Poar modest down-hearted little Ferdinand adoared my lady as a goddice! and so he was very polite, likewise, to my master—never ventring once to be jellows of him, or to question my Lady Griffin's right to change her lover, if she choase to do so.

Thus, then, matters stood; master had two strinx to his bo, and might take either the widdo or the orfn, as he preferred: *com bong lwee somblay*, as the French say. His only pint was to discover how the money was disposed off, which evidently belonged to one or other, or boath. At any rate he was sure of one; as sure as any mortil man can be in this sublimary spear, where nothink is suttin excep unsertinty.

\* \* \* \* \*

A very unixpected insident here took place, which in a good deal changed my master's calkylations.

One night, after conducting the two ladies



to the oppra, after suppink of white soop, sammy-de-perdrow, and shampang glassy (which means, eyed), at their house in the Plas Vendom, me and master droav hoam in the cab, as happy as possbill.

"Chawls, you d—d scoundrel," says he to me (for he was in an exlent humer), "when I'm marrid, I'll dubbil your wagis."

This he might do, to be sure, without injuring himself, seeing that he had as yet never paid me any. But, what then? Law bless us! things would be at a pretty pass if we suvvants only lived on our *wagis*; our puck-wisits is the thing, and no mistake.

I ixprest my gratitude as best I could; swear that it wasn't for wagis that I served him—that I would as leaf weight upon him for nothink; and that never, never, so long as I livd, would I, of my own accord, part from such an exlent master. By the time these two spitches had been made—my spitch and his—we arrived at the Hôtel Mirabeu; which, as every body knows, ain't very distant from the Plas Vandome. Up we marched to our apartmince, me carrying the light and the cloax, master hummink a hair out of the oppra, as merry as a lark.

I opened the doar of our salong. There was lights already in the room; an empty shampang bottle roaling on the floor, another on the table; near which the sofy was drawn, and on it lay a stout old genlmn, smoaking seagars as if he'd bean in an inn tap-room.

Deuceace (who abommanates seagars, as I've already shewn), bust into a furious raige against the genlmn, whom he could hardly see for the smoak; and with a number of oaves quite unnecessary to repeat, asked him what bisniss he'd there.

The smoaking chap rose, and, laying down his seagar, began a roar of laffin, and, "What! Algy! my boy! don't you know me?"

The reader may, praps, recklect a very affecting letter which was published in the last number of these memoars; in which the writer requested a loan of five hundred pound from Mr. Algernon Deuceace, and which boar the respected signatur of the Earl of Crabs, Mr. Deuceace's own father. It was that distinguished arastycrat who was now smokin and laffin in our room.

My Lord Crabs, was, as I preshumed, about 60 years old. A stowt, burly, red-faced, bald-headed nobleman, whose nose seemed blushing at what his mouth was continually swallowing; whose hand, praps, trembled a little; and

whose thy and legg was not quite so full or as steddy as they had been in former days. But he was a respectabble, fine-looking, old nobleman; and though it must be confest,  $\frac{1}{2}$  drunk when we fust made our appearance in the salong, yet by no means moor so than a reel noblemin ought to be.

"What, Algy! my boy!" shouts out his lordship, advancing and seasing master by the hand, "doan't you know your own fater?"

Master seemed anythink but overhappy. "My lord," says he, looking very pail, and speakin rayther slow, "I didn't—I confess—the unexpected pleasure—of seeing you in Paris. The fact is, sir," said he, recovering himself a little; "the fact is, there was such a confounded smoke of tobacco in the room, that I really could not see who the stranger was who had paid me such an unexpected visit."

"A bad habit, Algernon; a bad habit," said my lord, lighting another segar: "a disgusting and filthy practice, which you, my dear child, will do well to avoid. It is at best, dear Algernon, but a nasty, idle pastime, unfitting a man as well for mental exertion as for respectable society; sacrificing at once the vigour of the intellect and the graces of the person. By-the-by, what infernal bad tobacco they have, too, in this hotel. Could not you send your servant to get me a few segars at the Café de Paris? Give him a five-franc piece, and let him go at once, that's a good fellow."

Here his lordship hiccuped, and drank off a fresh tumbler of shampang. Very sulkily, master drew out the coin, and sent me on the errint.

Knowing the Café de Paris to be shut at that hour, I didn't say a word, but quietly establisht myself in the anteroom; where, as it happend by a singler coinstdints, I could hear every word of the conversation between this exlent pair of relatifs.

"Help yourself, and get another bottle," says my lord, after a sollum paws. My poar master, the king of all other compnies in which he moved, seamed here but to play secknd fiddill, and went to the cubbard, from which his fater had already igstracted two bottles of his prime Sillary.

He put it down before his fater, coft, spit, opened the windows, stirred the fire, yawned, clapt his hand to his forehead, and suttlny seemed as uneezy as a genlmn could be. But it was of no use; the old one would not budg.

"Help yourself," says he again; "and pass me the bottil."

"You are very good, father," says master; "but, really, I neither drink nor smoke."

"Right, my boy: quite right. Talk about a good conscience in this life—a good *stomack* is everythink. No bad nights, no headachs—eh? Quite cool and collected for your law-studies in the morning—eh?" And the old nobleman here grinned, in a manner which would have done credit to Mr. Grimoldi.

Master sate pale and wincing, as I've seen a pore soldier under the cat. He didn't anser a word. His exlent pa went on, warming as he continued to speak, and drinking a fresh glas at evry full stop.

"How you must improve, with such talents and such principles! Why, Algernon, all London talks of your industry and perseverance! you're not merely a philosopher, man! hang it! you've got the philosopher's stone. Fine rooms, fine horses, champagne, and all for 200 a year!"

"I presume sir," says my masfer, "that you mean the two hundred a year which *you* pay me?"

"The very sum, my boy!" cries my lord, laffin as if he would die. "Why, that's the wonder! I never pay the two hundred a year, and you keep all this state up upon nothing. Give me your *sécret*, O you young Trismegistus! Tell your old father how such wonders can be worked, and I will—yes, then, upon my word, I will—pay you your two hundred a year!"

"*Enfin*, my lord," says Mr. Deuceace, starting up and losing all patience, "will you have the goodness to tell me what this visit means? You leave me to starve, for aught you care; and you grow mighty facetious because I earn my bread. You find me in prosperity and——"

"Precisely, my boy; precisely. Keep your temper, and pass that bottle. I find you in prosperity, and a young gentleman of your genius and acquirements asks me why I seek his society! Oh, Algernon! Algernon! this is not worthy of such a profound philosopher. *Why* do I seek you? Why, because you *are* in prosperity, O my son! else, why the devil should I bother myself about you? Did I, your poor mother, or your family, ever get from you a single affectionate feeling? Did we, or any other of your friends or intimates, ever know you to be guilty of a single honest or generous action? Did we ever pretend any love for you, or you for us?" Algernon Deuce-

ace, you don't want a father to tell you that you are a swindler and a spendthrift! I have paid thousands for the debts of yourself and your brothers; and, if you pay nobody else, I am determined you shall repay me. You would not do it by fair means, when I wrote to you and asked you for a loan of money. I knew you would not. Had I written again to warn you of my coming, you would have given me the slip; and so I come, uninvited, to *force* you to repay me. *That's* why I am here, Mr. Algernon; and so help yourself and pass the bottle."

After this speech, the old genlmn sunk down on the sofa, and puffed as much smoke out of his mouth as if he'd been the chimley of a steam-injian. I was pleased, I confess, with the sean, and liked to see this venerable and virtuous old man a-nocking his son about the hed; just as Deuceace had done with Mr. Richard Blewitt, as I've before shewn. Master's face was, fust, red-hot; next, chawk-white; and then, sky-blew. He looked, for all the world, like Mr. Tippy Cooke in the tragedy of *Frankinstang*. At last he man-nidged to speak.

"My lord," says he, "I expected when I saw you that some such scheme was on foot. Swindler and spendthrift as I am, at least it is but a family failing; and I am indebted for my virtues to my father's precious example. Your lordship, has, I perceive, added drunk-ness to the list of your accomplishments; and, I suppose, under the influence of that gentlemanly excitement, have come to make these preposterous propositions to me. When you are sober, you will, perhaps, be wise enough to know, that, fool as I may be, I am not such a fool as you think me; and that if I have got money, I intend to keep it—every farthing of it, though you were to be ten times as drunk, and ten times as threatening as you are now."

"Well, well, my boy," said Lord Crabs, who seemed to have been half asleep during his son's oratium, and received all his snears and surcasms with the most complete good-humour; "well, well, if you will resist—*tant pis pour toi*—I've no desire to ruin you, recollect, and am not in the slightest degree angry; but I must and will have a thousand pounds. You had better give me the money at once; it will cost you more if you don't."

"Sir," says Mr. Deuceace, "I will be equally candid. I would not give you a farthing to save you from——"



Here I thought proper to open the door, and, touching my hat, said, "I have been to the Café de Paris, my lord, but the house is shut."

"*Bon*: there's a good lad; you may keep the five francs. And now, get me a candle and show me downstairs."

But my master seized the wax taper. "Pardon me, my lord," says he. "What! a servant to do it, when your son is in the room? Ah, *par exemple*, my dear father," said he, laughing, "you think there is no politeness left among us." And he led the way out.

"Good night, my dear boy," said Lord Crabs.

"God bless, you, sir," says he. "Are you wrapped warm? Mind the step!"

And so this affeckshnate pair parted.

### CHAPTER III.

#### MINEWYRING.

MASTER rose the nex morning with a dismal countinants—he seamed to think that his pa's visit boded him no good. I heard him muttering at his brexfast, and fumbling among his hundred pound notes; once he had laid a parsle of them aside (I knew what he meant), to send em to his father. "But no," says he at last, clutching them all up together again, and throwing them into his escritaw, "what harm can he do me? If he is a knave, I know another who's full as sharp. Let's see if we cannot beat him at his own weapons." With that Mr. Deuceace drest himself in his best clothes, and marched off to the Plas Vandom, to pay his cort to the fair widdo and the intresting orfn.

It was abowt ten o'clock, and he propoased to the ladies, on seeing them, a number of planns for the day's rackryation. Riding in the Body Balong, going to the Twillaries to see King Looy Disweet (who was then the raining sufferin of the French crownd) go to Chapple, and, finely, a dinner at 5 o'clock at the Caffy de Parry; whents they were all to ajourn, to see a new peace at the theatre of the Pot, St. Martin, called *Sussannar and the Elders*.

The gals agreed to everythink, exsep the two last prepositiums. "We have an engagement, my dear Mr. Algernon," said my lady. "Look—a very kind letter from Lady Bobtail." And she handed over a pafewmd noat from that exolted lady. It ran thus:

"FBG. ST. HONORE,

"*Thursday, Feb. 15, 1817.*

"My dear Lady Griffin,—It is an age since we met. Harassing public duties occupy so much myself, and Lord Bobtail, that we have scarce time to see our private friends; among whom, I hope, my dear Lady Griffin will allow me to rank her. Will you excuse so very unceremonious an invitation, and dine with us at the Embassy to-day? We shall be *en petit comité*, and shall have the pleasure of hearing, I hope, some of your charming daughter's singing in the evening. I ought, perhaps, to have addressed a separate note to dear Miss Griffin; but I hope she will pardon a poor *diplomate*, who has so many letters to write you know.

"Farewell till seven, when I *positively must* see you both. Ever, dearest Lady Griffin, your affectionate

"ELIZA BOBTAIL."

Such a letter from the ambassdriss, brot by the ambador's Shassure, and sealed with his seal of arms, would affect anybody in the middling ranx of life. It droav Lady Griffin mad with delight; and, long before my master's arrive, she'd sent Mortimer and Fitzclarence, her two footmin, along with a polite reply in the affummatif.

Master read the noat with no such fealinx of joy. He felt that there was somethink a-going on behind the seans, and though he could not tell how, was sure that some danger was near him. That old fox of a father of his had begun his M'Inations pretty early!

Deuceace handed back the letter, sneared and poohd, and hinted that such an invatation was an insult at best (what he called a *pees ally*); and, the ladies might depend upon it, was only sent because Lady Bobtail wanted to fill up two spare places at her table. But Lady Griffin and miss would not have his insinuations; they knew too fu lords ever to refuse an invitatum from any one of them. Go they would; and poor Deuceace must dine alone. After they had been on their ride, and had had their other amusemince, master came back with them, chatted, and laft; mighty sarkastix with my lady; tender and sentrymentle with miss; and left them both in high sperrits to perform their twollet, before dinner.

As I came to the door (for I was as famillyer as a servnt of the house), as I came into the drawing-room to announts his cab, I saw master

very quietly taking his pocket-book (or *pot fool*, as the French call it) and thrusting it under one of the cushinx of the sofa. What game is this? thinx I.

Why, this was the game. In abowt two hours, when he knew the ladies were gon, he pretends to be vastly anxious abowt the loss of his potfolio; and back he goes to Lady Griffinses, to seek for it there.

"Pray," says he, on goin in, "ask Miss Kicksey if I may see her for a single moment." And down comes Miss Kicksey, quite smiling, and happy to see him.

"Low, Mr. Deuceace!" says she, trying to blush as hard as ever she could, "you quite surprise me! I don't know whether I ought, really, being alone, to admit a gentleman."

"Nay, don't say so, dear Miss Kicksey! for—do you know, I came here for a double purpose—to ask about a pocket-book which I have lost, and may, perhaps, have left here; and then to ask if you will have the great goodness to pity a solitary bachelor, and give him a cup of your nice tea?"

*Nice Tea!* I thot I should have split; for I'm blest if master had eaten a morsle of dinner!

Never mind: down to tea they sate. "Do you take cream and sugar, dear sir?" says poar Kicksey, with a voice as tender as a tuttleduff.

"Both, dearest Miss Kicksey;" answers master; and stowed in a power of sashong and muffinx which would have done honour to a washawoman.

I shan't describe the conversation that took place betwixt master and this young lady. The reader, praps, knows y Deuceace took the trouble to talk to her for an hour, and to swallow all her tea. He wanted to find out from her all she knew about the family money matters, and settle at once which of the two Griffinses he should marry.

The poar thing, of cors, was no match for such a man as my master. In a quarter of an hour he had, if I may use the igspression, "turned her inside out." He knew every-thing that she knew; and that, poar creature, was very little. There was nine thousand a year, she had heard say, in money, in houses, in banks in Injar, and what not. Boath the ladies signed papers for selling or buying, and the money seemed equally divided betwixt them.

*Nine thousand a year!* Deuceace went away, his cheex tingling, his hart beating. He, with-

out a penny, could, nex morning, if he liked, be master of five thousand per hannum!

Yes. But how? Which had the money, the mother or the daughter? All the tea-drinking had not taught him this piece of nollidge; and Deuceace thought it a pity that he could not marry both.

\* \* \* \*

The ladies came back at night, mightaly pleased with their reseption at the ambasdor's; and, stepping out of their carridge, bid coachmin drive on with a gentleman who had handed them out—a stout old gentleman, who shook hands most tenderly at parting, and promised to call often upon my Lady Griffin. He was so polite that he wanted to mount the stairs with her ladyship; but no, she would not suffer it. "Edward," says she to coachmin, quite loud, and pleased that all the people in the hotel should hear her, "you will take the carriage, and drive *his lordship* home." Now, can you guess who his lordship was? The Right Hon. Earl of Crabs, to be sure; the very old gnlnm whom I had seen on such charming terms with his son the day before. Master knew this the nex day, and began to think he had been a fool to deny his pa the thousand pound.

Now, though the suckmstansies of the dinner at the ambasdor's only came to my years some time after, I may as well relate 'em here, word for word, as they was told me by the very genlmm who waited behind Lord Crabseses chair.

There was only a "*petty comity*" at dinner, as Lady Bobtail said; and my Lord Crabs was placed betwixt the two Griffinses, being mighty ellygant and palite to both. "Allow me," says he to Lady G. (between the soop and the fish), "my dear madam, to thank you for your goodness to my poor boy. Your ladyship is too young to experience, but, I am sure, far too tender not to understand the gratitude which must fill a fond parent's heart for kindness shown to his child. Believe me," says my lord, looking her full and tenderly in the face, "that thefavours you have done to another have been done equally to myself, and awaken in my bosom the same grateful and affectionate feelings with which you have already inspired my son Algernon."

Lady Griffin blusht, and droopt her head till her ringlets fell into her fish-plate: and she swallowed Lord Crabs's flumry just as she would so many musharuins. My lord (whose powers of slack-jaw was notoarious) nex

addrasst another spitch to Miss Griffin. He said he'd heard how Deuceace was *situated*. Miss blusht—what a happy dog he was—Miss blusht crimson, and then he sighed deeply, and began eating his turbat and lobster sos. Master was a good un at flumry, bute law bless you! he was no more equill to the old man than a mole hill is to a mounting. Before the night was over, he had made as much progress as another man would in a ear. One almost forgot his red nose and his big stomick, and his wicked leering i's, in his gentle insiniwating woice, his fund of annygoats, and, above all, the bewtifle, morl, religious, and honrabble toan of his genral conversation. Praps you will say that these ladies were, for such rich pippel, mightaly esaly captivated; but recklect, my dear sir, that they was fresh from Injar—that they'd not sean many lords—that they adoared the peeridge, as evey honest woman does in England who has proper feelinx, and has read the fashnabble novvles—and that here at Paris was their very fust step into fashnabble sositaty.

Well, after dinner, while Miss Matilda was singing "*Die tantie*," or "*Dip your chair*," or some of them sellabrated Italyin hairs (when she began, this gall, hang me if she'd ever stop), my lord gets hold of Lady Griffin again, and gradgaly begins to talk to her in a very different strane.

"What a blessing it is for us all," says he, "that Algernon has found a friend so respectable as your ladyship."

"Indeed, my lord; and why? I suppose I am not the only respectable friend that Mr. Deuceace has?"

"No surely; not the only one he *has had*; his birth and, permit me to say, his relationship to myself have procured him many. But——" (here my lord heaved a very affecting and large sigh).

"But what?" says my lady, laffing at the igspression of his dismal face. "You don't mean that Mr. Deuceace has lost them, or is unworthy of them?"

"I trust not, my dear madam, I trust not; but he is wild, thoughtless, extravagant, and embarrassed: and you know a man under these circumstances is not very particular as to his associates."

"Embarrassed? Good heavens! He says he has two thousand a year left him by a god-mother; and he does not seem even to spend his income—a very handsome independence too for a bachelor."

My lord nodded his head sadly, and said—"Will your ladyship give me your word of honour to be secret? My son has but a thousand a year, which I allow him, and is heavily in debt. He has played, madam, I fear, and for this reason I am so glad to hear that he is in a respectable domestic circle, where he may learn, in the presence of far greater and purer attractions, to forget the dice-box and the low company which has been his banè."

My Lady Griffin looked very grave indeed. Was it true? Was Deuceace sincere in his professions of love, or was he only a sharper wooing her for her money? Could she doubt her informer—his own father, and, what's more, a real flesh and blood pear of parlyment? She determined she would try him. Praps she did not know she had liked Deuceace so much, until she kem to feel how much she should *hate* him if she found he'd been playing her false.

The evening was over, and back they came, as we've seen—my lord driving home in my lady's carriage, her ladyship and Miss walking upstairs to their own apartmince.

Here, for a wonder, was poor Miss Kicksy, quite happy and smiling, and evidently full of a secret—something mighty pleasant, to judge from her loox. She did not long keep it. As she was making tea for the ladies (for in that house they took a cup reglar before bedtime), "Well, my lady," says she, "who do you think has been to drink tea with me?" Poor thing! a frendly face was an event in her life—a tea party quite a hera!

"Why, perhaps, Lenoir my maid," says my lady, looking grave. "I wish, Miss Kicksy, you would not demean yourself by mixing with my domestics. Recollect, madam, that you are sister to Lady Griffin."

"No, my lady, it was not Lenoir; it was a gentleman, and a handsome gentleman, too."

"Oh, it was Monsieur de l'Orge, then," says Miss; "he promised to bring me some guitar-strings."

"No, nor yet M. de l'Orge. He came, but was not so polite as to ask for me. What do you think of your own beau, the Honourable Mr. Algernon Deuceace?" and, so saying, poor Kicksy clapped her hands together, and looked as joyffe as if she'd come into a fortin.

"Mr. Deuceace here! and why, pray?" says my lady, who recklected all that his exlent pa had been saying to her.

"Why, in the first place he had left his

pocket-book, and in the second he wanted, he said, a dish of my nice tea, which he took, and stayed with me an hour or moar."

"And pray, Miss Kicksy," says Miss Matilda, quite contempshusly, "what may have been the subject of your conversation with Mr. Algernon? Did you talk politics, or music, or fine arts, or metaphysics?" Miss M. being what was called a *blue* (as most hump-backed women in sossiaty are), always made a pint to speak on these grand subjects.

"No, indeed; he talked of no such awful matters. If he had, you know, Matilda, I should never have understood him. First we talked about the weather, next about muffins and crumpets. Crumpets, he said, he liked best; and then we talked" (here Miss Kicksy's voice fell) "about poor dear Sir George in heaven! what a good husband he was, and——"

"What a good fortune he left—eh, Miss Kicksy?" says my lady, with a hard, snearing voice, and a diabollicle grin.

"Yes, dear Leonora, he spoke so respectfully of your blessed husband, and seemed so anxious about you and Matilda, it was quite charming to hear him, dear man!"

"And pray, Miss Kicksy, what did you tell him?"

"Oh, I told him that you and Leonora had nine thousand a year, and——"

"What then?"

"Why, nothing; that is all I know. I am sure I wish I had ninety," says poor Kicksy, her eyes turning to heaven.

"Ninety fiddlesticks! Did not Mr. Deuceace ask how the money was left, and to which of us?"

"Yes; but I could not tell him."

"I knew it!" says my lady, slapping down her teacup—"I knew it!"

"Well," says Miss Matilda, "and why not, Lady Griffin? There is no reason you should break your teacup because Algernon asks a harmless question. He is not mercenary; he is all candour, innocence, generosity! He is himself blest with a sufficient portion of the world's goods to be content; and often and often has he told me, he hoped the woman of his choice might come to him without a penny, that he might shew the purity of his affection."

"I've no doubt," says my lady. "Perhaps the lady of his choice is Miss Matilda Griffin!" and she flung out of the room, slamming the door, and leaving Miss Matilda to bust into tears, as was her reglar custom, and pour her

loves and woas into the buzzom of Miss Kicksy.

## CHAPTER IV.

### "HITTING THE NALE ON THE HEDD."

THE next morning, down came me and master to Lady Griffinsces—I amusing myself with the gals in the antyroom, he paying his devours to the ladies in the salong. Miss was thrumming on her gitter; my lady was before a great box of papers, busy with accounts, bankers' books, lawyers' letters, and what not. Law bless us! it's a kind of bisniss I should like well enuff; especially when my hannual account was seven or eight thousand on the right side, like my lady's. My lady in this house kep all these matters to herself. Miss was a vast deal too sentimentle to mind business.

Miss Matilda's eyes sparkled as master came in; she pinte gracefully to a place on the sofy beside her, which Deuceace took. My lady only looked up for a moment, smiled very kindly, and down went her head among the papers agen, as busy as a B.

"Lady Griffin has had letters from London," says miss, "from nasty lawyers and people. Come here and sit by me, you naughty man, you!"

And down sat master. "Willingly," says he, "my dear Miss Griffin; why, I declare, it is quite a *tête-à-tête*."

"Well," says miss (after the prillimnary flumries, in coarse), "we met a friend of yours at the embassy, Mr. Deuceace."

"My father, doubtless; he is a great friend of the ambassador, and surprised me myself by a visit the night before last."

"What a dear, delightful old man! how he loves you, Mr. Deuceace!"

"Oh, amazingly," says master, throwing his i's to heaven.

"He spoke of nothing but you, and such praises of you!"

Master breathed more freely. "He is very good, my dear father; but blind, as all fathers are, he is so partial and attached to me."

"He spoke of your being his favourite child, and regretted that you were not his eldest son. 'I can but leave him the small portion of a younger brother,' he said; 'but never mind, he has talents, a noble name, and an independence of his own.'"

"An independence? yes, oh yes; I am quite independent of my father."



"Two thousand pounds a year left you by your godmother; the very same you told us, you know."

"Neither more nor less," says master, bobbing his head; "a sufficiency, my dear Miss Griffin, to a man of my moderate habits, an ample provision."

"By the by," cries out Lady Griffin, interrupting the conversation, "you who are talking about money matters there, I wish you would come to the aid of poor *me*! Come, naughty boy, and help me out with this long, long sum."

*Didn't he go*—that's all! My i, how his i's shone, as he skipt across the room, and seated himself by my lady!

"Look!" said she, "my agents write me over that they have received a remittance of 7,200 rupees, at 2s. 9d. a rupee. Do tell me what the sum is, in pounds and shillings;" which master did with great gravity.

"Nine hundred and ninety pounds. Good; I daresay you are right. I'm sure I can't go through the fatigue to see. And now comes another question. Whose money is this, mine or Matilda's? You see it is the interest of a sum in India, which we have not had occasion to touch; and according to the terms of poor Sir George's will, I really don't know how to dispose of the money except to spend it. Matilda, what shall we do with it.

"La, ma'am, I wish you would arrange the business yourself."

"Well, then, Algernon, *you* tell me;" and she laid her hand on his, and looked him most pathetically in the face.

"Why," says he, "I don't know how Sir George left his money; you must let me see his will first."

"Oh, willingly."

Master's chair seemed suddenly to have got springs in the cushions; he was obliged to *hold himself down*.

"Look here, I have only a copy, taken by my hand from Sir George's own manuscript. Soldiers, you know, do not employ lawyers much, and this was written on the night before going into action." And she read, "'I George Griffin, &c., &c.—you know how these things begin—'being now of sane mind'—um, um, um—'leave to my friends, Thomas Abraham Hicks, a colonel in the H. E. I. Company's Service, and to John Monro Mackirkincroft of the house of Huffle, Mackirkincroft, and (Dobbs, at Calcutta), the whole of my property, to be realised as speedily as they may (consis-

tently with the interests of the property, in trust for my wife, Leonora Emilia Griffin born L. E. Kicksy), and my only legitimate child, Matilda Griffin. The interest resulting from such property to be paid to them, share and share alike; the principal to remain untouched, in the names of the said T. A. Hicks and J. M. Mackirkincroft, until the death of my wife, Leonora Emilia Griffin, when it shall be paid to my daughter, Matilda Griffin, her heirs, executors, or assigns.'"

"There," said my lady, "we won't read any more: all the rest is stuff. But now you know the whole business, tell us what is to be done with the money?"

"Why, the money, unquestionably, should be divided between you."

"*Tant mieux*," say I; I really thought it had been all Matilda's."

\* \* \* \* \*

There was a pause for a minute or two after the will had been read. Master left the desk at which he had been seated with her ladyship, paced up and down the room for a while, and then came round to the place where Miss Matilda was seated. At last he said in a low trembling voice,

"I am almost sorry, my dear Lady Griffin, that you have read that will to me; for an attachment such as I feel must seem, I fear, mercenary, when the object of it is so greatly favoured by worldly fortune. Miss Griffin—Matilda! I know I may say the word; your dear eyes grant me the permission. I need not tell you, or you, dear mother-in-law, how long, how fondly, I have adored you. My tender, my beautiful Matilda, I will not affect to say I have not read your heart ere this, and that I have not known the preference with which you have honoured me. *Speak it*, dear girl! from your own sweet lips, in the presence of an affectionate parent, utter the sentence which is to seal my happiness for life. Matilda, dearest Matilda! say, oh say, that you love me!"

Miss M. shivered, turned pale, rowled her eyes about, and fell on master's neck, whispering hoddibly, "*I do*!"

My lady looked at the pair for a moment with her teeth grinding, her i's glaring, her busm throbbing, and her face chock white, for all the world like Madame Pasty, in the oppra of *Mydear* (when she's goin to mudder her childring, you recklet) and out she slounced from the room, without a word, knocking

down poar me, who happened to be very near the dor, and leaving my master along with his crook-back mistress.

I've repotted the speech he made to her pretty well. The fact is, I got it in a ruff copy, which if any boddy likes, they may see

at Mr. Frazieres; only on the copy it's wrote, "*Lady Griffin Leonora!*" instead of "*Miss Griffin Matilda,*" as in the abuff, and so on.

Master had hit the right nail on the head this time, he thought; but his adventors an't over yet.

C. Y.

## NO. VII.—MR. DEUCEACE AT PARIS.

(Continued.)

### CHAPTER V.

#### THE GRIFFIN'S CLAWS.

WELL; master had hit the right nail on the head this time: thanx to luck—the crooked one, to be sure, but then it had the *goold nobb*, which was the part Deuceace most valued, as well he should; being a connyshure as to the rellatif valyou of pretious metals, and much preferring virging goold like this to poor old battered iron like my Lady Griffin.

And so, in spite of his father (at which old noblemin Mr. Deuceace now snapt his fingers), in spite of his debts (which, to do him Justas, had never stood much in his way), and in spite of his povatty, idleness, extravygans, swindling, and debotcheries of all kinds (which ain't *genyrrally* very favorabbble to a young man who has to make his way in the world); in spite of all, there he was, I say, at the topp of the trea, the fewcher master of a perfect fortun, the defianced husband of a fool of a wife. What can mortal man want more? Vishns of ambishn now occupied his soal. Shooting boxes, oppra boxes, money boxes always full; hunters at Melton; a seat in the House of Commins: Heaven knows what! and not a poar footman, who only describes what he's seen, and can't, in cors, pennytrate into the idears and busms of men.

You may be shore that the three-cornerd noats came pretty thick now from the Griffinses. Miss was always a-writin them befoar; and now, nite, noon, and mornink, breakfast, dinner, and soppor, in they came, till my pantry (for master never read 'em, and I carried 'em out) was puffickly intolrabbble from the oder of musk, ambygrease, bargymot, and other sense with which they were impregnated. Here's the contense of three on 'em, which I've kep in my dex these twenty years as skewriosities.

Faw! I can smel 'em at this very minit, as I am copying them down.

"BILLY DOO. NO. I.

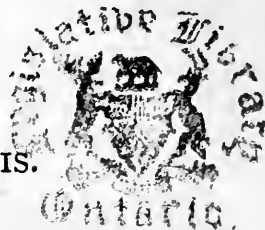
"*Monday morning, 2 o'clock.*

"'Tis the witching hour of night. Luna illumines my chamber, and falls upon my sleepless pillow. By her light I am inditing these words to thee, my Algernon. My brave and beautiful, my soul's lord! when shall the time come when the tedious night shall not separate us, nor the blessed day? Twelve! one! two! I have heard the bells chime, and the quarters, and never cease to think of my husband. My adored Percy, pardon the girlish confession—I have kissed the letter at this place. Will thy lips press it too, and remain for a moment on the spot which has been equally saluted by your

"MATILDA?"

This was the *fust* letter, and was brot to our house by one of the poar footmin, Fitzclarence, at sick's o'clock in the morning. I thot it was for life and death, and woak master at that extrornary hour, and gave it to him. I shall never forgit him, when he red it; he cramped it up, and he cust and swoar, applying to the lady who roat, the genlmn that brought it, and me who intojuiced it to his notice, such a collection of epitafs as I seldom hered, excep at Billinxgit. The fact is thiss, for a fust letter, miss's noat was *rather* too strong and sentymentle. But that was her way; she was always reading melancholy stoary books—Thaduse of Wawsaw, the Sorrows of MacWhirter, and such like.

After about 6 of them, master never yoused to read them; but handid them over to me, to see if there was anythink in them which must be answered, in order to kip up appearuntses. The next letter is





## "No. II.

"Beloved ! to what strange madnesses will passion lead one ! Lady Griffin, since your avowal yesterday, has not spoken a word to your poor Matilda ; has declared that she will admit no one (heigho ! not even you, my Algernon) ; and has locked herself in her own dressing-room. I do believe that she is *jealous*, and fancies that you were in love with *her* ! Ha, ha ! I could have told her *another tale*—*n'est ce pas ?* Adieu, adieu, adieu ! A thousand thousand million kisses !

"M. G.

"Monday afternoon, 2 o'clock."

There was another letter kem before bed-time ; for though me and master called at the Griffinses, we wairnt allowed to enter at no price. Mortimer and Fitzclarence grind at me, as much as to say we were going to be relations ; but I dont spose master was very sorry when he was obleachd to come back without seeing the fare object of his affeckshns.

Well, on Chewsdy there was the same game ; ditto on Wensday ; only, when we called there, who should we see but our father, Lord Crabs, who was waiving his hand to Miss Kicksey, and saying *he should be back to dinner at 7*, just as me and master came up the stares. There was no admittns for us though. "Bah ! bah ! never mind," says my lord, taking his son affeckshnatly by the hand. "What, two strings to your bow ; ay, Algernon ? The dowager a little jealous, miss a little lovesick. But my lady's fit of anger will vanish, and I promise you, my boy, that you shall see your fair one to-morrow."

And so saying, my lord walked master down stares, looking at him as tender and affeckshnat, and speaking to him as sweet as posbill. Master did not know what to think of it. He never new what game his old father was at ; only he somehow felt that he had got his head in a net, in spite of his suxess on Sunday. I knew it—I knew it quite well, as soon as I saw the old genlmn igsammin him, by a kind of smile which came over his old face, and some-think betwistg the angellic and the direbollicle.

But master's dowts were cleared up nex day and every thing was bright again. At brex-fast, in comes a note with inclosier, boath of witch I here copy :

## "No. IX.

"Thursday morning.

"Victoria, Victoria ! Mamma has yielded

at last : not her consent to our union, but her consent to receive you as before ; and has promised to forget the past. Silly woman, how could she ever think of you as anything but the lover of your Matilda ? I am in a whirl of delicious joy and passionate excitement. I have been awake all this long night, thinking of thee, my Algernon, and longing for the blissful hour of meeting. Come !

"M. G."

This is the enclosier from my lady.

"I will not tell you that your behaviour on Sunday did not deeply shock me. I had been foolish enough to think of other plans, and to fancy your heart (if you had any) was fixed elsewhere than on one at whose foibles you have often laughed with me, and whose person at least cannot have charmed you.

"My step-daughter will not, I presume, marry without at least going through the ceremony of asking my consent ; I cannot, as yet, give it. Have I not reason to doubt whether she will be happy in trusting herself to you ?

"But she is of age, and has the right to receive in her own house all those who may be agreeable to her—certainly you, who are likely to be one day so nearly connected with her. If I have honest reason to believe that your love for Miss Griffin is sincere ; if I find in a few months that you yourself are still desirous to marry her, I can, of course, place no further obstacles in your way.

"You are welcome, then, to return to our hotel. I cannot promise to receive you as I did of old ; you would despise me if I did. I can promise, however, to think no more of all that has passed between us, and yield up my own happiness for that of the daughter of my dear husband.

"L. E. G."

Well, now, an't this a manly, straitforard letter enough, and natral from a woman whom we had, to confess the truth, treated most scuvvily ? Master thought so, and went and made a tender, respeckful speach to Lady Griffin (a little flumry costs nothink). Grave and sorrosfe he kist her hand, and, speakin in a very low adgitayted voice, calld Hevn to witness how he deplord that his conduct should ever have given rise to such an unfortnt ideer : but if he might offer her esteem, respect, the warmest and tenderest admiration, he trusted she would accept the same, and a deal moar flumry of the kind, with dark, sellum

glansis of the eyes, and plenty of white pocket-hankercher.

He thought he'd make all safe. Poor fool! he was in a net—such a net as I never yet see set to ketch a roag in.

## CHAPTER VI.

### THE JEVL.

THE Shevalier de l'Orge, the young Frenchman whom I wrote of in my last, who had been rather shy of his visits while master was coming it so very strong, now came back to his old place by the side of Lady Griffin; there was no love now, though, betwixt him and master, although the shevallier had got his lady back agin; Deuceace being compleatly devoted to his crookid Veanus.

The shevalier was a little, pale, moddist, insinifisht creature; and I shoodn't have thought, from his appearants, would have the heart to do harm to a fli, much less to stand befor such a tremendous tiger and fire-eater as my master. But I see putty well, after a week, from his manner of going on—of speakin at master, and lookin at him, and holding his lips tight when Deuceace came into the room, and glaring at him with his i's, that he hated the Honrabble Algernon Percy.

Shall I tell you why? Because my Lady Griffin hated him; hated him wuss than pison, or the devvle, or even wuss than her daughter-in-law. Praps you phansy that the letter you have juss red was honest; praps you amadgin that the sean of the reading of the wil came on by mere chans, and in the reglar cors of suckmstansies: it was all a *game*, I tell you—a reglar trap; and that extrodnar clever young man, my master, as neatly put his foot into it, as ever a pocher did in fesnt preserve.

The shevalier had his q from Lady Griffin. When Deuceace went off the feald, back came De l'Orge, to her feet, not a witt less tender than befor. Por fellow, por fellow! he really loved this woman. He might as well have foln in love with a bore-constructor! He was so blindid and beat by the power which she had got over him, that if she told him black was white, he'd beleave it, or if she ordered him to commit murder, he'd do it—she wanted something very like it, I can tell you.

I've already said how, in the fust part of their acquaintance, master used to laff at De l'Orge's bad English and funny ways. The little creature had a thowsnd of these; and being small, and a Frenchman, master, in cors,

looked on him with that good-humoured kind of contempt which a good Brittn ot always to show. He rayther treated him like an intelligent munky than a man, and ordered him about as if he'd been my lady's footman.

All this munseer took in very good part, until after the quarl betwixt Master and Lady Griffin; when that lady took care to turn the tables. Whenever master and miss were not present (as I've heard the servants say), she used to laff at shevalliy for his obeajance and sivillatty to master. "For her part, she wondered how a man of his birth could act a servnt; how any man could submit to such contemsheous behaviour from another; and then she told him how Deuceace was always snearing at him behind his back; how, in fact, he ought to hate him corjaly, and how it was suttnly time to shew his sperrit."

Well, the poor little man beleavd all this from his hart, and was angry or pleased, gentle or quarlsum, igsactly as my lady liked. There got to be frequent rows betwixt him and master; sharp words flung at each other across the dinner-table; dispewts about handing ladies their smelling-botls, or seeing them to their carridge; or going in and out of a room fust, or any such nonsince.

"For Hevn's sake," I heerd my lady, in the midl of one of these tiffs, say, pail, and the tears trembling in her i's, "do, do be calm; Mr. Deuceace. Monsieur de l'Orge, I beseech you to forgive him. You are, both of you, so esteemed, low'd by members of this family, that for its peace as well as your own you should forbear to quarrel."

It was on the way to the Sally Mangy that this brangling had begun, and it ended jest as they were seating themselves. I shall never forgit poor little De l'Orge's eyes when my lady said, "*both* of you." He stair'd at my lady for a momint, turned pail, red, look'd wild, and then, going round to master, shook his hand as if he would have wrung it off. Mr. Deuceace only bowed and grind, and turned away quite stately; miss heaved a loud O from her busm, and looked up in his face with an igspreshn jest as if she could have eat him up with love; and the little shevalliy sate down to his soop-plate, and was so happy, that I'm blest if he wasn't crying! He thought the widdow had made her declaryation, and would have him; and so thought Deuceace, who looked at her for some time mighty bitter and contemptshus, and then fell-a-talking with miss.

Now, though master didn't choose to marry

for Lady Griffin, as he might have done, he yet thought fit to be very angry at the notion of her marrying anybody else; and so consequently, was in a fewry at this confision which she had made regarding her parshaleaty for the French shevaleer.

And this I've perseaved in the cors of my expearants through life, that when you vex him, a roag's no longer a roag: you find him out at onst when he's in a passion, for he shows, as it ware, his cloven foot the very instnt you tread on it. At least this is what *young* roags do; it requires very cool blood and long practis to get over this pint, and not to show your pashn when you feel it and snarl when you are angry. Old Crabs wouldn't do it; being like another noblemin, of whom I heard the Duke of Wellington say, while waiting behind his gracis chair, that if you were kicking him from behind, no one standing before him wuld know it, from the bewtifile smiling igspreshn of his face. Young master hadn't got so far in the thief's grammer, and, when he was angry, showed it. And its also to be remarked (a very profownd observatin for a footmin, but we have i's though we *do* wear plush britchis), it's to be remarked, I say, that one of these chaps is much sooner maid angry than another, because honest men yield to other people, roags never do; honest men love other people, roags only themselves; and the slightest thing which comes in the way of thir beloved object sets them fewrious. Master hadn't led a life of gambling, swindling, and every kind of debotch to be goodtempered at the end of it, I prommis you.

He was in a pashun, and when he *was* in a pashun, a more insalent, insuffrable, overbearing broot, didn't live.

This was the very pint to which my lady wished to bring him; for I must tell you that, though she had been trying all her might to set master and the shevaillay by the years, she had suxcaded only so far as to make them hate each other profowndly: but some how or other, the 2 cox wouldn't *fight*.

I doan't think Deuceace ever suspected any game, on the part of her ladyship, for she carried it on so admirally, that the quarls which daily took place betwigtst him and the Frenchman never seemed to come from her; on the contry, she acted as the reglar pease-maker between them, as I've just shown in the tiff which took place at the door of the Sally Mangy. Besides, the 2 young men, though reddy enough to snarl, were natrally unwilling

to cum to bloes. I'll tell you why: being friends, and idle, they spent their mornins as young fashnabbles genrally do, at billiards, fensing, riding, pistle-shooting, or some such improoving study. In billiards, master beat the Frenchmn hollow (and had won a pretious sight of money from him: but that's neither here nor there, or, as the French say, *ontry noo*); at pistle-shooting, master could knock down eight immidges out of ten, and De l'Orge seven; and in fensing, the Frenchman could pink the Honorabbe Algernon down evry one of his weskit buttns. They'd each of them been out more than onst, for every Frenchman will fight, and master had been obleag'd to do so in the cors of his bisniss; and knowing each other's curridg, as well as the fact that either could put a hundrid bolls running into a hat at 30 yards, they wain't *very* willing to try such exparrymence upon their own hats with their own heads in them. So you see they kep quiet, and only grould at each other.

But to-day Deuceace was in one of his thundering black humers; and when in this way he wouldn't stop for man or devvle. I said that he walked away from the shevaillay, who had given him his hand in his sudden bust of joyfle good humour, and who, I do bleave, would have hugd a she-bear, so very happy was he. Master walked away from him pale and hotty, and, taking his seat at table, no moor mindid the brandishments of Miss Griffin, but only replied to them with a pshaw, or a dam at one of us servnts, or abuse of the soop, or the wind; cussing and swearing like a trooper, and not like a well-bred son of a noble British peer.

"Will your ladyship," says he, slivering off the wing of a *pully ally bashymall*, "allow me to help you?"

"I thank you! no; but I will trouble Monsieur de l'Orge. And towards that genlmn she turned, with a most tender and fasnatng smile.

"Your ladyship has taken a very sudden admiration for Mr. de l'Orge's carving. You used to like mine once."

"You are very skilful; but to-day, if you will allow me, I will partake of something a little simpler."

The Frenchmn helped; and, being so happy, in cors, spilt the gravy. A great blob of brown sos spurted on to master's chick, and myandrewd down his shert collar and virging-white weskit.

"Confound you!" says he; "M. de l'Orge,

you have done this on purpose." And down went his knife and fork, over went his tumbler of wind, a deal of it into poor Miss Griffins lap, who looked frightened and ready to cry.

My lady bust into a fit of laughing, peel upon peel, as if it was the best joke in the world. De l'Orge giggled and grinned too. "*Pardong*," says he; "*meal pardong, mong share mun-seer*." And he looked as though he would have done it again for a penny.

The little Frenchman was quite in extasis; he found himself all of a sudden at the very top of the tree; and the laugh for once turned against his rival: he actually had the odd satisfaction to propose to my lady in English to take a glass of wind.

"Veal you," says he, in his jargon, "take a glass of Madère viz me, mi lady?" and he looked round, as if he'd igitally hit the English manner and pronunciation.

"With the greatest pleasure," says Lady G., most graciously nodding at him, and gazing at him as she drank up the wind. She'd refused master before, and *this* didn't increase his good-humor.

Well, they went on, master snarling, snapping, and swearing, making himself, I must confess, as much of a blaggard as any I ever see; and my lady employing her time betwixt him and the shevalliay, doing every think to irritate master and flatter the Frenchman. Desert came: and by this time, miss was stock-still with fright, the chevalier half tipsy with pleasure and gratified vanity. My lady puffishly raygent with smiles and master bloo with rage.

"Mr. Deuceace," says my lady, in a most winning voice, after a little chaffing (in which she only worked him up more and more), "may I trouble you for a few of those grapes? they look delicious."

For answer, master seas'd hold of the gray dish, and sent it sliding down the table to De l'Orge; upsetting, in his way, fruit-plates, glasses, dickanters, and heaven knows what.

"Monsieur de l'Orge," says he, shouting out at the top of his voice, "have the goodness to help Lady Griffin. She wanted *my* grapes long ago, and has found out they are sour."

\* \* \* \* \*

There was a dead pause of a moment or so.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Ah!" says my lady, "*vous osez m'insulter, devant mes gens, dans ma propre maison—c'est par trop fort, monsieur*." And up she got, and flung out of the room. Miss followed

her, screeching out, "Mamma—for God's sake—Lady Griffin!" and here the door slammed on the pair.

Her ladyship did very well to speak French. *De l'Orge* would not have understood her else; as it was, he heard quite enough; and as the door clicked too, in the presents of me, and Messieurs Mortimer and Fitzclarence, the family footman, he walks round to my master, and hits him a slap on the face, and says, "*Prends ça, menteur et lâche!*" which means, "Take that, you liar and coward!"—rather strong expressions for one gentleman to use to another.

Master staggered back and looked bewildered; and then he gave a kind of a scream, and then he made a run at the Frenchman, and then me and Mortimer flung ourselves upon him, whilst Fitzclarence embraced the shevalliay.

"A demain!" says he, clinching his little fist, and walking away, not very sorry to get off.

When he was fairly down stairs, we let go of master; who swallowed a goblet of water, and then pawing a little and pulling out his pus, he presented to Messieurs Mortimer and Fitzclarence a luydor each. "I will give you five more to-morrow," says he, "if you will promise to keep this secret."

And then he walked in to the ladies. "If you knew," says he, going up to Lady Griffin, and speaking very slow (in case we were all at the key-hole), "the pain I have endured in the last minute, in consequence of the rudeness and insolence of which I have been guilty to your ladyship, you would think my own remorse was punishment sufficient, and would grant me pardon."

My lady bowed, and said she didn't wish for explanations. Mr. Deuceace was her daughter's guest, and not hers; but she certainly would never demean herself by sitting again at table with him. And so saying, out she bolted again.

"Oh, Algernon! Algernon!" says Miss, in tears, "what is this dreadful mystery—these fearful shocking quarrels? Tell me, has anything happened? Where, where is the chevalier?"

Master smiled and said, "Be under no alarm, my sweetest Matilda. De l'Orge did not understand a word of the dispute; he was too much in love for that. He is but gone away for half an hour, I believe, and will return to coffee."

I knew what master's game was, for if miss had got a hinkling of the quarrel betwixt him and the Frenchman, we should have had her



screaming at the Hôtel Mirabeu, and the juice and all to pay. He only stopt for a few minnits and cumfitted her, and then drove off to his friend, Captain Bullseye, of the Rifles; with whom, I spose, he talked over this unplesnt bisniss. We fownd, at our hotel, a note from De l'Orge, saying where his seeknd was to be seen.

Two mornings after there was a parrowgraf in *Gallynanny's Messinger*, which I hear beg leaf to transcribe :

*"Fearful Duel.*—Yesterday morning, at six o'clock, a meeting took place, in the Bois de Boulogne, between the Hon. A. P. D—ce-ce, a younger son of the Earl of Cr-bs, and the Chevalier de l'O—. The chevalier was attended by Major de M—, of the Royal Guard, and the Hon. Mr. D— by Captain B-lls-ye, of the British Rifle Corps. As far as we have been able to learn the particulars of this deplorable affair, the dispute originated in the house of a lovely lady (one of the most brilliant ornaments of our embassy), and the duel took place on the morning ensuing.

"The chevalier (the challenged party, and the most accomplished amateur swordsman in Paris) waived his right of choosing the weapons, and the combat took place with pistols.

"The combatants were placed at forty paces, with directions to advance to a barrier which separated them only eight paces. Each was furnished with two pistols. Monsieur de l'O— fired almost immediately, and the ball took effect in the left wrist of his antagonist, who dropped the pistol which he held in that hand. He fired, however, directly with his right, and the chevalier fell to the ground, we fear mortally wounded. A ball has entered above his hip-joint, and there is very little hope that he can recover.

"We have heard that the cause of this desperate duel was a *blow* which the chevalier ventured to give to the Hon. Mr. D. If so, there is some reason for the unusual and determined manner in which the duel was fought.

"Mr. Den—a-e returned to his hotel; whither his excellent father, the Right Hon. Earl of Cr-bs, immediately hastened on hearing of the sad news, and is now bestowing on his son the most affectionate parental attention. The news only reached his lordship yesterday at noon, while at breakfast with his Excellency Lord Bobtail, our ambassador. The noble earl fainted on receiving the intelligence; but

in spite of the shock to his own nerves and health, persisted in passing last night by the couch of his son."

And so he did. "This is a sad business, Charles," says my lord to me, after seeing his son, and settling himself down in our salong. "Have you any segars in the house? And, hark ye, send me up a bottle of wine and some luncheon. I can certainly not leave the neighbourhood of my dear boy."

## CHAPTER VII.

### THE CONSQUINSIES.

THE shevallaiy did not die, for the ball came out of it's own accord, in the midst of a violent fever and inflamayshn which was brot on by the wound. He was kep in bed for six weeks though, and did not recover for a long time after.

As for master, his lott, I am sorry to say, was wuss than that of his advisary. Inflammation came on too; and, to make an ugly story short, they were obliged to take off his hand at the rist.

He bore it, in cors, like a Trojin, and in a month he too was well, and his wound heel'd; but I never sea a man look so like a devvle as he used sometimes, when he looked down at the stump!

To be sure, in Miss Griffinses eyes, this only indeered him the mor. She sent twenty noats a day to ask for him, calling him her beloved, her unfortnate, her hero, her wictim, and I dono what. I've kep some of the noats as I tell you, and curiously sentimentle they are, beating the sorrows of MacWhirter all to nothink.

Old Crabs used to come offen, and consumed a power of wind and segars at our house. I bleave he was at Paris because there was an exycution in his own house in England; and his son was a sure find (as they say) during his illness, and couldn't deny himself to the old genlmn. His eveninx my lord spent reglar at Lady Griffin's, where, as master was ill, I didn't go any more now, and where the shevalier wasn't there to disturb him.

"You see how that woman hates you, Deuceace," says my lord, one day, in a fit of cander, after they had been talking about Lady Griffin; "*she has not done with you yet*, I tell you fairly."

"Curse her," says master in a fury, lifting up his maim'd arm—curse her! but I will be

even with her one day. I am sure of Matilda : I took care to put that beyond the reach of a failure. The girl must marry me, for her own sake."

"For her own sake! O ho! Good, good!" My lord lifted his i's, and said gravely, "I understand, my dear boy: it is an excellent plan."

"Well," says master, grinning fearcely and knowingly at his exlent old father, "as the girl is safe, what harm can I fear from the fiend of a stepmother?"

My lord only gev a long whizzle, and, soon after, taking up his hat, walked off. I saw him sawnter down the Plas Vandome, and go in quite calmly to the old door of Lady Griffinses hotel. Bless his old face! such a puffickly good-natured, kind-hearted, merry, selfish old scoundrill I never shall see again.

His lordship was quite right in saying to master that "Lady Griffin hadn't done with him." No moar she had. But she never would have thought of the nex game she was going to play, *if somebody hadn't put her up to it*. Who did? If you red the above passidge, and saw how a venrabbble old genlman took his hat, and sauntered down the Plas Vandome (looking hard and kind at all the nussary-maids—*buns* they call them in France—in the way), I leave you to guess who was the author of the nex skeam; a woman, suttlny, never would have pitcht on it.

In the fust payper which I wrote concerning Mr. Deuceace's adventures, and his kind behaviour to Messrs. Dawkins and Blewitt, I had the honour of laying before the public a skidewl of my master's detts, in witch was the following itim:

"Bills of xchange and I.O.U.'s, 4963l."

The I.O.U.se were trifling, saying a thow-snd pound. The bills amountid to four thowsnd moar.

Now, the lor is in France, that if a genlman gives these in England, and a French genlman gits them in any way, he can pursew the Englishman who has drawn them, even though he should be in France. Master did not know this fact—laboring under a very common mistake, that when onst out of England, he might wissle at all the debts he left behind him.

My Lady Griffin sent over to her slissators in London, who made arrangements with the persons who possest the fine collection of ortografs on stampt paper which master had

left behind him; and they were glad enuff to take any oppertunity of getting back their money.

One fine morning, as I was looking about in the court-yard of our hotel, talking to the servant gals, as was my reglar custom, in order to improve myself in the French languidge, one of them comes up to me and says, "Tenez, Monsieur Charles, down below in the office there is a bailiff, with a couple of gens-d'armes, who is asking for your master—*a-t-il des dettes par hasard?*"

I was struck all of a heap—the truth flasht on my mind's hi. "Toinette," says I, for that was the gal's name—"Toinette," says I, giving her a kiss, "keep them for two minnits as you valyou my affeckshn;" and then I gave her another kiss, and ran up stares to our chambers. Master had now pretty well recovered of his wound, and was aloud to drive abowt: it was lucky for him that he had the strenth to move. "Sir, sir," says I, "the bailiffs are after you, and you must run for your life."

"Bailiffs?" says he: "nonsense! I don't, thank heaven, owe a shilling to any man."

"Stuff, sir," says I, forgetting my respeck; "don't you owe money in England? I tell you the bailiffs are here, and will be on you in a moment."

As I spoke, cling cling, ling ling, goes the bell of the anty-chamber, and there they were sure enough.

What was to be done? Quick as litening, I throws off my livry coat, claps my goold lace hat on master's head, and makes him put on my livry. Then I wraps myself up in his dressing-gown, and lolling down on the sofa, bids him open the dor.

There they were—the bailiff—two jondarms with him—Toinette, and an old waiter. When Toinette sees master, she smiles, and says; "Dis donc, Charles; où est, donc, ton maître? Chez lui, n'est-ce pas? C'est le jeune homme à monsieur," says she, curtsying to the bailiff.

The old waiter was just a-going to blurt out, "Mais ce n'est pas!" when Toinette stops him, and says, "Laissez donc passer ces messieurs, vieux bête;" and in they walk, the 2 jon d'arms taking their post in the hall.

Master throws open the salong doar very gravely, and touching *my* hat he says, "Have you any orders about the cab, sir?"

"Why no, Chawls," says I; "I shan't drive out to-day."

The old bailiff grinned, for he understood



English (having had plenty of English customers), and says in French, as master goes out, "I think, sir, you had better let your servant get a coach, for I am under the painful necessity of arresting you, au nom de la loi, for the sum of ninety-eight thousand seven hundred francs, owed by you to the Sieur Jacques François Lebrum, of Paris:" and he pulls out a number of bills, with master's acceptances on them sure enough.

"Take a chair, sir," says I; and down he sits; and I began to chaff him, as well as I could, about the weather, my illness, my sad accident, having lost one of my hands, which was stuck into my busum, and so on.

At last, after a minnit or two, I could contane no longer, and bust out in a horse laff.

The old fellow turned quite pail, and began to suspect somethink. "Holà!" says he;

"gensdarmes! à moi! à moi! Je suis floué, volé," which means, in English, that he was regular sold.

The jondarmes jumpt into the room, and so did Toinette and the waiter. Grasefly rising from my arm-chare, I took my hand from my dressing-gownd, and, flinging it open, stuck up on the chare one of the neatest legs ever seen.

I then pinted myjestically—to what do you think?—to my PLUSH TITES! those sella-brated inigspressables which have rendered me famous in Yourope.

Taking the hint, the jondarmes and the servants rord out laffing; and so did Charles Yellowplush, Esquire, I can tell you. Old Grippard, the bailiff, looked as if he would faint in his chare.

I heard a kab galloping like mad out of the hotel gate, and knew then that my master was safe.

## NO. VIII.—THE END OF MR. DEUCEACE'S HISTORY.

### CHAPTER VIII.

#### LIMBO.

My tail is droring rabidly to a close: my suv-vice with Mr. Deuceace didn't continyou very long after the last chapter, in which I discribed my admiral strattyjam, and my singlar self-devocean. There's very few servnts, I can tell you, who'd have thought of such a contrivnce, and very few moar would have eggscuted it when thought of.

But, after all, beyond the trifling advantich to myself in selling master's roab de sham, which you, gentle reader, may remember I wear, and in dixcovering a sipun note in one of the pockits—beyond this, I say, there was to poar master very little advantich in what had been done. It's true he had escaped. Very good. But Frans is not like Great Brittn; a man in a livry coat, with 1 arm, is pretty easily known, and caught too, as I can tell you.

Such was the case with master. He coodn leave Paris, moarover, if he would. What was to become, in that case, of his bride—his unchbacked hairis? He knew that young lady's *temprimong* (as the Pariskers say) too well to let her long out of his site. She had nine thousnd a yer. She'd been in love a

duzn times befor, and mite be agin. The Honrabble Algernon Deuceace was a little too wide awake to trust much to the constnsy of so very inflammable a young creacher. Heavn bless us, it was a marrycle she wasn't earlier married! I do bleave (from suttn seans that past betwist us) that she'd have married me, if she hadn't been sejuiced by the supearor rank and indianuity of the genlmn in whose survace I was.

Well, to use a commin igspreshn, the beaks were after him. How was he to manitch? He coodn't get away from his debts, and he wooden quit the fair object of his affeckshus. He was ableejid, then, as the French say, to lie perdw—going out at night, like a howl out of a hivy-bush, and returning in the day-time to his roast. For its a maxum in France (and I wood it were followed in Ingland), that after dark no man is lible for his detts; and in any of the royal gardens—the Twillaries, the Pally Roil, or the Lucksimbug, for example—a man may wander from sunrise to evening, and hear nothing of the ojus dunns: they an't admitted into these places of public enjoyment and rondyvoo any more than dogs; the centuries at the garden gate having orders to shuit all such.

Master, then, was in this uncomfrable situation—neither liking to go nor to stay; peeping out at nights to have an interview with his miss; ableagd to shuffle off her repeated questions as to the reason of all this disguise, and to talk of his two thowsnd a-year jest as if he had it, and didn't owe a shilling in the world.

Of course, now, he began to grow mighty eager for the marritch.

He roat as many noats as she had done befor; swear against delay and cerymony; talked of the pleasures of Hyming, the ardsnip that the ardor of two arts should be allowed to igspire, the folly of waiting for the consent of Lady Griffin. She was but a step-mother, and an unkind one. Miss was (he said) a major, might marry whom she liked; and suddnly had paid Lady G. quite as much attention as she ought, by paying her the compliment to ask her at all.

And so they went on. The curious thing was, that when master was pressed about his cause for not coming out till night time, he was mysterus; and Miss Griffin, when asked why she wooden marry, igsprest, or rather, *didn't* igspress, a similar secrasy. Wasn't it hard? The cup seemed to be at the lip of both of em, and yet somehow they could not manitch to take a drink.

But one morning, in reply to a most desprat epistol wrote by my master over-night, Deuceace, delighted, gits an answer from his soal's beluffd, which ran thus:

MISS GRIFFIN to the Hon. A. P. DEUCEACE.

"DEAREST,—You say you would share a cottage with me; there is no need, luckily, for that! You plead the sad sinking of your spirits at our delayed union. Beloved, do you think *my* heart rejoices at our separation? You bid me disregard the refusal of Lady Griffin, and tell me that I owe her no further duty.

"Adored Algernon! I can refuse you no more. I was willing not to lose a single chance of reconciliation with this unnatural step-mother. Respect for the memory of my sainted father bid me do all in my power to gain her consent to my union with you; nay, shall I own it, prudence dictated the measure; for to whom should she leave the share of money accorded to her by my father's will but to my father's child?

"But there are bounds beyond which no forbearance can go; and, thank Heaven, we have no need of looking to Lady Griffin for

sordid wealth: we have a competency without her. Is it not so, dearest Algernon?

"Be it as you wish, then, dearest, bravest, and best. Your poor Matilda has yielded to you her heart long ago; she has no longer need to keep back her name. Name the hour, and I will delay no more; but seek for refuge in your arms from the contumely and insult which meet me ever here.

"MATILDA.

"P.S.—Oh, Algernon! if you did but know what a noble part your dear father has acted throughout, in doing his best endeavours to further our plans, and to soften Lady Griffin! It is not *his* fault that she is inexorable as she is. I send you a note sent by her to Lord Crabs; we will laugh at it soon, *n'est ce pas?*"

## II.

"MY LORD,—In reply to your demand for Miss Griffin's hand, in favour of your son, Mr. Algernon Deuceace, I can only repeat what I before have been under the necessity of stating to you—that I do not believe a union with a person of Mr. Deuceace's character would conduce to my step-daughter's happiness, and therefore *refuse my consent*. I will beg you to communicate the contents of this note to Mr. Deuceace; and implore you no more to touch upon a subject which you must be aware is deeply painful to me.

"I remain,

"Your lordship's most humble servant,

"L. E. GRIFFIN.

"*The Right Hon. the Earl of Crabs.*"

"Hang her ladyship!" says my master, "what care I for it?" As for the old lord, who'd been so afishous in his kindness and advice, master recknsiled that pretty well with thinking that his lordship knew he was going to marry ten thowsnd a year, and igspected to get some share of it; for he roat back the following letter to his father, as well as a flaming one to miss:

"Thank you, my dear father, for your kindness in that awkward business. You know how painfully I am situated just now, and can pretty well guess *both the causes* of my disquiet. A marriage with my beloved Matilda will make me the happiest of men. The dear girl consents, and laughs at the foolish pretensions of her mother-in-law. To tell you the truth, I wonder she yielded to them so long. Carry your kindness a step further, and find for us a

parson, a licence, and make us two into one. We are both major, you know; so that the ceremony of a guardian's consent is unnecessary:

"Your affectionate,

"ALGERNON DEUCEACE.

"How I regret that difference between us some time back! Matters are changed now, and shall be more still *after the marriage*."

I knew what my master meant—that he would give the old lord the money after he was married; and as it was probable that Miss would see the letter he roat, he made it such as not to let her see two clearly in to his present uncomfortable situation.

I took this letter, along with the tender one for Miss, reading both of 'em, in course, by the way. Miss, on getting hers, gave an inexpressible look with the white of her is, kist the letter, and prest it to her busm. Lord Crabs read his quite calm; and then they fell a-talking together; and told me to wait awhile, and I should git an answer.

After a deal of counseltation, my lord brought out a card, and there was simply written on it,

*To-morrow, at the Ambassador's, at Twelve.*

"Carry that back to your master. Chawls," says he, and bid him not to fail."

You may be sure I stept back to him pretty quick, and gave him the card and the message. Master looked sattsatisfied with both; but suttlnly not over happy; no man is the day before his marriage; much more his marriage with a hump-back, Harriss though she be.

Well, as he was a-going to depart this bachelor life, he did what every man in such suckmstansies ought to do; he made his will—that is, he made a disposition of his property, and wrote letters to his creditors, telling them of his lucky chance; and that after his marriage he would suttlnly pay them every stiver. *Before*, they must know his povvaty well enough to be sure that paymint was out of the question.

To do him justas, he seam'd to be inclined to do the thing that was right, now that it didn't put him to any inkinvenients to do so.

"Chawles," says he, handing me over a ten-pun-note, "here's your wagis, and thank you for getting me out of the scrape with the bailiffs: when I'm married, you shall be my valet out of liv'ry, and I'll treble your salary."

His vallit! praps his butler! Yes, thought

I, here's a chance—a vallit to ten thousand a year. Nothing to do but to shave him, and read his notes, and let my wiskkrs grow; to dress in spick and span black, and a clean shut per day; muffings every night in the house-keeper's room; the pick of the gals in the servnts' hall; a chap to clean my boots for me, and my master's oppera bone reglar once a week. I knew what a vallit was as well as any genl'mn in service; and this I can tell you, he's genrally a happier, idler, hndsomer, more genl'mnly man than his master. He has more money to spend, for genl'mn *will* leave their silver in their weskit pockits; more suxess among the gals; as good dinners, and as good wind—that is, if he's friends with the butler, and friends in corse they will be if they know which way their interest lies.

But these are only cassels in the air, what the French call *shutter d'Espang*. It wasn't roat in the book of fate that I was to be Mr. Deuceace's vallit.

Days will pass at last—even days befor a wedding (the longist and unplesentist day in the whole of a man's life, I can tell you, excèp, may be, the day before his hanging); and at length Aroarer dawned on the suspicious morning which was to unite in the bonds of Hyming the Honrabble Algernon Percy Deuceace, Exquire, and Miss Matilda Griffin. My master's wardrobe wasn't so rich as it had been; for he'd left the whole of his nicknax and trumpry of dressing-cases and rob dy shams, his bewtifule museum of varnished boots, his curous colleckshn of Stulz and Staub coats, when he had been ableaged to quit so sudnly our pore dear lodginx at the Hôtel Mirabew; and, being incog at a frend's house, had contentid himself with ordring a couple of shoots of cloves from a common tailor, with a suffisht quantaty of linning.

Well, he put on the best of his coats—a blue; and I thought it my duty to ask him whether he'd want his frock again; and he was good-natured, and said, "Take it and be hanged to you." And half-past eleven o'clock came, and I was sent to look out at the door, if there were any suspicious charicters (a precious good nose I have to find a bailiff out I can tell you, and an i which will almost see one round a corner); and presnly a very modist green glass-coach droav up, and in master stept. I didn't, in cors, appear on the box; because, being known, my appearints might have compromised master. But I took a short cut, and walked as quick as posbll down to the Rue

de Fobug St. Honoré, where his exlnsy the English ambasdor lives, and where marridges are always performed betwist English folk at Paris.

\* \* \* \*

There is, almost nex door to the ambasdor's hotel, another hotel, of that lo kind which the French call cabbyrays, or wind-houses; and jest as master's green glass-coach pulled up, another coach drove off, out of which came two ladies, whom I knew pretty well—suffiz, that one had a humpback; and the ingenious reader well knew why *she* came there; the other was poar Miss Kicksy who came to see her turned off.

Well, master's glass-coach droav up, jest as I got within a few yards of the door; our caridge, I say, droav up, and stopt. Down gits coachmin to open the door, and up comes I, to give Mr. Deuceace an arm, when—out of the cabaray shoot four fellows, and draw up betwist the coach and the embassy doar; two other chaps go to the other doar of the caridge, and, opening it, one says—“*Rendezvous, M. Deuceace! Je vous arrête au nom de la loi!*” (which means, “Get out of that, Mr. D.; you are nabbed, and no mistake.”) Master turned gashly pail, and sprung to the other side of the coach, as if a serpint had stung him. He flung open the door, and was for making off that way; but he saw the four chaps standing betwist libbarty and him. He slams down the front window, and screams out, “*Fouettez, cocher!*” (which means, “Go it, coachmin!”) in a despt loud voice; but coachmin wooden go it, and besides was off his box.

The long and short of the matter was, that jest as I came up to the door two of the bums jumped into the caridge. I saw all; I knew my duty, and so very mornfly I got up behind.

“*Tiens,*” says one of the chaps in the street; “*c'est ce drôle qui nous a joué l'autre jour.*” I knew 'em, but was too melumclolly to smile.

“*Où irons-nous donc?*” says coachmin to the genlman who had got inside.

A deep voice from the intearor shouted out, in reply to the coachmin, “A SAINTE PÉLAGIE!”

\* \* \* \*

And now, praps, I ot to dixcribe to you the humours of the prizn of Sainte Pélagie, which is the French for Fleet, or Queen's Bench: but on this subject I'm rather shy of writing, partly because the admiral Boz has, in the history of Mr. Pickwick, made such a dix-

cripshn of a prizn, that mine wooden read very amyously afterwids; and also because, to tell you the truth, I did'n stay long in it, being not in a humer to waist my igistance by passing away the ears of my youth in such a dull place.

My fust errint now was, as you may phansy, to carry a noat from Master to his destined bride. The poar thing was sadly taken aback, as I can tell you, when she found, after remaining two hours at the Embassy, that her husband didn't make his appearance. And so, after staying on and on, and yet seeing no husband, she was forced at last to trudge dishconslit home, where I was already waiting for her with a letter from my master.

There was no use now denying the fact of his arrest; and so he confest it at onst; but he made a cock-and-bull story of treachery of a friend, infamous fodgery, and Heaven knows what. However, it didn't matter much; if he had told her that he had been betrayed by the man in the moon, she would have bleavd him.

Lady Griffin never used to appear now at any of my visits. She kep one drawing-room, and Miss dined and lived in another; they quarld so much that praps it was best they should live apart: only my Lord Crabs used to see both, comforting each with that winning and innsnt way he had. He came in as Miss, in tears, was lisning to my account of master's seazure, and hopin that the prizn wasn't a horrid place, with a nasty horrid dunjeon, and a dreadfle jailer, and nasty horrid bread and water. Law bless us! she had borrod her ideers from the novvles she had been reading!

“Oh, my lord, my lord,” says she, “have you heard this fatal story?”

“Dearest Matilda, what? For Heaven's sake, you alarm me! What—yes—no—is it—no, it can't be! Speak!” says my lord, seizing me by the choler of my coat, “what has happened to my boy?”

“Please you, my lord,” says I, “he's at this moment in prizn, no wuss—having been incarcerated about two hours ago.”

“In prison! Algernon in prison! 'tis impossible! Imprisoned, for what sum? Mention it, and I will pay to the utmost farthing in my power.”

“I'm sure your lordship is very kind,” says I (recklecting the sean betwist him and master, whom he wanted to diddil out of a thowsnd lb.); “and you'll be happy to hear he's only in for a trifle. Five thousand pound is, I think, pretty near the mark.”

"Five thousand pounds!—confusion!" says my lord, clasping his hands, and looking up to heaven, "and I have not five hundred! Dearest Matilda, how shall we help him?"

"Alas, my lord, I have but three guineas, and you know how Lady Griffin has the——"

"Yes, my sweet child, I know what you would say; but be of good cheer—Algernon, you know, has ample funds of his own."

Thinking my lord meant Dawkins's five thousand, of which, to be sure, a good lump was left, I held my tongue; but I couldn't help wondering at Lord Crab's igstream compashn for his son, and miss, with her 10,000*l.* a year, having only 3 guineas in her pocket.

I took home (bless us, what a home!) a long and very inflammable letter from miss, in which she dixscribed her own sorrow at the disappointment; swear she lov'd him only the moar for his misfortns; made light of them; as a pusson for a paltry sum of five thousand pound ought never to be cast down, 'specially as he had a certain independence in view; and vowd that nothing, nothing, should ever injuice her to part from him, etsettler, etsettler.

I told master of the conversation which had past betwixt me and my lord, and of his handsome offers, and his horrow at hearing of his son's being taken; and likewise mentioned how strange it was that miss should only have 3 guineas, and with such a fort'n: bless us, I should have thot that she would always have carried a hundred thowsnd lb. in her pocket!

At this master only said Pshaw! But the rest of the story about his father seemed to dixquiet him a good deal, and he made me repeat it over agin.

He walked up and down the room agytated, and it seam'd as if a new lite was breaking in upon him.

"Chawls," says he, "did you observe—did miss—did my father seem *particularly intimate* with Miss Griffin?"

"How do you mean, sir?" says I.

"Did Lord Crabs appear very fond of Miss Griffin?"

"He was suttnly very kind to her."

"Come, sir, speak at once: did Miss Griffin seem very fond of his lordship?"

"Why, to tell the truth, sir, I must say she seemed *very* fond of him."

"What did he call her?"

"He called her his dearest gal."

"Did he take her hand?"

"Yes, and he——"

"And he what?"

"He kist her, and told her not to be so wery down-hearted about the misfortn which had hapnd to you."

"I have it now!" says he, clinching his fist, and growing gashly pail—"I have it now—the infernal old hoary scoundrel! the wicked, unnatural wretch! He would take her from me!" And he poured out a volly of oaves which are impossibill to be repeatid here.

I thot as much long ago: and when my lord kem with his vizits so pretious affecksht at my Lady Griffinses, I expected some such game was in the wind. Indeed, I'd heard a some-think of it from the Griffinses servnts, that my lord was mighty tender with the ladies.

One thing, however, was evident to a man of his intleckshal capassities; he must either marry the girl at onst, or he stood very small chance of having her. He must get out of limbo immediantly, or his respectid father might be stepping into his vaykint shoes. Oh! he saw it all now—the fust attempt at arest, the marridge fixt at 12 o'clock, and the bay-liffs fixt to come and intarup the marridge!—the jewel, praps, betwixt him and De l'Orge: but no, it was the *woman* who did that—a *man* don't deal such fowl blows, igspecially a father to his son: a woman may, poar thing!—she's no other means of reventch, and is used to fight with underhand wepns all her life through.

"Well, whatever the pint might be, this Deuceace saw pretty clear that he'd bean beat by his father at his own game—a trapp set for him onst, which had been defitted by my presnts of mind—another trapp set afterwards, in which my lord had been suxesfle. Now, my lord, roag as he was, was much too good-natered to do an unkind ackshn, nearly for the sake of doing it. He'd got to that pich that he didn't mind injaries—they were all fair play to him—he gave 'em, and reseav'd them, without a thought of mallis. If he wanted to injer his son, it was to benefick himself. And how was this to be done? By getting the hairiss to himself, to be sure. The Honrabble Mr. D. didn't *say so*; but I knew his feelinx well enough—he regretted that he had not given the old genlmn the money he askt for.

Poar fello! he thought he had hit it; but he was wide of the mark after all.

Well, but what was to be done? It was clear that he must marry the gal at any rate—*cootky coot*, as the French say: that is, marry her, and hang the igspence.

To do so he must fust git out of prsn—to git out of prsn he must pay his debts—and, to



pay his debts, he must give every shilling he was worth. Never mind, four thousand pound is a small stake to a reglar gambler, igspecially when he must play it, or rot for life in prisn, and when, if he plays it well, it will give him ten thousand a year.

So, seeing there was no help for it, he maid up his mind, and accordingly wrote the following letter to Miss Griffin :

“ My Adored Matilda,—Your letter has indeed been a comfort to a poor fellow, who had hoped that this night would have been the most blessed in his life, and now finds himself condemned to spend it within a prison wall ! You know the accursed conspiracy which has brought these liabilities upon me, and the foolish friendship which has cost me so much. But what matters ? We have, as you say, enough, even though I must pay this shameful demand upon me ; and five thousand pounds are as nothing, compared to the happiness which I lose in being separated a night from thee ! Courage, however ! If I make a sacrifice it is for you ; and I were heartless indeed, if I allowed my own losses to balance for a moment against your happiness.

“ Is it not so beloved one ? Is not your happiness bound up in mine, in a union with me ? I am proud to think so—proud, too, to offer such a humble proof as this of the depth and purity of my affection.

“ Tell me that you will still be mine ; tell me that you will be mine to-morrow ; and to-morrow these vile chains shall be removed, and I will be free once more—or if bound, only bound to you ! My adorable Matilda ! my betrothed bride ! write to me ere the evening closes, for I shall never be able to shut my eyes in slumber upon my prison couch, until they have been first blest by the sight of a few words from thee ! Write to me, love ! write to me ! I languish for the reply which is to make or mar me for ever.

“ Your affectionate,

“ A. P. D.”

Having polisht off this epistol, master intrustid it to me to carry, and bade me, at the same time, to try and give it into Miss Griffin’s hand alone. I ran with it to Lady Griffinses. I found miss, as I desired, in a sollatary condition ; and I presented her with master’s pafewmed Billy.

She read it, and the number of size to which she gave vint, and the tears which she shed, beggar digscription. She wep and sighed

until I thought she would bust. She clasp my hand even in her’s, and said, “ Oh, Charles ! is he very, very miserable ? ”

“ He is ma’am, ” says I ; “ very miserable indeed—nobody, upon my honour, could be miserablerer.”

On hearing this pethetic remark, her mind was made up at onst : and sitting down to her eskrewtaw, she immediantly ableaged master with a anser. Here it is in black and white :

“ My prisoned bird shall pine no more, but fly home to its nest in these arms ! Adored Algernon, I will meet thee to-morrow, at the same place, at the same hour. Then, then, it will be impossible for aught but death to divide us.

“ M. G.”

This kind of flumry stile comes, you see, of reading novvles, and cultivating littery pursuits in a small way. How much better is it to be puffily ignorant of the hart of writing, and to trust to the writing of the heart. This is *my* style ; artyfiz I dispise, and trust compleatly to natur : but *revnong a no mootong*, as our continental frends remark, to that nice white sheep, Algernon Percy Deuceace, Exquire ; that wenrabbble old ram, my Lord Crabbs his father ; and that tender and delly-git young lamb, Miss Matilda Griffin.

She had jest foaldded up into its proper triangular shape the noat transcribed abuff, and I was jest on the point of saying, according to my master’s orders, “ Miss, if you please, the Honrabbble Mr. Deuceace would be very much ableaged to you to keep the seminary which is to take place to-morrow a profound se—,” when my master’s father entered, and I fell back to the door. Miss, without a word, rusht into his arms, bust into tears agin, as was her reglar way (it must be confest she was of a very mist constitution), and shewing to him his son’s note, cried, “ Look, my dear lord, how nobly your Algernon—*our* Algernon—writes to me. Who can doubt, after this, of the purity of his matchless affection ? ”

My lord took the letter, read it, seemed a good deal amyoused, and returning it to its owner, said, very much to my surprise, “ My dear Miss Griffin, he certainly does seem in earnest ; and if you choose to make this match without the consent of your mother-in-law, you know the consequence, and are of course your own mistress.”

“ Consequences—for shame, my lord ! A little money, more or less, what matters it to two hearts like ours ? ”



"Hearts are very pretty things, my sweet young lady; but three-per-cents are better."

"Nay, have we not an ample income of our own, without the aid of Lady Griffin?"

My lord shrugged his shoulders. "Be it so, my love," says he. "I'm sure I can have no other reason to prevent a union which is founded upon such disinterested affection."

And here the conversation dropt. Miss retired, clasping her hands, and making play with the whites of her i's. My lord began trotting up and down the room, with his fat hands stuck in his britches pockits, his count-nince lighted up with igstream joy, and singing, to my inordnit igstonishment:

"See the conquering hero comes!  
Tiddy diddy doll—tidddydoll, doll, doll."

He began singing this song, and tearing up and down the room like mad. I stood amaized—a new light broke in upon me. He wasn't going, then, to make love to Miss Griffin! Master might marry her! Had she not got the for—

"I say, I was just standing stock still, my eyes fixt, my hands puppindicklar, my mouf wide open, and these igstrordinary thoughts passing in my mind, when my lord, having got to the last "doll" of his song, just as I came to the sillible "for" of my ventriloquism, or inward speech—we had eatch jest reached the pint digscribed, when the meditations of both were sudlny stopt, by my lord, in the midst of his singin and trottin match, coming bolt up against poar me, sending me up against one end of the room, himself flying back to the other; and it was only after considrable agitation that we at lenth restord to anything like a libililibrium.

"What, *you* here, you infernal rascal?" says my lord.

"Your lordship's very kind to notus me," says I; "I am here." And I gave him a look.

He saw I knew the whole game.

And after whisling a bit, as was his habit when puzzled (I bleave he'd have only whisled if he had been told he was to be hanged in five minnits), after whisling a bit, he stops sudnly, and coming up to me says:

"Hearkye, Charles, this marriage must take place to-morrow."

"Must it, sir?" says I; "now, for my part, I don't think—"

"Stop, my good fellow; if it does not take place, what do you gain?"

This stagger'd me. If it didn't take place, I only lost a situation, for master had but just enough money to pay his detts; and it wooden soot my book to serve him in prison or starving.

"Well," says my lord, "you see the force of my argument. Now, look here!" and he lugs out a crisp, fluttering, snowy HUNDER-PUN NOTE! "If my son and Miss Griffin are married to-morrow, you shall have this; and I will, moreover, take you into my service, and give you double your present wages."

Flesh and blood cooden bear it. "My lord," says I, laying my hand upon my busm, "only give me securaty, and I'm yours for ever."

The old noblemin grind, and pattid me on the shoulder. "Right, my lad," says he, "right—you're a nice promising youth. Here is the best security," and he pulls out his pockit-book, returns the hundred-pun bill, and takes out one for fifty—"Here is half to-day; to-morrow you shall have the remainder."

My fingers trembled a little as I took the pretty fluttering bit of paper, about five times as big as any sum of money I had ever had in my life. I cast my i upon the amount: it was a fifty sure enough—a bank poss-bill, made payable to *Leonora Emilia Griffin*, and indorsed by her. The cat was out of the bag. Now, gentle reader, I spose you begin to see the game.

"Recollect, from this day you are in my service."

"My lord, you overpoar me with your favours."

"Go to the devil, sir," says he; "do your duty, and hold your tongue."

And thus I went from the service of the Honorable Algernon Deuceace to that of his exlnsy the Right Honorable Earl of Crabs.

\* \* \* \* \*

On going back to prisn, I found Deuceace locked up in that oajus place to which his igstravygansies had deservedly led him, and felt for him, I must say, a great deal of contempt. A raskle such as he—a swinler, who had robbed poar Dawkins of the means of igsistance, who had cheated his fellow-roag, Mr. Richard Blewitt, and who was making a musnary marridge with a disgusting creacher like Miss Griffin, didn merit any compashn on my part; and I determined quite to keep secret the suckmstansies of my privit interview with his exlnsy my presnt master.

I gev him Miss Griffinses triangular, which he read with a satsafied air. Then, turning to me, says he : " You gave this to Miss Griffin alone ? "

" Yes, sir."

" You gave her my message ? "

" Yes, sir."

" And you are quite sure Lord Crabs was not there when you gave either the message or the note ? "

" Not there upon my honour," says I.

" Hang your honour, sir ! Brush my hat and coat, and go *call a coach*—do you hear ? "

\* \* \* \* \*

I did as I was ordered : and on coming back found master in what's called I think, the *greffe* of the prsn. The officer in waiting had out a great register, and was talking to master in the French tongue, in coarse ; a number of poar prisners were looking eagerly on.

" Let us see, my lor," says he, " the debt is 98,700 francs ; there are capture expenses, interest, so much ; and the whole sum amounts to a hundred thousand francs, *moins*, 13."

Deuceace, in a very myjestic way, takes out of his pocket-book four thousand pun notes. " This is not French money, but I presume that you know it, M. Greffier," says he.

The greffier turned round to old Solomon, a money changer, who had one or two clients in the prsn, and hapnd luckily to be there. " Les billets sont bons," says he. " Je les prendrai pour cent mille douze cent francs, et j'espère, my lor, de vous revoir."

" Good," says the greffier ; " I know them to be good, and I will give my lor the difference, and make out his release."

Which was done. The poar debtors gave a feeble cheer, as the great dubble iron gates swung open and clanged to again, and Deuceace stepped out, and me after him, to breathe the fresh hair.

He had been in the placé but six hours, and was now free again—free, and to be married to ten thousand a year nex day. But for all that, he lookt very faint and pale. He *had* put down his great stake ; and, when he came out of Sainte Pelagie, he had but fifty pounds left in the world !

Never mind—when onst the money's down, make your mind easy ; and so Deuceace did. He drove back to the Hôtel Mirabew, where he ordered apartmince infinitely more splendid than befor ; and I pretty soon told Toinette and the rest of the suvants, how nobly he

behayved, and how he valyoud four thousnd pound no more than ditch water. And such was the consquincies of my praises, and the poplarity I got for us boath, that the delighted landlady immediantly charged him dubble what she would have done, if it hadn been for my stoaries.

He ordered splendid apartmince, then, for the nex week, a carriage and four for Fontainebleau to-morrow at 12 precizely ; and having settled all these things, went quietly to the Roshy de Cancale, where he dined : as well he might, for it was now eight o'clock. I didn't spare the shampang neither that night, I can tell you ; for when I carried the note he gave me for Miss Griffin in the evening, informing her of his freedom, that young lady remarked my hagitated manner of walking and speaking, and said, " Honest Charles ! he is flusht with the events of the day. Here, Charles ! is a napoleon ; take it and drink to your mistress."

I pockited it, but, I must say, I didn't like the money—it went against my stomick to take it.

## CHAPTER · IX.

### THE MARRIAGE.

WELL, the nex day came ; at 12 the carridge and four was waiting at the ambasdor's doar ; and Miss Griffin and the faithfle Kicksy were punctual to the apintment.

I don't wish to digscribe the marridge seminary—how the embassy chapling jined the hands of this loving young couple—how one of the embassy footmin was called in to witniss the marridge—how miss wep and faintid, as usial—and how Deuceace carried her, fainting, to the brisky, and drove off to Fontingblo, where they were to pass the fust weak of the honey-moon. They took no scrvnts, because they wisht, they said, to be privit. And so, when I had shut up the steps, and bid the postilion drive on, I bid ajew to the Honrable Algernon, and went off strait to his exlent father.

" Is it all over, Chawls ? " said he.

" I saw them turned off at igsackly a quarter past 12, my lord," says I.

" Did you give Miss Griffin the paper as I told you, before her marriage ? "

" I did, my lord, in the presnts of Mr. Brown, Lord Bobtail's man, who can swear to her having had it."

I must tell you that my lord had made me read a paper which Lady Griffin had written,

and which I was commishnd to give in the manner menshnd abuff. It ran to this effect :

"According to the authority given me by the will of my late dear husband, I forbid the marriage of Miss Griffin with the Honorable Algernon Percy Deuceace. If Miss Griffin persists in the union, I warn her that she must abide by the consequences of her act.

"LEONORA EMILIA GRIFFIN.

"*Rue de Rivoli, May 8, 1818.*"

When I gave this to miss as she entered the cort-yard, a minnit before my master's arrivle, she only read it contemptuously, and said, "I laugh at the threats of Lady Griffin;" and she toar the paper in two, and walked on, leaning on the arm of the faithful and obleaging Miss Kicksey.

I picked up the paper for fear of axdents, and brot it to my lord. Not that there was any necessaty, for he'd kep a copy, and made me and another witniss (my Lady Griffin's solisator) read them both, before he sent either away.

"Good!" says he: and he projuiced from his potfolio the fello of that bewchus fifty-pun note, which he'd given me yesterday. "I keep my promise, you see, Charles," says he. "You are now in Lady Griffin's service, in the place of Mr. Fitzclarence, who retires. Go to Frojé's, and get a livery."

"But, my lord," says I, "I was not to go into Lady Griffinses service, according to the bargain, but into——"

"It's all the same thing," says he: and he walked off.

I went to Mr. Frojé's, and ordered a new livry; and found, lickwise, that our coachmin and Munseer Mortimer had been there too. My lady's livry was changed, and was now of the same color as my old coat at Mr. Deuceace's; and I'm blest if there wasn't a tremenjious great earl's corronit on the butns, instid of the Griffin rampit, which was worn befoar.

I asked no questions, however, but had myself measured; and slep that night at the Plas Vandôme. I didn't go out with the carriage for a day or two, though; my lady only taking onc footmin, she said, until *her new carridge* was turned out.

I think you can guess what's in the wind *now*!

I bot myself a dressing-case, a box of Ody colong, a few duzen lawn sherts and neckcloths, and other things which were necessary for a genl'mn in my rank. Silk stockings was pro-

vided by the rules of the house. And I completed the bisniss by writing the follyng ginteel letter to my late master:

"*Charles Yellowplush, Esquire, to the Honourable A. P. Deuceace.*

"SUR,—Suckmstansies have acurd sins I last had the honner of wating on you, which render it imposbill that I should remane any longer in your suvvice, I'll thank you to leave out my thinx, when they come home on Sattady from the wash.

"Your obeajnt servnt,

"CHARLES YELLOWPLUSH.

"*Plas Vendôme.*"

The athograpy of the abuv noat, I confess, is atrocious; but *kevoolyvoov*? I was only eighteen, and hadn then the expearance in writing which I've enjide sins.

Having thus done my jewty in every way, I shall prosead, in the nex chapter, to say what hapnd in my new place.

## CHAPTER X.

### THE HONEY-MOON.

THE weak at Fontingblow past quickly away; and at the end of it, our son and daughter-in-law—a pare of nice young tuttle-duvs—returned to their nest, at Hôtel Mirabew. I suspek that the *cock* turtle-dove was preshos sick of his barging.

When they arriv'd, the fust thing they found on their table was a large parsle wrapt up in silver paper, and a newspaper, and a couple of cards, tied up with a piece of white ribbing. In the parsle was a handsome piece of plum-cake, with a deal of sugar. On the cards was wrote, in Goffick characters,

Earl of Crabs.

And, in very small Italian,

Countess of Crabs.

And in the paper was the follyng parrow-graff:

"MARRIAGE IN HIGH LIFE.—Yesterday, at the British embassy, the Right Honorable

John Augustus Altamont Plantagenet, Earl of Crabs, to Leonora Emilia, widow of the late Lieutenant-General Sir George Griffin, K.C.B. An elegant *déjeûné* was given to the happy couple by his Excellency Lord Bobtail, who gave away the bride. The *élite* of the foreign diplomacy, the Prince of Talleyrand and the Marshal, Duke of Dalmatia, on behalf of H.M. the King of France, honoured the banquet and the marriage ceremony. Lord and Lady Crabs intend passing a few weeks at Saint Cloud."

The above dockyments, along with my own triffling billy, of which I have also givn a copy, greated Mr. and Mrs. Deuceace on their arrivle from Fontingblo. Not being presnt, I can't say what Deuceace said, but I can fansy how he *lookt*, and how poor Mrs. Deuceace lookt. They weren't much inclined to rest after the fiteeg of the junny; for, in  $\frac{1}{2}$  an hour after their arrival at Paris, the hosses were put to the carridge agen, and down they came thundering to our country-house at St. Cloud (pronounst by those absud Frenchmin Sing Kloo), to interrump our chaste loves and delishs marridge injymnts.

My lord was sittn in a crimsn satan dress-gown, lolling on a sofa at an open windy, smoaking seagars, as ushle; her ladyship, who, to do him justice, didn mind the smell, occupied another end of the room, and was working, in wusted, a pare of slippers, or an umbrellore case, or a coal-skittle, or some such nonsints. You would have thought to have sean 'em that they had been married a sentry, at least. Well, I bust in upon this conjugal *tator tator*, and said, very much alarmed, "My lord, here's your son and daughter-in-law."

"Well," says my lord, quite calm, "and what then?"

"Mr. Deuceace?" says my lady, starting up, and looking fritened.

"Yes, my love, my son; but you need not be alarmed. Pray, Charles, say that Lady Crabs and I will be very happy to see Mr. and Mrs. Deuceace; and that they must excuse us receiving them *en famille*. Sit still, my blessing—take things coolly. Have you got the box with the papers?"

My lady pointed to a great green box—the same from which she had taken the papers when Deuceace fust saw them—and handed over to my lord a fine gold key. I went out, met Deuceace and his wife on the stepps, gave my messinge, and bowd them palitely in.

My lord didn't rise, but smoak'd away as usual (praps a little quicker, but I can't say); my lady sate upright, looking handsum and strong. Deuceace walked in, his left arm tied to his breast, his wife and hat on the other. He looked very pale and frightened; his wife, poor thing! had her head berried in her handkerchief, and sobd fit to break her heart.

Miss Kicksy, who was in the room (but I didn mention her, she was less than nothink in our house), went up to Mrs. Deuceace at onst, and held out her arms—she had a heart, that old Kicksey, and I respect her for it. The poor hunchback flung herself into Miss's arms, with a kind of whooping screech, and kep there for some time, sobbing in quite a historical manner. I saw there was going to be a sean, and so, in cors, left the door ajar.

"Welcome to Saint Cloud, Algy, my boy!" says my lord, in a loud, hearty voice. "You thought you would give us the slip, eh, you rogue? But we knew it, my dear fellow; we knew the whole affair—did we not, my soul?—and you see, kept our secret better than you did yours."

"I must confess, sir," says Deuceace, bowing, "that I had no idea of the happiness which awaited me in the shape of a mother-in-law."

"No, you dog; no, no," says my lord, giggling: "old birds, you know, not to be caught with chaff, like young ones. But, here we are, all spliced and happy at last: Sit down, Algernon; let us smoke a segar, and talk over the perils and adventures of the last month. My love," says my lord, turning to his lady, "you have no malice against poor Algernon, I trust? Pray shake *his hand*." (A grin.)

But my lady rose and said, "I have told Mr. Deuceace that I never wished to see him or speak to him more. I see no reason now to change my opinion." And herewith she sailed out of the room, by the door through which Kicksey had carried poor Mrs. Deuceace.

"Well, well," says my lord, as Lady Crabs swept by, "I was in hopes she had forgiven you; but I know the whole story, and I must confess you used her cruelly ill. Two strings to your bow!—that was your game, was it, you rogue?"

"Do you mean, my lord, that you know all that passed between me and Lady Grif—Lady Crabs, before our quarrel?"

"Perfectly—you made love to her, and she

was almost in love with you; you jilted her for money, she got a man to shoot your hand off in revenge: no more dice-boxes, now, Deuceace; no more *sauter la coupe*. I can't think how the deuce you will manage to live without them."

"Your lordship is very kind; but I have given up play altogether," says Deuceace, looking mighty black and uneasy.

"Oh, indeed! Benedick has turned a moral man, has he? This is better and better. Are you thinking of going into the church, Deuceace?"

"My lord, may I ask you to be a little more serious?"

"Serious? *à quoi bon?* I am serious—serious in my surprise that, when you might have had either of these women, you should have preferred that hideous wife of yours."

"May I ask you, in turn, how you came to be so little squeamish about a wife as to choose a woman who had just been making love to your own son?" says Deuceace, growing fierce.

"How can you ask such a question? I owe forty thousand pounds—there is an execution at Sizes Hall—every acre I have is in the hands of my creditors; and that's why I married her. Do you think there was any love? Lady Crabs is a dev'lish fine woman, but she's not a fool—she married me for my coronet, and I married her for her money."

"Well, my lord, you need not ask me, I think, why I married the daughter-in-law."

"Yes, but I *do*, my dear boy. How the deuce are you to live? Dawkins's five thousand pounds will not last for ever: and afterwards?"

"You don't mean, my lord—you don't—I mean, you can't—D——!" says he, starting up, and losing all patience, "you don't dare to say that Miss Griffin had not a fortune of ten thousand a year?"

My lord was rolling up, and wetting betwixt his lips, another segar; he lookt up, after he had lighted it, and said quietly—

"Certainly, Miss Griffin had a fortune of ten thousand a year."

"Well, sir, and has she not got it now? Has she spent it in a week?"

"*She has not got a sixpence now: she married without her mother's consent!*"

Deuceace sunk down in a chair; and I never see sich a dreadful picture of despair as there was in the face of that retchid man!—he writhed, and nasht his teeth, he tore open his coat, and wriggled madly the stump of his left hand, until, fairly beat, he threw it over his

livid pale face, and sinking backwards, fairly wept alowd.

Bah! it's a dreddfle thing to hear a man crying! his pashin tore up from the very roots of his heart, as it must be before it can git such a vent. My lord, meanwhile, rolled his segar, lighted it, and went on.

"My dear boy, the girl has not a shilling. I wished to have left you alone in peace, with your four thousand pounds; you might have lived decently upon it in Germany, where money is at 5 per cent., where your duns would not find you, and a couple of hundred a year would have kept you and your wife in comfort. But, you see, Lady Crabs would not listen to it. You had injured her, and, after she had tried to kill you and failed, she determined to ruin you, and succeeded. I must own to you that I directed the arresting business, and put her up to buying your protested bills: she got them for a trifle, and as you have paid them, has made a good two thousand pounds by her bargain. It was a painful thing, to be sure, for a father to get his son arrested; but *que voulez-vous?* I did not appear in the transaction; she would have you ruined; and it was absolutely necessary that *you* should marry before I could, so I pleaded your cause with Miss Griffin, and made you the happy man you are. You rogue, you rogue! you thought to match your old father, did you? But, never mind; lunch will be ready soon. In the meantime, have a segar, and drink a glass of Saüterne."

Deuceace, who had been listening to this speech, sprung up wildly.

"I'll not believe it," he said, "it's a lie, an infernal lie! forged by you, you hoary villain, and by the murderess and strumpet you have married. I'll not believe it: shew me the will. Matilda! Matilda!" shouted he, screaming hoarsely, and flinging upon the door by which she had gone out.

"Keep your temper, my boy. You *are* vexed, and I feel for you: but don't use such bad language: it is quite needless, believe me."

"Matilda! shouted out Deuceace again; and the poor crookid thing came trembling in, followed by Miss Kicksey.

"Is this true, woman?" says he, clutching hold of her hand.

"What, dear Algernon?" says she.

"What?" screams out Deuceace, "what? Why that you are a beggar, for marrying without your mother's consent; that you basely



lied to me, in order to bring about this match; that you are a swindler, in conspiracy with that old fiend yonder and the she-devil his wife?"

"It is true," sobbed the poor woman, "that I have nothing, but——"

"Nothing but what? Why don't you speak, you drivelling fool?"

"I have nothing!—but you, dearest, have two thousand a year. Is that not enough for us? You love me for myself, don't you, Algernon? You have told me so a thousand times—say so again, dear husband; and do not, do not be so unkind." And here she sank on her knees, and clung to him, and tried to catch his hand, and kiss it.

"How much did you say?" says my lord.

"Two thousand a year, sir; he has told us so a thousand times."

"Two thousand! Two thou—ho, ho, ho!—haw! haw! haw!" roars my lord. "That is, I vow, the best thing I ever heard in my life. My dear creature, he has not a shilling—not a single maravedi, by all the gods and goddesses." And this exlent nobleman began laffin louder than ever: a very kind and feeling genlman he was, as all must confess.

There was a paws; and Mrs. Deuceace didn begin cussing and swearing at her husband as he had done at her: she only said, "O Algernon! is this true?" and got up and went to a chair and wep in quiet.

My lord opened the great box. "If you or your lawyers would like to examine Sir George's will, it is quite at your service: you will see here the proviso which I mentioned, that gives the entire fortune to Lady Griffin—Lady Crabs that is: and here, my dear boy, you see the danger of hasty conclusions. Her ladyship only showed you the *first page of the will*; of course she wanted to try you. You thought you made a great stroke in at once proposing to Miss Griffin—do not mind it, my love, he really loves you now very sincerely!—when, in fact, you would have done much better to have read the rest of the will. You were completely bitten, my boy—humbugged, bamboozled—ay, and by your old father, you dog. I told you I would, you know, when you refused to lend me a portion of your Dawkins's money. I told you I would, and I *did*. I had you the very next day. Let this be a lesson to you, Percy, my boy; don't try your luck again against such old hands: look deuced well before you leap; *audi alteram partem*, my lad, which means, read both sides of a will. I

think lunch is ready; but I see you don't smoke. Shall we go in?"

"Stop, my lord," says Mr. Deuceace, very humble: "I shall not share your hospitality—but—but—you know my condition; I am penniless—you know the manner in which my wife has been brought up——"

"The honourable Mrs. Deuceace, sir, shall always find a home here, as if nothing had occurred to interrupt the friendship between her dear mother and herself."

"And for me, sir," says Deuceace, speaking faint, and very slow; "I hope—I trust—I think, my lord, you will not forget me?"

"Forget you, sir? certainly not."

"And that you will make some provision?"

"Algernon Deuceace," says my lord, getting up from the sophy, and looking at him with sich a jolly malignaty as I never see, "I declare before Heaven, that I will not give you a penny!"

Hereupon my lord held out his hand to Mrs. Deuceace, and said, "My dear, will you join your mother and me? We shall always, as I said before, have a home for you."

"My lord," said the poor thing, dropping a curtsy, "my home is with *him*!"

\* \* \* \* \*

About three months after, when the season was beginning at Paris, and the autum leafs was on the ground, my lord, my lady, me, and Mortimer were taking a stroll in the Boddy Balong, the carridge driving on slowly ahead, and us as happy as possbill, admiring the plesnt woods and the gooldn sunset.

My lord was expayshating to my lady upon the egquizit beauty of the sean, and pouring froth a host of butifle and virtuous sentaments sootable to the hour. It was dalitesfe to hear him. "Ah!" said he, "black must be the heart, my love, which does not feel the influence of a scene like this; gathering, as it were, from those sunlit skies a portion of their celestial gold, and gaining somewhat of heaven with each pure draught of this delicious air!"

Lady Crabs did not speak, but prest his arm and looked upwards. Mortimer and I, too, felt some of the infliwents of the sean, and lent on our goold sticks in silence. The carridge drew up close to us, and my lord and my lady sauntered close tords it.

Jest at the place was a bench, and on the bench sate a poorly drest woman, and by her, leaning against a tree, was a man whom I thought I'd sean befor. He was drest in a



shabby blew coat, with white seems and copper buttons; a torn hat was on his head, and great quantaties of matted hair and whiskers disfiggared his countnints. He was not shaved, and as pale as stone.

My lord and lady didn tak the slightest notice of him, but passed on the carridge. Me and Mortimer lickwise took *our* places. As we past, the man had got a grip of the woman's shoulder, who was holding down her head, sobbing bitterly.

No sooner were my lord and lady seated, than

they both, with igstream dellixy and good natur, bust into a ror of lafter, peal upon peal, whooping and screaching, enough to frighten the evening silents.

DEUCEACE turned round. I saw his face now—the face of a devvle of hell! Fust, he lookt towards the carridge, and pinto to it with his maimed arm; then he raised the other, *and struck the woman by his side.* She fell, screaming.

Poor thing! Poor thing!

CHARLES YELLOWPLUSH.

## NO. IX.—MR. YELLOWPLUSH'S AJEW.

THE end of Mr. Deuceace's history is going to be the end of my corrispondince. I wish the public was as sorry to part with me as I am with the public; becaws I fansy reely that we've become frends, and feal for my part a becoming greaf at saying ajew.

It's imposbill for me to continyow, however, a-writin, as I have done—violettting the rules of authography, and trampling upon the fust princepills of English grammar. When I began, I knew no better: when I'd carrid on these papers a little further, and grew accustmd to writin, I began to smel out something quear in my style. Within the last sex weaks I have been learning to spell: and when all the world was rejoicing at the festivvaties of our youthful quean—when all i's were fixt upon her long sweet of ambasdors and princes, following the splendid carridge of Marshle the Duke of Damlatiar, and blinking at the pearls and dimince of Prince Oystereosy—Yellowplush was in his loanly pantry—*his* eyes were fixt upon the spelling-book—his heart was bent upon mas-tring the diffickleties of the littery professhn. I have been, in fact, *convertid*.

You shall here how. Ours, you know, is a Wig house; and ever sins his 3rd son has got a place in the Treasury, his secknd a captingsy in the Guards, his fust, the secretary of embassy at Pekin, with a prospick of being appinted ambasdor at Loo Choo—ever sins master's sons have reseaved these attentions, and master himself has had the promis of a pearitch, he has been the most reglar, consistnt, honrrable J ibbaral, in or out of the House of Commins.

Well, being a Whig, it's the fashn, as you know, to reseave littery pipple; and accod-

ingly, at dinner, tother day, whose name do you think I had to hollar out on the fust landing-place about a wick ago? After sevrul dukes and markises had been enounced, a very gentell fly drives up to our doar, and out steps two gentlemen. One was pail, and wor spek-tickles, a wig, and a white neckcloth. The other was slim, with a hook nose, a pail fase, a small waist, a pare of falling shoulders, a tight coat, and a catarack of black satting tumbling out of his busm, and falling into a gilt velvet weskit. The little genlmn settled his wigg, and pulled out his ribbins; the younger one fluffed the dust off his shoes, looked at his whiskers in a little pockit-glas, settled his crevatt; and they both mountid up-stairs.

"What name, sir?" says I, to the old genlmn.

"Name!—ah! now, you thief of the wurrrld," says he, "do you pretind nat to know *me*? Say it's the Cabinet Cyclopa—no, I mane the Litherary Chran—pscha!—bluthanowns!—say it's DOCTOR DIOCLESIAN LARNER—I think he'll know me now—ay, Nid?" But the genlmn called Nid was at the botm of the stare, and pretended to be very busy with his shoo-string. So the little genlmn went up-stares alone.

"DOCTOR DIOCLESIVS LARNER!" says I.

"DOCTOR ATHANASIVS LARNER!" says Greville Fitz-Roy, our secknd footman, on the fust landing-place.

"Doctor Egnatius Topola!" says the groom of the chumbers, who pretends to be a schollar; and in the little genlmn went. When safely housed, the other chap came; and when

I asked him his name, said, in a thick, gobbling kind of voice :

“Sawedwadgeorgeearlittbulwig.”

“Sir what?” says I, quite agast at the name.

“Sawedwad,—no, I mean *Mistawedwad* Lyttin Bulwig.”

My neas trembled under me, my i's fild with tiers, my voice shook, as I past up the ven-rabble name to the other footman, and saw this fust of English writers go up to the drawing-room!

It's needless to mention the names of the rest of the compny, or to dixcribe the suckmstansies of the dinner. Suffiz to say that the two littery genlmn behaved very well, and seamed to have good appytights; igspecially the little Irishman in the whig, who et, drunk, and talked has much as  $\frac{1}{2}$  a duzn. He told how he'd been presented at cort by his friend, Mr. Bulwig, and how the quean had received 'em both, with a dignaty undigscribable; and how her blessid majisty asked what was the bony fidy sale of the Cabinit Cyclopædy, and how he (Doctor Larner) told her that, on his honner, it was under ten thowsnd.

You may guess that the Doctor, when he made this speach, was pretty far gone. The fact is, that whether it was the cornation, or the goodness of the wind (cappitle it is in our house, I can tell you), or the natral propensaties of the gests assembled, which made them so igspecially jolly, I don't know, but they had kep up the meating pretty late, and our poar butler was quite tired with the perpechual baskits of clarrit which he'd been called upon to bring up. So that, about 11 o'clock, if I were to say they were merry, I should use a mild term; if I wer to say they were intawsicated, I should use an igspreshun more near to the truth, but less rispeckful in one of my situashn.

The cumpany reseaved this annountsmint with mute extonishment.

“Pray, Doctor Larnder,” says a spiteful genlmn, willing to keep up the littery conversation, “what is the Cabinet Cyclopædia?”

“It's the littherary wontherr of the wurld,” says he; “and sure your lordship must have seen it; the latther numbers ispecially—cheap as durrt, bound in gleezed calico, six shillings a vollum. The illusthrious neems of Walther Scott, Thomas Moore, Doctor Southey, Sir James Mackintosh, Dochter Donovan, and meself are to be found in the list of conthributors. It's the Phaynix of Cyclopajies—a lithery Bacon.”

“A what?” says the genlmn nex to him.

“A Bacon, shining in the darkness of our age; fild wid the pure and lambent flame of science, burning with the gorrgeous scintillations of divine litherature—a *monumintum*, in fact, *are perinnius*, bound in pink calico, six shillings a vollum.”

“This wigmawole,” said Mr. Bulwig (who seemed rather disgusted that his frend should take up so much of the convasation), “this wigmawole is all vewy well; but its cuwious that you don't wemember, in chawactewising the litewawy mewits of the vawious magazines, cwonicles, weviews, and encyclopædias, the existence of a cwitical wewiew and litewawy chwonicle, which, though the æwa of its appeawance is dated only at a vewy few months pwevious to the pwsent pewiod, is, nevertheless, so wemarkable for its intwinsic mewits as to be wead, not in the metwopolis alone, but in the countwy—not in Fwance merely, but in the west of Euwope—whewever our pure Wenglish is spoken, it stwetches its peaceful sceptre—pewused in America, from New York to Niagawa—wepwinted in Canada, fwom Montweal to Towonto—and, as I am gwatified to hear fwom my fwend the governor of Cape Coast Castle, wegularly weceived in Afwica, and twanslated into the Mandingo language by the missionawies and the bushwangers. I need not say, gentlemen—sir—that is, Mr. Speaker—I mean, Sir John—that I allude to the Lite, wawy Chwonicle, of which I have the honour to be the pwincipal contwibutor.”

“Very true, my dear Mr. Bulwig,” says my master: “you and I being Whigs, must of course stand by our own friends; and I will agree, without a moment's hesitation, that the Literary what-d'ye-call em is the prince of periodicals.”

“The pwince of pewiodicals?” says Bullwig; “my dear Sir John, it's the empewow of the pwess.”

“*Soit*—let it be the emperor of the press, as you poetically call it: but, between ourselves, confess it,—Do not the Tory writers beat your Whigs hollow! You talk about magazines. Look at——”

“Look at hwat?” shouts out Larder.

“There's none, Sir Jan, compared to ourrs.”

“Pardon me, I think that——”

“Is it Bentley's Mislany, you mane?” says Ignatius, as sharp as a niddle.”

“Why, no; but——”

“O thin, it's Co'burn, sure; and that divvle Thayodor—a pretty paper, sir, but light—

thrashy, milk-and-wathery—not sthrong, like the Litherary Chran—good luck to it.”

“Why, Doctor Lander, I was going to tell at once the name of the periodical—it is FRASER’S MAGAZINE.”

“FRASER!” says the Doctor. “O thunder and turf.”

“FWASER!” says Bullwig. “O—ah—hum—haw—yes—no—why—that is, weally—no, weelly upon my weputation, I never before heard the name of the pewiodical. By the by, Sir John, what wemarkable gool clawet this is; is it Lawose or Laff——?”

Laff, indeed! he cooden git beyond laff; and I’m blest if I could kip it neither—for hearing him pretend ignurmts, and being behind the skreend, settlin sumthink for the genlman, I bust into such a raw fit of laffing as never was igseeded.

“Hullo!” says Bullwig, turning red. “Have I said anything impwobable, aw widiculous? for weally, I never befaw wecollect to have heard in society such a twemendous peal of cachinnation—that which the twagic bard who fought at Mawathon has called an *anewillmon gelasma*.”

“Why, be the holy piper,” says Lander, “I think you are dthrawing a little on your imagination. Not read *Fraser*! Don’t believe him, my lord duke; he reads every word of it, the rogue! The boys about that magazine baste him as if he was a sack of oatmale. My reason for crying out, Sir Jan, was because you min-tioned *Fraser* at all. Bullwig has every syllable of it be heart—from the pallitix down to the Yellowplush Correspondence.”

“Ha, ha!” says Bullwig, affecting to laff (you may be sure my years prickt up when I heard the name of the “Yellowplush Correspondence”). “Ha, ha! why, to tell the twuth, I *have* wead the covespondence to which you allude; it’s a gweat fivowite at court. I was talking with Spwing Wice and John Wussell about it the other day.”

“Well, and what do you think of it?” says Sir John, looking mity waggish—for he knew it was me who roat it.

“Why, weally and twtuly, there’s considerable cleverness about the cweature; but it’s low, disgustingly low: it violates pwobability, and the orthogwaphy is so carefully inaccurate, that it requires a positive study to compwehend it.”

“Yes, faith,” says Larder; “the arthagraphy is detistible; it’s as bad for a man to write bad spillin as it is for ’em to speak wid a

brroque. Iducation furst, and ganius afterwards. Your health, my lord, and good luck to you.”

“Yaw wemark,” says Bullwig, “is vewy appwopwiate. You will wecollect, Sir John, in Hewodotus (as for you, Doctor, you know more wabout I wish than about Gweek)—you will wecollect, without doubt, a stowy nawwated by that cwedulous though fascinating chwonicler, of a certain kind of sheep which is known only in a certain distwict in Awabia, and of which the tail is so enormous, that it either dwaggles on the gwound, or is bound up by the shepherds of the country into a small wheelbawwow or cart, which makes the chwonicler sneewingly wemark that thus ‘the sheep of Awabia have their own chawlots.’ I have often thought, sir (this clawet is weally nec-taweous)—I have often, I say, thought that the wace of man may be compawed to these Awabian sheep—genius is our tail, education our wheelbawwow. Without art and education to pwop it, this genius dwops on the gwound, and is polluted by the mud; or injured by the wocks upon the way: with the wheelbawwow it is stwengthened, incweased, supported—a pwide to the owner, a blessing to mankind.”

“A very appropriate simile,” says Sir John, “and I am afraid that the genius of our friend Yellowplush has need of some such support.”

“*Apropos*,” said Bullwig, “who is Yellowplush? I was given to understand that the name was only a fictitious one, and that the papers were written by the author of the *Diary of a Physician*; if so, the man has wonderfully improved in style, and there is some hope of him.”

“Bah!” says the Duke of Doublejowl; “everybody knows it’s Barnard, the celebrated author of ‘Sam Slick.’”

“Pardon, my dearduke,” says Lord Bagwig; “it’s the authoress of *High Life*, *Almack’s*, and other fashionable novels.”

“Fiddlestick’s end!” says Doctor Larder; “don’t be blushing and pretending to ask questions: don’t we know you, Bullwig? It’s you yourself, you thief of the world: we smoked you from the very beginning.”

Bullwig was about indignantly to reply, when Sir John interrupted them and said—“I must correct you all gentlemen; Mr. Yellowplush is no other than Mr. Yellowplush; he gave you, my dear Bullwig, your last glass of champagne at dinner, and is now

an inmate of my house, and an ornament of my kitchen!"

"Gad!" says Doublejowl, "let's have him up."

"Hear, hear!" says Bagwig.

"Ah, now," says Larnar, "your grace is not going to call up and talk to a footman, sure? Is it gintale?"

"To say the least of it," says Bullwig, "the pwactice is iwwegular, and indecowous; and I weally don't see how the interview can be in any way pwofitable."

But the vices of the company went against the two littery men, and everybody excep them was for having up poor me. The bell was wrung; butler came. "Send up Charles," says master! and Charles, who was standing behind the skreand, was persnly abliged to come in.

"Charles," says master, "I have been telling these gentlemen who is the author of the 'Yellowplush Correspondence' in *Fraser's Magazine*."

"It's the best magazine in Europe," says the duke.

"And no mistake," says my lord.

"Hwhat!" says Larnar; "and where's the Litherary Chran?"

I said myself nothink, but made a bough, and blusht like pickle-cabbitch.

"Mr. Yellowplush," says his grace, "will you, in the first place, drink a glass of wine?"

I boughed agin.

"And what wine do you prefer, sir? humble port or imperial burgundy?"

"Why, your grace," says I, "I know my place, and ain't above kitchin winds. I will take a glass of port, and drink it to the health of this honrabble company."

When I'd swiggd off the bumper, which his grace himself did me the honour to pour out for me, there was a silints for a minnit; when my master said:

"Charles Yellowplush, I have perused your memoirs in *Fraser's Magazine* with so much curiosity, and have so high an opinion of your talents as a writer, that I really cannot keep you as a footman any longer, or allow you to discharge duties for which you are now quite unfit. With all my admiration for your talents, Mr. Yellowplush, I still am confident that many of your friends in the servants' hall will clean my boots a great deal better than a gentleman of your genius can ever be expected to do—it is for this purpose I employ footmen, and not that they may be writing articles in

magazines. But—you need not look so red, my good fellow, and had better take another glass of port—I don't wish to throw you upon the wide world without means of a livelihood, and have made interest for a little place which you will have under government, and which will give you an income of eighty pounds per annum, which you can double, I presume, by your literary labours."

"Sir," says I, clasping my hands, and bursting into tears, "do not—for Heaven's sake do not!—think of any such think, or drive me from your suvvice, because I have been fool enough to write in magaseens. Glans but one moment at your honor's plate—every spoon is as bright as a mirror; condysend to igsamine your shoes—your honor may see reflected in them the fases of every one in the compny. I blacked them shoes, I cleaned that there plate. If occasionally I've forgot the footman in the littery man, and committed to paper my remin-dicencies of fashnabble life, it was from a sincere desire to do good and promote nollitch; and I appeal to your honour—I lay my hand on my busm, and in the fase of this noble company beg you to say, when you rung your bell, who came to you fust? When you stopt out at Brookes's till morning, who sat up for you? When you was ill, who forgot the natral dignities of his station, and answered the two-pair bell? Oh, sir," says I, "I know what's what; don't send me away. I know them littery chaps, and, bleave me, I'd rather be a footman. The work's not so hard—the pay is better; the vittles incompyrably supearor. I have but to clean my things, and run my errints, and you put cloves on my back, and meat in my mouth. Sir! Mr. Bulwig! ain't I right? shall I quit *my* station and sink—that is to say, rise—to *yours*?"

Bullwig was violently affected; a tear stood in his glistening i. "Yellowplush," says he, seizing my hand, "you *are* right. Quit not your present occupation; black boots, clean knives, wear plush all your life, but don't turn literary man. Look at me. I am the first novelist in Europe. I have ranged with eagle wing over the wide regions of literature, and perched on every eminence in its turn. I have gazed with eagle eye on the sun of philosophy, and fathomed the mysterious depths of the human mind. All languages are familiar to me, all thoughts are known to me, all men understood by me. I have gathered wisdom from the honeyed lips of Plato, as we wandered in the gardens of Acadames—wisdom, too, from the

mouth of Job Johnson, as we smoked our 'backy in Seven Dials. Such must be the studies, and such is the mission, in this world of the Poet-Philosopher. But the knowledge is only emptiness; the initiation is but misery; the initiated, a man shunned and bann'd by his fellows. Oh," said Bullwig, clasping his hands, and throwing his fine i's up to the chandelier, "the curse of Pwometheus descends upon his wace. Wath and punishment pursue them from genewation to genewation! Wo to genius, the heaven-scaler, the fire-stealer! Wo and thrice bitter desolation! Earth is the wock on which Zeus, wemorcess, stwetches his withing victim—men, the vultures that feed and fatten on him. Ai, Ai! it is agony eternal—gwoaning and solitawy despair! And you—Yellowplush, would penetwate these mystewies; you would waise the awful veil, and stand in the twemendous Pwesence. Beware; as you value your peace, beware! Withdwaw, wash Neophyte! For heaven's sake—O for heaven's sake!—" here he looked round with agony—"give me a glass of bwandy and water, for this clawet is beginning to disagwee with me."

Bullwig having concluded this spitch, very much to his own sattasackshn, looked round to the company for aplaws, and then swigged off the glass of brandy and water, giving a solum sigh as he took the last gulph; and then Doctor Ignatius, who longed for a chans, and, in order to show his independence, began flatly contradicting his friend, and addressed me, and the rest of the genlmn present, in the following manner:

"Hark ye," says he, "my gossoon, doant be led asthray by the nonsince of that divl of a Bullwig. He's jillous of ye, my bhoys: that's the rale, undoubted thruth; and its only to keep you out of litherary life that he's palaver-ing you in this way. I'll tell you what—Plush, ye blackguard—my honorable frind the mimber there, has told me a hunder times by the smallest computation of his intinse admiration of your talents, and the wontherful sthir they were making in the worlld. He can't bear a rival. He's mad with envy, hatred, oncharatableness. Look at him, Plush, and look at me. My father was not a juke exackly, nor avan a markis, and see, nevertheliss, to what a pitch I am come. I spare no ixpinse; I'm the iditor of a cople of pariodicals; I dthrive about in me carridge; I dine wid the lords of the land; and why—in the name of the piper that pled before Mosus, hwy? Because I'm

a litherary man. Because I know how to play me cards. Because I'm Dochter Larnar, in fact, and mumber of every society in and out of Europe. I might have remained all my life in Thrinity Colledge, and never made such an incom as that offered you by Sir Jan; but I came to London—to London, my boy, and now see! Look again at me friend Bullwig. He *is* a gentleman, to be sure, and bad luck to 'im, say I; and what has been the result of his litherary labor? I'll tell you what, and I'll tell this gintale society, by the shade of St. Pathrick, they are going to make him a BARINET."

"A BARNET, Doctor!" says I; "you don't mean to say they are going to make him a barnet!"

"As sure as I've made meself a docthor" says Larnar.

"What, a baronet, like Sir John?"

"The divil a bit else."

"And pray what for?"

"What faw?" says Bullwig. "Ask the histowy of litewature what faw? Ask Colburn, ask Bentley, ask Saunders and Otley, ask the gweat Bwewish nation, what faw? The blood in my veins comes puwified thwoug hten thousand years of chivalwous ancestwy; but this is neither here nor there; my political principals—the equal wights which I have advocated—the gweat cause of fweedom that I have celebated are known to all. But this I confess has nothing to do with the qwestion. No, the qwestion is this: On the thwone of litewature, I stand unwivalled, pwe-cminent; and the Bwewish government, honowing genius in me, compliments the Bwewish nation by lifting into the bosom of the heweditawy nobility, the most gifted member of her demowcacy." (The honorable genlmm here sunk down amidst repeated chairs.)

"Sir John," says I, "and my lord duke, the words of my revrint friend Ignatius, and the remarks of the honorable genlmm who has just sate down, have made me change the detummination which I had the honor of igsspressing just now.

"I igsept the eighty pound a year; knowing that I shall have plenty of time for pursuing my littery cereer, and hoping some day to set on that same bench of barranites, which is dekarated by the presnts of my honorable friend.

"Why shooden I? It's trew I ain't done anythink as *yet* to deserve such an honor; and it's very probable that I never shall. But



what then?—*qwaw dong*, as our friends say? I'd much rayther have a coat of arms than a coat of livry. I'd much rayther have my blud-red hand sprawlink in the middle of a shield, than underneath a tea-tray, A barranit I will be, and in consquints, must cease to be a footmin. As to my politticle princepills, these, I confess, aint settled: they are, I know, nessary: but they aint nessary *until askt for*; besides, I reglar read the *Sattarist* newspaper, and so ignirince on this pint would be inigscusable.

"But if one man can git to be a doctor, and another a barranit, and another a capting in the navy, and another a countess, and another the wife of a governor of the Cape of Good Hope, I begin to perseave that the littery trade ain't such a very bad un; igspecially if you're up to snough, and know what's o'clock. I'll larn to make myself usefle in the fust place; then I'll larn to spell; and, I trust, by reading the novvles of the honrabble member, and the scientafick treatiseses of the revrend doctor, I may find the secrit of suxess, and git a litell for my own share. I've sevrall frends in the press, having paid for many of those chaps' drink, and given them other treetes; and so I think I've got all the emilents of suxess; therefore, I am detummind, as I said,

to igsept your kind offer, and beg to withdraw the wuds which I made yous of when I refyoused your hoxpatable offer. I must, however——"

"I wish you'd withdraw yourself," said Sir John, busting into a most igstrorinary rage, "and not interrump the company with your infernal talk! Go down, and get us coffee; and, heark ye! hold your impertinent tongue, or I'll break every bone in your body. You shall have the place, as I said; and while you're in my service, you shall be my servant; but you don't stay in my service after to-morrow. Go down stairs, sir; and don't stand staring here!"

\* \* \* \* \*

In this abrupt way, my evening ended: it's with a melancholy regret that I think what came of it. I don't wear plush any more. I am an altered, a wiser, and, I trust, a better man.

I'm about a novvle (having made great progriss in spelling), in the style of my friend Bullwig; and preparing for publication, in the Doctor's Cyclopedear, "The Lives of Eminent Brittish and Foring Washerwomen."

CHARLES YELLOWPLUSH.

## No. X.—EPISTLES TO THE LITERATI.

CH-S Y-LL-WPL-SH, ESQ., TO SIR EDWARD LYTTON BULWER, BART.

JOHN THOMAS SMITH, ESQ., TO C—S Y—H, ESQ.

### NOTUS.

THE suckmstansies of the folloing harticle are as follos: Me and my friend, the sellabrated Mr. Smith, reckonized each other in the Haymarket Theatre, during the paformints of the new play. I was settn in the gallery, and sung out to him (he was in the pit) to jine us after the play, over a glass of bear and a cold hoyster, in my pantry, the famly being out.

Smith came as appinted. We descorsed on the subjick of the comady; and, after seftral glases, we each of agreed to write a letter to the other, giving our notiums of the pease. Paper was brought that momint; and Smith writing his harticle across the knife-bord, I dasht off mine on the dresser.

Our agreemint was, that I (being remarkabble for my style of riting) should cretasize the languidge, whilst he should take up with the plot, of the play; and the candied reader will parding me for having holtered the original address of my letter, and directed it to Sir Edward himself; and for having incoperated Smith's remarks in the midst of my own.

*Mayfair, Nov. 30, 1839. Midnite.*

HONRABBLE BARNET!—Retired from the littery world a year or moar, I didn't think any-

think would induce me to come forrards again; for I was content with my share of reputation, and propoas'd to add nothink to those im-



mortal wux which have rendered this Magaseen so sallybrated.

Shall I tell you the reazn of my re-appearants?—a desire for the benefick of my fellow-creatures? Fiddlestick! A mighty truth with which my busm laboured, and which I must bring forth or die? Nonsince—stuff: money's the secret; my dear Barnet—money—*l'argong, gelt, spicunia*. Here's quarter-day coming, and I'm blest if I can pay my landlud, unless I can ad hartificially to my inkum.

This is, however, betwist you and me. There's no need to blacard the streets with it, or to tell the British public that Fitzroy Y-ll-wpl-sh is short of money, or that the sallybrated hauthor of the Y— Papers is in peskewniary difficklties, or is fitcagued by his superhuman littery labors, or by his famly suckmstansies, or by any other pusnal matter: my maxim, dear B., is on these pints to be as quiet as posibile. What the juice does the public care for you or me? Why must we always, in prefizzes and what not, be a-talking about ourselves and our igstrordnary merrats, woas, and injaries? It is on this subjick that I porpies, my dear Barnet, to speak to you in a frendly way; and praps you'll find my advise tolrabbly holesum.

Well, then—if you care about the apinions, for good or evil, of us poor suvvants, I tell you, in the most candied way, I like you, Barnet. I've had my fling at you in my day (for *entry nou*, that last stoary I wroat about you and Larnder was as big a bowsir as ever was)—I've had my fling at you; but I like you. One mayobjeck to an immence deal of your writings, which, betwist you and me, contain more sham scentiment, sham morallaty, sham poatry, than you'd like to own; but, in spite of this, there's the *stuf* in you: you've a kind and loyal heart in you, Barnet—a trifle deboshed, perhaps; a kean i, igspecially for what's comic (as for your tragady, its mighty flatulent), and a ready plesnt pen. The man who says you are an As is an As himself. Don't believe him, Barnet; not that I suppose you wil—for, if I've formed a correck apinion of you from your wucks, you think your small-becar as good as most men's: every man does—and why not? We brew, and we love our own tap—amen; but the pint betwist us is this stewpid, absudd way of crying out, because the public don't like it too. Why shoold they, my dear Barnet? You may vow that they are fools; or that the critix are your enemies; or that the wuld shoold judge your poams by your

critticle rules, and not their own: you may beat your breast, and vow you are a marter, and you won't mend the matter. Take heart, man! you're not so misrabbly after all: your spirits need not be so *very* cast down; you are not so *very* badly paid. I'd lay a wager that you make, with one thing or another—plays, novvles, pamphlicks, and little odd jobs here and there—your three thowsnd a year. There's many a man, dear Bullwig, that works for less, and lives content. Why shouldn't you? Three thowsnd a year is no such bad thing—let alone the barnetcy: it must be a great comfort to have that bloody hand in your skitching.

But don't you sea, that in a wuld naturally envious, wickid, and fond of a joak, this very barnetcy, these very cumplaints, this ceaseless groning, and moning, and wining of yours, is igsackly the thing which makes people laff and snear more? If you were ever at a great school, you must recklect who was the boy most bullid, and buffited, and pursheved—he who minded it most. He who could take a basting got but few; he who rord and wep because the knotty boys called him nicknames, was nicknamed wuss and wuss. I recklect there was at our school, in Smithfield, a chap of this milksop, spoony sort, who appeared among the romping; ragged fellars in a fine flanning dressing-gownd, that his mama had given him. That pore boy was beaten in a way that his dear-ma and aunts didn't know him; his fine flanning dressing-gownd was torn all to ribbings, and he got no pease in the school ever after; but was abliged to be taken to some other saminary, where, I make no doubt, he was paid off igsactly in the same way.

Do you take the halligory, my dear Barnet? *Mutayto nominy*—you know what I mean. You are the boy, and your barnetcy is the dressing-gownd. You dress yourself out finer than other chaps and they all begin to sault and hustle you; it's human nature, Barnet. You show weakness, think of your dear ma, mayhap, and begin to cry: it's all over with you; the whole school is at you—upper boys and under, big and little; the dirtiest little fag in the place will pipe out blaggard names at you, and take his pewny tug at your tail.

The only way to avoid such consperracies is to put a pair of stowt shoalders forrards, and bust through the crowd of raggymuffins. A good bold fellow dubls his fist, and cries, "Wha dares meddle wi' me?" When Scott got *his* barnetcy, for instans, did any one of us cry out? No, by the laws, he was our master;

and wo betide the chap that said neigh to him ! But there's barnets and barnets. Do you reckon that fine chapter in *Squintin Durward*, about the too fellos and the cups, at the siege of the bishop's castle ? One of them was a brave warrior, and kep *his* cup ; they strangled the other chap—strangled him, and laffed at him too.

With respect, then, to the barnetcy pint, this is my advice : brazen it out. Us littery men I take to be like a pack of schoolboys—childish, greedy, envious, holding by our friends, and always ready to fight. What must be a man's conduct among such ? He must either take no notice, and pass on my stick, or else turn round and pummle soundly—one, two, right and left, ding dong, over the face and eyes ; above all, never acknowledge that he is hurt. Years ago for instans (we've no ill blood, but only mention this by way of figsample), you began a sparring with this Magaseen. Law bless you, such a ridiculus gaym I never see : a man so belaybored, befuddled, bewolled, was never known ; it was the laff of the whole town. Your intelackshal natur, respected Barnet, is not fizzickly adapted, so to speak, for encounters of this sort. You must not indulge in combats with us course bullies of the press : you have not the *stamina* for a regular set-too. What, then, is your plan ? In the midst of the mob to pass as quiet as you can : you won't be undisturbed. Who is ? Some stray kix and buffets will fall to you—mortal man is subject to such ; but if you begin to wins and cry out, and set up for a martyr, wo betide you !

These remarks, pusnal as I confess them to be, are yet, I assure you, written in perfect good-natur, and have been inspired by your play of the *Sea-Captain*, and prefix to it ; which latter is on matters entirely pusnall, and will, therefore, I trust, igscuse this kind of *ad hominem* (as they say) diskushion. I propose, honorable Barnet, to cumsider calmly this play and prephiz, and to speak of both with that honesty which, in the pantry or studdy, I've been always phamous for. Let us, in the first place, listen to the opening of the "Preface to the Fourth Edition :

"No one can be more sensible than I am of the many faults and deficiencies to be found in this play ; but, perhaps, when it is considered how very rarely it has happened in the history of our dramatic literature that good acting plays have been produced, except by those who

have either been actors themselves, or formed their habits of literature, almost of life, behind the scenes, I might have looked for a criticism more generous, and less exacting and rigorous, than that by which the attempts of an author accustomed to another class of composition have been received by a large proportion of the periodical press.

"It is scarcely possible, indeed, that this play should not contain faults of two kinds : first, the faults of one who has necessarily much to learn in the mechanism of his art ; and, secondly, of one who, having written largely in the narrative style of fiction, may not unfrequently mistake the effects of a novel for the effects of a drama. I may add to these, perhaps, the deficiencies that arise from uncertain health and broken spirits, which render the author more susceptible than he might have been some years since to that spirit of depreciation and hostility which it has been his misfortune to excite amongst the general contributors to the periodical press ; for the consciousness that every endeavour will be made to cavil, to distort, to misrepresent, and, in fine, if possible, to *run down*, will occasionally haunt even the hours of composition, to check the inspiration, and damp the ardour.

"Having confessed this much frankly and fairly, and with a hope that I may ultimately do better, should I continue to write for the stage (which nothing but an assurance that, with all my defects, I may yet bring some little aid to the drama, at a time when any aid, however humble, ought to be welcome to the lovers of the art, could induce me to do), may I be permitted to say a few words as to some of the objections which have been made against this play ?"

Now, my dear sir, look what a pretty number of please you put forrards here, why your play shouldn't be good.

First. Good plays are almost always written by actors.

Secknd. You are a novice to the style of composition.

Third. You *may* be mistaken in your effects, being a novelist by trade, and not a playwright.

Fourthly. Your in such bad helth and sperrits.

Fifthly. Your so afraid of the critix, that they damp your arder.

For shame, for shame, man ! What confeshns is these—what painful pewling and

pipin! Your not a babby. I take you to be some seven or eight and thutty years old—"in the morning of youth," as the flosopher says. Don't let any such nonsince take your reazn prisoner. What you, an old hand amongst us—an old soljer of our sovring quean the press—you, who have had the best pay, have held the topmost rank (ay, and *deserved* them too!—I gif you leaf to quot me in sasiaty, and say, "I *am* a man of genius: Y-ll-wpl-sh says so")—you to lose heart, and to cry pickavy, and begin to howl, because little boys fling stones at you! Fie, man! take coutage; and, bearing the terrows of your blood-red hand, as the poet says, punish us, if we've ofended you: punish us like a man, or bear your own punishment like a man. Don't try to come off with such misrabbble lodgie as that above.

What do you? You give four satisfackary reazns that the play is bad (the secknd is naught—for your no such chicking at play-writing, this being the forth). You show that the play must be bad, and *then* begin to deal with the critix for finding folt!

Was there ever wuss generalship? The play *is* bad—your right—a wuss I never see or read. But why kneed *you* say so? If it was so *very* bad, why publish it? *Because you wish to serve the drama!* O fie! don't lay that flattering function to your sole, as Milton observes. *Do you believe that this Sea Captin'g can serve the Drama?* Did you never intend that it should serve anything, or anybody *else*? Of cors you did! You wrote it for money—money from the maniger, money from bookseller—for the same reason that I write this. Sir, Shakspeare wrote for the very same reasons, and I never heard that he bragged about serving the drama. Away with this canting about great motifs! let us not be too prowd, my dear Barnet, and fansy ourselves marters of the truth, marters or apostels. We are but tradesmen, working for bread, and not for righteousness' sake. Let's try and work honestly; but don't let us be praying pompisly about our "sacred calling." The taylor who makes your coats (and very well they are made too, with the best of velvit collars)—I say Stulze, or Nugee, might cry out that *their* motifs were but to assert the eturnle truth of taylorin, with just as much reazn; and who would believe them?

Well; after this acknollitchment that the play is bad, come seftral pages of attack upon the critix, and the folt those gentry have found with it. With these I shan't meddle for the

presnt. You defend all the characters 1 by, and conclude your remarks as follows:

"I must be pardoned for this disquisition on my own designs. When every means is employed to misrepresent, it becomes, perhaps, allowable to explain. And if I do not think that my faults as a dramatic author are to be found in the study and delineation of character, it is precisely because *that* is the point at which all my previous pursuits in literature and actual life would be most likely to present me from the errors I own elsewhere, whether of misjudgment or inexperience.

"I have now only to add my thanks to the actors for the zeal and talent with which they have emboldened the characters entrusted to them. The sweetness and grace with which Miss Faucit embellished the part of Violet—which, though only a sketch, is most necessary to the colouring and harmony of the play—were perhaps the more pleasing to the audience from the generosity, rare with actors, which induced her to take a part so far inferior to her powers. The applause which attends the performance of Mrs. Warner and Mr. Strickland attests their success in characters of unusual difficulty; while the singular beauty and nobleness, whether of conception or execution, with which the greatest of living actors have elevated the part of Norman (so totally different from his ordinary range of character) is a new proof of his versatility and accomplishment in all that belongs to his art. I would be scarcely gracious to conclude these remarks without expressing my acknowledgment of that generous and indulgent sense of justice which, forgetting all political difference in a literary arena, has enabled me to appeal to approving audiences—from hostile critics. And it is this which alone encourages me to hope that, sooner or later, I may add to the dramatic literature of my country something that may find, perhaps, almost as many friends in the next age as it has been the fate of the author to find enemies in this."

Sec, now, what a good comfrabbble vanaty is! Pepple have quarld with the dramatic characters of your play. "No," says you, "if I *am* remarkabble for anythink, it's for my study and delineation of character; *that* is prezisely the pint to which my littery purshuit have led me." Have you read "Jil Blaw," my dear sir? Have you pirouzed that exten tragedy, the "Critic?" There's something

so like this in Sir Fretful Plaguy, and the Archbishop of Granadiers, that I'm blest if I can't laff till my sides ake. Think of the critix fixing on the very pint for which you are famus!—the roags! And spose they had said that the plot was absudd, or the langwitch absudder still, don't you think you would have had a word in defens of them too—you who hope to find frends for your dramatic wux in the nex age? Poo! I tell thee, Barnet, that the nex age will be wiser and better than this; and do you think that it will imply itself a reading of your trajadies? This is misantrophy, Barnet—reglar Byronism; and you ot to have a better apinion of human natur.

Your apinion about the actors I shan't here meddle with. 'They all acted exlently as far as my humbile judgment goes, and your write in giving them all possible prays. But let's consider the last sentence of the prefiz, my dear Barnet, and see what a pretty set of apiniuns you lay down.

1. The critix are your inymies in this age.

2. In the nex, however, you hope to find newmrous frends.

3. And it's a satisfackshn to think that, in spite of politticle diffrences, you have found frendly aujences here.

Now, my dear Barnet, for a man who begins so humbly with what my frend Father Prout calls an *argamantum misericorjam*, who ignores that his play is bad, that his pore dear helth is bad, that those cussid critix have played the juice with him—I say, for a man who begins in such a humbill toan, it's rather *rich* to see how you end.

My dear Barnet, do you suppose that *polititicle diffrences* prejudice pepple against you? What are your politix? Wig, I presume—so are mine, *ontry noo*. And what if they are Wig, or Raddiccle, or Cumsuvvative? Does any mortal man in England care a phig for your politix? Do you think yourself such a mity man in parlymint, that critix are to be angry with you, and aujences to be cumsidered magnanamous because they treat you fairly? There, now, was Sherridn, he who roat the *Rifles* and *School for Scandle* (I saw the *Rifles* after your play, and O, Barnet, if you *knew* what a relief it was!)—there, I say, was Sherridn—he *was* a politticle character, if you please—he *could* make a spitch or two—do you spose that Pitt, Purseyvall, Castlerag, old George the Third himself, wooden go and see the *Rifles*—ay, and clap hands too, and laff and ror, for all Sherry's Wiggery? Do you

spose the critix wouldn't applaud too? For shame, Barnet! what ninnis, what hartless raskles, you must beleave them to be—in the fust plase, to fancy that you *are* a politticle genus: in the secknd, to let your politix interfear with their notiums about littery merrits.

"Put that nonsince out of your head," as Fox said to Bonnypart. Wasn't it that great genus, Dennis, that wrote in Swift and Poop's time, who fansid that the French king wooden make pease unless Dennis was delivered up to him? Upon my wud, I doan't thing he carrid his diddlusion much futher than a serring honrabble barnet of my aquentance.

And then for the nex age. Respected sir, this is another diddlusion; a grose mistake on your part, or my name is not Y—sh. These plays immortal? Ah, *parrysampl*, as the French say, this *is* too strong—the small beer of the *Sea Captng*, or of any suxessor of the *Sea Captng*, to keep sweet for sentries and sentries! Barnet, Barnet! do you know the natur of bear? Six weeks is not past, and here your last casque is sour—the public won't even now drink it; and I lay a wager that, betwist this day (the thuttieth November) and the end of the year, the barl will be off the stox altogether, never, never to return.

I've notted down a few frazes here and there, which you will do well to igsamin:

#### NORMAN.

"The eternal Flora

Woos to her odorous haunts the western wind;  
While circling round and upwards from the boughs,  
Golden with fruit that lure the joyous birds,  
Melody, like a happy soul released,  
Hangs in the air, and from invisible plumes  
Shakes sweetness down!"

#### NORMAN.

"And these the lips  
Where, till this hour, the sad and holy kiss  
Of parting linger'd, as the fragrance left  
By *angels* when they touch the earth and vanish."

#### NORMAN.

"Hark! she has blessed her son! I bid ye witness,  
Ye listening heavens—thou circumambient air:  
The ocean sighs it back—and with the murmur  
Rustle the happy leaves. All nature breathes  
Aloud—aloft—to the Great Parent's ear,  
The blessing of the mother on her child."

#### NORMAN.

"I dream of love, enduring faith, a heart  
Mingled with mine—a deathless heritage,  
Which I can take unsullied to the stars,  
When the Great Father calls His children home."

#### NORMAN.

"The blue air, breathless in the *starry* peace,  
After long silence hushed as heaven, but filled  
With happy thoughts as heaven with *angels*."



NORMAN.

"Till one calm night, when over earth and wave  
Heaven looked its love from all its numberless  
stars."

NORMAN.

"Those eyes, the guiding stars by which I steered."

NORMAN.

"That great mother  
(The only parent I have known), whose face  
Is bright with gazing over the stars—  
The mother-sea."

NORMAN.

"My bark shall be our home;  
The stars that light the angel palaces  
Of air our lamps."

NORMAN.

"A name that glitters, like a star, amidst  
The galaxy of England's loftiest born."

LADY ARUNDEL.

"And see him princeliest of the lion tribe,  
Whose swords and coronals gleam around the  
throne,  
The guardian stars of the imperial isle."

The fust spissymen has been going the round of all the papers, as real, reglar poatry. Those wicked critix! they must have been laffing in their sleafs when they quoted it. Malody, suckling round and upwards from the bows, like a happy soul released, hangs in the air, and from invizable plumes shakes sweetness down. Mighty fine, truly! but let mortal man tell the meanink of the passidge. Is it *musickle* sweetness that Malody shakes down from its plumes—its wings, that is, or tail—or some pekwiliar scent that proceeds from happy souls released, and which they shake down from the trees when they are suckling round and uppard? Is this poatry, Barnet? Lay your hand on your busm, and speak out boldly: Is it poatry, or sheer windy humbugg, that sounds a little melojous, and won't bear the commanest test of comman sence?

In passidge number 2, the same bisniss is going on, though in a comprehensable way: the air, the leaves, the otion, are fild with emoccan at Capting Norman's happiness. Pore Nature is dragged in to partisapate in his joys, just as she has been befor. Once in a poem, this universle simfithy is very well; but once is enuff, my dear Barnet; and that once should be in some great suckmstans, surely—such as the meeting of Adam and Eve, in "Paradice Lost," or Jewpeter and Jewno, in Hoamer, where there seems, as it were, a reasn for it. But sea-captings should not be eternly spowting and invoking gods, hevus, starrs,

angels, and other silestial influences. We can all do it, Barnet; nothing in life is easier. I can compare my livry buttons to the stars, or the clouds of my backpipe to the dark vol-lums that isheiw from Mount Hetna; or I can say that angels are looking down from them, and the tobacco silf, like a happy sole released, is circling round and upwards, and shaking sweetness down. All this is as ezy as drink; but it's not poatry, Barnet, nor natural. People, when their mothers reckonize them, don't howl about the suckumambint air, and paws to think of the happy leaves a-rustling—at least, one mistrusts them if they do. Take another instans out of your own play. Capting Norman (with his eternll *slack-jaw*!) meets the gal of his art:

"Look up, look up, my Violet—weeping? fie!  
And trembling too—yet leaning on my breast.  
In truth, thou art too soft for such rude shelter.  
Look up! I come to woo thee to the seas,  
My sailor's bride! Hast thou no voice but blushes?  
Nay—From those roses let me, like the bee,  
Drag forth the secret sweetness!"

VIOLET.

"Oh what thoughts  
Were kept for *speech* when we once more should  
meet,  
Now blotted from the *page*; and all I feel  
Is—*thou art with me!*"

Very right, Miss Violet—the scentiment is natral, affeckshnit, pleasing, simple (it might have been in more grammaticle languidge, and no harm done); but never mind, the feeling is pritty; and I can fancy, my dear Barnet, a pritty, smiling, weeping lass, looking up in a man's face and saying it. But the capting!—oh, this capting!—this windy, spouting captain, with his prittinesses, and conseated apologies for the hardness of his busm, and his old, stale, vapid simalies, and his wishes to be a bee! Pish! *Men* don't make love in this finniking way. It's the part of a sentymettle, poeticle taylor, not a galliant gentleman, in command of one of her Madjisty's vessels of war.

Look at the remaining extrac, honored Barnet, and acknollidge that Capting Norman is eturnly repeating himself, with his endless jabber about stars and angels. Look at the neat grammaticle twist of Lady Arundel's spitch, too, who, in the cors of three lines, has made her son a prince, a lion, with a sword and coronal, and a star. Why jumble and sheak up matafors in this way? Barnet, one simily is quite enough in the best of sentences (and I preshume I kneedn't tell you that it's as well to have it *like*, when you are about it). Take my advise, honrabble sir—listen to a

humble footmin : it's generally best in poetry to understand puffically what you mean yourself, and to igspress your meaning clearly afterwoods—in the simpler words the better, praps. You may, for instans, call a coronet a coronal (an "ancestral coronal," p. 74) if you like, as you might call a hat a "swart sombrero," "a glossy four-and-nine," "a silken helm, to storm impermeable, and lightsome as the breezy gosamer ;" but, in the long run, it's as well to call it a hat. It *is* a hat ; and that name is quite as poetticle as another. I think it's Playto, or els Harrystottle, who observes that what we call a rose by any other name would smell as sweet. Confess, now, dear Barnet, don't you long to call it a Polyanthus ?

I never see a play more carelessly written. In such a hurry you seem to have bean, that you have actially in some sentences forgot to put in the sence. What is this, for instance ?

"This thrice precious one  
Smiled to my eyes—drew being from my breast—  
Slept in my arms ;—the very tears I shed  
Above my treasure were to men and angels  
Alike such holy sweetness !"

In the name of all the angels that ever you invoked—Raphael, Gabriel, Uriel, Zadkiel, Azrael—what does this "holy sweetness" mean ? We're not spinxes to read such durk conandrum. If you knew my state sins I came upon this passidg—I've neither slep nor eton ; I've neglected my pantry ; I've been wandring from house to house with this ridl in my hand, and nobody can understand it. All Mr. Frazier's men are wild, looking gloomy at one another, and asking what this may be. All the cumtributors have been spoak to. The Doctor, who knows every languitch, has tried and giv'n up ; we've sent to Doctor Pettigruel, who reads horyglifics a deal ezier than my way of spellin'—no anser. Quick ! quick with a fifth edition, honored Barnet, and set us at rest ! While your about it, please, too, to igspain the two last lines :

"His merry bark with England's flag to crown her."

See what dellexy of igspreshn, "a flag to crown her !"

"His merry bark with England's flag to crown her,  
Fame for my hopes, and woman in my cares."

Likewise the following :

"Girl, beware,  
THE LOVE THAT TRIFLES ROUND THE CHARMS IT  
GILDS  
OFT RUINS WHILE IT SHINES."

Igsplain this, men and angels ! I've tried

every way ; backards, forards, and in all sorts of transepositions, as thus :

"The love that ruins round the charm its shines,  
Gilds while it trifles oft ;"

Or,

"The charm that gilds around the love it ruins,  
Oft trifles while it shines ;"

Or,

"The ruins that love gilds and shine around,  
Oft trifles where it charms ;"

Or,

"Love, while it charms, shines round, and ruins oft,  
The trifles that it gilds ;"

Or,

"The love that trifles, gilds and ruins oft,  
While round the charm it shines."

All which are as sensible as the fust passidge.

And with this I'll allow my friend Smith, who has been silent all this time, to say a few words. He has not ritten near so much as me (being an infearor genus, betwist ourselves), but he says he never had such mortal diffickty with anything as with the dixcripshn of the plott of your pease. Here his letter :

"To CH-RL-S F-TZR-Y PL-NT-G-N-T  
Y-LL-WPL-SH, ESQ., &c. &c.

"30th Nov., 1839.

"MY DEAR AND HONOURED SIR,—I have the pleasure of laying before you the following description of the plot, and a few remarks upon the style of the piece called *The Sea Captain*.

"Five-and-twenty years back, a certain Lord Arundel had a daughter, heiress of his estates and property ; a poor cousin, Sir Maurice Beevor (being next in succession) ; and a page, Arthur Le Mesnil by name.

"The daughter took a fancy for the page, and the young persons were married unknown to his lordship.

"Three days before her confinement (thinking, no doubt, that period favourable for travelling), the young couple had agreed to run away together, and had reached a chapel near on the sea-coast, from which they were to embark, when Lord Arundel abruptly put a stop to their proceedings by causing one Gaussen, a pirate, to murder the page.

"His daughter was carried back to Arundel House, and, in three days, gave birth to a son. Whether his lordship knew of this birth I cannot say ; the infant, however, was never acknowledged, but carried by Sir Maurice Beevor to a priest, Omslow by name, who



educated the lad and kept him for twelve years in profound ignorance of his birth. The boy went by the name of Norman.

"Lady Arundel meanwhile married again, again became a widow, but had a second son, who was the acknowledged heir, and called Lord Ashdale. Old Lord Arundel died, and her ladyship became countess in her own right.

"When Norman was about twelve years of age, his mother, who wished to 'waft' young Arthur to a distant land,' had him sent on board ship. Who should the captain of the ship be but Gaussen, who received a smart bribe from Sir Maurice Beevor to kill the lad. Accordingly, Gaussen tied him to a plank, and pitched him overboard.

\* \* \* \* \*

"About thirteen years after these circumstances, Violet, an orphan niece of Lady Arundel's second husband, came to pass a few weeks with her ladyship. She had just come from a long sea-voyage, and had been saved from a wicked Algerine by an English sea captain. This sea captain was no other than Norman, who had been picked up off his plank, and fell in love with, and was loved by, Miss Violet.

"A short time after Violet's arrival at her aunt's the captain came to pay her a visit, his ship anchoring off the coast, near Lady Arundel's residence. By a singular coincidence, that rogue Gaussen's ship anchored in the harbour too. Gaussen at once knew his man, for he had 'tracked' him (after drowning him), and he informed Sir Maurice Beevor that young Norman was alive.

"Sir Maurice Beevor informed her ladyship. How should she get rid of him? In this wise. He was in love with Violet, let him marry her and be off; for Lord Ashdale was in love with his cousin too; and, of course, could not marry a young woman in her station of life. 'You have a chaplain on board,' says her ladyship to Captain Norman; 'let him attend to-night in the ruined chapel, marry Violet, and away with you to sea.' By this means she hoped to be quit of him for ever.

"But unfortunately the conversation had been overheard by Beevor, and reported to Ashdale. Ashdale determined to be at the chapel and carry off Violet; as for Beevor, he sent Gaussen to the chapel to kill both Ashdale and Norman: thus there would only be Lady Arundel between him and the title,

"Norman, in the meanwhile, who had been walking near the chapel, had just seen his worthy old friend, the priest, most barbarously murdered there. Sir Maurice Beevor had set Gaussen upon him; his reverence was coming with the papers concerning Norman's birth, which Beevor wanted in order to extort money from the countess. Gaussen was, however, obliged to run before he got the papers; and the clergyman had time, before he died, to tell Norman the story, and give him the documents, with which Norman sped off to the castle to have an interview with his mother.

"He lays his white cloak and hat on the table, and begs to be left alone with her ladyship. Lord Ashdale, who is in the room, surlily quits it; but, going out, cunningly puts on Norman's cloak. 'It will be dark,' says he, 'down at the chapel; Violet won't know me; and, egad! I'll run off with her.'

"Norman has his interview. Her ladyship acknowledges him, for she cannot help it; but will not embrace him, love him, or have anything to do with him.

"Away he goes to the chapel. His chaplain was there waiting to marry him to Violet, his boat was there to carry him on board his ship, and Violet was there, too.

"'Norman,' says she, in the dark; 'dear Norman, I knew you by your white cloak; here I am.' And she and the man in a cloak go off to the inner chapel to be married.

"There waits Master Gaussen; he has seized the chaplain and the boat's crew, and is just about to murder the man in the cloak, when—

"*Norman* rushes in and cuts him down, much to the surprise of Miss, for she never suspected it was sly Ashdale who had come, as we have seen, disguised, and very nearly paid for his masquerading.

"Ashdale is very grateful; but, when Norman persists in marrying Violet, he says—no, he shan't. He shall fight; he is a coward if he doesn't fight. Norman flings down his sword, and says he *won't* fight; and—

"Lady Arundel, who has been at prayers all this time, rushing in, says, 'Hold! this is your brother, Percy—your elder brother!' Here is some restiveness on Ashdale's part, but he finishes by embracing his brother.

"Norman burns all the papers; vows he will never peach; reconciles himself with his mother; says he will go loser; but, having ordered his ship to 'veer' round to the chapel, orders it to veer back again, for he will pass the honeymoon at Arundel Castle.

"As you have been pleased to ask my opinion, it strikes me that there are one or two very good notions in this plot. But the author does not fail, as he would modestly have us believe, from ignorance of stage-business; he seems to know too much, rather than too little, about the stage; to be too anxious to cram in effects, incidents, perplexities. There is the perplexity concerning Ashdale's murder, and Norman's murder, and the priest's murder, and the page's murder, and Gaussen's murder. There is the perplexity about the papers, and that about the hat and cloak (a silly, foolish obstacle), which only tantalize the spectator, and retard the march of the drama's action: it is as if the author had said, 'I must have a new incident in every act, I must keep tickling the spectator perpetually, and never let him off until the fall of the curtain.'

"The same disagreeable bustle and petty complication of intrigue you may remark in the author's drama of *Richelieu*. *The Lady of Lyons* was a much simpler and better wrought plot; the incidents following each other not too swiftly or startlingly. In *Richelieu*, it always seemed to me as if one heard doors perpetually clapping and banging; one was puzzled to follow the train of conversation, in the midst of the perpetual small noises that distracted one right and left.

"Nor is the list of characters of *The Sea Captain* to be despised. The outlines of all of them are good. A mother, for whom one feels a proper tragic mixture of hatred and pity; a gallant single-hearted son, whom she disdains, and who conquers her at last by his noble conduct; a dashing haughty Tybalt of a brother; a wicked poor cousin, a pretty maid, and a fierce bucanier. These people might pass three hours very well on the stage, and interest the audience hugely; but the author fails in filling up the outlines. His language is absurdly stilted, frequently careless; the reader or spectator hears a number of loud speeches, but scarce a dozen lines that seem to belong of nature to the speakers.

"Nothing can be more fulsome or loathsome to my mind than the continual sham-religious clap-traps which the author has put into the mouth of his hero; nothing more unsailor-like than his namby-pamby starlit descriptions, which my ingenious colleague has, I see, alluded to. 'Thy faith my anchor, and thine eyes my haven,' cries the gallant captain to his lady. See how loosely the sentence is constructed, like a thousand others in the book.

The captain is to cast anchor with the girl's faith in her own eyes; either image might pass by itself, but together, like the quadrupeds of Kilkenny, they devour each other. The captain tells his lieutenant *to bid his bark veer round* to a point in the harbour. Was ever such language! My lady gives Sir Maurice a thousand pounds to *waft* him (her son) to some distant shore. Nonsense, sheer nonsense; and what is worse, affected nonsense!

"Look at the comedy of the poor cousin. 'There is a great deal of game on the estate—partridges, hares, wild-geese, snipes, and plovers (*smacking his lips*)—besides a magnificent preserve of sparrows, which I can sell to the little blackguards in the streets at a penny a hundred. But I am very poor—a very poor old knight!'

"Is this wit or nature? It is a kind of sham wit; it reads as if it were wit, but it is not. What poor, poor stuff, about the little blackguard boys! what flimsy ecstasies and silly 'smacking of lips' about the plovers! Is this the man who writes for the next age? O fie! Here is another joke:—

"*'Sir Maurice.* Mice! zounds, how can I keep mice! I can't afford it! They were starved To death an age ago. The last was found Come Christmas three years, stretched beside a bone. In that same larder, so consumed and worn By pious fast, 'twas awful to behold it! I canonized its corpse in spirits of wine, And set it in the porch—a solemn warning To thieves and beggars!'

"Is not this rare wit? 'Zounds! how can I keep mice?' is well enough for a miser; not too new, or brilliant either; but this miserable dilution of a thin joke, this wretched hunting down of the poor mouse! It is humiliating to think of a man of *esprit* harping so long on such a mean, pitiful string. A man who aspires to immortality, too! I doubt whether it is to be gained thus; whether our author's words are not too loosely built to make 'starry-pointing pyramids' of. Horace clipped and squared his blocks more carefully before he laid the monument which *imber edax*, or *aquila impotens*, or *fuga temporum* might assail in vain. Even old Ovid, when he raised his stately, shining heathen temple, had placed some columns in it, and hewn out a statue or two which deserved the immortality that he prophesied (somewhat arrogantly) for himself. But let us not all be looking forward to a future, and fancying that, '*incerti spatium dum finiat ævi*,' our books are to be immortal. Alas! the way to immortality is not so easy, nor will our *Sea Captain* be permitted such

an unconscionable cruise. If all the immortalities were really to have their wish, what a work would our descendants have to study them all!

"Not yet, in my humble opinion, has the honourable baronet achieved this deathless consummation. There will come a day (may it be long distant!) when the very best of his novels will be forgotten; and it is reasonable to suppose that his dramas will pass out of existence, some time or other, in the lapse of the *secula seculorum*. In the meantime, my dear Plush, if you ask me what the great obstacle is towards the dramatic fame and merit of our friend, I would say that it does not lie so much in hostile critics or feeble health, as in a careless habit of writing, and a peevish vanity which causes him to shut his eyes to his faults. The question of original capacity I will not moot; one may think very highly of the honourable baronet's talent, without rating it quite so high as he seems disposed to do.

"And to conclude: as he has chosen to combat the critics in person, the critics are

surely justified in being allowed to address him directly.

"With best compliments to Mrs. Yellowplush,

"I have the honour to be, dear Sir,

"Your most faithful and obliged  
humble servant,

"JOHN THOMAS SMITH."

And now, Smith having finisht his letter, I think I can't do better than clothes mine lick-wise; for though I should never be tired of talking, praps the public may of hearing, and therefore it's best to shet up shopp.

What I've said, respected Barnit, I hoap you woan't take unkind. A play, you see, is public property for every one to say his say on; and I think, if you read your prefez over agin, you'll see that it ax as a direct incouridgmint to us critix to come forrard and notice you. But don't fansy, I besitch you, that we are actiated by hostillaty; fust writé a good play, and you'll see we'll prays it fast enuff. Waiting which, *Agray, Munseer le Chevaleer, l'ashurance de ma hot cumsideratun.*

*Voter distangy,*

Y.

END OF THE YELLOWPLUSH PAPERS.

# STUBBS'S CALENDAR;

OR,

## THE FATAL BOOTS.

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### JANUARY.—THE BIRTH OF THE YEAR.

SOME poet has observed, that if any man would write down what has really happened to him in his mortal life, he would be sure to make a good book, though he never had met with a single adventure from his birth to his burial; how much more, then, must I, who *have* had adventures, most singular, pathetic, and unparalleled, be able to compile an instructive and entertaining volume for the use of the public.

I don't mean to say that I have killed lions, or seen the wonders of travel in the deserts of Arabia or Prussia; or that I have been a very fashionable character, living with dukes and peeresses, and writing my recollections of them as the way now is. I never left this my native isle, nor spoke to a lord (except an Irish one, who had rooms in our house, and forgot to pay three weeks' lodging and extras); but, as our immortal bard observes, I have in the course of my existence been so eaten up by the slugs and harrows of outrageous fortune, and have been the object of such continual and extraordinary ill-luck, that I believe it would melt the heart of a milestone to read of it—that is, if a milestone had a heart of anything but stone.

Twelve of my adventures, suitable for meditation and perusal during the twelve months of the year, have been arranged by me for this Almanack. They contain part of the history of a great and, confidently I may say, a *good* man. I was not a spendthrift like other men. I never wronged any man of a shilling, though I am as sharp a fellow at a bargain as any in Europe. I never injured a fellow-creature; on the contrary, on several occasions, when injured myself, have shown the most wonderful forbearance. I come of a tolerably good

family; and yet, born to wealth—of an in-offensive disposition, careful of the money that I had, and eager to get more—I have been going down hill ever since my journey of life began, and have been pursued by a complication of misfortunes such as surely never happened to any man but the unhappy Bob Stubbs.

Bob Stubbs is my name; and I haven't got a shilling: I have borne the commission of lieutenant in the service of King George, and am *now*—but never mind what I am now, for the public will know in a few pages more. My father was of the Suffolk Stubbses—a well-to-do gentleman of Bungay. My grandfather had been a respected attorney in that town, and left my papa a pretty little fortune. I was thus the inheritor of competence, and ought to be at this moment a gentleman.

My misfortunes may be said to have commenced about a year before my birth, when my papa, a young fellow pretending to study the law in London, fell madly in love with Miss Smith, the daughter of a tradesman, who did not give her a sixpence, and afterwards became bankrupt. My papa married this Miss Smith, and carried her off to the country, where I was born, in an evil hour for me.

Were I to attempt to describe my early years, you would laugh at me as an impostor; but the following letter, from mamma to a friend after her marriage, will pretty well show you what a poor foolish creature she was; and what a reckless extravagant fellow was my other unfortunate parent.

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*"To Miss Eliza Hicks, in Gracechurch Street, London.*

*"Oh, Eliza! your Susan is the happiest girl under heaven! My Thomas is an angel: not a tall grenadier-like looking fellow, such as I always vowed I would marry:—on the con-*

trary, he is what the world would call dumpy, and I hesitate not to confess that his eyes have a cast in them. But what then? when one of his eyes is fixed on me, and one on my babe, they are lighted up with an affection which my pen cannot describe, and which, certainly, was never bestowed upon any woman so strongly as upon your happy Susan Stubbs.

"When he comes home from shooting, or the farm, if you *could* see dear Thomas with me and our dear little Bob! as I sit on one knee, and baby on the other, and as he dances us both about. I often wish that we had Sir Joshua or some great painter to depict the group; for sure it is the prettiest picture in the whole world to see three such loving merry people.

"Dear baby is the most lovely little creature that *can possibly be*—the very *image* of papa; he is cutting his teeth, and the delight of *everybody*. Nurse says that when he is older he will get rid of his squint, and his hair will get a *great deal* less red. Dr. Bates is as kind, and skilful, and attentive, as we could desire. Think what a blessing to have had him! Ever since poor baby's birth, it has never had a day of quiet; and he has been obliged to give it from there to four doses every week; how thankful ought we to be that the *dear thing* is as well as it is! It got through the measles wonderfully; then it had a little rash; and then a nasty hooping-cough; and then a fever, and continual pains in its poor little stomach, crying, poor dear child, from morning till night.

"But dear Tom is an excellent nurse; and many and many a night has he had no sleep, dear man! in consequence of the poor little baby. He walks up and down with it, *for hours*, singing a kind of song (dear fellow, he has no more voice than a tea-kettle), and bobbing his head backwards and forwards, and looking, in his nightcap and dressing-gown, *so droll*. Oh, Eliza! how you would laugh to see him.

"We have one of the best nursemaids in the *world*—an Irishwoman, who is as fond of baby almost as his mother (but that can *never be*). She takes it to walk in the Park for hours together, and I really don't know why Thomas dislikes her. He says she is tipsy very often, and slovenly, which I cannot conceive: to be sure the nurse is sadly dirty, and sometimes smells very strong of gin.

"But what of that? These little drawbacks only make home more pleasant. When one

thinks how many mothers have no nursemaids; how many poor dear children have no doctors: ought we not to be thankful for Mary Malowney, and that Dr. Bates's bill is forty-seven pounds? How ill must dear baby have been to require so much physic!

"But they are a sad expense, these dear babies, after all. Fancy, Eliza, how much this Mary Malowney costs us. Ten shillings every week! a glass of brandy or gin at dinner; three pints of Mr. Thrale's best porter every day—making twenty-one in a week; and nine hundred and ninety in the eleven months she has been with us. Then, for baby, there is Dr. Bates's bill of forty-five guineas, two guineas for christening, twenty for a grand christening supper and ball (rich uncle John mortally offended because he was made godfather, and had to give baby a silver cup; he has struck Thomas out of his will; and old Mr. Firkin quite as much hurt because he was not asked; he will not speak to me or John in consequence); twenty guineas for flannels, laces, little gowns, caps, napkins, and such baby's ware: and all this out of 300*l.* a year! But Thomas expects to make a *great deal* by his farm.

"We have got the most charming country house *you can imagine*; it is *quite shut in* by trees, and so retired that, though only thirty miles from London, the post comes to us but once a week. The roads, it must be confessed, are execrable: it is winter now, and we are up to our knees in mud and snow. But, oh, Eliza! how happy we are: with Thomas (he has had a sad attack of rheumatism, dear man!) and little Bobby, and our kind friend Dr. Bates, who comes so far to see us, I leave you to fancy that we have a charming, merry party, and do not care for all the gaieties of Ranelagh.

"Adieu! dear baby is crying for his mamma: a thousand kisses from your affectionate

"SUSAN STUBBS."

There it is. Doctor's bills, gentleman-farming, twenty-one pints of porter a week; in this way my unnatural parents were already robbing me of my property.

## FEBRUARY.—CUTTING WEATHER.

I HAVE called this chapter "cutting weather," partly in compliment to the month of February, and partly in respect of my own misfortunes, which you are going to read about, for I have often thought that January (which is mostly twelfth-cake and holiday time) is like the first



four or five years of a little boy's life ; then comes dismal February, and the working days with it, when chaps begin to look out for themselves, after the Christmas and the New Year's heyday and merry-making are over, which our infancy may well be said to be. Well can I recollect that bitter 1st of February, when I first launched out into the world and appeared at Dr. Swishtail's academy.

I began at school that life of prudence and economy, which I have carried on ever since. My mother gave me eighteenpence on setting out (poor soul ! I thought her heart would break as she kissed me, and bade God bless me) ; and besides, I had a small capital of my own, which I had amassed for a year previous. I'll tell you what I used to do. Wherever I saw six halfpence I took one. If it was asked for, I said I had taken it, and gave it back ; if it was not missed, I said nothing about it, as why should I ?—those who don't miss their money don't lose their money. So I had a little private fortune of three shillings, besides mother's eighteenpence. At school they called me the copper-merchant, I had such lots of it.

Now, even at a preparatory school, a well-regulated boy may better himself ; and I can tell you I did. I never was in any quarrels : I never was very high in the class or very low ; but there was no chap so much respected : and why ? *I'd always money*. The other boys spent all their's in the first day or two, and they gave me plenty of cakes and barley-sugar then, I can tell you. I'd no need to spend my own money, for they would insist upon treating me. Well, in a week, when their's was gone, and they had but their threepence a week to look to for the rest of the half-year, what did I do ? Why, I am proud to say that three-halfpence out of the threepence a week of almost all the young gentlemen at Dr. Swishtail's, came into my pocket. Suppose, for instance, Tom Hicks wanted a slice of gingerbread, who had the money ? Little Bob Stubbs, to be sure. "Hicks," I used to say, *I'll buy you three-halfp'orth of gingerbread if you'll give me threepence next Saturday* : and he agreed, and next Saturday came, and he very often could not pay me more than three-halfpence, then there was the threepence I was to have *the next Saturday*. I'll tell you what I did for a whole half-year : I lent a chap, by the name of Dick Bunting, three-halfpence the first Saturday, for threepence the next ; he could not pay me more than half when Saturday came, and I'm blest if I did

not make him pay me three-halfpence *for three-and-twenty-weeks running*, making two shillings and tenpence-halfpenny. But he was a sad, dishonourable fellow, Dick Bunting ; for, after I'd been so kind to him, and let him off for three-and-twenty weeks the money he owed me, holidays came, and threepence he owed me still. Well, according to the common principles of practice, after six weeks' holidays, he ought to have paid me exactly sixteen shillings, which was my due. For the

First week the	3d.	would be	6d.
Second week	.	.	1s.
Third week	.	.	2s.
Fourth week	.	.	4s.
Fifth week	.	.	8s.
Sixth week	.	.	16s.

Nothing could be more just ; and yet, will it be believed ? when Bunting came back he offered me *three-halfpence* ! the mean, dishonest scoundrel !

However, I was even with him, I can tell you. He spent all his money in a fortnight, and *then* I screwed him down ! I made him, besides giving me a penny for a penny, pay me a quarter of his bread and butter at breakfast, and a quarter of his cheese at supper ; and before the half-year was out, I got from him a silver fruit-knife, a box of compasses, and a very pretty silver-laced waistcoat ; in which I went home as proud as a king ; and, what's more, I had no less than three golden guineas in the pocket of it, besides fifteen shillings, the knife, and a brass bottle-screw, which I got from another chap. It wasn't bad interest for twelve shillings, which was all the money I'd had in the year, was it ? Heigh ho ! I've often wished that I could get such a chance again in this wicked world ; but men are more avaricious now than they used to be in those early days.

Well, I went home in my new waistcoat as fine as a peacock ; and when I gave the bottle-screw to my father, begging him to take it as a token of my affection for him, my dear mother burst into such a fit of tears as I never saw, and kissed and hugged me fit to smother me. "Bless him, bless him," says she, "to think of his old father ! And where did you purchase it, Bob ?" "Why, mother," says I, "I purchased it out of my savings" (which was as true as the gospel). When I said this, mother looked round to father smiling, although she had tears in her eyes, and she took his hand, and with the other hand drew me to her.



"Is he not a noble boy?" says she to my father, "and only nine years old!" "Faith," says my father, "he *is* a good lad, Susan. Thank thee, my boy; and here is a crown-piece in return for thy bottle-screw;—it shall open us a bottle of the very best, too," says my father; and he kept his word. I always was fond of good wine (though never, from a motive of proper self-denial, having any in my cellar); and, by Jupiter! on this night I had my little skin full—for there was no stinting—so pleased were my dear parents with the bottle-screw. The best of it was, it only cost me threepence originally, which a chap could not pay me.

Seeing the game was such a good one, I became very generous towards my parents: and a capital way it is to encourage liberality in children. I gave mamma a very neat brass thimble, and she gave me a half-guinea piece. Then I gave her a very pretty needle-book, which I made myself with an ace of spades from a new pack of cards we had, and I got Sally, our maid, to cover it with a bit of pink satin her mistress had given her; and I made the leaves of the book, which I vandyked very nicely, out of a piece of flannel I had had round my neck for a sore throat. It smelt a little of hartshorn, but it was a beautiful needle-book, and mamma was so delighted with it that she went into town and bought me a gold-laced hat. Then I bought papa a pretty china tobacco-stopper; but I am sorry to say of my dear father that he was not so generous as my mamma or myself, for he only burst out laughing, and did not give me so much as a half-crown piece, which was the least I expected from him. "I shan't give you anything, Bob, this time," said he; "and I wish, my boy, you would not make any more such presents, for, really, they are too expensive." Expensive, indeed! I hate meanness—even in a father.

I must tell you about the silver-edged waistcoat which Bunting gave me. Mamma asked me about it, and I told her the truth—that it was a present from one of the boys for my kindness to him. Well, what does she do but writes back to Dr. Swishtail, when I went to school, thanking him for his attention to her dear son, and sending a shilling to the good and grateful little boy who had given me the waistcoat!

"What waistcoat is it?" said the Doctor to me, "and who gave it you?"

"Bunting gave it me, sir," says I.

"Call Bunting." And up the little un-

grateful chap came. Would you believe it? He burst into tears—told that the waistcoat had been given him by his mother, and that he had been forced to give it for a debt to Copper Merchant, as the nasty little black-guard called me. He then said, how, for three halfpence, he had been compelled to pay me three shillings (the sneak! as if he had been *obliged* to borrow the three halfpence!)—how all the other boys had been swindled (swindled!) by me in like manner—and how, with only twelve shillings, I had managed to scrape together four guineas.

\* \* \* \* \*

My courage almost fails as I describe the shameful scene that followed. The boys were called in, my own little account-book was dragged out of my cupboard, to prove how much I had received from each, and every farthing of my money was paid back to them. The tyrant took the thirty shillings that my dear parents had given me, and said that he should put them into the poor-box at church; and, after having made a long discourse to the boys about meanness and usury, he said, "Take off your coat, Mr. Stubbs, and restore Bunting his waistcoat." I did, and stood without coat and waistcoat in the midst of the nasty grinning boys. I was going to put on my coat—

"Stop," says he; "TAKE DOWN HIS BREECHES!"

Ruthless, brutal villain! Sam Hopkins, the biggest boy, took them down—horsed me—and *I was flogged, sir*; yes, flogged! O revenge! I, Robert Stubbs, who had done nothing but what was right, was brutally flogged at ten years of age.—Though February was the shortest month, I remembered it long.

### MARCH.—SHOWERY.

WHEN my mamma heard of the treatment of her darling she was for bringing an action against the schoolmaster, or else for tearing his eyes out (when, dear soul! she would not have torn the eyes out of a flea, had it been her own injury), and, at the very least, for having me removed from the school where I had been so shamefully treated. But papa was stern for once, and vowed that I had been served quite right, and declared that I should not be removed from the school, and sent old Swishtail a brace of pheasants for

what he called his kindness to me: Of these the old gentleman invited me to partake, and made a very queer speech at dinner, as he was cutting them up, about the excellence of my parents, and his own determination to be *kinder still* to me if ever I ventured on such practices again; so I was obliged to give up my old trade of lending, for the doctor declared that any boy who borrowed should be flogged, and any one who *paid* should be flogged twice as much. There was no standing against such a prohibition as this, and my little commerce was ruined.

I was not very high in the school, not having been able to get further than that dreadful *Propria quæ maribus* in the Latin grammar, of which, though I have it by heart even now, I never could understand a syllable; but, on account of my size, my age, and the prayers of my mother, was allowed to have the privilege of the bigger boys, and on holidays to walk about in the town; great dandies we were, too, when we thus went out. I recollect my costume very well—a thunder-and-lightning coat, a white waistcoat, embroidered neatly at the pockets, a lace frill, a pair of knee-breeches, and elegant white cotton or silk stockings. This did very well, but still I was dissatisfied; I wanted *a pair of boots*. Three boys in the school had boots—I was mad to have them too.

There was a German bootmaker who had just set up in *our* town in those days who afterwards made his fortune in London. I determined to have the boots from him, and did not despair, before the end of a year or two, either to leave the school, when I should not mind his dunning me, or to screw the money from mamma, and so pay him.

So I called upon this man, Stiffelkind was his name, and he took my measure for a pair.

"You are a vary young gentleman to wear dop boots," said the shoemaker.

"I suppose, fellow," says I, "that is my business and not yours. Either make the boots or not, but when you speak to a man of my rank, speak respectfully;" and poured out a number of oaths in order to impress him with a notion of my respectability.

They had the desired effect. "Stay, sir," says he, "I have a nice littel pair of dop boots dat I tink will jost do for you," and he produced, sure enough, the most elegant things I ever saw. "Day were made," said he, "for de Honourable Mr. Stiffney, of de Gards, but were too small."

"Ah, indeed!" said I; "Stiffney is a relation of mine. And what, you scoundrel, will you have the impudence to ask for these things?"

He replied, "Three pounds."

"Well," said I, "they are confoundedly dear, but as you will have a long time to wait for your money, why, I shall have my revenge, you see." The man looked alarmed, and began a speech: "Sare, I cannot let dem go vidout;" but a bright thought struck me, and I interrupted, "Sir, don't sir me. Take off the boots, fellow; and, hark ye! when you speak to a nobleman don't say—Sir."

"A hundert tousand pardons, my lort," says he; "if I had known you were a lort, I vood never have called you, Sir. Vat name shall I put down in my books?"

"Name?—Oh! why—LORD CORNWALLIS, to be sure," said I, as I walked off in the boots.

"And vat shall I do vid my lort's shoes?"

"Keep them till I send for them," said I; and, giving him a patronising bow, I walked out of the shop, as the German tied up my shoes in a paper.

\* \* \* \* \*

This story I would not have told, but that my whole life turned upon these accursed boots. I walked back to school as proud as a peacock, and easily succeeded in pacifying the boys as to the manner by which I came by my new ornaments.

Well, one fatal Monday morning, the blackest of all black Mondays that ever I knew—as we were all of us playing between school-hours—I saw a posse of boys round a stranger, who seemed to be looking out for one of us. A sudden trembling seized me—I new it was Stiffelkind. What had brought him here? He talked loud, and seemed angry, so I rushed into the schoolroom, and, burying my head between my hands, began reading for the dear life.

"I vant Lord Cornvallis," said the horrid bootmaker. "His lordship belongs, I know, to dis honourable school, for I saw him vid de boys at church yesterday."

"Lord who?"

"Vy, Lort Cornvallis, to be sure—a very fat yong noblemen, vid red hair; he squints a little, and svears dreadfully."

"There's no Lord Cornvallis here," said one—and there was a pause.

"Stop! I have it!" says that odious Bunt-

ing. "*It must be Stubbs;*" and "*Stubbs!*" every one cried out, while I was so busy at my book as not to hear a word.

At last, two of the biggest chaps rushed into the schoolroom, and seizing each an arm, run me into the playground, bolt up against the shoemaker.

"Dis is my man. I beg your lortship's pardon," says he, "I have brought your lortship's shoes, vich you left. See, dey have been in dis parcel ever since you vent away in my boots."

"Shoes, fellow?" says I, "I never saw your face before;" for I knew there was nothing for it but brazening it out. "Upon the honour of a gentleman," said I, turning round to the boys. They hesitated, and if the trick had turned in my favour, fifty of them would have seized hold of Stiffelkind, and drubbed him soundly.

"Stop!" says Bunting (hang him!) "let's see the shoes; if they fit him, why, then, the cobbler's right." They did fit me, and not only that, but the name of STUBBS was written in them at full length.

"Vat?" said Stiffelkind, "is he not a lort? So help me himmel, I never did vonce tink of looking at de shoes, which have been lying ever since in dis piece of brown paper;" and then, gathering anger as he went on, thundered out so much of his abuse of me in his German-English, that the boys roared with laughter. Swishtail came in in the midst of the disturbance, and asked what the noise meant.

"It's only Lord Cornwallis, sir," said the boys, "battling with his shoemaker about the price of a pair of top boots."

"Oh, sir," says I, "it was only in fun that I called myself Lord Cornwallis."

"In fun! Where are the boots? And you, sir, give me your bill." My beautiful boots were brought, and Stiffelkind produced his bill. "Lord Cornwallis to Samuel Stiffelkind, for a pair of boots—four guineas."

"You have been fool enough, sir," says the doctor, looking very stern, "to let this boy impose upon you as a lord, and knave enough to charge him double the value of the article you sold him. Take back the boots, sir, I won't pay a penny of your bill; nor can you get a penny. As for you, sir, you miserable swindler and cheat, I shall not flog you as I did before, but I shall send you home; you are not fit to be the companion of honest boys!"

"*Suppose we duck him before he goes,*" piped out a very small voice. The doctor grinned significantly, and left the schoolroom, and the boys knew by this they might have their way. They seized me and carried me to the playground pump; they pumped upon me till I was half dead, and the monster, Stiffelkind, stood looking on for the half-hour the operation lasted.

I suppose the doctor, at last, thought I had had pumping enough, for he rung the school bell, and the boys were obliged to leave me. As I got out of the trough, Stiffelkind was alone with me. "Vell, my lort," says he, "you have paid *something* for dese boots, but not all; by Jubider! *you shall never hear de end of dem.*" And I didn't.

#### APRIL.—FOOLING.

AFTER this, as you may fancy, I left this disgusting establishment, and lived for some time along with pa and mamma at home. My education was finished, at least mamma and I agreed that it was, and from boyhood to hob-badyhoyhood (which I take to be about the sixteenth year of the life of a young man, and may be likened to the month of April, when spring begins to bloom), from fourteen until seventeen, I say, I remained at home doing nothing, for which I ever since have had a great taste, the idol of my mamma, who took part in all my quarrels with father, and used regularly to rob the weekly expenses, in order to find me in pocket-money. Poor soul! many and many is the guinea I have had from her in that way; and so she enabled me to cut a very pretty figure.

Papa was for having me at this time articted to a merchant, or put to some profession; but mamma and I agreed that I was born to be a gentleman, and not a tradesman, and the army was the only place for me. Everybody was a soldier in those times, for the French war had just begun, and the whole country was swarming with militia regiments. "We'll get him a commission in a marching regiment," said my father; "as we have no money to purchase him up, he'll *fight* his way, I make no doubt;" and papa looked at me with a kind of air of contempt, as much as to say he doubted whether I should be very eager for [such a dangerous way of bettering myself.

I wish you could have heard mamma's screech when he talked so coolly of my going

out to fight. "What, send him abroad! across the horrid, horrid sea—to be wrecked, and perhaps drowned, and only to land for the purpose of fighting the wicked Frenchmen; to be wounded, and perhaps kick—kick—killed! Oh, Thomas, Thomas! would you murder me and your boy?" There was a regular scene; however, it ended, as it always did, in mother's getting the better, and it was settled that I should go into the militia. And why not? the uniform is just as handsome, and the danger not half so great. I don't think in the course of my whole military experience I ever fought anything, except an old woman, who had the impudence to hallo out, "Heads up, lobster!" Well, I joined the North Bungs, and was fairly launched into the world.

I was not a handsome man, I know; but there was *something* about me—that's very evident—for the girls always laughed when they talked to me; and the men, though they affected to call me a poor little creature, squint-eyes, knock-knees, red-head, and so on, were evidently annoyed by my success, for they hated me so confoundedly. Even at the present time they go on, though I have given up gallivanting, as I call it. But in the April of my existence—that is, in Anno Domini 1791, or so—it was a very different case; and having nothing else to do, and being bent upon bettering my condition, I did some very pretty things in that way. But I was not hot-headed and imprudent, like most young fellows. Don't fancy I looked for beauty! Pish!—I wasn't such a fool. Nor for temper; I don't care about a bad temper; I could break any woman's heart in two years. What I wanted was to get on in the world. Of course, I didn't *prefer* an ugly woman, or a shrew; and when the choice offered, would certainly put up with a handsome, good-humoured girl, with plenty of money, as any honest man would.

Now there were two tolerably rich girls in our parts: Miss Magdalen Crutty, with twelve thousand pounds (and, to do her justice, as plain a girl as ever I saw), and Miss Mary Waters, a fine, tall, plump, smiling, peach-cheeked, golden-haired, white-skinned lass, with only ten. Mary Waters lived with her uncle, the Doctor, who had helped me into the world, and who was trusted with this little orphan charge very soon after. My mother, as you have heard, was so fond of Bates, and Bates so fond of little Mary, that both, at first, were almost always in our house: and I used to call her my little wife, as soon as I could speak,

and before she could walk, almost. It was beautiful to see us, the neighbours said.

Well, when her brother, the lieutenant of an India ship, came to be captain, and actually gave Mary five thousand pounds when she was about ten years old, and promised her five thousand more, there was a great talking, and bobbing, and smiling between the Doctor and my parents, and Mary and I were left together more than ever, and she was told to call me her little husband: and she did, and it was considered a settled thing from that day. She was really amazingly fond of me.

Can any one call me mercenary after that? Though Miss Crutty had twelve thousand, and Mary only ten (five in hand, and five in the bush), I stuck faithfully to Mary. As a matter of course, Miss Crutty hated Miss Waters. The fact was, Mary had all the country dangle after her, and not a soul would come to Magdalen, for all her 12,000*l*. I used to be attentive to her, though (as it's always useful to be); and Mary would sometimes laugh and sometimes cry at my flirting with Magdalen. This I thought proper very quickly to check. "Mary," said I, "you know that my love for you is disinterested,—for I am faithful to you, though Miss Crutty is richer than you. Don't fly into a rage, then, because I pay her attentions, when you know that my heart and my promise are engaged to you."

The fact is, to tell a little bit of a secret, there is nothing like the having two strings to your bow. "Who knows?" thought I; "Mary may die, and then where are my 10,000*l*?" So I used to be very kind indeed to Miss Crutty; and well it was that I was so: for when I was twenty, and Mary eighteen, I'm blest if news did not arrive that Captain Waters, who was coming home to England with all his money in rupees, had been taken—ship, rupees, self, and all—by a French privateer; and Mary, instead of 10,000*l*., had only 5,000*l*., making a difference of no less than 350*l*. per annum betwixt her and Miss Crutty.

I had just joined my regiment (the famous North Bungay Fencibles, Colonel Crew commanding) when this news reached me; and you may fancy how a young man, in an expensive regiment and mess; having uniforms and what-not to pay for, and a figure to cut in the world, felt at hearing such news! "My dearest Robert," wrote Miss Waters, "will deplore my brother's loss: but not, I am sure, the money which that kind and generous soul had promised me. I have still five thousand



pounds, and with this and your own little fortune (I had 1,000*l.* in the five per cents!) we shall be as happy and contented as possible."

Happy and contented, indeed! Didn't I know how my father got on with his 300*l.* a year, and how it was all he could do out of it to add a hundred a year to my narrow income, and live himself! My mind was made up—I instantly mounted the coach, and flew to our village—to Mr. Crutty's, of course. It was next door to Dr. Bates's; but I had no business *there*.

I found Magdalen in the garden. "Heavens, Mr. Stubbs!" said she, as in my new uniform I appeared before her, "I really did never—such a handsome officer—expect to see you;" and she made as if she would blush, and began to tremble violently. I led her to a garden seat. I seized her hand; it was not withdrawn. I pressed it; I thought the pressure was returned. I flung myself on my knees, and then I poured into her ear a little speech which I had made on the top of the coach. "Divine Miss Crutty," said I; "idol of my soul! It was but to catch one glimpse of you that I passed through this garden. I never intended to breathe the secret passion (Oh no! of course not) which was wearing my life away. You know my unfortunate pre-engagement—it is broken, and *for ever*! I am free, free but to be your slave—your humblest, fondest, truest slave: and so on.

\* \* \* \*

"Oh, Mr. Stubbs," said she, as I imprinted a kiss upon her cheek, "I can't refuse you; but I fear you are a sad naughty man."

\* \* \* \*

Absorbed in the delicious reverie which was caused by the dear creature's confusion, we were both silent for a while, and should have remained so for hours, perhaps, so lost were we in happiness, had I not been suddenly roused by a voice exclaiming from behind us—

"Don't cry, Mary: he is a swindling, sneaking scoundrel, and you are well rid of him!"

I turned round! O Heaven! there stood Mary, weeping on Doctor Bates's arm, while that miserable apothecary was looking at me with the utmost scorn. The gardener who had let me in had told them of my arrival, and now stood grinning behind them. "Imperence!" was my Magdalen's only exclamation, as she flounced by with the utmost self-possession, while I, glancing daggers at *the spies*, followed

her. We retired to the parlour, where she repeated to me the strongest assurance of her love.

I thought I was a made man. Alas! I was only an APRIL FOOL!

#### MAY.—RESTORATION DAY.

As the month of May is considered, by poets and other philosophers, to be devoted by Nature to the great purpose of love-making, I may as well take advantage of that season and acquaint you with the result of *my* amours.

Young, gay, fascinating, and an ensign, I had completely won the heart of my Magdalen; and as for Miss Waters and her nasty uncle, the Doctor, there was a complete split between us, as you may fancy; Miss, pretending, forsooth, that she was glad I had broken off the match, though she would have given her eyes, the little minx, to have had it on again. But this was out of the question. My father, who had all sorts of queer notions, said I had acted like a rascal in the business; my mother took my part, in course, and declared I acted rightly, as I always did: and I got leave of absence from the regiment in order to press my beloved Magdalen to marry me out of hand—knowing, from reading and experience, the extraordinary mutability of human affairs.

Besides, as the dear girl was seventeen years older than myself, and as bad in health as she was in temper, how was I to know that the grim king of terrors might not carry her off before she became mine? With the tenderest warmth, then, and most delicate ardour, I continued to press my suit. The happy day was fixed—the ever-memorable 10th of May, 1792; the wedding clothes were ordered; and, to make things secure, I penned a little paragraph for the county paper to this effect: "Marriage in High Life. We understand that Ensign Stubbs, of the North Bungay Fencibles, and son of Thomas Stubbs, of Sloffemsquiggle, Esquire, is about to lead to the hymeneal altar the lovely and accomplished daughter of Solomon Crutty, Esquire, of the same place. A fortune of twenty thousand pounds is, we hear, the lady's portion. 'None but the brave deserve the fair.'"

\* \* \* \*

"Have you informed your relatives, my beloved?" said I to Magdalen one day after sending the above notice. "Will any of them attend at your marriage?"

"Uncle Sam will, I daresay," said Miss Crutty "dear mamma's brother."

"And who *was* your dear mamma?" said I, for Miss Crutty's respected parent had been long since dead, and I never heard her name mentioned in the family.

Magdalen blushed, and cast down her eyes to the ground.

"Mamma was a foreigner," at last she said.

"And of what country?"

"A German. Papa married her when she was very young. She was not of a very good family," said Miss Crutty, hesitating.

"And what care I for family, my love?" said I, tenderly kissing the knuckles of the hand which I held; "she must have been an angel who gave birth to you."

"She was a shoemaker's daughter."

*A German shoemaker!* hang 'em, thought I, I have had enough of them, and so I broke up this conversation, which did not somehow please me.

\* \* \* \* \*

Well, the day was drawing near; the clothes were ordered; the banns were read. My dear mamma had built a cake about the size of a washing-tub; and I was only waiting for a week to pass to put me in possession of twelve thousand pounds in the *five* per cents, as they were in those days, Heaven bless 'em! Little did I know the storm that was brewing, and the disappointment which was to fall upon a young man who really did his best to get a fortune.

"Oh, Robert," said my Magdalen to me two days before the match was to come off, "I have *such* a kind letter from uncle Sam, in London. I wrote to him as you wished. He says that he is coming down to-morrow; that he has heard of you often, and knows your character very well, and that he has got a *very handsome present* for us! What can it be, I wonder?"

"Is he rich, my soul's adored?" says I.

"He is a bachelor with a fine trade, and nobody to leave his money to."

"His present can't be less than a thousand pounds," says I.

"Or perhaps a silver tea-set, and some corner dishes," says she.

But we could not agree to this; it was too little—too mean for a man of her uncle's wealth; and we both determined it must be the thousand pounds.

"Dear, good uncle! he's to be here by the coach," says Magdalen. "Let us ask a little

party to meet him." And so we did, and so they came—my father and mother, old Crutty in his best wig, and the parson who was to marry us next day. The coach was to come in at six. And there was the tea-table, and there was the punch-bowl, and everybody ready and smiling to receive our dear uncle from London.

Six o'clock came, and the coach, and the man from the Green Dragon with a portman-teau, and a fat old gentleman walking behind, of whom I just caught a glimpse—a venerable old gentleman—I thought I'd seen him before.

\* \* \* \* \*

Then there was a ring at the bell; then a scuffling and bumping at the passage; then old Crutty rushed out, and a great laughing and talking, and "*How are you?*" and so on, was heard at the door; and then the parlour door was flung open, and Crutty cried out with a loud voice—

"Good people all! my brother-in-law, Mr. STIFFELKIND!"

*Mr. Stiffelkind!*—I trembled as I heard the name.

Miss Crutty kissed him; mamma made him a curtsy, and papa made him a bow; and Dr. Snorter, the parson, seized his hand and shook it most warmly—then came my turn!

"Vat?" says he, "it is my dear goot yong friend from Doctor Schvis'hentail's! Is dis the yong gentleman's honourable moder" (mamma smiled and made a curtsy), "and dis his fader! Sare and madam, you should be broud of soch a sonn. And you, my niece, if you have him for a husband you vil be locky, dat is all. Vad dink you, broder Crotty, and Madame Stobbs, I ave made your sonn's boots, ha! ha!"

Mamma laughed, and said, "I did not know it, but I am sure, sir, he has as pretty a leg for a boot as any in the whole county."

Old Stiffelkind roared louder. "A very nice leg, ma'am, and a very *sheap boot too!* Vat, you did not know I make his boots! Perhaps you did not know something else too—perhaps you did not know" (and here the monster clapped his hand on the table, and made the punch-ladle tremble in the bowl), "p'rhaps you did not know as dat yong man, dat Stobbs, dat sneaking, baltry, squinting fellow, is as vicked as he is ogly. He bot a pair of boots from me and never paid for dem. Dat is noting, nobody never pays; but he bought a pair of boots, and called himself Lord



Cornvallis. And I was fool enough to believe him vonce. But look you, niece Magdalen, I ave got five tousand pounds ; if you marry him I vil not give you a benny. But look you, what I will gif you. I bromised you a bresent, and I vil give you DESE !”

And the old monster produced THOSE VERY BOOTS which Swishtail had made him take back.

\* \* \* \* \*

I *didn't* marry Miss Crutty : I am not sorry for it, though. She was a nasty, ugly, ill-tempered wretch, and I've always said so ever since.

And all this arose from those infernal boots, and that unlucky paragraph in the county paper—I'll tell you how.

In the first place, it was taken up as a quiz by one of the wicked, profligate, unprincipled organs of the London press, who chose to be very facetious about the “Marriage in High Life,” and made all sorts of jokes about me and my dear Miss Crutty.

Secondly, it was read in this London paper by my mortal enemy, Bunting, who had been introduced to old Stiffelkind's acquaintance by my adventure with him, and had his shoes mended regularly by that foreign upstart.

Thirdly, he happened to want a pair of shoes mended at this particular period, and as he was measured by the disgusting old High-Dutch Cobbler, he told him his old friend Stubbs was going to be married.

“And to whom?” said old Stiffelkind. “To a voman wit gelt, I vil take my oath.”

“Yes,” says Bunting, “a country girl—a Miss Magdalen Carotty, or Crotty, at a place called Sloffemsquiggle.”

“*Schloffemschwiegel!*” bursts out the dreadful bootmaker, “Mein Gott, mein Gott! das geht nicht—I tell you, sare, it is no go. Miss Crotty is my niece. I vill go down myself. I vill never let her marry dat good-for-noting schwindler and tief.” *Such* was the language that the scoundrel ventured to use regarding me.

## JUNE.—MARROWBONES AND CLEAVERS.

WAS there ever such confounded ill-luck? My whole life has been a tissue of ill-luck: although I have laboured, perhaps, harder than any man to make a fortune, something always tumbled

it down. In love and in war I was not like others. In my marriages, I had an eye to the main chance; and you see how some unlucky blow would come and throw them over. In the army I was just as prudent, and just as unfortunate. What with judicious betting, and horse-swapping, good luck at billiards, and economy, I do believe I put by my pay every year—and that is what few can say who have but an allowance of a hundred a year.

I'll tell you how it was. I used to be very kind to the young men; I chose their horses for them, and their wine; and showed them how to play billiards, or écarté, of long mornings, when there was nothing better to do. I didn't cheat; I'd rather die than cheat; but if fellows *will* play, I wasn't the man to say no—why should I? There was one young chap in our regiment of whom I really think I cleared 300*l.* a year.

His name was Dobbie. He was a tailor's son, and wanted to be a gentleman. A poor, weak young creature; easy to be made tipsy; easy to be cheated; and easy to be frightened. It was a blessing for him that I found him; for if anybody else had, they would have plucked him of every shilling.

Ensign Dobbie and I were sworn friends. I rode his horses for him, and chose his champagne, and did everything, in fact, that a superior mind does for an inferior—when the inferior has got the money. We were inseparables—hunting everywhere in couples. We even managed to fall in love with two sisters, as young soldiers will do, you know; for the dogs fall in love with every change of quarters.

Well, once in the year 1793 (it was just when the French had chopped poor Louis's head off), Dobbie and I, gay young chaps as ever wore sword by side, had cast our eyes upon two young ladies, by the name of Brisket, daughters of a butcher in the town where we were quartered. The dear girls fell in love with us, of course. And many a pleasant walk in the country; many a treat to a tea-garden; many a smart riband and brooch used Dobbie and I (for his father allowed him 600*l.*, and our purses were in common) to present to these young ladies. One day, fancy our pleasure at receiving a note couched thus:

“Deer Capting Stubbs and Dobbie,—Miss Briskets presents their compliments, and as it is probable that our papa will be till 12 at the corpraysun dinner, we request the pleasure of their company to tea.”

Didn't we go! Punctually at six we were in the little back parlour; we quaffed more Bohea, and made more love, than half a dozen ordinary men could. At nine, a little punch-bowl succeeded to the little tea-pot; and, bless the girls! a nice fresh steak was frizzling on the gridiron for our supper. Butchers were butchers then, and their parlour was their kitchen too; at least old Brisket's was—one door leading into the shop, and one into the yard, on the other side of which was the slaughter-house.

Fancy, then, our horror when, just at this critical time, we heard the shop door open, a heavy, staggering step on the flags, and a loud husky voice from the shop, shouting, "Hallo, Susan! hallo, Betsy! show a light." Dobbie turned as white as a sheet; the two girls each as red as a lobster; I alone preserved my presence of mind. "The back door," says I. "The dog's in the court," says they. "He's not so bad as the man," says I. "Stop," cries Susan, flinging open the door, and rushing to the fire; "take *this*, and perhaps it will quiet him."

What do you think "*this*" was? I'm blest if it was not the *steak*!

She pushed us out, patted and hushed the dog, and was in again in a minute. The moon was shining on the court, and on the slaughter-house, where there hung a couple of white, ghastly-looking carcases of a couple of sheep; a great gutter ran down the court—a gutter of *blood*!—the dog was devouring his beefsteak (*our* beefsteak) in silence—and we could see through the little window the girls bustling about to pack up the supper-things, and presently the shop door opened, old Brisket entered, staggering, angry, and drunk. What's more, we could see, perched on a high stool, and nodding politely, as if to salute old Brisket, *the feather of Dobbie's cocked hat*! When Dobbie saw it he turned white, and deadly sick; and the poor fellow, in an agony of fright, sunk shivering down upon one of the butcher's cutting blocks which was in the yard.

We saw old Brisket look steadily (as steadily as he could) at the confounded impudent, pert, wagging feather; and then an idea began to dawn upon his mind, that there was a head to the hat; and then he slowly rose up—he was a man of six feet, and fifteen stone—he rose up, put on his apron and sleeves, and *took down his cleaver*.

"Betsy," says he, "open the yard door." But the poor girls screamed, and flung on their

knees, and begged and wept, and did their very best to prevent him. "OPEN THE YARD DOOR," says he, with a thundering loud voice; and the great bull-dog hearing it, started up, and uttered a yell which sent me flying to the other end of the court—Dobbie couldn't move; he was sitting on the block blubbering like a baby.

The door opened, and out Mr. Brisket came.

"To him, *Jowler*," says he, "*keep him, Jowler*"—and the horrid dog flew at me, and I flew back into the corner, and drew my sword, determining to sell my life dearly.

"That's it," says Brisket, "keep him there—good dog—good dog! And now, sir," says he, turning to Dobbie, "is this your hat?"

"Yes," says Dobbie, fit to choke with fright.

"Well, then," says Brisket, "it's my—(hick)—my painful duty to—(hick)—to tell you, that as I've got your hat, I must have your head. It's painful, but it must be done. You'd better—(hick)—settle yourself com—confumabably against that—(hick)—that block, and I'll chop it off before you can say Jack—(hick)—no, I mean Jack Robinson."

Dobbie went down on his knees, and shrieked out, "I'm an only son, Mr. Brisket! I'll marry her, sir; I will upon my honour, sir. Consider my mother, sir; consider my mother."

"That's it, sir," says Brisket—"that's a good boy—(hick)—a good boy; just put your head down quietly—and I'll have it off—yes, off—as if you were Louis the Six—the Sixtix—the Sixtickleteenth—I'll chop the other *chap afterwards*."

When I heard this, I made a sudden bound back, and gave such a cry as any man might who was in such a way. The ferocious Jowler, thinking I was going to escape, flew at my throat; and screaming furious, I flung out my arms in a kind of desperation—and, to my wonder, down fell the dog, dead, and run through the body!

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At this moment a posse of people rushed in upon old Brisket—one of his daughters had had the sense to summon them—and Dobbie's head was saved. And when they saw the dog lying dead at my feet, my ghastly look, my bloody sword, they gave me no small credit for my bravery. "A terrible fellow, that Stubbs," said they; and so the mess said the next day.

I didn't tell them that the dog had committed *suicide*—why should I? And I didn't say a word about Dobbie's cowardice. I said he was a brave fellow, and fought like a tiger; and this prevented *him* from telling tales. I had the dogskin made into a pair of pistol-holsters, and looked so fierce, and got such a name for courage in our regiment, that when we had to meet the regulars, Bob Stubbs was always the man put forward to support the honour of the corps. The women, you know, adore courage; and such was my reputation at this time, that I might have had my pick out of half-a-dozen, with three, four, or five thousand pounds apiece, who were dying for love of me and my red coat. But I wasn't such a fool. I had been twice on the point of marriage, and twice disappointed; and I vowed by all the saints to have a wife and a rich one. Depend upon this as an infallible maxim to guide you through life—*It's as easy to get a rich wife as a poor one*; the same bait that will hook a fly will hook a salmon.

#### JULY.—SUMMERY PROCEEDINGS.

DOBBIE'S reputation for courage was not increased by the butcher's-dog adventure; but mine stood very high: little Stubbs was voted the boldest chap of all the bold North Bungays. And though I must confess, what was proved by subsequent circumstances, that nature has *not* endowed me with a large, or even, I may say, an average share of bravery, yet a man is very willing to flatter himself of the contrary; and, after a little time, I got to believe that my killing the dog was an action of undaunted courage; and that I was as gallant as any one of the hundred thousand heroes of our army. I always had a military taste—it's only the brutal part of the profession, the horrid fighting and blood, that I don't like.

I suppose the regiment was not very brave itself—being only militia; but certain it was that Stubbs was considered a most terrible fellow, and I swore so much, and looked so fierce, that you would have fancied I had made half-a-hundred campaigns. I was second in several duels; the umpire in all disputes; and such a crack-shot myself that fellows were shy of insulting me. As for Dobbie, I took him under my protection; and he became so attached to me that we ate, drank, and rode together every day; his father didn't care for

money so long as his son was in good company—and what so good as that of the celebrated Stubbs? Heigho! I *was* good company in those days, and a brave fellow, too, as I should have remained, but for—what I shall tell the public immediately.

It happened, in the fatal year ninety-six, that the brave North Bungays were quartered at Portsmouth; a maritime place which I need not describe, and which I wish I had never seen. I might have been a General now, or at least a rich man.

The red-coats carried everything before them in those days; and I, such a crack character as I was in my regiment, was very well received by the townspeople; many dinners I had; many tea-parties; many lovely young ladies did I lead down the pleasant country dances.

Well; although I had had the two former rebuffs in love, which I have described, my heart was still young; and the fact was, knowing that a girl with a fortune was my only chance, I made love here as furiously as ever. I sha'n't describe the lovely creatures on whom I had fixed whilst at Portsmouth. I tried more than—several—and it is a singular fact, which I have never been able to account for, that, successful as I was with ladies of maturer age, by the young ones I was refused regular.

But “faint heart never won fair lady;” and so I went on, and on, until I had really got a Miss Clopper, a tolerably rich navy-contractor's daughter, into such a way that I really don't think she could have refused me. Her brother, Captain Clopper, was in a line regiment, and helped me as much as ever he could; he swore I was such a brave fellow.

As I had received a number of attentions from Clopper, I determined to invite him to dinner, which I could do without any sacrifice of my principle, upon this point; for the fact is, Dobbie lived at an inn, and as he sent all his bills to his father, I made no scruple to use his table. We dined in the coffee room, Dobbie bringing his friend, and so we made a party *carry*, as the French say. Some naval officers were occupied in a similar way at a table next to ours.

Well, I didn't spare the bottle, either for myself or my friends; and we grew very talkative, and very affectionate as the drinking went on. Each man told stories of his gallantry in the field, or amongst the ladies, as officers will, after dinner. Clopper confided to the company

his wish that I should marry his sister, and vowed that he thought me the best fellow in Christendom.

Ensign Dobbie assented to this. "But let Miss Clopper beware," says he, "for Stubbs is a sad fellow; he has had I don't know how many *liaisons* already; and he has been engaged to I don't know how many women."

"Indeed!" says Clopper. "Come, Stubbs, tell us your adventures."

"Psha!" said I, modestly, "there is nothing, indeed, to tell; I have been in love, my dear boy—who has not?—and I have been jilted—who has not?"

Clopper swore that he would blow his sister's brains out if ever *she* served me so.

"Tell him about Miss Crutty," said Dobbie; "he! he! Stubbs served *that* woman out, anyhow; she didn't jilt *him*, I'll be sworn."

"Really, Dobbie, you are too bad, and should not mention names; the fact is, the girl was desperately in love with me, and had money—sixty thousand pounds, upon my reputation. Well, everything was arranged, when who should come down from London but a relation."

"Well, and did he prevent the match?"

"Prevent it—yes, sir, I believe you, he did; though not in the sense that *you* mean; he would have given his eyes—ay, and ten thousand pounds more if I would have accepted the girl, but I would not."

"Why, in the name of goodness?"

"Sir, her uncle was a *shoemaker*. I never would debase myself by marrying into such a family."

"Of course not," said Dobbie, "he couldn't, you know. Well, now—tell him about the other girl, Mary Waters, you know."

"Hush, Dobbie, hush! don't you see one of those naval officers has turned round and heard you? My dear Clopper, it was a mere childish bagatelle."

"Well, but let's have it," said Clopper, "let's have it; I won't tell my sister, you know;" and he put his hand to his nose, and looked monstrous wise.

"Nothing of that sort, Clopper—no, no—'pon honour—little Bob Stubbs is no *libertine*; and the story is very simple. You see that my father has a small place, merely a few hundred acres, at Sloffemsquiggle. Isn't it a funny name? Hang it! there's the naval gentleman staring again—(I looked terribly fierce as I returned this officer's stare, and

continued in a loud, careless voice)—well, at this Sloffemsquiggle there lived a girl, a Miss Waters, the niece of some blackguard apothecary in the neighbourhood; but my mother took a fancy to the girl, and had her up to the park, and petted her. We were both young—and—and—the girl fell in love with me, that's the fact. I was obliged to repel some rather warm advances that she made me; and here, upon my honour as a gentleman, you have all the story about which that silly Dobbie makes such a noise."

Just as I finished this sentence I found myself suddenly taken by the nose, and a voice shouting out—

"Mr. Stubbs, you are A LIAR AND A SCOUNDREL! Take this, sir—and this, for daring to meddle with the name of an innocent lady."

I turned round as well as I could, for the ruffian had pulled me out of my chair, and beheld a great marine monster, six feet high, who was occupied in beating and kicking me in the most ungentlemanly manner, on my cheeks, my ribs, and between the tails of my coat. "He is a liar, gentlemen, and a scoundrel; the bootmaker had detected him in swindling, and so his niece refused him. Miss Waters was engaged to him from childhood, and he deserted her for the bootmaker's niece, who was richer;"—and then sticking a card between my coat and my coat-collar, in what is called the scruff of my neck, the disgusting brute gave me another blow behind my back, and left the coffee-room with his friends.

Dobbie raised me up; and taking the card from my neck, read, CAPTAIN WATERS. Clopper poured me out a glass of water, and said in my ear, "If this is true, you are an infernal scoundrel, Stubbs; and must fight me, after Captain Waters," and he flounced out of the room.

I had but one course to pursue; I sent the Captain a short and contemptuous note, saying that he was beneath my anger. As for Clopper, I did not condescend to notice his remark; but in order to get rid of the troublesome society of these low blackguards, I determined to gratify an inclination I had long entertained, and make a little tour. I applied for leave of absence, and set off *that very night*. I can fancy the disappointment of the brutal Waters, on coming, as he did, the next morning, to my quarters and finding me *gone*. Ha! ha!

After this adventure I became sick of a military life—at least the life of my own regiment, where the officers, such was their unaccountable meanness and prejudice against me, absolutely refuse to see me at mess. Colonel Craw sent me a letter to this effect, which I treated as it deserved. I never once alluded to it in any way, and have since never spoken a single word to any man in the North Bungs.

#### AUGUST.—DOGS HAVE THEIR DAYS.

SEE, now, what life is; I have had ill-luck on ill-luck from that day to this. I have sunk in the world, and, instead of riding my horse and drinking my wine, as a real gentleman should, have hardly enough now to buy a pint of ale: ay, and am very glad when anybody will treat me to one. Why, why was I born to undergo such unmerited misfortunes?

You must know that very soon after my adventure with Miss Crutty, and that cowardly ruffian, Captain Waters (he sailed the day after his insult to me, or I should most certainly have blown his brains out; *now* he is living in England, and he is my relation; but, of course, I cut the fellow). Very soon after these painful events another happened, which ended, too, in a sad disappointment. My dear papa died, and instead of leaving five thousand pounds as I expected, at the very least, left only his estate, which was worth but two. The land and house were left to me; to mamma and my sisters he left, to be sure, a sum of two thousand pounds in the hands of that eminent firm, Messrs. Pump, Aldgate, and Co., which failed within six months after his demise; and paid in five years about one shilling and ninepence in the pound; which really was all my dear mother and sisters had to live upon.

The poor creatures were quite unused to money matters; and, would you believe it? when the news came of Pump & Aldgate's failure, mamma only smiled, and threw her eyes up to Heaven and said, "Blessed be God, that we have still wherewithal to live; there are tens of thousands in this world, dear children, who would count our poverty riches." And with this she kissed my two sisters, who began to blubber, as girls always will do, and threw their arms round her neck, and then round my neck, until I was half stifled with

their embraces, and slobbered all over with their tears.

"Dearest mamma," said I, "I am very glad to see the noble manner in which you bear your loss; and more still to know that you are so rich as to be able to put up with it." The fact was, I really thought the old lady had got a private hoard of her own, as many of them have—a thousand pounds or so in a stocking. Had she put by thirty pounds a year, as well she might, for the thirty years of her marriage, there would have been nine hundred pounds clear, and no mistake. But still I was angry to think that any such paltry concealment had been practised—concealment too of *my* money: so I turned on her pretty sharply, and continued my speech. "You say, ma'am, that you are rich, and that Pump & Aldgate's failure has no effect upon you. I am very happy to hear you say so, ma'am—very happy that you *are* rich; and I should like to know where your property, my father's property, for you had none of your own—I should like to know where this money lies—*where you have concealed it*, ma'am, and permit me to say that, when I agreed to board you and my two sisters for eighty pounds a year, I did not know that you had *other* resources than those mentioned in my blessed-father's will."

This I said to her because I hated the meanness of concealment, not because I lost by the bargain of boarding them, for the three poor things did not eat much more than sparrows: and I've often since calculated that I had a clear twenty pounds a year profit out of them.

Mamma and the girls looked quite astonished when I made the speech. "What does he mean?" said Lucy to Eliza.

Mamma repeated the question, "My beloved Robert, what concealment are you talking of?"

"I am talking of concealed property, ma'am," says I, sternly.

"And do you—what—can you—do you really suppose that I have concealed—any of that blessed sa-a-a-int's pro-op-op-erty?" screams out mamma. "Robert," says she, "Bob, my own darling boy—my fondest, best beloved, now *he* is gone" (meaning my late governor—more tears), "you don't, you cannot fancy that your own mother, who bore you, and nursed you, and wept for you, and would give her all to save you from a moment's harm—you don't suppose that she would che-e-e-eat you?" and here she gave a louder screech



than ever, and flung back on the sofa, and one of my sisters went and tumbled into her arms, and t'other went round, and the kissing and slobbering scene went on again, only I was left out, thank goodness; I hate such sentimentality.

"*Che-e-e-at me,*" says I, mocking her. "What do you mean, then, by saying you're so rich? Say, have you got money or have you not? (and I rapped out a good number of oaths, too, which I don't put in here; but I was in a dreadful fury, that's the fact).

"So help me, Heaven," says mamma, in answer, going down on her knees, and smacking her two hands; "I have but a Queen Anne's guinea in the whole of this wicked world."

"Then what, madam, induces you to tell these absurd stories to me, and to talk about your riches, when you know that you and your daughters are beggars, ma'am—*beggars?*"

"My dearest boy, have we not got the house, and the furniture, and a hundred a year still; and have you not great talents which will make all our fortunes?" says Mrs. Stubbs, getting up off her knees, and making believe to smile as she clawed hold of my hand and kissed it.

This was *too cool*. "*You have got a hundred a year, ma'am,*" says I, "*you got a house; upon my soul and honour this is the first I ever heard of it, and I'll tell you what ma'am,*" says I (and cut her *pretty sharply* too), "*as you've got it, you had better go and live in it. I've got quite enough to do with my own house, and every penny of my own income.*"

Upon this speech the old lady said nothing, but she gave a screech loud enough to be heard from here to York, and down she fell—kicking and struggling in a regular fit.

\* \* \* \* \*

I did not see Mrs. Stubbs for some days after this, and the girls used to come down to meals, and never speak; going up again and stopping with their mother. At last, one day, both of them came in very solemn to my study, and Eliza, the eldest, said, "Robert, mamma has paid you our board up to Michaelmas."

"She has," says I; for I always took precious good care to have it in advance.

"She says, Robert, that on Michaelmas-day we'll—we'll go away, Robert."

"Oh, she's going to her own house, is she, Lizzy? very good; she'll want the furniture, I suppose, and that she may have, too, for I'm

going to sell the place myself; so *that* matter was settled.

\* \* \* \* \*

"On Michaelmas-day, and during these two months, I hadn't, I do believe, seen my mother twice (once, about two o'clock in the morning, I woke and found her sobbing over my bed). On Michaelmas-day morning, Eliza comes to me and says, *Robert, they will come and fetch us at six this evening.*' Well, as this was the last day, I went and got the best goose I could find (I don't think I ever saw a primer, or ate more hearty myself), and had it roasted at three, with a good puddin afterwards; and a glorious bowl of punch. 'Here's a health to you, dear girls,' says I, and you ma, and good luck to all three, and as you've not eaten a morsel, I hope you won't object to a glass of punch. It's the old stuff, you know, ma'am, that that Waters sent to my father fifteen years ago."

Six o'clock came, and with it came a fine barouche, as I live! Captain Waters was on the box (it was his coach); that old thief, Bates, jumped out, entered my house, and before I could say Jack Robinson, whipped off mamma to the carriage, the girls followed, just giving me a hasty shake of the hand, and as mamma was helped in, Mary Waters, who was sitting inside, flung her arms round her, and then round the girls, and the Doctor, who acted footman, jumped on the box, and off they went; taking no more notice of *me* than if I'd been a nonentity.

There's the picture of the whole business: That's mamma and Miss Waters sitting kissing each other in the carriage, with the two girls in the back seat; Waters driving (a precious bad driver he is too); and that's me, standing at the garden-door, and whistling. You can't see Mary Malowney: the old fool is crying behind the garden gate; she went off next day along with the furniture; and I got into the precious scrape which I shall mention next.

#### SEPTEMBER.—PLUCKING A GOOSE.

AFTER my papa's death, as he left me no money, and only a little land, I put my estate into an auctioneer's hands, and determined to amuse my solitude with a trip to some of our fashionable watering-places. My house was now a desert to me. I need not say how the



departure of my dear parent, and her children left me sad and lonely.

Well, I had a little ready money, and, for the estate, expected a couple of thousand pounds. I had a good military-looking person; for though I had absolutely cut the old North Bungays (indeed, after my affair with Waters, Colonel Craw hinted to me, in the most friendly manner, that I had better resign), though I had left the army, I still retained the rank of Captain; knowing the advantages attendant upon that title in a watering-place tour.

Captain Stubbs became a great dandy at Cheltenham, Harrogate, Bath, Leamington, and other places. I was a good whist and billiard player; so much so, that in many of these towns the people used to refuse, at last, to play with me, knowing how far I was their superior. Fancy my surprise, about five years after the Portsmouth affair, when strolling one day up the High Street in Leamington, my eyes lighted upon a young man, whom I remembered in a certain butcher's yard and elsewhere—no other, in fact, than Dobbie. He, too, was dressed *en militaire*, with a frogged coat and spurs; and was walking with a showy-looking, Jewish-faced, black-haired lady, glittering with chains and rings, with a green bonnet and a bird of Paradise—a lilac shawl, a yellow gown, pink silk stockings, and light blue shoes. Three children, and a handsome footman, were walking behind her, and the party, not seeing me, entered the Royal Hotel together.

I was known, myself, at the Royal, and calling one of the waiters, learned the names of the lady and gentleman. He was Captain Dobbie, the son of the rich army clothier, Dobbie (Dobbie, Hobbie, & Co., of Pall Mall); the lady was a Mrs. Manasseh, widow of an American Jew, living quietly at Leamington with her children, but possessed of an immense property. There's no use to give one's self out to be an absolute pauper, so the fact is, that I myself went everywhere with the character of a man of very large means. My father had died, leaving me immense sums of money and landed estates—ah! I was the gentleman then, the real gentleman, and everybody was too happy to have me at table.

Well, I came the next day, and left a card for Dobbie, with a note; he neither returned my visit nor answered my note. The day after, however, I met him with the widow as before; and, going up to him, very kindly

seized him by the hand, and swore I was—as really was the case—charmed to see him. Dobbie hung back, to my surprise, and I do believe the creature would have cut me, if he dared; but I gave him a frown, and said,

“What, Dobbie, my boy, don't you recollect old Stubbs, and our adventure with the butcher's daughters, ha?”

Dobbie gave me a sickly kind of grin, and said, “Oh! ah! yes! It is—yes! it is, I believe, Captain Stubbs.”

“An old comrade, madam, of Captain Dobbie's, and one who has heard so much, and seen so much, of your ladyship, that he must take the liberty of begging his friend to introduce him.”

Dobbie was obliged to take the hint! and Captain Stubbs was duly presented to Mrs. Manasseh; the lady was as gracious as possible; and when, at the end of the walk, we parted, she said “she hoped Captain Dobbie would bring me to her apartments that evening, where she expected a few friends.” Everybody, you see, knows everybody at Leamington; and I, for my part, was known as a retired officer of the army; who, on his father's death, had come into seven thousand a year. Dobbie's arrival had been subsequent to mine, but, putting up as he did at the Royal Hotel, and dining at the ordinary there with the widow, he had made her acquaintance before I had. I saw, however, that if I allowed him to talk about me, as he could, I should be compelled to give up all my hopes and pleasures at Leamington; and so I determined to be short with him. As soon as the lady had gone into the hotel, my friend Dobbie was for leaving me likewise; but I stopped him, and said, “Mr. Dobbie, I saw what you meant just now: you wanted to cut me, because, forsooth, I did not choose to fight a duel at Portsmouth; now look you, Dobbie, I'm no hero, but I'm not such a coward as you—and you know it. You are a very different man to deal with from Waters; and *I will fight* this time.”

Not, perhaps, that I would; but after the business of the butcher, I knew Dobbie to be as great a coward as ever lived; and there never was any harm in threatening, for you know you are not obliged to stick to it afterwards. My words had their effect upon Dobbie, who stuttered, and looked red, and then declared he never had the slightest intention of passing me by; so we became friends, and his mouth was stopped.

He was very thick with the widow: but that

lady had a very capacious heart, and there were a number of other gentlemen who seemed equally smitten with her. "Look at that Mrs. Manasseh," said a gentleman (it was droll, *he* was a Jew, too), sitting at dinner by me: "she is old and ugly, and yet because she has money, all the men are flinging themselves at her."

"She has money, has she?"

"Eighty thousand pounds, and twenty thousand for each of her children. I know it *for a fact*," said the strange gentleman. "I am in the law, and we, of our faith, you know, know pretty well what the great families amongst us are worth."

"Who was Mr. Manasseh?"

"A man of enormous wealth—a tobacco-merchant—West Indies; a fellow of no birth, however; and who, between ourselves, married a woman that is not much better than she should be. My dear sir," whispered he, "she is always in love—now it is with that Captain Dobbie; last week it was somebody else; and it may be you next week, if—ha! ha! ha!—you are disposed to enter the lists."

"I wouldn't, for *my* part, have the woman with twice her money."

What did it matter to me, whether the woman was good or not, provided she was rich! My course was quite clear. I told Dobbie all that this gentleman had informed me, and being a pretty good hand at making a story, I made the widow appear *so* bad, that the poor fellow was quite frightened, and fairly quitted the field. Ha! ha! I'm dashed if I did not make him believe that Mrs. Manasseh had *murdered* her last husband.

I played my game so well, thanks to the information that my friend the lawyer had given me, that, in a month, I had got the widow to show a most decided partiality for me. I sat by her at dinner; I drank with her at the Wells; I rode with her; I danced with her; and at a picnic to Kenilworth, where we drank a good deal of champagne, I actually popped the question, and was accepted. In another month, Robert Stubbs, Esq., led to the altar Leah, widow of the late Z. Manasseh, Esq., of St. Kitts!

thing; and until our house in Berkeley Square was painted, we stopped at Stevens's Hotel.

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My own estate had been sold, and the money was lying at a bank in the city. About three days after our arrival, as we took our breakfast in the hotel, previous to a visit to Mrs. Stubbs's banker, where certain little transfers were to be made, a gentleman was introduced, who, I saw at a glance, was of my wife's persuasion.

He looked at Mrs. Stubbs, and made a bow. "Perhaps it will be convenient to you to pay this little bill, one hundred and fifty-two poundsh?"

"My love," says she, "will you pay this? It is a trifle which I had really forgotten."

"My soul," said I, "I really have not the money in the house."

"Vel, denn, Captain Shtubbsh," says he, "I must do my duty—and arrest you—here is the writ! Tom, keep the door!"

My wife fainted, the children screamed, and I—fancy my condition, as I was obliged to march off to a sponging house, along with a horrid sheriff's officer!

## OCTOBER.—MARS AND VENUS IN OPPOSITION.

I SHALL not describe my feelings when I found myself in a cage in Cursitor Street instead of that fine house in Berkeley Square, which was to have been mine as the husband of Mrs. Manasseh. What a palace!—in an odious dismal street, leading from Chancery Lane, a hideous Jew boy opened the second of three doors; and shut it when Mr. Nabb and I (almost fainting) had entered: then he opened the third door, and then I was introduced to a filthy place called a coffee-room, which I exchanged for the solitary comfort of a little dingy back parlour, where I was left for a while to brood over my miserable fate. Fancy the change between this and Berkeley Square. Was I, after all my pains, and cleverness, and perseverance, cheated at last? Had this Mrs. Manasseh been imposing upon me, and were the words of the wretch I met at the *table-d'hôte* at Leamington only meant to mislead me and take me in? I determined to send for my wife, and know the whole truth. I saw at once that I had been the victim of an infernal plot, and

that the carriage, the house in town, the West India fortune, were only so many lies, which I had blindly believed. It was true the debt was but a hundred and fifty pounds: and I had two thousand at my bankers. But was the loss of *her* 80,000*l.* nothing? Was the destruction of my hopes nothing?—the accursed addition to my family of a Jewish wife and three Jewish children, nothing? And all these I was to support out of my two thousand pounds. I had better have stopped at home with my mamma and sisters, whom I really did love, and who produced me eighty pounds a year.

I had a furious interview with Mrs. Stubbs; and when I charged her—the base wretch!—with cheating me, like a brazen serpent, as she was, she flung back the cheat in my teeth, and swore I had swindled her. Why did I marry her, when she might have had twenty others? She only took me, she said, because I had twenty thousand pounds. I *had* said I possessed that sum; but in love, you know, and war, all's fair.

We parted quite as angrily as we met; and I cordially vowed that when I had paid the debt into which I had been swindled by her, I would take my 2,000*l.*, and depart to some desert island; or, at the very least, to America, and never see her more, or any of her Israelitish brood. There was no use in remaining in the sponging-house (for I knew that there were such things as detainers, and that where Mrs. Stubbs owed a hundred pounds, she might owe a thousand), so I sent for Mr. Nabb, and tendering him a cheque for 150*l.* and his costs, requested to be let out forthwith. "Here, fellow," said I, "is a cheque on Child's for your paltry sum."

"It may be a sheek on Shild's," says Mr. Nabb, "but I should be a baby to let you out on such a paper as that."

"Well," said I, "Child's is but a step from this; you may go and get the cash, just giving me an acknowledgment."

Nabb drew out the acknowledgment with great punctuality, and set off for the bankers, whilst I prepared myself for departure from this abominable prison.

He smiled as he came in. "Well," said I, "you have touched your money; and now, I must tell you, that you are the most infernal rogue and extortioner I ever met with."

"Oh no, mishter Shtubbsh," says he, grinning still, "dere is som greater roag dan me—mosh greater."

"Fellow," says I, "don't stand grinning

before a gentleman; but give me my hat and cloak, and let me leave your filthy den."

"Shtop, Shtubbsh," says he, not even Miskitering me this time, "here ish a letter, vich you had better read."

I opened the letter; something fell to the ground—it was my cheque. The letter ran thus:

"Messrs. Child & Co. present their compliments to Captain Stubbs, and regret that they have been obliged to refuse payment of the enclosed, having been served this day with an attachment by Messrs. Solomonson & Co., which compels them to retain Captain Stubbs's balance of 2,010*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.* until the decision of the suit of Solomonson *v.* Stubb.

"Fleet Street."

"You see," says Mr. Nabb, as I read this dreadful letter, "you see, Shtubbsh, dere vas two debts—a littel von, and a big von. So dey arrested you for de littel von, and attashed your money for de big von."

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Don't laugh at me for telling this story; if you knew what tears are blotting over the paper as I write it; if you knew that for weeks after I was more like a madman than a sane man—a madman in the Fleet Prison, where I went, instead of to the desert island. What had I done to deserve it? Hadn't I always kept an eye to the main chance? Hadn't I lived economically, and not like other young men? Had I ever been known to squander or give away a single penny? No! I can lay my hand on my heart, and, thank Heaven, say, No! Why—why was I punished so?

Let me conclude this miserable history. Seven months—my wife saw me once or twice, and then dropped me altogether—I remained in that fatal place. I wrote to my dear mamma, begging her to sell her furniture, but got no answer. All my old friends turned their backs upon me. My action went against me—I had not a penny to defend it. Solomonson proved my wife's debt, and seized my two thousand pounds.—As for the detainer against me, I was obliged to go through the court for the relief of insolvent debtors. I passed through it, and came out a beggar. But, fancy the malice of that wicked Stiffelkind; he appeared in court as my creditor for 3*l.*, with sixteen years' interest, at five per cent. for a PAIR OF TOP-BOOTS. The old thief produced them in

court, and told the old story—Lord Cornwallis, the detection, the pumping, and all.

Commissioner Dubobwig was very funny about it. "So Doctor Swishtail would not pay you for the boots, eh, Mr. Stiffelkind?"

"No;" he said, "ven I ask him for payment, dey was ordered by a yong boy, and I ought to have gone to his schoolmaster."

"What, then, you came on a *bootless* errand, eh, sir?" (A laugh.)

"Bootless! no sare. I brought the boots back vid me; how de devil else could I show dem to you?" (Another laugh.)

"You've never *soled* 'em since, Mr. Tickle-shins?"

"I never vood sell dem; I svore I never vood, on porpus to be revenged on dat Stobbs."

"What, your wound has never been *healed*, eh?"

"Vat do you mean vid your bootless errants, and your soling and healing! I tell you I have done vat I svore to do; I have exposed him at school, I have broke off a marriage for him, ven he would have had twenty tousand pound, and now I have showed him up in a court of justice; dat is vat I ave done, and dat's enough." And then the old wretch went down, whilst everybody was giggling and staring at poor me—as if I was not miserable enough already.

"This seems the dearest pair of boots you ever had in your life, Mr. Stubbs," said Commissioner Dubobwig, very archly, and then he began to inquire about the rest of my misfortunes.

In the fulness of my heart I told him the whole of them; how Mr. Solomonson the attorney had introduced me to the rich widow, Mrs. Manasseh, who had fifty thousand pounds, and an estate in the West Indies. How I was married, and arrested on coming to town, and cast in an action for two thousand pounds, brought against me by this very Solomonson for my wife's debts.

"Stop," says a lawyer in the court. "Is this woman a showy black-haired woman, with one eye? very often drunk, with three children—Solomonson, short, with red hair?"

"Exactly so," says I, with tears in my eyes.

"That woman has married *three men* within the last two years. One in Ireland, and one at Bath. A Solomonson is, I believe, her husband, and they both are off for America ten days ago."

"But why did you not keep your 2,000*l.*?" said the lawyer.

"Sir, they attached it."

"Oh! well, we may pass you; you have been unlucky, Mr. Stubbs, but it seems as if the biter had been bit in this affair."

"No," said Mr. Dubobwig, "Mr. Stubbs is the victim of a FATAL ATTACHMENT."

#### NOVEMBER.—A GENERAL POST DELIVERY.

I WAS a free man when I went out of the Court; but I was a beggar—I, Captain Stubbs, of the bold North Bungays, did not know where I could get a bed or dinner.

As I was marching sadly down Portugal Street, I felt a hand on my shoulder, and a rough voice which I knew well.

"Vell, Mr. Stobbs, have I not kept my bromise? I told you dem boots would be your ruin."

I was much too miserable to reply; and only cast up my eyes towards the roofs of the houses, which I could not see for the tears.

"Vat! you begin to gry and blobber like a shild? you vood marry, vood you, and noting vood do for you but a vife vid monny—ha! ha!—but you vere de pigeon, and she vas de grow. She has plocked you, too, pretty vell—eh? ha! ha!"

"Oh! Mr. Stiffelkind," said I, "don't laugh at my misery: she has not left me a single shilling under heaven. And I shall starve—I do believe I shall starve." And I began to cry fit to break my heart.

"Starf! Stoff and nonsense—you vil never die of starfing—you vil die of *hanging*, I tink, ho! ho! and it is moch easier vay too." I didn't say a word, but cried on, till everybody in the street turned round and stared.

"Come, come," said Stiffelkind, "do not gry, Gaptain Stobbs—it is not goot for a Gaptain to gry, ha! ha! Dere, come vid me, and you shall have a dinner, and a bregfast too—vich shall gost you nothing, until you can bay vid your earnings."

And so this curious old man, who had persecuted me all through my prosperity, grew compassionate towards me in my ill-luck: and took me home with him as he promised. "I saw your name among de Insolvents—and I vowed, you know, to make you repent dem boots. Dere now, it is done and forgotten, look you. Here, Betty, Bettchen, make de spare bed, and put a clean knife an fork; Lort Cornwallis is come to dine vid me."

I lived with this strange old man for six

weeks. I kept his books, and did what little I could to make myself useful ; carrying about boots and shoes, as if I had never borne his Majesty's commission. He gave me no money, but he fed and lodged me comfortably. The men and boys used to laugh, and call me General, and Lord Cornwallis, and all sorts of nicknames—and old Stiffelkind made a thousand new ones for me.

One day, I can recollect—one miserable day, as I was polishing on the trees a pair of boots of Mr. Stiffelkind's manufacture, the old gentleman came into the shop with a lady on his arm.

"Vere is Gaptain Stobbs ?" says he ; "vere is dat ornament to his Majesty's service ?"

I came in from the back shop, where I was polishing the boots, with one of them in my hand.

"Look, my dear," says he, "here is an old friend of yours, his Excellency Lord Cornwallis ! Who would have thought such a nobleman vood turn shoeblack ? Gaptain Stobbs, here is your former flame, my dear niece, Miss Grotty. How could you, Magdalen, ever leaf soch a lof of a man ? Shake hands vid her, Gaptain ; dere, never mind de blacking : " but Miss drew back.

"I never shake hands with a *shoeblack*," says she, mighty contemptuous.

"Bah ! my lof, his fingers von't soil you. Don't you know he has just been *vitewashed* ?"

"I wish uncle," says she, "you would not leave me with such low people."

"Low, because he cleans boots ? De Gaptain prefers *pumps* to boots, I tink, ha ! ha !"

"Captain, indeed ! a nice Captain," says Miss Crotty, snapping her fingers in my face, and walking away : "a Captain, who has had his nose pulled ? ha ! ha !" —And how could I help it ? it wasn't my own *choice* that that ruffian Waters took such liberties with me ; didn't I show how averse I was to all quarrels by refusing altogether his challenge ?—but such is the world : and thus the people at Stiffelkind's used to tease me until they drove me almost mad.

At last, he came home one day more merry and abusive than ever. "Gaptain," says he, "I have got goot news for you—a goot place. Your lortship vil not be able to geep your garridge, but you vil be gomfortable, and serve his Majesty."

"Serve his Majesty !" says I. "Dearest Mr. Stiffelkind, have you got me a place under Government ?"

"Yes, and something better still—not only a place, but a uniform—yes, Gapdain Stobbs, a *red goat*."

"A red coat ! I hope you don't think I would demean myself by entering the ranks of the army ? I am a gentleman, Mr. Stiffelkind—I can never—no, I never."

"No, I know you will never—you are too great a goward, ha ! ha !—though dis is a red goat, and a place where you must give some *hard knocks* too, ha ! ha !—do you gomprenhend ?—and you shall be a general, instead of a gaptain—ha ! ha !"

"A general in a red coat ! Mr. Stiffelkind ?"

"Yes, a GENERAL BOSTMAN ! ha ! ha ! I have been vid your old friend, Bunting, and he has an uncle in the Post-office, and he has got you de place—eighteen shillings a week, you rogue, and your goat. You must not oben any ob de letters, you know."

And so it was—I, Robert Stubbs, Esquire, became the vile thing he named—a general postman !

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I was so disgusted with Stiffelkind's brutal jokes, which were now more brutal than ever, that when I got my place in the Post-office I never went near the fellow again—for though he had done me a favour in keeping me from starvation, he certainly had done it in a very rude, disagreeable manner, and showed a low and mean spirit in *shoving* me into such a degraded place as that of postman. But what had I to do ? I submitted to fate, and for three years or more, Robert Stubbs, of the North Bungay Fencibles, was—

I wonder nobody recognised me. I lived in daily fear the first year ; but, afterwards, grew accustomed to my situation, as all great men will do, and wore my red coat as naturally as if I had been sent into the world only for the purpose of being a letter carrier.

I was first in the Whitechapel district, where I stayed nearly three years, when I was transferred to Jermyn Street and Duke Street—famous places for lodgings. I suppose I left a hundred letters at a house in the latter street, where lived some people who must have recognised me had they but once chanced to look at me.

You see, that when I left Sloffem, and set out in the gay world, my mamma had written to me a dozen times at least, but I never answered her, for I knew she wanted money, and I detest writing. Well, she stopped her



letters, finding she could get none from me : but when I was in the Fleet, as I told you, I wrote repeatedly to my dear mamma, and was not a little nettled at her refusing to notice me in my distress, which is the very time one most wants notice.

Stubbs is not an uncommon name; and though I saw MRS. STUBBS on a little bright brass plate, in Duke Street, and delivered so many letters to the lodgers in her house, I never thought of asking who she was, or whether she was my relation or not.

One day the young woman who took in the letters had not got change, and she called her mistress;—an old lady in a poke bonnet came out of the parlour, and put on her spectacles, and looked at the letter, and fumbled in her pocket for eightpence, and apologised to the postman for keeping him waiting; and when I said, "Never mind, ma'am, it's no trouble," the old lady gave a start, and then she pulled off her spectacles, and staggered back; and then she began muttering, as if about to choke; and then she gave a great screech, and flung herself into my arms, and roared out, "MY SON! MY SON!"

"Law, mamma," said I, "is that you?" and I sat down on the hall bench with her, and let her kiss me as much as ever she liked. Hearing the whining and crying, down comes another lady from up-stairs—it was my sister Eliza; and down come the lodgers. And the maid gets water, and what not, and I was the regular hero of the group. I could not stay long then, having my letters to deliver. But in the evening, after mail-time, I went back to my mamma and sister; and, over a bottle of prime old Port, and a precious good leg of boiled mutton and turnips, made myself pretty comfortable, I can tell you.

#### DECEMBER.—"THE WINTER OF OUR DISCONTENT."

MAMMA had kept the house in Duke Street for more than two years. I recollected some of the chairs and tables from dear old Squiggle, and the bowl in which I had made that famous rum-punch the evening she went away, which she and my sister left untouched, and I was obliged to drink after they were gone; but that's not to the purpose.

Think of my sister Mary's luck! That chap Waters fell in love with her, and married her; and now she keeps her carriage, and lives in

state near Squiggle. I offered to make it up with Waters; but he bears malice, and never will see or speak to me. He had the impudence, too, to say that he took in all letters for mamma at Squiggle; and that, as mine were all begging letters, he burned them, and never said a word to her concerning them. He allowed mamma fifty pounds a year, and, if she were not such a fool, she might have had three times as much; but the old lady was high and mighty, forsooth, and would not be beholden, even to her own daughter, for more than she actually wanted. Even this fifty pounds she was going to refuse; but when I came to live with her, of course I wanted pocket-money as well as board and lodging, and so I had the fifty pounds for my share, and eked out with it as well as I could.

Old Bates and the Captain, between them, gave mamma a hundred pounds when she left me (she had the deuce's own luck, to be sure—much more than ever fell to me, I know), and as she said she *would* try and work for her living, it was thought best to take a house and let lodgings, which she did. Our first and second floor paid us four guineas a week, on an average; and the front parlour and attic made forty pounds more. Mamma and Eliza used to have the front attic; but I took that, and they slept in the servants' bedroom. Lizzy had a pretty genius for work, and earned a guinea a week that way; so that we had got nearly two hundred a year over the rent to keep house with—and we got on pretty well. Besides, women eat nothing; my women didn't care for meat for days together sometimes—so that it was only necessary to dress a good steak or so for me.

Mamma would not think of my continuing in the Post-office. She said her dear Robert, her husband's son, her gallant soldier, and all that, should remain at home and be a gentleman—which I was certainly, though I didn't find fifty pounds a year much to buy clothes and be a gentleman upon; to be sure, mother found me shirts and linen, so that *that* wasn't in the fifty pounds. She kicked a little at paying the washing too; but she gave in at last, for I was her dear Robert, you know; and I'm blest if I could not make her give me the gown off her back. Fancy! once she cut up a very nice rich black silk scarf, which my sister Waters sent her, and made me a waistcoat and two stocks of it. She was so *very* soft, the old lady!



I'd lived in this way for five years or more, making myself content with my fifty pounds a year (*perhaps* I'd saved a little out of it; but that's neither here nor there). From year's end to year's end I remained faithful to my dear mamma, never leaving her except for a month or so in the summer, when a bachelor may take a trip to Gravesend or Margate, which would be too expensive for a family. I say a bachelor, for the fact is, I don't know whether I am married or not—never having heard a word since of the scoundrelly Mrs. Stubbs.

I never went to the public-house before meals; for, with my beggarly fifty pounds, I could not afford to dine away from home; but there I had my regular seat, and used to come home *pretty glorious*, I can tell you. Then, bed till eleven; then, breakfast and the newspaper; then, a stroll in Hyde Park, or Saint James's; then, home at half-past three to dinner, when I jollied, as I called it, for the rest of the day. I was my mother's delight; and thus, with a clear conscience, I managed to live on.

\* \* \* \* \*

How fond she was of me to be sure! Being sociable myself, and loving to have my friends about me, we often used to assemble a company of as hearty fellows as you would wish to sit down with, and keep the nights up royally. "Never mind, my boys," I used to say, "send the bottle round: mammy pays for all," as she did, sure enough; and sure enough we punished her cellar too. The good old lady used to wait upon us, as if for all the world she had been my servant, instead of a lady, and my mamma. Never used she to repine, though I often, as I must confess, gave her occasion (keeping her up till four o'clock in the morning, because she never could sleep until she saw her "dear Bob" in bed; and leading her a sad anxious life). She was of such a sweet temper, the old lady, that I think in the course of five years I never knew her in a passion, except twice, and then with sister Lizzie, who declared I was ruining the house, and driving the lodgers away, one by one. But mamma would not hear of such envious spite on my sister's part. "Her Bob" was always right, she said. At last Lizzie fairly retreated, and went to the Waterses: I was glad of it, for her temper was dreadful, and we used to be squabbling from morning till night.

Ah, those *were* jolly times! but ma was obliged to give up the lodging-house at last—for, somehow, things went wrong after my

sister's departure—and nasty uncharitable people said on account of *me*; because I drove away the lodgers by smoking and drinking, and kicking up noises in the house; and because mamma gave me so much of her money—so she did, but if she *would* give it, how could I help it? Heigho! I wish I'd *kept* it.

No such luck. The business I thought was to last for ever; but at the end of two years a smash came—shut up shop—sell off everything. Mamma went to the Waterses: and, will you believe it, the ungrateful wretches would not receive me! that Mary, you see, was so disappointed at not marrying me. Twenty pounds a year they allow, it is true; but what's that for a gentleman? For twenty years I have been struggling manfully to gain an honest livelihood, and, in the course of them, have seen a deal of life, to be sure. I've sold cigars and pocket-handkerchiefs at the corners of streets; I've been a billiard-marker; I've been Director (in the panic year) of the Imperial British Consolidated Mangle and Drying Ground Company. I've been on the stage (for two years as an actor, and about a month as a cad, when I was very low); I've been the means of giving to the police of this empire some very valuable information (about licensed victuallers, gentlemen's carts, and pawnbrokers' names); I've been very nearly an officer again—that is, an assistant to an officer of the Sheriff of Middlesex; it was my last place.

On the last day of the year 1837 even *that* game was up. It's a thing that has very seldom happened to a gentleman, to be kicked out of a sponging-house; but such was my case. Young Nabbs (who succeeded his father) drove me ignominiously from his door, because I had charged a gentleman in the coffee-rooms seven-and-sixpence for a glass of ale and bread-and-cheese, the charge of the house being only six shillings. He had the meanness to deduct the eighteenpence from my wages, and because I blustered a bit, he took me by the shoulders and turned me out—me, a gentleman, and, what is more, a poor orphan!

How I did rage and swear at him when I got out in the street! There stood he, the hideous Jew monster, at the double door, writhing under the effect of my language. I had my revenge! Heads were thrust out of every bar of his windows laughing at him. A crowd gathered round me, as I stood pounding him with my satire, and they evidently enjoyed his discomfiture. I think the mob would have pelted the ruffian to death (one or two of their

missiles hit *me*, I can tell you), when a policeman came up, and, in reply to a gentleman, who was asking what was the disturbance, said "Bless you, sir, it's Lord Cornwallis." "Move on, *Boots*," said the fellow to me, for the fact is my misfortunes and early life are pretty well known—and so the crowd dispersed.

"What could have made the policeman call you Lord Cornwallis and *Boots*?" said the gentleman, who seemed mightily amused, and had followed me.

"Sir," says I, "I am an unfortunate officer of the North Bungay Fencibles, and I'll tell you willingly for a pint of beer."

He told me to follow him to his chambers

at the Temple, which I did (a five pair back), and there, sure enough, I had the beer; and I told him this very story you've been reading. You see he is what is called a literary man, and sold my adventures for me to the book-seller's. He's a strange chap; and says they're *moral*.

\* \* \* \* \*

I'm blest if I can see anything moral in them. I'm sure I ought to have been more lucky through life, being so very wide awake. And yet here I am, without a place, or even a friend, starving upon a beggarly twenty pounds a year—not a single sixpence more, upon *my honour*.

# BARBER COX,

AND

## THE CUTTING OF HIS COMB.

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### JANUARY.—THE ANNOUNCEMENT.

ON the 1st of January, 1838, I was the master of a lovely shop in the neighbourhood of Oxford Market; of a wife, Mrs. Cox; of a business, both in the shaving and cutting line, established three-and-thirty years; of a girl and boy respectively of the ages of eighteen and thirteen; of a three-windowed front, both to my first and second pair; of a young foreman, my present partner, Mr. Orlando Crump; and of that celebrated mixture for the human hair, invented by my late uncle, and called Cox's Bohemian Balsam of Tokay, sold in pots at two-and-three and three-and-nine; the balsam, the lodgings, and the old established cutting and shaving business brought me in a pretty genteel income. I had had my girl, Jemimarann, at Hackney, to school; my dear boy, Tuggeridge, plaited hair already beautifully; my wife at the counter (behind a tray of patent soaps, &c.) cut as handsome a figure as possible; and it was my hope that Orlando and my girl, who were mighty soft upon one another, would one day be joined together in Hyming; and, conjointly with my son Tug, carry on the business of hair-dressers when their father was either dead or a gentleman: for a gentleman me and Mrs. C. determined I should be.

Jemima was, you see, a lady herself, and of very high connections: though her own family had met with crosses, and was rather low. Mr. Tuggeridge, her father, kept the famous tripe-shop near the "Pigtail and Sparrow" in the Whitechapel Road, from which place I married her; being myself very fond of the article, and especially when she served it to me—the dear thing!

Jemima's father was not successful in business: and I married her, I am proud to confess it, without a shilling. I had my hands, my

house, and my Bohemian balsam to support her!—and we had hopes from her uncle, a mighty rich East India merchant, who, having left this country sixty years ago, had arrived to be the head of a great house in India, and was worth millions, we were told.

Three years after Jemimarann's birth (and two after the death of my lamented father-in-law), Tuggeridge (head of the great house of Budgurow & Co.) retired from the management of it; handed over his shares to his son, Mr. John Tuggeridge, and came to live in England, at Portland Place, and Tuggeridgeville, Surrey, and enjoy himself. Soon after, my wife took her daughter in her hand and went, as in duty bound, to visit her uncle: but whether it was that he was proud and surly, or she somewhat sharp in her way (the dear girl fears nobody, let me have you to know), a desperate quarrel took place between them; and from that day to the day of his death he never set eyes on her. All that he would condescend to do, was to take a few dozen of lavender-water from us in the course of the year, and to send his servants to be cut and shaved by us. All the neighbours laughed at this poor ending of our expectations, for Jemmy had bragged not a little; however, we did not care, for the connection was always a good one, and we served Mr. Hock, the valet; Mr. Bar, the coachman; and Mrs. Breadbasket, the housekeeper, willingly enough. I used to powder the footman, too, on great days, but never in my life saw old Tuggeridge except once; when he said, "Oh, the barber!" tossed up his nose, and passed on.

One day—one famous day last January—all our Market was thrown into a high state of excitement by the appearance of no less than three vehicles at our establishment. As me, Jemmy, my daughter, Tug, and Orlando were

sitting in the back-parlour over our dinner (it being Christmas-time, Mr. Crump had treated the ladies to a bottle of port, and was longing that there should be a mistletoe-bough : at which proposal my little Jemimarann looked as red as a glass of negus) :—we had just, I say, finished the port, when all of a sudden, Tug bellows out, “Law, Pa, here’s uncle Tuggeridge’s housekeeper in a cab !”

And Mrs. Breadbasket it was, sure enough—Mrs. Breadbasket in deep mourning, who made her way, bowing and looking very sad, into the back shop. My wife, who respected Mrs. B. more than anything else in the world, set her a chair, and offered her a glass of wine, and vowed it was very kind of her to come. “Law, mem,” says Mrs. B., “I’m sure I’d do anything to serve your family, for the sake of that poor dear Tuck-Tuck-tug-guggeridge, that’s gone.”

“That’s what ?” cries my wife.

“What, gone ?” cried Jemimarann, bursting out crying (as little girls will about anything or nothing) ; and Orlando looking very rueful, and ready to cry too.

“Yes, gaw——” Just as she was at this very “gaw,” Tug roars out, “Law, Pa ! here’s Mr. Bar, uncle Tug’s coachman !”

It was Mr. Bar. When she saw him, Mrs. Breadbasket stepped suddenly back into the parlour with my ladies. “What is it, Mr. Bar ?” says I ; and as quick as thought, I had the towel under his chin, Mr. Bar in the chair, and the whole of his face in a beautiful foam of lather. Mr. Bar made some resistance. “Don’t think of it, Mr. Cox,” says he, “don’t trouble yourself, sir.” But I lathered away, and never minded. “And what’s this melancholy event, sir,” says I, “that has spread desolation in your family’s bosoms ? I can feel for your loss, sir—I can feel for your loss.”

I said so out of politeness, because I served the family, not because Tuggeridge was my uncle—no, as such, I disown him.

Mr. Bar was just about to speak. “Yes, sir,” says he, “my master’s gaw——” when at the “gaw” in walks Mr. Hock, the own man !—the finest gentleman I ever saw.

“What, *you* here, Mr. Bar !” says he.

“Yes, I am, sir ; and haven’t I a right, sir ?”

“A mighty wet day, sir,” says I to Mr. Hock, stepping up and making my bow. “A sad circumstance too, sir ! And is it a turn of the tongs that you want to-day, sir ? Ho, there, Mr. Crump !”

“Turn, Mr. Crump, if you please, sir,” said Mr. Hock, making a bow ; but from you, sir, never—no, never, split me !—and I wonder how some fellows can have the *insolence* to allow their MASTERS to shave them ?”

With this Mr. Hock flung himself down to be curled : Mr. Bar suddenly opened his mouth in order to reply ; but seeing there was a tiff between the gentlemen, and wanting to prevent a quarrel, I rammed the *Advertiser* into Mr. Hock’s hands, and just popped my shaving-brush into Mr. Bar’s mouth—a capital way to stop angry answers.

Mr. Bar had hardly been in the chair a second, when whirr comes a hackney-coach to the door, from which springs a gentleman in a black coat with a bag.

“What, you here !” says the gentleman. I could not help smiling, for it seemed that everybody was to begin by saying, “What, *you* here !” “Your name is Cox, sir ?” says he, smiling too, as the very pattern of mine. “My name, sir, is Sharpus—Blunt, Hone, and Sharpus, Middle Temple Lane—and I am proud to salute you, sir ; happy—that is to say, sorry—to say that Mr. Tuggeridge, of Portland Place, is dead, and your lady is heiress, in consequence, to one of the handsomest properties in the kingdom.”

At this I started, and might have sunk to the ground, but for my hold of Mr. Bar’s nose ; Orlando seemed petrified to stone, with his irons fixed to Mr. Hock’s head ; our respective patients gave a wince out ; Mrs. C., Jemimarann, and Tug rushed from the back shop, and we formed a splendid tableau, such as the great Cruikshank might have depicted.

“And Mr. John Tuggeridge, sir ?” says I.

“Why—hee, hee, hee !” says Mr. Sharpus. “Surely you know that he was only the—hee, hee, hee !—the natural son ?”

You now can understand why the servants from Portland Place had been so eager to come to us. One of the housemaids heard Mr. Sharpus say there was no will, and that my wife was heir to the property, and not Mr. John Tuggeridge : this she told in the housekeeper’s room ; and off, as soon as they heard of it, the whole party set, in order to be the first to bear the news.

We kept them, every one, in their old places ; for, though my wife would have sent them about their business, my dear Jemimarann just hinted, “Mamma, you know *they*

have been used to great houses, and we have not; had we not better keep them for a little?" Keep them, then, we did, to show us how to be gentlefolks.

I handed over the business to Mr. Crump without a single farthing of premium, though Jemmy would have made me take four hundred pounds for it; but this I was above: Crump had served me faithfully, and have the shop he should.

#### FEBRUARY.—FIRST ROUT.

WE were speedily installed in our fine house; but what's a house without friends? Jemmy made me *cut* all my old acquaintances in the Market, and I was a solitary being, when, luckily, an old acquaintance of ours, Captain Tagrag, was so kind as to promise to introduce us into distinguished society. Tagrag was the son of a baronet, and had done us the honour of lodging with us for two years; when we lost sight of him, and of his little account too, by the way. A fortnight after, hearing of our good fortune, he was among us again, however; and Jemmy was not a little glad to see him, knowing him to be a baronet's son, and very fond of our Jemimarann. Indeed, Orlando (who is as brave as a lion) had on one occasion absolutely beaten Mr. Tagrag for being rude to the poor girl: a clear proof, as Tagrag said afterwards, that he was always fond of her.

Mr. Crump, poor fellow, was not very much pleased by our good fortune, though he did all he could to try at first; and I told him to come and take his dinner regular, as if nothing had happened. But to this Jemima very soon put a stop, for she came very justly to know her stature, and to look down on Crump, which she bid her daughter to do; and, after a great scene, in which Orlando showed himself very rude and angry, he was forbidden the house—for ever!

So much for poor Crump. The Captain was now all in all with us. "You see, sir," our Jemmy would say, "we shall have our town and country mansion, and a hundred and thirty thousand pounds in the funds, to leave between our two children; and, with such prospects, they ought surely to have the first society of England." To this Tagrag agreed, and promised to bring us acquainted with the very pink of fashion; ay, and what's more, did.

First he made my wife get an opera-box, and give suppers on Tuesdays and Saturdays. As for me, he made me ride in the Park: me and Jemimarann, with two grooms behind us, who used to laugh all the way, and whose very beards I had shaved. As for little Tug, he was sent straight off to the most fashionable school in the kingdom, the Reverend Dr. Pigney's, at Richmond.

Well, the horses, the suppers, the opera-box, the paragraphs in the papers about Mr. Coxe Coxe (that's the way: double your name and stick an "e" to the end of it, and you are a gentleman at once), had an effect in a wonderfully short space of time, and we began to get a very pretty society about us. Some of old Tug's friends swore they would do anything for the family, and brought their wives and daughters to see dear Mrs. Coxe and her charming girl: and when about the first week in February, we announced a grand dinner and ball for the evening of the twenty-eighth, I assure you there was no want of company: no, nor of titles either; and it always does my heart good even to hear one mentioned.

Let me see. There was, first, my Lord Dunbooze, an Irish peer, and his seven sons, the Honourable Messieurs Trumper (two only to dinner); there was Count Mace, the celebrated French nobleman, and his Excellency Baron von Punter from Baden; there was Lady Blanch Bluenose, the eminent literati, author of "The Distrusted," "The Distorted," "The Disgusted," "The Disreputable One," and other poems; there was the Dowager Lady Max and her daughter, the Honourable Miss Adelaide Blueruin; Sir Charles Codshead, from the City; and Field Marshal Sir Gorman O'Gallagher, K.A., K.B., K.C., K.W., K.X., in the service of the Republic of Guatemala: my friend Tagrag and his fashionable acquaintance, little Tom Tufthunt, made up the party. And when the doors were flung open, and Mr. Hock, in black, with a white napkin, three footmen, coachman, and a lad whom Mrs. C. had dressed in sugar-loaf buttons and called a page, were seen round the dinner-table, all in white gloves, I promise you I felt a thrill of elation, and thought to myself—Sam Cox, Sam Cox, who ever would have expected to see you here?

After dinner, there was to be, as I said, an evening party; and to this Messieurs Tagrag and Tufthunt had invited many of the principal nobility that our metropolis has produced. When I mention, among the company to tea,



her Grace the Duchess of Zero, and her son the Marquis of Fitzurse, and the Ladies North Pole her daughters; when I say that there were yet *others*, whose names may be found in the Blue Book, but shan't, out of modesty, be mentioned here, I think I've said enough to show that, in our time, No. 96, Portland Place, was the resort of the best company.

It was our first dinner, and dressed by our new cook, Munser Cordongblew. I bore it very well; eating, for my share, a filly dysoll allamater dotell, a cutlet soubeast, a pully bashymall, and other French dishes: and for the frisky sweet wine, with tin tops to the bottles, called Champang, I must say that me and Mrs. Coxe-Tuggeridge-Coxe drank a very good share of it (but the claret and Jonnysberger, being sour, we did not much relish); however, the feed, as I say, went off very well, Lady Blanch Bluenose sitting next to me, and being so good as to put me down for six copies of all her poems; the Count and Baron von Punter engaging Jemimarann for several waltzes, and the Field Marshal plying my dear Jemmy with Champang, until, bless her! her dear nose became as red as her new crimson satin gown, which, with a blue turban and bird-of-paradise feathers, made her look like an empress, I warrant.

Well, dinner past, Mrs. C. and the ladies went off:—thunder-under-under came the knocks at the door; squeedle-eedle-eedle, Mr. Wippert's fiddlers began to strike up; and, about half-past eleven, me and the gents thought it high time to make our appearance. I felt a *little* squeamish at the thought of meeting a couple of hundred great people; but Count Mace and Sir Gorman O'Gallagher taking each an arm, we reached, at last, the drawing-room.

The young ones in company were dancing, and the Duchess and the great ladies were all seated, talking to themselves very stately, and working away at the ices and macaroons. I looked out for my pretty Jemimarann amongst the dancers, and saw her tearing round the room along with Baron Punter, in what they call a gallypard; then I peeped into the circle of the Duchesses, where, in course, I expected to find Mrs. C.; but she wasn't there! She was seated at the further end of the room, looking very sulky; and I went up and took her arm, and brought her down to the place where the Duchesses were. "Oh, not there!" said Jemmy, trying to break away. "Non-sense, my dear," says I: "you are missis, and

this is your place." Then going up to her ladyship the Duchess, says I, "Me and my missis are most proud of the honour of seeing of you."

The Duchess (a tall red-haired grenadier of a woman) did not speak.

I went on: "The young ones are all at it, you see; and we thought we would come and sit down among the old ones. You and I, ma'am, I think, are too stiff to dance."

"Sir!" says her Grace.

"Ma'am," says I, "don't you know me? My name's Cox. Nobody introduced me; but, dash it, it's my own house, and I may present myself—so give us your hand, ma'am."

And I shook hers in the kindest way in the world; but—would you believe it?—the old cat screamed as if my hand had been a hot tater. "Fitzurse! Fitzurse!" shouted she, "help! help!" Up scuffled all the other Dowagers—in rushed the dancers. "Mamma! mamma!" squeaked Lady Julia North Pole. "Lead me to my mother," howled Lady Aurorer: and both came and flung themselves into her arms. "Wawt's the raw?" said Lord Fitzures, sauntering up quite stately.

"Protect me from the insults of this man," says her Grace. "Where's Tufthunt? he promised that not a soul in this house should speak to me."

"My dear Duchess," said Tufthunt, very meek.

"Don't Duchess *me*, sir. Did you not promise they should not speak, and hasn't that horrid tipsy wretch offered to embrace me? Didn't his monstrous wife sicken me with her odious familiarities? Call my people, Tufthunt! Follow me, my children!"

"And my carriage," "And mine," "And mine!" shouted twenty more voices. And down they all trooped to the hall: Lady Blanch Bluenose and Lady Max among the very first; leaving only the Field-Marshal and one or two men, who roared with laughter ready to split.

"Oh, Sam!" said my wife, sobbing, "why would you take me back to the tomb? they had sent me away before! I only asked the Duchess whether she didn't like rum-shrub better than all your Maxarinos and Curasosos: and—would you believe it?—all the company burst out laughing; and the Duchess told me just to keep off, and not to speak till I was spoken to. Imperence! I'd like to tear her eyes out."

And so I do believe my dearest Jemmy would.



## MARCH.—A DAY WITH THE SURREY HOUNDS.

OUR ball had failed so completely that Jemmy, who was bent still upon fashion, caught eagerly at Tagrag's suggestion, and went down to Tuggeridgeville. If we had a difficulty to find friends in town, here there was none : for the whole county came about us, ate our dinners and suppers, danced at our balls—ay, and spoke to us too. We were great people in fact : I a regular country gentleman ; and as such, Jemmy insisted that I should be a sportsman, and join the county hunt. "But," says I, "my love, I can't ride." "Pooh! Mr. C.," she said, "you're always making difficulties : you thought you couldn't dance a quadrille ; you thought you couldn't dine at seven o'clock ; you thought you couldn't lie in bed after six ; and haven't you done every one of these things ? You must and you shall ride !" And when my Jemmy said "must and shall," I knew very well there was nothing for it : so I sent down fifty guineas to the hunt ; and, out of compliment to me, the very next week, I received notice that the meet of the hounds would take place at Squashtail Common, just outside my lodge-gates.

I didn't know what a meet was ; and me and Mrs. C. agreed that it was most probable the dogs were to be fed there. However, Tagrag explained this matter to us, and very kindly promised to sell me a horse, a delightful animal of his own ; which, being desperately pressed for money, he would let me have for a hundred guineas, he himself having given a hundred and fifty for it.

Well, the Thursday came : the hounds met on Squashtail Common ; Mrs. C. turned out in her barouche to see us throw off ; and, being helped up on my chestnut horse, Trumpeter, by Tagrag and my head groom, I came presently round to join them.

Tag mounted his own horse ; and, as we walked down the avenue, "I thought," he said, "you told me you knew how to ride ; and that you had ridden once fifty miles on a stretch !"

"And so I did," says I, "to Cambridge, and on the box too."

"On the box !" says he ; "but did you ever mount a horse before ?"

"Never," says I, "but I find it mighty easy."

"Well," says he, "you're mighty bold for a barber ; and I like you, Cox, for your spirit." And so we came out of the gate.

As for describing the hunt, I own, fairly, I can't. I've been at a hunt, but what a hunt is—why the horses *will* go among the dogs and ride them down—why the men cry out "yooooic"—why the dogs go snuffing about in threes and fours, and the huntsman says, "Good Towler—good Betsy," and we all of us after him say, "Good Towler—good Betsy," in course : then, after hearing a yelp here and a howl there, tow, row, yow, yow, yow ! burst out, all of a sudden, from three or four of them, and the chap in a velvet cap screeches out (with a number of oaths I shan't repeat here), "Hark, to Ringwood !" and then, "There he goes !" says some one ; and all of a sudden, helter skelter, skurry hurry, slap bang, whooping, screeching, and hurraing, blue-coats and red-coats, bays and greys, horses, dogs, donkeys, butchers, baronets, dustmen, and blackguard boys, go tearing all together over the common after two or three of the pack that yowl the loudest. Why all this is, I can't say ; but it all took place the second Thursday of last March in my presence.

Up to this, I'd kept my seat as well as the best, for we'd only been trotting gently about the field until the dogs found ; and I managed to stick on very well ; but directly the trow-rowing began, off went Trumpeter like a thunderbolt, and I found myself playing among the dogs like the donkey among the chickens. "Back, Mr. Cox," holloas the huntsman ; and so I pulled very hard, and cried out "Wo !" but he wouldn't ; and so on I went galloping for the dear life. How I kept on is a wonder ; but I squeezed my knees in very tight, and shoved my feet very hard into the stirrups, and kept stiff hold of the scruff of Trumpeter's neck, and looked betwixt his ears as well as ever I could, and trusted to luck ; for I was in a mortal fright, sure enough, as many a better man would be in such a case, let alone a poor hairdresser.

As for the hounds, after my first riding in among them, I tell you honestly, I never saw so much as the tip of one of their tails ; nothing in this world did I see except Trumpeter's dun-coloured mane, and that I gripped firm : riding, by the blessing of luck, safe through the walking, the trotting, the galloping, and never so much as getting a tumble.

There was a chap at Croydon very well known as the "Spicy Dustman," who, when he could get no horse to ride to the hounds, turned regularly out on his donkey ; and on this occasion made one of us. He generally

managed to keep up with the dogs by trotting quietly through the cross-roads, and knowing the country well. Well, having a good guess where the hounds would find, and the line that sly Reynolds (as they call the fox) would take, the Spicy Dustman turned his animal down the lane from Squashtail to Cutshins Common; across which, sure enough, came the whole hunt. There's a small hedge and a remarkably fine ditch here: some of the leading chaps took both, in gallant style; others went round by a gate, and so would I, only I couldn't; for Trumpeter would have the hedge, and be hanged to him, and went right for it.

Hoop! if ever you *did* try a leap! Out go your legs, out fling your arms, off goes your hat; and the next thing you feel—that is, I did—is a most tremendous thwack across the chest, and my feet jerked out of the stirrups: me left in the branches of a tree; Trumpeter gone clean from under me, and walloping and floundering in the ditch underneath. One of the stirrup-leathers had caught in a stake, and the horse couldn't get away: and neither of us, I thought, ever *would* have got away; but all of a sudden, who should come up the lane but the Spicy Dustman!

"Holloa!" says I, "you gent, just let us down from this here tree!"

"Lor!" says he, "I'm blest if I didn't take you for a robin!"

"Let's down," says I; but he was all the time employed in disengaging Trumpeter, whom he got out of the ditch, trembling and as quiet as possible. "Let's down," says I. "Presently," says he; and taking off his coat, he begins whistling and swishing down Trumpeter's sides and saddle; and when he had finished, what do you think the rascal did?—he just quietly mounted on Trumpeter's back and shouts out, "Git down yourself, old Bears-grease; you've only to drop! I'll give your 'oss a hairing arter them 'ounds; and you—vy, you may ride back my pony to Tuggeridgeweal!" And with this, I'm blest if he didn't ride away, leaving me holding, as for the dear life, and expecting every minute the branch would break.

It *did* break too, and down I came into the slush; and when I got out of it, I can tell you I didn't look much like the Venuses or the Apollor Belvidearis what I used to dress and titivate up for my shop window when I was in the hairdressing line, or smell quite so elegant as our rose-oil. Faugh! what a figure I was!

I had nothing for it but to mount the dust-

man's donkey (which was very quietly cropping grass in the hedge), and to make my way home; and after a weary, weary journey, I arrived at my own gate.

A whole party was assembled there. Tag-rag, who had come back; their Excellencies Mace and Punter, who were on a visit; and a number of horses walking up and down before the whole of the gentlemen of the hunt, who had come in after losing their fox! "Here's Squire Coxe!" shouted the grooms. Out rushed the servants, out poured the gents of the hunt, and on trotted poor me, digging into the donkey, and everybody dying with laughter at me.

Just as I got up to the door, a horse came galloping up and passed me; a man jumped down, and taking off a fantail hat, came up, very gravely, to help me down.

"Squire," says he, "how came you by that there hanimal? Jist git down, will you, and give it to its howner?"

"Rascal!" says I "didn't you ride off on my horse?"

"Was there ever sich ingratitude?" says the Spicy. "I found this year 'oss in a pond, I saves him from drowning, I brings him back to his master, and he calls me a rascal!"

The grooms, the gents, the ladies in the balcony, my own servants, all set up a roar at this; and so would I, only I was so deucedly ashamed as not to be able to laugh just then.

And so my first day's hunting-ended. Tag-rag and the rest declared I showed great pluck, and wanted me to try again; but "No," says I, "I *have* been."

#### APRIL.—THE FINISHING TOUCH.

I WAS always fond of billiards; and, in former days, at Grogam's in Greek-Street, where a few jolly lads of my acquaintance used to meet twice a week for a game, and a snug pipe and beer, I was generally voted the first man of the club: and could take five from John the marker himself. I had a genius, in fact, for the game; and now that I was placed in that station of life where I could cultivate my talents, I gave them full play, and improved amazingly. I do say that I think myself as good a hand as any chap in England.

The Count and his Excellency Baron von Punter were, I can tell you, astonished by the smartness of my play; the first two or three rubbers Punter beat me, but when I came to know his game, I used to knock him all to

sticks ; or at least win six games to his four : and such was the betting upon me ; his Excellency losing large sums to the Count, who knew what play was, and used to back me. I did not play except for shillings, so my skill was of no great service to me.

One day I entered the billiard-room where these three gentlemen were high in words. "The thing shall not be done," I heard Captain Tagrag say ; "I won't stand it."

"Vat, begause you would have de bird all to yourself, hey ?" said the Baron.

"You sall not have a single fezare of him, begar," said the Count : "ve will blow you, M. de Taguerague ; *parole d'honneur*, ve vill."

"What's all this, gents," says I, stepping in, "about birds and feathers ?"

"Oh," says Tagrag, "we were talking about—about—pigeon-shooting ; the Count here says he will blow a bird all to pieces at twenty yards, and I said I wouldn't stand it, because it was regular murder."

"Oh, yase, it was bidgeon-shooting," cries the Baron : "and I know no better sbort. Have you been bidgeon-shooting, my dear Squire ? De fon is gabidal."

"No doubt," says I, "for the shooters, but mighty bad sport for the *pigeon*." And this joke set them all a-laughing ready to die. I didn't know then what a good joke it *was*, neither ; but I gave Master Baron, that day, a precious good beating, and walked off with no less than fifteen shillings of his money.

As a sporting man, and a man of fashion, I need not say that I took in the *Flare-up* regularly ; ay, and wrote one or two trifles in that celebrated publication (one of my papers, which Tagrag subscribed for me, Philo-pesti-tæamicus, on the proper sauce for teal and widgeon—and the other, signed Scru-tatos, on the best means of cultivating the kidney species of that vegetable—made no small noise at the time, and got me in the paper a compliment from the editor). I was a constant reader of the Notices to Correspondents, and, my early education having been rayther neglected (for I was taken from my studies and set, as is the custom in our trade, to practise on a sheep's head at the tender age of nine years, before I was allowed to venture on the human countenance)—I say, being thus curtailed and cut off in my classical learning, I must confess I managed to pick up a pretty smattering of genteel information from that treasury of all sorts of knowledge ; at least sufficient to make me a match in learning for all the noblemen and

gentlemen who came to our house. Well, on looking over the "Flare-up" notices to correspondents, I read, one day last April, among the notices, as follows :

"'Automodon.' We do not know the precise age of Mr. Baker, of Covent Garden Theatre ; nor are we aware if that celebrated son of Thespis is a married man.

"'Ducks and Green-peas' is informed, that when A plays his rook to B's second Knight's Square, and B, moving two squares with his Queen's pawn, gives check to his adversary's Queen, there is no reason why B's Queen should not take A's pawn, if B be so inclined.

"'F. L. S.' We have repeatedly answered the question about Madame Vestris : her maiden name was Bartolozzi, and she married the son of Charles Mathews, the celebrated comedian.

"'Fair Play.' The best amateur billiard and écarté player in England is Coxe-Tuggeridge-Coxe, Esq., of Portland Place, and Tuggeridgeville : Jonathan, who knows his play, can only give him two in a game of a hundred ; and, at the cards, *no* man is his superior. *Verbum sap.*

"'Scipio Americanus' is a blockhead."

I read this out to the Count and Tagrag, and both of them wondered how the Editor of that tremendous *Flare-up* should get such information ; and both agreed that the Baron, who still piqued himself absurdly on his play, would be vastly annoyed by seeing me preferred thus to himself. We read him the paragraphs, and preciously angry he was. "Id is," he cried, "the tables" (or "*de dabels*," as he called them)—"de horrid dabels ; gom viz me to London, and dry a slate-table, and I vill beat you." We all roared at this ; and the end of the dispute was, that, just to satisfy the fellow, I agreed to play his Excellency at slate-tables, or any tables he chose.

"Gut," says he, "gut ; I lif, you know, at Abednego's, in de Quadrant ; his dables is good, ve vill blay dere, if you vill." And I said I would : and it was agreed that, one Saturday night, when Jemmy was at the Opera, we should go to the Baron's rooms and give him a chance.

We went, and the little Baron had as fine a supper as ever I saw : lots of Champang (and I didn't mind drinking it), and plenty of laughing and fun. Afterwards, down we went to

billiards. "Is dish Misther Coxsh, de shelebrated player?" says Mr. Abednego, who was in the room, with one or two gentlemen of his own persuasion, and several foreign noblemen, dirty, snuffy, and hairy, as them foreigners are. "Is this Mr. Coxsh? Blesh my hart, it is a honer to see you; I have heard so much of your play."

"Come, come," says I, "sir"—for I'm pretty wide awake—"none of your gammon; you're not going to hook me."

"No, begar, dis fish you not catch," says Count Mace.

"Dat is gut!—haw! haw!" snorted the Baron. "Hook him! *Lieber Himmel*, you might dry and hook me as well. Haw! haw!"

Well, we went to play. "Five to four on Coxe," screams out the Count.—"Done and done," says another nobleman. "Ponays," says the Count.—"Done," says the nobleman. "I vill take your six crowns to four," says the Baron.—"Done," says I. And, in the twinkling of an eye, I beat him; once making thirteen off the balls without stopping.

We had some more wine after this; and if you could have seen the long faces of the other noblemen as they pulled out their pencils and wrote I.O.U.'s for the Count! "Va toujours, mon cher," says he to me, "you have von for me three hundred pounds."

"I'll blay you guineas dis time," says the Baron. "Zeven to four you must give me, though." And so I did; and in ten minutes *that* game was won, and the Baron handed over his pounds. "Two hundred and sixty more, my dear, dear Coxe," says the Count; "you are *mon ange gardien*!" "What a flat Misther Coxsh is, not to back his luck," I heard Abednego whisper to one of the foreign noblemen.

"I'll take your seven to four, in tens," said I to the Baron. "Give me three," says he, "and done." I gave him three, and lost the game by one. "Dobble, or quits," says he. "Go it," says I, up to my mettle: "Sam Coxe never says no;"—and to it we went. I went in and scored eighteen to his five. "Holy Moshesh!" says Abednego, "Dat little Coxsh is a vonder! who'll take odds?"

"I'll give twenty to one," says I, "in guineas."

"Ponays; yase, done," screams out the Count.

"Bonies, done," roars out the Baron: and, before I could speak, went in, and—would you

believe it?—in two minutes he somehow made the game!

Oh, what a figure I cut when my dear Jemmy heard of this afterwards! In vain I swore it was guineas: the Count and the Baron swore to ponies; and when I refused, they both said their honour was concerned, and they must have my life, or their money. So when the Count showed me actually that, in spite of this bet (which had been too good to resist) won from me, he had been a very heavy loser by the night; and brought me the word of honour of Abednego, his Jewish friend, and the foreign noblemen, that ponies had been betted—why I paid them one thousand pounds sterling of good and lawful money. But I've not played for money since: no, no; catch me at *that* again if you can.

#### MAY.—A NEW DROP-SCENE AT THE OPERA.

No lady is a lady without having a box at the Opera: so my Jemmy, who knew as much about music—bless her!—as I do about Sanscrit, algebra, or any other foreign language, took a prime box on the second tier. It was what they called a double box! it really *could* hold two, that is, very comfortably; and we got it a great bargain—for five hundred a year! Here, Tuesdays and Saturdays, we used regularly to take our places, Jemmy and Jemimarann sitting in the front; me, behind: but as my dear wife used to wear a large fan-tail gauze hat with ostrich feathers, birds-of-paradise, artificial flowers, and tags of muslin or satin, scattered all over it, I'm blest if she didn't fill the whole of the front of the box; and it was only by jumping and dodging, three or four times in the course of the night, that I could manage to get a sight of the actors. By kneeling down, and looking steady under my darling Jemmy's sleeve, I *did* contrive, every now and then, to have a peep at Senior Lablash's boots, in the "Puritanny," and once saw Madame Greasi's crown and head-dress in "Annybalony."

What a place that Opera is, to be sure! and what enjoyments us aristocracy used to have! Just as you have swallowed down your three courses (three curses I used to call them; for so, indeed, they are, causing a deal of heart-burns, headaches, doctor's bills, pills, want of sleep, and such like)—just, I say, as you get



down your three courses, which I defy any man to enjoy properly unless he has two hours of drink and quiet afterwards, up comes the carriage, and in bursts my Jemmy, as fine as a duchess, and scented like our shop. "Come, my dear," says she, "it's 'Normy' to-night" (or "Annybalony," or the "Nosey di Figaro," or the "Gazzylarder," as the case may be). "Mr. Coster strikes off punctually at eight, and you know it's the fashion to be always present at the very first bar of the aperture." And so off we budge, to be miserable for five hours, and to have a headache for the next twelve, and all because it's the fashion!

After the aperture, as they call it, comes the opera, which, as I am given to understand, is the Italian for singing. Why they should sing in Italian, I can't conceive; or why they should do nothing *but* sing. Bless us! how I used to long for the wooden magpie in the "Gazzylarder" to fly up to the top of the church-steeple, and see the chaps with the pitchforks come in and carry off that wicked Don June. Not that I don't admire Lablash, and Rubini, and his brother, Tomrubini, him who has that fine bass voice, I mean, and acts the Corporal in the first piece, and Don June in the second; but three hours is a *little* too much, for you can't sleep on those little rickety seats in the boxes.

The opera is bad enough; but what is that to the bally? You *should* have seen my Jemmy the first night when she stopped to see it; and when Madamsalls Fanny and Theresa Hustler came forward, along with a gentleman, to dance, you should have seen how Jemmy stared, and our girl blushed, when Madamsall Fanny, coming forward, stood on the tips of only five of her toes, and raising up the other five, and the foot belonging to them, almost to her shoulder, twirled round, and round, and round, like a teetotum, for a couple of minutes or more; and as she settled down, at last, on both feet, in a natural decent posture, you should have heard how the house roared with applause, the boxes clapping with all their might, and waving their handkerchiefs; the pit shouting "Bravo!" Some people, who, I suppose, were rather angry at such an exhibition, threw bunches of flowers at her; and what do you think she did? Why? hang me, if she did not come forward, as though nothing had happened, gather up the things they had thrown at her, smile, press them to her heart, and begin whirling around again, faster than ever. Talk about coolness, I never saw such in all *my* born days.

"Nasty thing!" says Jemmy, starting up in a fury; "if women *will* act so, it serves them right to be treated so."

"Oh yes! she acts beautifully," says our friend his Excellency, who, along with Baron von Punter and Tagrag, used very seldom to miss coming to our box.

"She may act very beautifully, Munseer, but she don't dress so; and I am very glad they threw that orange-peel and all those things at her, and that the people waved to her to get off."

Here his Excellency and the Baron and Tag set up a roar of laughter. "My dear Mrs. Coxe," says Tag, "those are the most famous dancers in the world; and we throw myrtle, geraniums, and lilies and roses at them in token of our immense admiration!"

"Well, I never!" said my wife; and poor Jemimarann slunk behind the curtain, and looked as red as it almost. After the one had done, the next begun; but when, all of a sudden, a somebody came skipping and bounding in, like an Indian-rubber ball, flinging itself up at least six feet from the stage, and there shaking about its legs like mad, we were more astonished than ever!

"That's Anatole," says one of the gentlemen.

"Anna who?" says my wife; and she might well be mistaken: for this person had a hat and feathers, a bare neck and arms, great black ringlets, and a little calico frock, which came down to the knees.

"Anatole. You would not think he was sixty-three years old; he's as active as a man of twenty."

"*He!*" shrieked out my wife; "what, is that there a man? For shame, Munseer! Jemimarann, dear, get your cloak, and come along; and I'll thank you, my dear, to call our people, and let us go home."

You wouldn't think, after this, that my Jemmy, who had shown such a horror at the bally, as they call it, should ever grow accustomed to it; but she liked to hear her name shouted out in the crush-room, and so would stop till the end of everything; and, law bless you! in three weeks from that time she could look at the ballet as she would at a dancing dog in the streets, and would bring her double-barrelled opera-glass up to her eyes as coolly as if she had been a born duchess. As for me, I did at Rome as Rome does; and precious fun it used to be, sometimes.

My friend the Baron insisted one night on

my going behind the scenes ; where, being a subscriber, he said I had what they call my *ontray*. Behind, then, I went ; and such a place you never saw nor heard of ! Fancy lots of young and old gents of the fashion crowding round and staring at the actresses practising their steps. Fancy yellow snuffy foreigners, chattering always, and smelling fearfully of tobacco. Fancy scores of Jews, with hooked noses and black muzzles, covered with rings, chains, sham diamonds, and gold waistcoats. Fancy old men dressed in old nightgowns, with knock-knees, and dirty flesh-coloured cotton stockings, and dabs of brickdust on their wrinkled old chops, and tow-wigs (such wigs!) for the bald ones, and great tin spears in their hands mayhap, or else shepherds' crooks, and fusty garlands of flowers made of red and green baize ! Fancy troops of girls giggling, chattering, and pushing to and fro, amidst old black canvas, Gothic halls, thrones, pasteboard Cupids, dragons, and such like. Such dirt, darkness, crowd, confusion and gabble of all conceivable languages were never known !

If you *could* but have seen Munseer Anatole ! Instead of looking twenty he looked a thousand. The old man's wig was off, and a barber was giving it a touch with the tongs ; Munseer was taking snuff himself, and a boy was standing by with a pint of beer from the public-house at the corner of Charles-street.

I met with a little accident during the three quarters of an hour which they allow for the entertainment of us men of fashion on the stage, before the curtain draws up for the bally, while the ladies in the boxes are gaping, and the people in the pit are drumming with their feet and canes in the rudest manner possible, as though they couldn't wait.

Just at the moment before the little bell rings and the curtain flies up, and we scuffle off to the sides (for we always stay till the very last moment), I was in the middle of the stage, making myself very affable to the fair *figger-antys* which was spinning and twirling about me, and asking them if they wasn't cold, and such like politeness, in the most condescending way possible, when a bolt was suddenly withdrawn, and down I popped, through a trap in the stage, into the place below. Luckily, I was stopped by a piece of machinery, consisting of a heap of green blankets, and a young lady coming up as Venus rising from the sea. If I had not fallen so soft, I don't know what might have been the consequence of the collu-

sion. I never told Mrs. Coxe, for she can't bear to hear of my paying the least attention to the fair sex.

### JUNE.—STRIKING A BALANCE.

NEXT door to us, in Portland Place, lived the Right Honourable the Earl of Kilblazes, of Kilmacrazy Castle, county Kildare, and his mother, the Dowager Countess. Lady Kilblazes had a daughter, Lady Juliana Matilda Mac Turk, of the exact age of our dear Jemimarann ; and a son, the Honourable Arthur Wellington Anglesea Blucher Bulow Mac Turk, only ten months older than our boy Tug.

My darling Jemmy is a woman of spirit, and, as became her station, made every possible attempt to become acquainted with the Dowager Countess of Kilblazes, which her ladyship (because, forsooth, she was the daughter of the Minister, and Prince of Wales's great friend, the Earl of Portansherry) thought fit to reject. I don't wonder at my Jemmy growing so angry with her, and determining, in every way, to put her ladyship down. The Kilblazes' estate is not so large as the Tuggeridge property by two thousand a year at least ; and so my wife, when our neighbours kept only two footmen, was quite authorized in having three ; and she made it a point, as soon as ever the Kilblazes' carriage-and-pair came round, to have her own carriage-and-four.

Well, our box was next to theirs at the Opera ; only twice as big. Whatever masters went to Lady Juliana, came to my Jemimarann ; and what do you think Jemmy did ? she got her celebrated governess, Madame de Flicflac, away from the Countess, by offering a double salary. It is quite a treasure, they said, to have Madame Flicflac : she had been (to support her father, the Count, when he emigrated) a *French* dancer at the *Italian* Opera. French dancing and Italian, therefore, we had at once, and in the best style : it is astonishing how quick and well she used to speak—the French especially.

Master Arthur Mac Tuck was at the famous school of the Reverend Clement Coddler, along with a hundred and ten other young fashionables, from the age of three to fifteen ; and to this establishment Jemmy sent our Tug, adding forty guineas to the hundred and twenty paid every year for the boarders. I think I found out the dear soul's reason ; for,



one day, speaking about the school to a mutual acquaintance of ours and the Kilblazes, she whispered to him that "she would never have thought of sending her darling boy at the rate which her next-door neighbours paid; *their* lad, she was sure, must be starved: however, poor people, they did the best they could on their income!"

Coddler's, in fact, was the tip-top school near London; he had been tutor to the Duke of Buckminster, who had set him up in the school, and, as I tell you, all the peerage and respectable commoners came to it. You read in the bill (the snopsis, I think Coddler called it), after the account of the charges for board, masters, extras, &c. "Every young nobleman (or gentleman) is expected to bring a knife and fork, spoon, and goblet of silver (to prevent breakage), which will not be returned; a dressing-gown and slippers; toilet-box, pomatum, curling-irons, &c. &c. The pupil must on NO ACCOUNT be allowed to have more than ten guineas of pocket-money, unless his parents particularly desire it, or he be above fifteen years of age. *Wine* will be an extra charge, as are warm, vapour, and *douche* baths. *Carriage exercise* will be provided at the rate of fifteen guineas per quarter. It is *earnestly requested* that no young nobleman (or gentleman) be allowed to smoke. In a place devoted to *the cultivation of polite literature*, such an ignoble enjoyment were profane.

"CLEMENT CODDLER, M.A.,

"Chaplain and late Tutor to his Grace  
the Duke of Buckminster.

"Mount Parnassus, Richmond, Surrey."

To this establishment our Tug was sent. "Recollect, my dear," said his mamma, "that you are a Tuggeridge by birth, and that I expect you to beat all the boys in the school; especially that Wellington Mac Turk, who, though he is a lord's son, is nothing to you, who are the heir of Tuggeridgeville.

Tug was a smart young fellow enough, and could cut and curl as well as any young chap of his age: he was not a bad hand at a wig either, and could shave too, very prettily; but that was in the old time, when we were not great people: when he came to be a gentleman, he had to learn Latin and Greek, and had a deal of lost time to make up for, on going to school.

However, we had no fear; for the Reverend Mr. Coddler used to send monthly accounts of

his pupil's progress, and if Tug was not a wonder of the world, I don't know who was. It was—

General behaviour . . .	excellent.
English . . . . .	very good.
French . . . . .	très bien.
Latin . . . . .	optimé.

and so on. He possessed all the virtues, and wrote to us every month for money. My dear Jemmy and I determined to go and see him, after he had been to school a quarter. We went, and were shown by Mr. Coddler, one of the meekest, smilingest little men I ever saw, into the bed-rooms and eating-rooms (the dromitaries and refractories he called them), which were all as comfortable as comfortable might be. "It's a holiday to-day," said Mr. Coddler; and a holiday it seemed to be. In the dining-room were half a dozen young gentlemen playing at cards ("All tip-top nobility," observed Mr. Coddler); in the bedrooms there was only one gent: he was lying on his bed, reading novels and smoking cigars. "Extraordinary genius!" whispered Coddler. "Honourable Tom Fitz-warter, cousin of Lord Byron's; smokes all day; and has written the *sweetest* poems you could imagine. Genius, my dear madam, you know—genius must have its way." "Well, *upon* my word," says Jemmy, "if that's genius, I had rather that Master Tuggeridge-Coxe-Tuggeridge remained a dull fellow."

"Impossible, my dear madam," said Coddler. "Mr. Tuggeridge-Coxe *couldn't* be stupid if he *tried*."

Just then up comes Lord Claude Lollypop, third son of the Marquis of Allycompane. We were introduced instantly: "Lord Claude Lollypop, Mr. and Mrs. Cox." The little lord wagged his head, my wife bowed very low, and so did Mr. Coddler; who, as he saw my lord making for the playground, begged him to show us the way. "Come along," says my lord; and as he walked before us whistling, we had leisure to remark the beautiful holes in his jacket, and elsewhere.

About twenty young noblemen (and gentlemen) were gathered round a pastrycook's shop at the end of the green. "That's the grub-shop," said my lord, "where we young gentlemen wot has money buys our wittles, and them young gentlemen wot has none goes tick."

Then he passed a poor red-haired usher sitting on a bench alone. "That's Mr. Hicks,

the Husher, ma'am," says my lord. "We keep him, for he's very useful to throw stones at, and he keeps the chap's coats when there's a fight or a game at cricket. Well, Hicks, how's your mother? what's the row now?" "I believe, my lord," said the usher, very meekly, "there's a pugilistic encounter somewhere on the premises—the Honourable Mr. Mac——"

"Oh! *come* along," said Lord Lollypop, "come along: *this* way, ma'am! Go it, ye cripples!" And my lord pulled my dear Jemmy's gown in the kindest and most familiar way, she trotting on after him, mightily pleased to be so taken notice of, and I after her. A little boy went running across the green. "Who is it, Petitoes?" screams my lord. "Turk and the barber," pipes Petitoes, and runs to the pastry-cook's like mad. "Turk and the ba——," laughs out my lord, looking at us. "Hurrah! *this* way, ma'am!" And turning round a corner he opened a door into a courtyard, where a number of boys were collected, and a great noise of shrill voices might be heard. "Go it, Turk!" says one. "Go it, barber!" says another. "*Punch hith life out!*" roars another, whose voice was just cracked, and his clothes half a yard too short for him.

Fancy our horror when, on the crowd making way, we saw Tug pommelling away at the Honourable Master Mac Turk! My dear Jemmy, who don't understand such things, pounced upon the two at once, and, with one hand tearing away Tug, sent him spinning back into the arms of his seconds, while, with the other, she clawed hold of Master Mac Turk's red hair, and, as soon as she got her second hand free, banged it about his face and ears like a good one.

"You nasty—wicked—quarrelsome—aristocratic" (each word was a bang)—"aristocratic—oh! oh! oh!"—Here the words stopped; for what with the agitation, maternal solicitude, and a dreadful kick on the shins which, I am ashamed to say, Master Mac Turk administered, my dear Jemmy could bear it no longer, and sunk fainting away in my arms.

## JULY.—DOWN AT BEULAH.

ALTHOUGH there was a regular cut between the next-door people and us, yet Tug and the Honourable Master Mac Turk kept up their

acquaintance over the back-garden wall, and in the stables, where they were fighting, making friends, and playing tricks from morning to night, during the holidays. Indeed, it was from young Mac that we first heard of Madame de Flicflac, of whom my Jemmy robbed Lady Kilblazes, as I before have related. When our friend the Baron first saw Madame, a very tender greeting passed between them; for they had, as it appeared, been old friends abroad. "Sapristie," said the Baron, in his lingo, "*que fais-tu ici, Aménaïde?*" "*Et toi, mon pauvre Chicot,*" says she, "*est-ce qu'on t'a mis à la retraite? Il paraît que tu n'est plus Général chez Franco—*" "*Chut!*" says the Baron, putting his finger to his lips.

"What are they saying, my dear?" says my wife to Jemimarann, who had a pretty knowledge of the language by this time.

"I don't know what '*Sapristie*' means, mamma; but the Baron asked Madame what she was doing here; and Madame said, 'And you, Chicot, you are no more a General at Franco.' Have I not translated rightly, Madame?"

"*Oui, mon chou, mon ange;* yase, my angel, my cabbage, quite right. Figure yourself, I have know my dear Chicot dis twenty years."

"Chicot is my name of baptism," says the Baron; "Baron Chicot de Punter is my name."

"And being a general at Franco," says Jemmy, "means, I suppose, being a French General?"

"Yes, I vas," said he, "General Baron de Punter—*n'est-il pas, Aménaïde?*"

"Oh yes!" said Madame Flicflac, and laughed; and I and Jemmy laughed out of politeness: and a pretty laughing matter it was, as you shall hear.

About this time my Jemmy became one of the Ladies-Patronesses of that admirable institution, "The Washerwoman's-Orphans' Home;" Lady de Sudley was the great protector of it; and the manager and chaplain, the excellent and Reverend Sidney Slopper. His salary, as chaplain, and that of Doctor Leitch, the physician (both cousins of her ladyship's), drew away five hundred pounds from the six subscribed to the Charity: and Lady de Sudley thought a fête at Beulah Spa, with aid of some of the foreign princes who were in town last year, might bring a little more money into its treasury. A tender appeal was accordingly drawn up, and published in all the papers:

# "APPEAL.

## "BRITISH WASHERWOMAN'S-ORPHANS' HOME.

"The 'Washerwoman's-Orphans' Home' has now been established seven years: and the good which it has effected is, it may be confidently stated, *incalculable*. Ninety-eight orphan children of Washerwomen have been lodged within its walls. One hundred and two British Washerwomen have been relieved when in the last state of decay. ONE HUNDRED AND NINETY-EIGHT THOUSAND articles of male and female dress have been washed, mended, buttoned, ironed, and mangled in the Establishment. And, by an arrangement with the governors of the Foundling, it is hoped that THE BABY-LINEN OF THAT HOSPITAL will be confided to the British Washerwoman's Home!

"With such prospects before it, is it not sad, is it not lamentable to think, that the Patronesses of the Society have been compelled to reject the applications of no less than THREE THOUSAND EIGHT HUNDRED AND ONE BRITISH WASHERWOMEN, from lack of means for their support? Ladies of England, Mothers of England! to you we appeal. Is there one of you that will not respond to the cry in behalf of these deserving members of our sex?

"It has been determined by the Ladies-Patronesses to give a fête at Beulah Spa, on Thursday, June 25; which will be graced with the first foreign and native TALENT; by the first foreign and native RANK; and where they beg for the attendance of every WASHERWOMAN'S FRIEND."

Her Highness the Princess of Schloppenzolernschwigmaringen, the Duke of Sacks-Tubbingen, His Excellency, Baron Strumpff, His Excellency Lootf-Allee-Koolée-Bismillah-Mohamed-Rusheed-Allah, the Persian Ambassador, Prince Futtee-Jaw, Envoy from the King of Oude, His Excellency Don Alonzo di Cachachero-y-Fandango-y-Castañete, the Spanish Ambassador, Count Ravioli, from Milan, the Envoy of the Republic of Topinambo, and a host of other fashionables, promised to honour the festival: and their names made a famous show in the bills.

I leave you to fancy what a splendid triumph for the British Washerwoman's Home was to come off on that day. A beautiful tent was erected, in which the Ladies-Patronesses were to meet: it was hung round with specimens of the skill of the washerwomen's orphans; ninety-six of whom were to be feasted in

the gardens, and waited on by the Ladies-Patronesses.

There was a fine cold collation, to which the friends of the Ladies-Patronesses were admitted, after which, my ladies and their beaux went strolling through the walks; Tagrag and the Count having each an arm of Jemmy; the Baron giving an arm apiece to Madame and Jemimarann. Whilst they were walking, whom should they light upon but poor Orlando Crump, my successor in the perfumery and hair-cutting.

"Orlando!" says Jemimarann, blushing as red as a label, and holding out her hand.

"Jemimar!" says he, holding out his, and turning as white as pomatum.

"Sir!" says Jemmy as stately as a duchess.

"What! madam," says poor Crump, "don't you remember your shopboy?"

"Dearest mamma, don't you recollect Orlando?" whimpers Jemimarann, whose hand he had got hold of.

"Miss Tuggeridge-Coxe," says Jemmy, "I'm surprised at you. Remember, sir, that our position is altered, and oblige by no more familiarity."

"Insolent fellow!" says the Baron, "vat is dis canaille?"

"Canal yourself, Mounseer," says Orlando, now grown quite furious: he broke away, quite indignant, and was soon lost in the crowd. Jemimarann, as soon as he was gone, began to look very pale and ill; and her mamma, therefore, took her to a tent, where she left her along with Madame Flicflac and the Baron; going off herself with the other gentlemen, in order to join us.

It appears they had not been seated very long, when Madame Flicflac suddenly sprang up, with an exclamation of joy, and rushed forward to a friend whom she saw pass.

The Baron was left alone with Jemimarann; and, whether it was the champagne, or that my dear girl looked more than commonly pretty, I don't know; but Madame Flicflac had not been gone a minute, when the Baron dropped on his knees and made her a regular declaration.

Poor Orlando Crump had found me out by this time, and was standing by my side, listening, as melancholy as possible, to the famous Bohemian Minnesingers, who were singing the celebrated words of the poet Gothy—

"Ich bin ya hupp lily lee, du bist ya hupp lily lee,  
Wir sind doch hupp lily lee, hupp la lily lee.  
Chorus—Yodle-odle-odle-odle-odle-odle  
hupp! yodle-odle-aw-o-o-o!"

They were standing with their hands in their waistcoats, as usual, and had just come to the "o-o-o," at the end of the chorus of the forty-seventh stanza, when Orlando started: "That's a scream!" says he. "Indeed it is," says I; "and, but for the fashion of the thing, a very ugly scream too:" when I heard another shrill "Oh!" as I thought; and Orlando bolted off; crying, "By heavens, it's *her* voice!" "Whose voice?" says I. "Come and see the row," says Tag. And off we went, with a considerable number of people, who saw this strange move on his part.

We came to the tent, where we found my poor Jemimarann fainting; her mamma holding a smelling-bottle: the Baron, on the ground, holding a handkerchief to his bleeding nose; and Orlando squaring at him, and calling on him to fight if he dared.

My Jemmy looked at Crump very fierce. "Take that feller away," says she; "he has insulted a French nobleman, and deserves transportation at the least."

Poor Orlando was carried off. "I've no patience with the little minx," says Jemmy, giving Jemimarann a pinch. "She might be a Baron's lady; and she screams out because his Excellency did but squeeze her hand."

"Oh, mamma! mamma!" sobs poor Jemimarann, "but he was t-t-tipsy."

"T-t-tipsy! and the more shame for you, you hussy, to be offended with a nobleman who does not know what he is doing."

#### AUGUST.—A TOURNAMENT.

"I SAY, Tug," said Mac Turk, one day soon after our flare-up at Beulah, "Kilblazes comes of age in October, and then we'll cut you out, as I told you: the old barbaress will die of spite when she hears what we are going to do. What do you think? we're going to have a tournament!" "What's a tournament?" says Tug, and so said his mamma when she heard the news; and when she knew what a tournament was, I think, really, she *was* as angry as Mac Turk said she would be, and gave us no peace for days together. "What!" says she, "dress up in armour, like play-actors, and run at each other with spears? The Kilblazes must be mad!" And so I thought, but I didn't think the Tuggeridges would be mad too, as they were: for, when Jemmy heard that the Kilblazes' festival was to be, as yet, a profound secret, what does she

do, but send down to the *Morning Post* a flaming account of

#### "THE PASSAGE OF ARMS AT TUGGERIDGE-VILLE.

"The days of chivalry are *not* past. The fair Castellane of T-gg-r-dgeville, whose splendid entertainments have so often been alluded to in this paper, has determined to give one, which shall exceed in splendour even the magnificence of the Middle Ages. We are not at liberty to say more; but a tournament, at which His Ex-l-ncy B-r-n de P-nt-r, and Thomas T-gr-g, Esq., eldest son of Sir Th—s T-gr-g, are to be the knights-defendants against all comers; a *Queen of Beauty*, of whose loveliness every frequenter of fashion has felt the power; a banquet, unexampled in the annals of Gunter; and a ball, in which the recollections of ancient chivalry will blend sweetly with the soft tones of Weippert and Collinet, are among the entertainments which the Ladye of T-gg-ridgeville has prepared for her distinguished guests."

And now—oh that I had twenty pages, instead of these miserable two, to describe the wonders of the day! Twenty-four knights came from Ashley's at two guineas a head. We were in hopes to have had Miss Woolcombe in the character of Joan of Arc, but that lady did not appear. We had a tent for the challengers, at each side of which hung what they called *escoachings* (like hatchments, which they put up when people die), and underneath sat their pages, holding their helmets for the tournament. Tagrag was in brass armour (my City connexions got him that famous suit); his Excellency in polished steel. My wife wore a coronet, modelled exactly after that of Queen Catherine, in *Henry V.*; a tight gilt jacket, which set off dear Jemmy's figure wonderfully, and a train of at least forty feet. Dear Jemimarann was in white, her hair braided with pearls, Madame de Flicflac appeared as Queen Elizabeth; and Lady Blanche Bluenose as a Turkish Princess. An alderman of London and his lady; two magistrates of the county, and the very pink of Croydon; several Polish noblemen; two Italian Counts (beside *our* Count); one hundred and ten young officers, from Addiscombe College, in full uniform, commanded by Major-General Sir Miles Mulligatawney, K.C.B., and his lady; the Misses Pimminy's Finishing Establishment, and fourteen young ladies, all

in white: the Reverend Doctor Wapshot, and forty-nine young gentlemen, of the first families, under his charge—were *some* only of the company. I leave you to fancy that, if my Jemmy did seek for fashion, she had enough of it on this occasion. They wanted me to have mounted again, but my hunting-day had been sufficient; besides, I ain't big enough for a real knight: so, as Mrs. Coxe insisted on my opening the Tournament—and I knew it was in vain to resist—the Baron and Tagrag had undertaken to arrange so that I might come off with safety, if I came off at all. They had procured from the Strand Theatre a famous stud of hobby-horses, which they told me had been trained for the use of the great Lord Bateman. I did not know exactly what they were till they arrived; but as they had belonged to a lord, I thought it was all right, and consented; and I found it the best sort of riding, after all, to appear to be on horseback and walk safely a-foot at the same time; and it was impossible to come down, as long as I kept on my own legs: besides, I could cuff and pull my steed about as much as I liked, without fear of his biting or kicking in return. As Lord of the Tournament, they placed in my hands a lance, ornamented spirally, in blue and gold: I thought of the pole over my old shop door, and almost wished myself there again, as I capered up to the battle in my helmet and breastplate, with all the trumpets blowing and drums beating at the time. Captain Tagrag was my opponent, and preciously we poked each other, till, prancing about, I put my foot on my horse's petticoat behind, and down I came, getting a thrust from the Captain, at the same time, that almost broke my shoulder-bone. "This was sufficient," they said, "for the laws of chivalry," and I was glad to get off so.

After that the gentlemen riders, of whom there were no less than seven, in complete armour, and the professionals, now ran at the ring; and the Baron was far, far the most skilful.

"How sweetly the dear Baron rides," said my wife, who was always ogling at him, smirking, smiling, and waving her handkerchief to him. "I say, Sam," says a professional to one of his friends, as, after their course, they came cantering up, and ranged under Jemmy's bower, as she called it—"I say, Sam, I'm blowed if that chap in harmer mustn't have been one of hus." And this only made Jemmy the more pleased; for the fact is, the Baron had chosen

the best way of winning Jemimarann by courting her mother.

The Baron was declared conqueror at the ring; and Jemmy awarded him the prize, a wreath of white roses, which she placed on his lance; he receiving it gracefully, and bowing, until the plumes of his helmet mingled with the mane of his charger, which backed to the other end of the lists; then galloping back to the place where Jemimarann was seated, he begged her to place it on his helmet. The poor girl blushed very much, and did so. As all the people were applauding, Tagrag rushed up, and, laying his hand on the Baron's shoulder, whispered something in his ear, which made the other very angry, I suppose, for he shook him off violently. "*Chacun pour soi*," says he, "*Monsieur de Taguerague*"—which means, I am told, "every man for himself."

After this came the "Passage of Arms," Tagrag and the Baron ran courses against the other champions; ay, and unhorsed two apiece; whereupon the other three refused to turn out; and preciously we laughed at them, to be sure!

"Now, it's *our* turn, Mr. *Chicot*," says Tagrag, shaking his fist at the Baron: "look to yourself, you infernal mountebank, for, by Jupiter, I'll do my best!" And before Jemmy and the rest of us, who were quite bewildered, could say a word, these two friends were charging away, spears in hand, ready to kill each other. In vain Jemmy screamed; in vain I threw down my truncheon: they had broken two poles before I could say "Jack Robinson," and were driving at each other with the two new ones. The Baron had the worst of the first course, for he had almost been carried out of his saddle. "Hark you, *Chicot*!" screamed out Tagrag, "next time look to your head!" And next time, sure enough, each aimed at the head of the other.

Tagrag's spear hit the right place; for it carried off the Baron's helmet, plume, rose-wreath and all; but his Excellency hit truer still—his lance took Tagrag on the neck, and sent him to the ground like a stone.

"He's won! he's won!" says Jemmy, waving her handkerchief; Jemimarann fainted, Lady Blanche screamed, and I felt so sick that I thought I should drop. All the company were in an uproar: only the Baron looked calm, and bowed very gracefully, and kissed his hand to Jemmy; when, all of a sudden, a Jewish-looking man springing over the barrier, and followed by three more, rushed towards



the Baron. "Keep the gate, Bob!" he hollows out. "Baron, I arrest you, at the suit of Samuel Levison, for—"

But he never said for what; shouting out, "Aha!" and "*Saprrrrristie!*" and I don't know what, his Excellency drew his sword, dug his spurs into his horse, and was over the poor bailiff, and off before another word. He had threatened to run through one of the bailiff's followers, Mr. Stubbs, only that gentleman made way for him; and when we took up the bailiff, and brought him round by the aid of a little brandy-and-water, he told us all. "I had a writ againsht him, Mishter Coxsh, but I didn't vant to shpoil shport; and, beshidesh, I didn't know him until dey knocked off his shteel cap!"

Here was a pretty business!

#### SEPTEMBER.—OVER-BOARDED AND UNDER-LODGED.

WE had no great reason to brag of our tournament at Tuggeridgeville: but, after all, it was better than the turn-out at Kilblazes, where poor Lord Heydownderry went about in a black velvet dressing-gown, and the Emperor Napoleon Bonypart appeared in a suit of armour and silk stockings, like Mr. Pell's friend in *Pickwick*; we having employed the gentlemen from Astley's Antitheatre, had some decent sport for our money.

We never heard a word from the Baron, who had so distinguished himself by his horsemanship, and had knocked down (and very justly) Mr. Nabb, the bailiff, and Mr. Stubbs, his man, who came to lay hands upon him. My sweet Jemmy seemed to be very low in spirits after his departure, and a sad thing it is to see her in low spirits: on days of illness she no more minds giving Jemimarann a box on the ear, or sending a plate of muffins across a table at poor me, than she does taking her tea.

Jemmy, I say, was very low in spirits; but one day (I remember it was the day after Captain Higgins called, and said he had seen the Baron at Boulogne), she vowed that nothing but change of air would do her good, and declared that she should die unless she went to the seaside in France. I knew what this meant, and that I might as well attempt to resist her Gracious Majesty in Parliament assembled: so I told the people to pack up the things, and took four places on board the "Grand Turk" steamer for Boulogne.

The travelling-carriage, which, with Jemmy's thirty-seven boxes and my carpet bag, was pretty well loaded, was sent on board the night before; and we, after breakfasting in Portland Place (little did I think it was the—but poh! never mind), went down to the Custom House in the other carriage, followed by a hackney-coach and a cab, with the servants, and fourteen band-boxes and trunks more, which were to be wanted by my dear girl in the journey.

The road down Cheapside and Thames Street need not be described: we saw the Monument, a memento of the wicked Popish massacre of St. Bartholomew—why erected here I can't think, as St. Bartholomew is in Smithfield; we had a glimpse of Billingsgate, and of the Mansion House, where we saw the two-and-twenty-shilling coal smoke coming out of the chimneys, and were landed at the Custom House in safety.

Fourteen porters came out, and each took a package with the greatest civility; calling Jemmy her ladyship, and me your honour; ay, and your-honouring and my-lady-shipping even my man and the maid in the cab. I somehow felt all over quite melancholy at going away. "Here, my finé fellow," says I to the coachman, who was standing very respectful, holding his hat in one hand and Jemmy's jewel-case in the other—"Here, my fine chap," says I, "here's six shillings for you; for I did not care for the money.

"Six what?" says he.

"Six shillings, fellow," shrieks Jemmy, "and twice as much as your fare."

"Feller, marm!" says this insolent coachman. "Feller yourself, marm: do you think I'm a-going to kill my horses, and break my precious back, and bust my carriage, and carry you, and your kids, and your traps, for six hog?" And with this the monster dropped his hat, with my money in it, and doubling his fist, put it so very near my nose that I really thought he would have made it bleed. "My fare's heighteen shillings," says he, "hain't it?—hask hany of these gentlemen."

"Why, it ain't more than seventeen-and-six," says one of the fourteen porters; "but if the gen'l'man is a gen'l'man, he can't give no less than a suffering anyhow."

I wanted to resist, and Jemmy screamed like a Turk; but "Holloa!" cried one. "What's the row?" says another. "Come, dub up!" roars a third. And I don't mind telling you, in confidence, that I was so frightened that I took out the sovereign and gave it. My man

and Jemmy's maid had disappeared by this time: they always do when there's a robbery or a row going on.

I was going after them. "Stop, Mr. Ferguson," pipes a young gentleman of about thirteen, with a red livery waistcoat that reached to his ankles, and every variety of button, pin, string to keep it together. "Stop, Mr. Heff," says he, taking a small pipe out of his mouth, "and don't forget the cabman."

"What's your fare, my lad?"

"Why, let's see—yes—oh!—my fare's seven-and-thirty and eightpence—eggs—acly."

The fourteen gentlemen holding the luggage here burst out and laughed very rudely indeed; and the only person that seemed disappointed was, I thought, the hackney coachman. "Why, *you* rascal!" says Jemmy, laying hold of the boy, "do you want more than the coachman?"

"Don't rascal *me*, marm!" shrieks the little chap in return. "What's the coach to me? Vy, you may go in an omlibus for six pence if you like; vy don't you go and buss it, marm? Vy did you call my cab, marm? Vy am I to come forty mile, from Scarlot Street, Po'tl'nd Street, Po'tl'nd Place, and not get my fare, marm?" This speech, which takes some time to write down, was made in about the fifth part of a second; and, at the end of it, the young gentleman hurled down his pipe, and, advancing towards Jemmy, doubled his fist, and seemed to challenge her to fight.

My dearest girl now turned from red to be as pale as white Windsor, and fell into my arms. What was I to do? I called "Policeman!" but a policeman won't interfere in Thames Street; robbery is licensed there. What was I to do? Oh, my heart beats when I think of what my Tug did!

As soon as this young cab-chap put himself into a fighting attitude, Master Tuggeridge Cox—*who had been standing by laughing very rudely, I thought—Master Tuggeridge Cox, I say, flung his jacket suddenly into his mamma's face (the brass buttons made her start and recovered her a little), and, before we could say a word, was in the ring in which we stood (formed by the porters, nine orangemen and women, I don't know how many newspaper-boys, hotel-cads, and old clothesmen), and, whirling about two little white fists in the face of the gentleman in the red waistcoat, who brought up a great pair of black ones to bear on the enemy, was engaged in an instant.*

But ia bless you! Tug hadn't been at Rich-

mond School for nothing; and *milled* away—one, two, right and left—like a little hero as he is, with all his dear mother's spirit in him. First came a crack which sent his white hat spinning over the gentleman's cab, and scattered a vast number of things which the cabman kept in it, such as a ball of string, a piece of candle, a comb, a whip-lash, a little warbler, a slice of bacon, &c., &c.

The cabman seemed sadly ashamed of this display, but Tug gave him no time: another blow was planted on his cheek-bone; and a third, which hit him straight on the nose, sent this rude cabman straight down to the ground.

"Brayvo, my lord!" shouted all the people around.

"I won't have any more, thank yer," said the little cabman, gathering himself up. "Give us over my fare, vil yer, and let me git away?"

"What's your fare *now*, you cowardly little thief?" says Tug.

"Vy, then, two-and-eightpence," says he. "Go along, you *know* it is!" And two-and-eightpence he had; and everybody applauded Tug and hissed the cab-boy, and asked Tug for something to drink.

I now thought our troubles would soon be over: mine were, very nearly so, in one sense at least; for after Mrs. Cox and Jemimarann, and Tug, and the maid, and valet, and valuables had been handed across, it came to my turn. I had often heard of people being taken up by a *plank*, but seldom of their being set down by one. Just as I was going over, the vessel rode off a little, the board slipped, and down I soused into the water. You might have heard Mrs. Cox's shriek as far as Gravesend; it rung in my ears as I went down, all grieved at the thought of leaving her a disconsolate widder. Well, up I came again, and caught the brim of my beaver-hat—though I have heard that drowning men catch at straws. I floated, and hoped to escape by hook or by crook; and, luckily, just then, I felt myself suddenly jerked by the waistband of my whites, and found myself hauled up in the air at the end of a boat-hook, to the sound of "Yeho! yeho! yehoi! yehoi!" and so I was dragged aboard. I was put to bed, and had swallowed so much water that it took a very considerable quantity of brandy to bring it to a proper mixture in my inside. In fact, for some hours I was in a very deplorable state.

## OCTOBER.—NOTICE TO QUIT.

WELL, we arrived at Boulogne; and Jemmy, after making inquiries, right and left, about the Baron, found that no such person was known there; and being bent, I suppose, at all events, on marrying her daughter to a lord, she determined to set off for Paris, where, as he had often said, he possessed a magnificent—hotel he called it;—and I remember Jemmy being mightily indignant at the idea; but hotel, we found afterwards, only means a house in French, and this reconciled her. Need I describe the road from Boulogne to Paris? or need I describe that Capitol itself? Suffice it to say, that we made our appearance there at “*Murisse’s Hotel*,” as became the family of Coxe-Tuggeridge; and saw everything worth seeing in the metropolis in a week. It nearly killed me, to be sure; but, when you’re on a pleasure-party in a foreign country, you must not mind a little inconvenience of this sort.

Well, there is, near the City of Paris, a splendid road and row of tress, which—I don’t know why—is called the *Shandeleazy*, or *Elysian Fields*, in French: others, I have heard, call it the *Shandeleery*; but mine I know to be the correct pronunciation. In the middle of this *Shandeleazy* is an open space of ground, and a tent where, during the summer, Mr. Franconi, the French Ashley, performs with his horses and things. As everybody went there, and we were told it was quite the thing, Jemmy agreed that we should go too; and so we did. It’s just like Ashley’s; there’s a man just like Mr. Piddicombe, who goes round the ring in a huzzah-dress, cracking a whip; there are a dozen Miss Woolfords, who appear like Polish princesses, *Dihannas*, *Sultannas*, *Cachuchas*, and heaven knows what! There’s the fat man, who comes in with the twenty-three dresses on, and turns out to be the living skeleton! There’s the clowns, the sawdust, the white horse that dances a hornpipe, the candles stuck in hoops, just as in our own dear country.

My dear wife, in her very finest clothes, with all the world looking at her, was really enjoying this spectacle (which doesn’t require any knowledge of the language, seeing that the dumb animals don’t talk it), when there came in, presently, “the great Polish act of the Sarmatian horse-tamer, on eight steeds,” which we were all of us longing to see. The horse-tamer, to music twenty miles an hour, rushed in on four of his horses, leading the other four, and skurried round the ring. You

couldn’t see him for the sawdust, but everybody was delighted, and applauded like mad. Presently you saw there were only three horses in front: he had slipped one more between his legs, another followed, and it was clear that the consequences would be fatal if he admitted any more. The people applauded more than ever; and when, at last, seven and eight were made to go in, not wholly, but sliding dexterously in and out, with the others, so that you did not know which was which, the house, I thought, would come down with applause; and the Sarmatian horse-tamer bowed his great feathers to the ground. At last the music grew slower, and he cantered leisurely round the ring; bending, smirking, seesawing, waving his whip, and laying his hand on his heart, just as we have seen the Ashley’s people do.

But fancy our astonishment when, suddenly, this Sarmatian horse-tamer, coming round with his four pair at a canter, and being opposite our box, gave a start, and a—hupp! which made all the horses stand still in an instant!

“Albert!” screamed my dear Jemmy: “Albert! Bahbahbah—baron!”

The Sarmatian looked at her for a minute; and turning head over heels, three times, bolted suddenly off his horses, and away out of sight.

It was HIS EXCELLENCY THE BARON DE PUNTER.

Jemmy went off in a fit as usual, and we never saw the Baron again; but we heard afterwards that Punter was an apprentice of Franconi’s, and had run away to England, thinking to better himself, and had joined Mr. Richardson’s army; but Mr. Richardson, and then London, did not agree with him; and we saw the last of him as he sprang over the barriers at the Tuggeridgeville tournament.

“Well, Jemimarann,” say Jemmy in a fury, “you shall marry Tagrag; and if I can’t have a baroness for a daughter, at least you shall be a baronet’s lady.” Poor Jemimarann only sighed: she knew it was no use to remonstrate.

Paris grew dull to us after this, and we were more eager than ever to go back to London: for what should we hear, but that that monster, Tuggeridge, of the City—old Tug’s black son, forsooth!—was going to contest Jemmy’s claim to the property, and had filed I don’t know how many bills against us in chancery! Hearing this, we set off immediately, and we arrived at Boulogne, and set off in that very same “Grand Turk” which had brought us to France.

If you look in the bills, you will see that the steamers leave London on Saturday morning, and Boulogne on Saturday night; so that there is often not an hour between the time of arrival and departure. Bless us! bless us! I pity the poor captain that, for twenty-four hours at a time, is on a paddle-box, roaring out, "Ease her! Stop her!" and the poor servants, who are laying out breakfast, lunch, dinner, tea, supper—breakfast, lunch, dinner, tea supper again;—for layers upon layers of travellers, as it were; and, most of all, I pity that unhappy steward, with those unfortunate tin-basins that he must always keep an eye over.

Little did we know that a storm was brooding in our absence; and little were we prepared for the awful, awful fate that hung over our Tuggeridgeville property.

Biggs, of the great house of Higgs, Biggs, and Blatherwick, was our man of business: when I arrived in London I heard that he had just set off to Paris after me. So we started down to Tuggeridgeville instead of going to Portland Place. As we came through the lodge-gates, we found a crowd assembled within them; and there was that horrid Tuggeridge on horseback, with a shabby-looking man, called Mr. Scapgoat, and his man of business, and many more. "Mr. Scapgoat," says Tuggeridge, grinning, and handing him over a sealed paper, "here's the lease; I leave you in possession, and wish you good morning."

"In possession of what?" says the rightful lady of Tuggeridgeville, leaning out of the carriage-window. She hated black Tuggeridge, as she called him, like poison: the very first week of our coming to Portland Place, when he called to ask restitution of some plate which he said was his private property, she called him a base-born blackamoor, and told him to quit the house. Since then there had been law-squabbles between us without end, and all sorts of writings, meetings, and arbitrations.

"Possession of my estate of Tuggeridgeville, madam," roars he, "left me by my father's will, which you have had notice of these three weeks, and know as well as I do."

"Old Tug left no will," shrieked Jemmy: "he didn't die to leave his estate to blackamoors—to negroes—to base-born mulatto story-tellers; if he did, may I be ——"

"Oh, hush! dearest mamma," says Jemima.

"Go it again, mother!" says Tug, who is always sniggering.

"What is this business, Mr. Tuggeridge?" says Tagrag (who was the only one of our party that had his senses). "What is this will?"

"Oh, it's merely a matter of form," said the lawyer, riding up. "For heaven's sake, madam, be peaceable; let my friends, Higgs, Biggs, and Blatherwick, arrange with me. I am surprised that none of their people are here. All that you have to do is to eject us; and the rest will follow, of course." ¶

"Who has taken possession of this here property?" roars Jemmy again.

"My friend Mr. Scapgoat," said the lawyer. Mr. Scapgoat grinned.

"Mr. Scapgoat," said my wife, shaking her fist at him (for she is a woman of no small spirit), "if you don't leave this ground, I'll have you pushed out with pitchforks, I will—you and your beggarly blackamoor yonder." And, suiting the action to the word, she clapped a stable-fork into the hands of one of the gardeners, and called another, armed with a rake, to his help, while young Tug set the dog at their heels, and I hurrahed for joy to see such villainy so properly treated.

"That's sufficient, ain't it?" said Mr. Scapgoat, with the calmest air in the world. "Oh, completely," said the lawyer. "Mr. Tuggeridge, we've ten miles to dinner. Madam, your very humble servant." And the whole posse of them rode away.

#### NOVEMBER.—LAW LIFE ASSURANCE.

WE knew not what this meant, until we received a strange document from Higgs, in London, which begun—"Middlesex, to wit. Samuel Cox, late of Portland Place, in the city of Westminster, in the said county, was attached to answer Samuel Scapgoat, of a plea, wherefore, with force and arms, he entered into one messuage, with the appurtenances, which John Tuggeridge, Esq., demised to the said Samuel Scapgoat, for a term which is not yet expired, and ejected him." And it went on to say that we "with force of arms, viz. with swords, knives, and staves, had ejected him." Was there ever such a monstrous falsehood? when we did but stand in defence of our own; and isn't it a sin that we should have been turned out of our rightful possessions upon such a rascally plea?

Higgs, Biggs, and Blatherwick had evidently been bribed; for—would you believe it?—they told us to give up possession at once, as a will was found, and we could not defend the action. My Jemmy refused their proposal with scorn, and laughed at the notion of the will: she pronounced it to be a forgery, a vile blackamoor forgery; and believes, to this day, that the story of its having been made thirty years ago, in Calcutta, and left there with old Tug's papers, and found there, and brought to England, after a search made, by order of Tuggeridge junior, is a scandalous falsehood.

Well, the cause was tried. Why need I say anything concerning it? What shall I say of the Lord Chief Justice, but that he ought to be ashamed of the wig he sits in? What of Mr.— and Mr.—, who exerted their influence against justice and the poor? On our side, too, was no less a man than Mr. Serjeant Binks, who, ashamed I am, for the honour of the British bar, to say it, seemed to have been bribed too; for he actually threw up his case! Had he behaved like Mr. Mulligan, his junior—and to whom, in this humble way, I offer my thanks—all might have been well. I never knew such an effect produced, as when Mr. Mulligan, appearing for the first time in that court, said, "Standing here upon the pedestal of sacred Themis; seeing around me the armaments of a profession I respect; having before me a vinnerable judge and an enlightened jury—the country's glory, the nation's cheap defender, the poor man's priceless palladium: how must I thrimble, my lord, how must the blush bejew my cheek—" (somebody cried out "*O cheeks!*") In the court there was a dreadful roar of laughing; and when order was established, Mr. Mulligan continued:—"My lord, I heed them not; I come from a country accustomed to oppression, and as that country—yes, my lord, *that Ireland*—(do not laugh, I am proud of it)—is ever, in spite of her tyrants, green, and lovely, and beautiful: my client's cause, likewise, will rise shuperior to the malignant imbecility—I repeat, the **MALIGNANT IMBECILITY**—of those who would thrample it down; and in whose teeth, in my client's name, in my country's—ay, and *my own*—I, with folded arrums, hurl a scornful and eternal defiance!"

"For heaven's sake, Mr. Milligan"—("MULLIGAN, ME LARD," cried my defender)—"Well, Mulligan, then, be calm, and keep to your brief."

Mr. Mulligan did; and for three hours and a quarter, in a speech crammed with Latin

quotations, and unsurpassed for eloquence, he explained the situation of me and my family; the romantic manner in which Tuggeridge the elder gained his fortune, and by which it afterwards came to my wife; the state of Ireland; the original and virtuous poverty of the Coxes—from which he glanced passionately, for a few minutes (until the judge stopped him), to the poverty of his own country; my excellence as a husband, father, landlord; my wife's, as a wife, mother, landlady. All was in vain—the trial went against us. I was soon taken in execution for the damages; five hundred pounds of law expenses of my own, and as much more of Tuggeridge's. He would not pay a farthing, he said, to get me out of a much worse place than the Fleet. I need not tell you that along with the land went the house in town, and the money in the funds. Tuggeridge, he who had thousands before, had it all. And when I was in prison, who do you think would come and see me? None of the Barons, nor Counts, nor foreign ambassadors, nor Excellencies, who used to fill our house, and eat and drink at our expense—not even the ungrateful Tagrag.

I could not help now saying to my dear wife, "See, my love, we have been gentlefolks for a year, and a pretty life we have had of it. In the first place, my darling, we gave grand dinners, and everybody laughed at us."

"Yes, and recollect how ill they made you," cries my daughter.

"Then you must make a country gentleman of me."

"And send Pa into dunghills," roared Tug.

"Then you must go to operas, and pick up foreign Barons and Counts."

"Oh, thank Heaven, dearest papa, that we are rid of them," cries my little Jemimarann, looking almost happy, and kissing her old pappy.

"And you must make a gentleman of Tug there, and send him to a fine school."

"And I give you my word," says Tug, "I'm as ignorant a chap as ever lived."

"You're an insolent saucebox," says Jemmy; "you've learned that at your fine school."

"I've learned something else, too, ma'am; ask the boys if I haven't," grumbles Tug.

"You hawk your daughter about, and just escape marrying her to a swindler."

"And drive off poor Orlando," whimpered my girl.

"Silence! Miss," says Jemmy, fiercely.

"You insult the man whose father's property you inherited, and bring me into this prison



without hope of leaving it : for he never can help us after all your bad language." I said all this very smartly ; for the fact is, my blood was up at the time, and I determined to rate my dear girl soundly.

"Oh! Sammy," she said (for the poor thing's spirit was quite broken), "it's all true ; I've been very, very foolish and vain, and I've punished my dear husband and children by my follies, and I do so, so repent them!" Here Jemimarann at once burst out crying, and flung herself into her mamma's arms, and the pair roared and sobbed for ten minutes together. Even Tug looked queer : and as for me, it's the most extraordinary thing, but I'm blest if seeing them so miserable didn't make me quite happy. I don't think, for the whole twelve months of our good fortune, I had ever felt so gay as in that dismal room in the Fleet, where I was locked up.

Poor Orlando Crump came to see us every day ; and we, who had never taken the slightest notice of him when at Portland Place, and treated him so cruelly that day at Beulah Spa, were only too glad of his company now. He used to bring books for my girl, and a bottle of sherry for me ; and he used to take home Jemmy's fronts and dress them up for her ; and when locking-up time came, he used to see the ladies home to their little three-pair bedroom in Holborn, where they slept now, Tug and all. "Can the bird forget its nest?" Orlando used to say (he was a romantic young fellow, that's the truth, and blew the flute and read Lord Byron incessantly, since he was separated from Jemimarann). "Can the bird let loose in eastern climes forget its home? Can the rose cease to remember its beloved bulbul? Ah, no! Mr. Cox, you made me what I am, and what I hope to die—a hairdresser. I never see a curling-irons before I entered your shop, or knew Naples from brown Windsor. Did you not make over your house, your furniture, your emporium of perfumery, and nine-and twenty shaving customers, to me? Are these trifles? Is Jemimarann a trifle? if she would allow me to call her so. Oh, Jemimarann, your Pa found me in the workhouse, and made me what I am! Conduct me to my grave, and I never, never shall be different!" When he had said this, Orlando was so much affected, that he rushed suddenly on his hat and quitted the room.

Then Jemimarann began to cry too. "Oh, Pa!" said she, "isn't he—isn't he a nice young man?"

"I'm *hanged* if he ain't," says Tug. "What do you think of his giving me eighteenpence yesterday, and a bottle of lavender-water for Mimarann?"

"He might as well offer to give you back the shop, at any rate," says Jemmy.

"What, to pay Tuggeridge's damages? My dear, I'd sooner die than give Tuggeridge the chance."

#### DECEMBER.—CHRISTMAS BUSTLE.

TUGGERIDGE vowed that I should finish my days there, when he put me in prison. It appears that we both had reason to be ashamed of ourselves ; and were, thank God! I learned to be sorry for my bad feelings towards him, and he actually wrote to me to say :

"SIR,—I think you have suffered enough for faults which, I believe, do not lie with you so much as your wife ; and I have withdrawn my claims which I had against you while you were in wrongful possession of my father's estates. You must remember that when, on examination of my father's papers, no will was found, I yielded up his property, with perfect willingness, to those who I fancied were his legitimate heirs. For this I received all sorts of insults from your wife and yourself (who acquiesced in them); and when the discovery of a will, in India, proved *my* just claims, you must remember how they were met, and the vexatious proceedings with which you sought to oppose them.

"I have discharged your lawyer's bill ; and, as I believe you are more fitted for the trade you formerly exercised than for any other, I will give five hundred pounds for the purchase of a stock and shop, when you shall find one to suit you.

"I enclose a draft for twenty pounds, to meet your present expenses. You have, I am told, a son, a boy of some spirit : if he likes to try his fortune abroad, and go on board an Indian, I can get him an appointment ; and am, Sir, your obedient servant,

"JOHN TUGGERIDGE."

It was Mrs. Breadbasket, the housekeeper, who brought this letter, and looked mighty contemptuous as she gave it.

"I hope, Breadbasket, that your master will send me my things at any rate," cries Jemmy. "There's seventeen silk and satin dresses, and a whole heap of trinkets, that can be of no earthly use to him."

"Don't Breadbasket me, mem, if you please,

mem. My master says that them things is quite obnoxious to your sphere of life. Bread-basket, indeed!" And so she sailed out. Jemmy hadn't a word; she had grown mighty quiet since we had been in misfortune: but my daughter looked as happy as a queen; and Tug, when he heard of the ship, gave a jump that nearly knocked down poor Orlando. "Ah, I suppose you'll forget me now?" says he, with a sigh; and seemed the only unhappy person in the company.

"Why, you conceive, Mr. Crump," says my wife, with a great deal of dignity, "that, connected as we are, a young man born in a work——"

"Woman!" cried I (for once in my life determined to have my own way), "hold your foolish tongue. Your absurd pride has been the ruin of us hitherto; and, from this day, I'll have no more of it. Hark ye, Orlando, if you will take Jemimarann, you may have her; and if you'll take five hundred pounds for a half-share of the shop, they're yours; and *that's* for you, Mrs. Cox.

And here we are, back again. And I write this from the old back-shop, where we are all waiting to see the new year in. Orlando sits yonder, plaiting a wig for my Lord Chief

Justice, as happy as may be: and Jemimarann and her mother have been as busy as you can imagine all day long, and are just now giving the finishing touches to the bridal dresses: for the wedding is to take place the day after to-morrow. I've cut seventeen heads off (as I say) this very day; and as for Jemmy, I no more mind her than I do the Emperor of China and all his Tambarins. Last night we had a merry meeting of our friends and neighbours, to celebrate our reappearance among them; and very merry we all were.

We begun with quadrilles, but I never could do 'em well: and after that, to please Mr. Crump and his intended, we tried a gallopard, which I found anything but easy; for since I am come back to a life of peace and comfort, it's astonishing how stout I'm getting. So we turned at once to what Jemmy and me excels in—a country dance; which is rather surprising, as we was both brought up to a town life. As for young Tug, he showed off in a sailor's hornpipe, which Mrs. Cox says is very proper for him to learn, now he is intended for the sea. But stop! here comes in the punchbowls; and if we are not happy, who is? I say I am like the Swish people, for I can't flourish out of my native *hair*.

# CAPTAIN ROOK AND MR. PIGEON.

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THE statistic mongers and dealers in geography have calculated to a nicety how many quartern loaves, bars of iron, pigs of lead, sacks of wool, Turks, Quakers, Methodists, Jews, Catholics, and Church of England men, are consumed or produced in the different countries of this wicked world : I should like to see an accurate table showing the rogues and dupes of each nation ; the calculation would form a pretty matter for a philosopher to speculate upon. The mind loves to repose, and broods benevolently over this expanded theme. What thieves there are in Paris, oh, heavens ! and what a power of rogues with pigtails and mandarin buttons at Pekin ! Crowds of swindlers are there at this very moment pursuing their trade at St. Petersburg : how many scoundrels are saying their prayers alongside of Don Carlos ! how many scores are jobbing under the pretty nose of Queen Christine ! what an inordinate number of rascals is there to be sure puffing tobacco and drinking flat small beer in all the capitals of Germany ; or else, without a rag to their ebony backs, swigging quass out of calabashes, and smeared over with palm oil, lolling at the doors of clay huts in the sunny city of Timbuctoo ! It is not necessary to make any more topographical allusions, or, for illustrating the above position, to go through the whole Gazetteer ; but he is a bad philosopher who has not all these things in mind, and does not in his speculations or his estimates of mankind duly consider and weigh them. And it is fine and consolatory to think, that that thoughtful nature, which has provided sweet flowers for the humming bee ; fair running streams for glittering fish ; store of kids, deer, goats, and other fresh meat for roaring lions ; for active cats, mice ; for mice, cheese, and so on ; establishing throughout the whole of her realm the great doctrine that where a demand is, there will be a supply (see the romances of

Adam Smith, Malthus, and Ricardo, and the philosophical works of Miss Martineau) : I say it is consolatory to think that, as nature has provided flies for the food of fishes, and flowers for bees, so she has created fools for rogues ; and thus the scheme is consistent throughout. Yes, observation, with extensive view, will discover Captain Rooks all over the world, and Mr. Pigeons made for their benefit. Wherever shines the sun, you are sure to find Folly basking in it ; and knavery is the shadow at Folly's heels.

It is not, however, necessary to go to Petersburg or Pekin for rogues (and in truth I don't know whether the Timbuctoo Captain Rooks prefer cribbage or billiards). "We are not birds," as the Irishman says, "to be in half-a-dozen places at once ;" so let us pretermix all considerations of rogues in other countries, examining only those who flourish under our very noses. I have travelled much, and seen many men and cities ; and, in truth, I think that our country of England produces the best soldiers, sailors, razors, tailors, brewers, hatters, and rogues, of all. Especially, there is no cheat like an English cheat. Our society produces them in the greatest numbers as well as of the greatest excellence. We supply all Europe with them. I defy you to point out a great city of the continent where half-a-dozen of them are not to be found : proofs of our enterprise and samples of our home manufacture. Try Rome, Cheltenham, Baden, Toepnitz, Madrid, or Czarkoeselo : I have been in every one of them, and give you my honour that the Englishman is the best rascal to be found in all ; better than your eager Frenchman ; your swaggering Irishman with a red velvet waistcoat and red whiskers ; your grave Spaniard, with horrid goggle eyes and profuse diamond shirt-pins ; your tallow-faced German baron with white moustache and double chin,

fat, pudgy, dirty, fingers, and great gold thumb-ring; better even than your nondescript Russian—swindler and spy as he is by loyalty and education—the most dangerous antagonist we have. Who has the best coat even at Vienna? who has the neatest britzska at Baden? who drinks the best champagne at Paris? Captain Rook, to be sure, of her Britannic majesty's service:—he *has* been of the service, that is to say, but often finds it convenient to sell out.

The life of a blackleg, which is the name contemptuously applied to Captain Rook in his own country, is such an easy, comfortable, careless, merry one, that I can't conceive why all the world do not turn Captain Rooks; unless, may be, there are some mysteries and difficulties in it which the vulgar know nothing of, and which only men of real genius can overcome. Call on Captain Rook in the day (in London, he lives about St. James; abroad, he has the very best rooms in the very best hotels), and you will find him at one o'clock dressed in the very finest *robe de chambre*, before a breakfast table covered with the prettiest patties and delicacies possible; smoking, perhaps, one of the biggest Meerschaum pipes you ever saw; reading, possibly, "The Morning Post," or a novel (he has only one volume in his whole room, and that from a circulating library); or having his hair dressed; or talking to a tailor about waistcoat patterns: or drinking soda water with a glass of sherry; all this he does every morning, and it does not seem very difficult, and lasts until three. At three, he goes to a horse-dealer's, and lounges there for half-an-hour; at four, he is to be seen at the window of his club; at five, he is cantering and curvetting in Hyde Park with one or two more (he does not know any ladies, but has many male acquaintances: some stout old gentlemen riding cobs, who knew his family, and give him a surly grunt of recognition; some, very young lads, with pale dissolute faces, little moustaches, perhaps, or, at least, little tufts on their chin, who hail him eagerly as a man of fashion): at seven, he has a dinner at Long's or at the Clarendon; and so to bed very likely at five in the morning, after a quiet game of whist, broiled bones, and punch.

Perhaps he dines early at a tavern in Covent Garden; after which, you will see him at the theatre in a private box (Captain Rook affects the Olympic a good deal). In the box, beside himself, you will remark a young man—very young—one of the lads who spoke to him in the park this morning, and a couple of

ladies: one shabby, melancholy, raw-boned, with numberless small white ringlets, large hands and feet, and a faded light blue silk gown; she has a large cap, trimmed with yellow, and all sorts of crumpled flowers and greasy blonde lace; she wears large gilt earrings, and sits back, and nobody speaks to her, and she to nobody, except to say, "Law, Maria, how well you *do* look to-night: there's a man opposite has been staring at you this three hours; I'm blest if it isn't him as we saw in the Park, dear!"

"I wish, Hanna, you'd 'old your tongue, and not bother me about the men. You don't believe Miss Ickman, Freddy, do you?" says Maria, smiling fondly on Freddy. Maria is sitting in front: she says she is twenty-three, though Miss Hickman knows very well she is thirty-one (Freddy is just of age). She wears a purple-velvet gown, three different gold bracelets on each arm, as many rings on each finger of each hand; to one is hooked a gold smelling bottle: she has an enormous fan, a laced pocket handkerchief, a Cashmere shawl, which is continually falling off, and exposing, very unnecessarily, a pair of very white shoulders: she talks loud, always lets her playbill drop into the pit, and smells most pungently of Mr. Delcroix's shop. After this description it is not at all necessary to say who Maria is: Miss Hickman is her companion, and they live together in a very snug little house in May-Fair, which has just been new-furnished *à la Louis Quatorze* by Freddy, as we are positively informed. It is even said that the little carriage, with two little white ponies, which Maria drives herself in such a fascinating way through the Park, was purchased for her by Freddy too; aye, and that Captain Rook got it for him—a great bargain, of course.

Such is Captain Rook's life. Can anything be more easy? Suppose Maria says, "Come home, Rook, and heat a cold chicken with us, and a glass of hiced champagne;" and suppose he goes, and after chicken—just for fun—Maria proposes a little chicken-hazard;—she only plays for shillings, while Freddy, a little bolder, won't mind half-pound stakes himself. Is there any great harm in all this? Well, half-an-hour, Maria grows tired, and Miss Hickman has been noddling asleep in the corner long ago; so off the two ladies set, candle in hand.

"D—n it, Fred," says Captain Rook, pouring out to that young gentleman his fifteenth

glass of champagne, "what luck you are in, if you did but know how to back it!"

What more natural, and even kind, of Rook than to say this? Fred is evidently an inexperienced player; and every experienced player knows that there is nothing like backing your luck. Freddy does. Well; fortune is proverbially variable; and it is not at all surprising that Freddy, after having had so much luck at the commencement of the evening, should have the tables turned on him at some time or other.

Freddy loses.

It is deuced unlucky, to be sure, that he should have won all the little *coups* and lost all the great ones; but there is a plan which the commonest play-man knows, an infallible means of retrieving yourself at play; it is simply doubling your stake. Say, you lose a guinea: you bet two guineas, which if you win, you win a guinea and your original stake: if you lose, you have but to bet four guineas on the third stake, eight on the fourth, sixteen on the fifth, thirty-two on the sixth, and so on. It stands to reason that you cannot lose *always*; and the very first time you win, all your losings are made up to you. There is but one drawback to this infallible process: if you begin at a guinea, double every time you lose, and lose fifteen times, you will have lost exactly sixteen thousand three hundred and eighty-four guineas; a sum which probably exceeds the amount of your yearly income:—mine is considerably under that figure.

Freddy does not play this game, then, yet; but being a poor-spirited creature, as we have seen he must be by being afraid to win, he is equally poor-spirited when he begins to lose; he is frightened; that is, increases his stake, and backs his ill-luck: when a man does this, it is all over with him.

When Captain Rook goes home (the sun is peering through the shutters of the little drawing-room in Curzon Street, and the ghastly footboy, oh, how bleared his eyes look as he opens the door!); when Captain Rook goes home, he has Freddy's I O U's in his pocket to the amount, say, of three hundred pounds. Some people say, that Maria has half of the money when it is paid; but this I don't believe: is Captain Rook the kind of fellow to give up a purse when his hand has once clawed hold of it?

Be this, however, true or not, it concerns us very little. The captain goes home to Brook Street, plunges into bed much too tired to say

his prayers; and wakes the next morning at twelve to go over such another day, which we have just chalked out for him. As for Freddy, not poppy, nor mandragora, nor all the soda water at the chemist's, can ever medicine him to that sweet sleep which he might have had but for his loss. "If I had but played my king of hearts," sighed Fred, "and kept back my trump; but there's no standing against a fellow who turns up a king seven times running: if I *had* even but pulled up when Thomas (curse him!) brought up that infernal Curaçoa punch, I should have saved a couple of hundred;" and so on, go Freddy's lamentations. Oh, luckless Freddy! dismal Freddy! silly gaby of a Freddy! you are hit now, and there is no cure for you but bleeding you almost to death's door. The homœopathic maxim of *similia similibus*, which means, I believe, that you are to be cured "by a hair of the dog that bit you," must be in practice with regard to Freddy—not only in homœopathic infinitesimal doses; no hair of the dog that bit him; but *vice versâ*, the dog of the hair that tickled him. Freddy has begun to play;—a mere trifle at first, but he must play it out: he must go the whole dog now, or there is no chance for him. He must play until he can play no more; he *will* play until he has not a shilling left to play with, when, perhaps, he may turn out an honest man, though the odds are against him; the betting is in favour of his being a swindler always; a rich or a poor one, as the case may be. I need not tell Freddy's name, I think, now: it stands on his card:—

MR. FREDERICK PIGEON,

LONG'S HOTEL.

I have said the chances are, that Frederick Pigeon, Esq., will become a rich or a poor swindler, though the first chance, it must be confessed, is very remote. I once heard an actor, who could not write, speak, or even read English; who was not fit for any trade in the world, and had not the nous to keep an apple-stall, and scarcely even enough sense to make a member of parliament; I once, I say, heard an actor,—whose only qualifications were a large pair of legs, a large voice, and a very large neck,—curse his fate and his profession, by which, do what he would, he could only make eight guineas a week. "No, men," said he,



with a great deal of justice, "were so ill paid as 'dramatic artists;' they laboured for nothing all their youths, and had no provision for old age." With this, he sighed, and called for (it was on a Saturday night) the forty-ninth glass of brandy and water which he had drunk in the course of the week.

The excitement of his profession, I make no doubt, caused my friend Claptrap to consume this quantity of spirit-and-water, besides beer, in the morning after rehearsal; and I could not help musing over his fate. It is a hard one. To eat, drink, work a little, and be jolly; to be paid twice as much as you are worth, and then to go to ruin; to drop off the tree when you are swelled out, seedy, and over-ripe; and to lie rotting in the mud underneath, until at last you mingle with it.

Now, badly as the actor is paid (and the reader will the more readily pardon the above episode, because, in reality, it has nothing to do with the subject in hand), and luckless as his fate is, the lot of the poor blackleg is cast lower still. You never hear of a rich gambler; or of one who wins in the end. Where does all the money go to which is lost among them? Did you ever play a game at loo for sixpences? At the end of the night a great many of those small coins have been lost, and in consequence, won: but ask the table all round: one man has won three shillings; two have neither lost nor won; one rather thinks he has lost: and the three others have lost two pounds each. Is not this the fact, known to everybody who indulges in round games, and especially the noble game of loo? I often think that the devil's books, as cards are called, are let out to us from old Nick's circulating library, and that he lays his paw upon a certain part of the winnings, and carries it off privily: else, what becomes of all the money?

For instance; there is the gentleman whom the newspapers call "a noble earl of sporting celebrity;"—if he has lost a shilling, according to the newspaper accounts, he has lost fifty millions; he drops fifty thousand pounds at the Derby, just as you and I would lay down twopence-halfpenny for half an ounce of Macabaw. Who has won these millions? Is it Mr. Crockford, or Mr. Bond, or Mr. Salon-des-Etrangers? (I do not call these latter gentlemen gamblers, for their speculation is a certainty); but who wins his money, and everybody else's money who plays and loses? Much money is staked in the absence of Mr. Crockford; many notes are given without the

interference of the Bonds; there are hundreds of thousands of gamblers who are *étrangers* even to the *Salon-des-Etrangers*.

No, my dear sir, it is not in the public gambling houses that the money is lost: it is not in them that your virtue is chiefly in danger. Better by half lose your income, your fortune, or your master's money, in a decent public hell, than in the private society of such men as my friend Captain Rook; but we are again and again digressing; the point is, is the Captain's trade a good one, and does it yield tolerably good interest for outlay and capital?

To the latter question first:—at this very season of May, when the rooks are very young, have you not, my dear friend, often tasted them in pies?—they are then so tender that you cannot tell the difference between them and pigeons. So, in like manner, our Rook has been in his youth undistinguishable from a pigeon. He does as he has been done by: yea, he has been plucked as even now he plucks his friend Mr. Frederick Pigeon. Say that he began the world with ten thousand pounds: every maravedi of this is gone; and may be considered as the capital which he has sacrificed to learn his trade. Having spent £10,000, then, on an annuity of £650, he must look to a larger interest for his money—say fifteen hundred, two thousand, or three thousand pounds, decently to repay his risk and labour. Besides the money sunk in the first place, his profession requires continual annual outlays; as thus—

Horses, carriages (including Epsom, Goodwood, Ascot, &c.)	£500	0	0
Lodgings, servants, and board	350	0	0
Watering-places, and touring	300	0	0
Dinners to give	150	0	0
Pocket-money	150	0	0
Gloves, handkerchiefs, perfumery, and tobacco (very moderate)	150	0	0
Tailor's bill (£100 say, never paid)	0	0	0
TOTAL	1,600	0	0

I defy any man to carry on the profession in a decent way under the above sum: ten thousand sunk, and sixteen hundred annual expenses; no, it is *not* a good profession: it is *not* good interest for one's money: it is *not* a fair remuneration for a gentleman of birth, industry, and genius: and my friend Claptrap, who growls about *his* pay, may bless his eyes that he was not born a gentleman and bred up to such an unprofitable calling as this. Considering his trouble, his outlay, his birth and breeding, the Captain is most wickedly and basely rewarded. And when he is obliged to

retreat: when his hand trembles, his credit is fallen, his bills laughed at by every money-lender in Europe, his tailors rampant and inexorable—in fact, when the *coupe* of life will *sauter* for him no more—who will help the play-worn veteran? As Mitchel sings after Aristophanes—

“In glory he was seen, when his years as yet *were green*;  
But now when his dotage is on him,  
God help him;—for no eye of those who pass him by,  
Throws a look of compassion upon him.”

Who indeed will help him?—not his family, for he has bled his father, his uncle, his old grandmother; he has had slices out of his sister's portions, and quarrelled with his brothers-in-law; the old people are dead; the young ones hate him, and will give him nothing. Who will help him?—not his friends: in the first [place, my dear sir, a man's friends very seldom do; in the second place, it is Captain Rook's business not to keep but to give up his friends. His acquaintances do not last more than a year; the time, namely, during which he is employed in plucking them; then they part. Pigeon has not a single feather left to his tail, and how should he help Rook, whom, *au reste*, he has learned to detest most cordially, and has found out to be a rascal? When Rook's ill day comes it is simply because he has no more friends; he has exhausted them all, plucked every one as clean as the palm of your hand. And to arrive at this conclusion, Rook has been spending sixteen hundred a year, and the prime of his life, and has moreover sunk ten thousand pounds! Is this a proper reward for a gentleman? I say it is a sin and a shame, that an English gentleman should be allowed thus to drop down the stream without a single hand to help him.

The moral of the above remarks I take to be this: that blacklegging is as bad a trade as can be; and so let parents and guardians look to it, and not apprentice their children to such a villainous scurvy way of living.

It must be confessed, however, that there are some individuals who have for the profession such a natural genius that no entreaties or example of parents will keep them from it, and no restraint or occupation occasioned by another calling. They do what the Christians do not do; they leave all to follow their master the devil; they cut friends, families, and good, thriving, profitable trades to put up with this one, that is both unthrifty and unprofitable. They are in regiments: ugly whispers about

certain midnight games at blind-hookey, and a few odd bargains in horseflesh, are borne abroad, and Cornet Rook receives the gentlest hint in the world that he had better sell out. They are in counting-houses, with a promise of partnership, for which papa is to lay down a handsome premium; but the firm of Hobbs, Bobbs, and Higgory, can never admit a young gentleman who is a notorious gambler, is much oftener at the races than his desk, and has bills falling due at his private banker's. The father, that excellent old man Sam Rook, so well known on 'Change in the war-time, discovers, at the end of five years, that his son has spent rather more than the four thousand pounds intended for his partnership, and cannot, in common justice to his other thirteen children, give him a shilling more. A pretty pass for flash young Tom Rook, with four horses in a stable, a protemporaneous Mrs. Rook, very likely, in an establishment near the Regent's Park, and a bill for three hundred and seventy-five pounds coming due on the fifth of next month!

Sometimes young Rook is destined to the bar; and I am glad to introduce one of these gentlemen and his history to the notice of the reader.

He was the son of an amiable gentleman, the Reverend Athanasius Rook, who took high honours at Cambridge in the year 1; was a fellow of Trinity in the year 2; and so continued a fellow and tutor of the College until a living fell vacant, on which he seized. It was only two hundred and fifty pounds a year; but the fact is, Athanasius was in love. Miss Gregory, a pretty demure simple governess at Miss Mickle's establishment for young ladies in Cambridge; (where the reverend gentleman used often of late to take his tea), had caught the eye of the honest college tutor; and in Trinity walks, and up and down the Trumpington road, he walked with her (and another young lady of course), talked with her, and told his love.

Miss Gregory had not a rap, as might be imagined; but she loved Athanasius with her whole soul and strength, and was the most orderly, cheerful, tender, smiling, bustling, little wife that ever a country person was blest withal. Athanasius took a couple of pupils at a couple of hundred guineas each, and so made out a snug income; aye, and laid by for a rainy day—a little portion for Harriet, when she should grow up and marry, and a help for Tom at college and at the bar. For you

must know that there were two little Rooks now growing in the rookery ; and very happy were father and mother, I can tell you, to put meat down their tender little throats. Oh, if ever a man was good and happy, it was Athanasius ; if ever a woman was happy and good, it was his wife : not the whole parish, not the whole county, not the whole kingdom, could produce such a snug rectory, or such a pleasant *ménage*.

Athanasius's fame as a scholar, too, was great ; and as his charges were very high, and as he received but two pupils, there was, of course, much anxiety among wealthy parents to place their children under his care. Future squires, bankers, yea, lords and dukes, came to profit by his instruction, and were led by him gracefully over the "Asses' bridge" into the sublime regions of mathematics, or through the syntax into the pleasant paths of classic lore.

In the midst of these companions, Tom Rook grew up ; more fondled and petted, of course, than they ; cleverer than they ; as handsome, dashing, well-instructed a lad, for his years, as ever went to college to be a senior wrangler, and went down without any such honour.

Fancy then, our young gentleman installed at college, whither his father has taken him, and with fond veteran recollections has surveyed hall and grass-plots, and the old porter, and the old fountains, and the old rooms in which he used to live. Fancy the sobs of good little Mrs. Rook, as she parted with her boy ; and the tears of sweet pale Harriet as she clung round his neck, and brought him (in a silver paper, slobbered with many tears) a little crimson silk purse (with two guineas of her own in it, poor thing ! ) Fancy all this, and fancy young Tom, sorry too, but yet restless and glad, panting for the new life opening upon him ; the freedom, the joy of the manly struggle for fame, which he vows he will win. Tom Rook, in other words, is installed at Trinity College, attends lectures, reads at home, goes to chapel, uses wine-parties moderately, and bids fair to be one of the topmost men of his year.

Tom goes down for the Christmas vacation. (What a man he is grown, and how his sister and mother quarrel which shall walk with him down the village ; and what stories the old gentleman lugs out with his old port, and how he quotes *Æschylus*, to be sure ! ) The pupils are away too, and the three have Tom in

quiet. Alas ! I fear the place has grown a little too quiet for Tom : however, he reads very stoutly of mornings ; and sister Harriet peeps with a great deal of wonder into huge books of scribbling paper, containing many 'strange diagrams, and complicated arrangements of *x*'s and *y*'s.

May comes, and the college examinations : the delighted parent receives at breakfast, on the 10th of that month, two letters, as follows :—

"FROM THE REV. SOLOMON SNORTER TO THE REV. ATHANASIOUS ROOK.

"Trinity, May 10.

"Dear Credo\*—I wish you joy. Your lad is the best man of his year, and I hope in four more to see him at our table. In classics he is, my dear friend, *facile princeps* ; in mathematics he was run hard (*entre nous*) by a lad of the name of Snick, a Westmoreland and a sizer. We must keep up Thomas to his mathematics, and I have no doubt we shall make a fellow and a wrangler of him.

"I send you his college bill (£105 10s.) ; rather heavy, but this is the first term, and that you know is expensive ; I shall be glad to give you a receipt for it. By the way, the young man is *rather* too fond of amusement, and lives with a very expensive set. Give him a lecture on this score.—Yours,

"SOL. SNORTER."

Next comes Mr. Tom Rook's own letter : it is long, modest ; we only give the postscript :—

"P.S.—Dèar father, I forgot to say that, as I live in the very best set in the University (Lord Bagwig, the Duke's eldest son you know, vows he will give me a living), I have been led into one or two expenses which will frighten you : I lost £30 to the honourable Mr. Deuceace (a son of Lord Crabs) at Bagwig's, the other day at dinner ; and owe £54 more for desserts and hiring horses, which I can't send into Snorter's bill.† Hiring horses is so deuced expensive ; next term I must have a nag of my own, that's positive."

The Reverend Athanasius read the postscript with much less gusto than the letter : however, Tom has done his duty, and the old

\* This is most probably a joke on the Christian name of Mr. Rook.

† It is, or was, the custom for young gentlemen at Cambridge to have unlimited credit with tradesmen, whom the college tutors paid, and then sent the bills to the parents of the young men.

gentleman won't balk his pleasure; so he sends him £100, with a "God bless you!" and Mamma adds, in a postscript, that "he must always keep well with his aristocratic friends, for he was made only for the best society."

A year or two passes on: Tom comes home for the vacations; but Tom has sadly changed; he has grown haggard and pale. At second year's examination (owing to an unlucky illness) Tom was not classed at all; and Snick, the Westmoreland man, has carried everything before him. Tom drinks more after dinner than his father likes; he is always riding about and dining in the neighbourhood, and coming home, quite odd, his mother says—ill-humoured, unsteady on his feet, and husky in his talk. The Reverend Athanasius begins to grow very, very grave: they have high words, even the father and son; and oh! how Harriet and her mother tremble and listen at the study door when these disputes are going on!

The last term of Tom's under-graduateship arrives; he is in ill-health, but he will make a mighty effort to retrieve himself for his degree; and early in the cold winter's morning—late, late at night—he toils over his books: and the end is that, a month before the examination, Thomas Rook, esquire, has a brain fever, and Mrs. Rook, and Miss Rook, and the Reverend Athanasius Rook, are all lodging at the "Hoop," an inn in Cambridge town, and day and night round the couch of poor Tom.

\* \* \* \* \*

Oh, sin, woe, repentance! Oh, touching reconciliation and burst of tears on the part of son and father, when one morning at the parsonage, after Tom's recovery, the old gentleman produces a bundle of receipts, and says with a broken voice, "There, boy, don't be vexed about your debts. Boys will be boys, I know, and I have paid all demands." Everybody cries in the house at this news, the mother and daughter most profusely, even Mrs. Stokes, the old housekeeper, who shakes master's hand, and actually kisses Mr. Tom.

Well, Tom begins to read a little for his fellowship, but in vain; he is beaten by Mr. Snick, the Westmoreland man. He has no hopes of a living; Lord Bagwig's promises were all moonshine. Tom must go to the bar; and his father, who has long left off taking

pupils, must take them again, to support his son in London.

Why tell you what happens when there? Tom lives at the west end of the town, and never goes near the Temple; Tom goes to Ascot and Epsom along with his great friends; Tom has a long bill with Mr. Rymell, another long bill with Mr. Nugee; he gets into the hands of the Jews—and his father rushes up to London on the outside of the coach to find Tom in a sponging house in Cursitor Street—the nearest approach he has made to the Temple since his three years' residence in London.

I don't like to tell you the rest of the history. The Reverend Athanasius was not immortal, and he died a year after his visit to the sponging house, leaving his son exactly one farthing, and his wife one hundred pounds a year, with remainder to his daughter. But heaven bless you! the poor things would never allow Tom to want while they had plenty, and they sold out and sold out the three thousand pounds until, at the end of three years, there did not remain one single stiver of them; and now Miss Harriet is a governess, with sixty pounds a year, supporting her mother, who lives upon fifty.

As for Tom, he is a regular *leg* now—leading the life already described. When I met him last it was at Baden, where he was on a professional tour, with a carriage, a courier, a valet, a confederate, and a case of pistols. He has been in five duels, he has killed a man who spoke lightly about his honour; and at French or English hazard, at billiards, at whist, at loo, écarté, blind hookey, drawing straws, or beggar-my-neighbour, he will cheat you—cheat you for a hundred pounds or for a guinea, and murder you afterwards, if you like.

Abroad, our friend takes military rank, and calls himself Captain Rook: when asked of what service, he says he was with Don Carlos or Queen Christine; and certain it is that he was absent for a couple of years nobody knows where; he may have been with General Evans, or he may have been at the Sainte Pélagie in Paris, as some people vow he was.

We must wind up this paper with some remarks concerning poor little Pigeon. Vanity has been little Pigeon's failing through life. He is a linendraper's son, and has been left with money: and the silly fashionable works that he has read, and the silly female relatives that he has—(N.B. All young men with money have silly, flattering, she-relatives) and the silly trips that he has made to watering-places,

where he has scraped acquaintance with the Honourable Tom Mountcoffeehouse, Lord Ballyhooly, the celebrated German Prince, Sweller Mobskau, and their like (all Captain Rooks in their way) have been the ruin of him.

I have not the slightest pity in the world for little Pigeon. Look at him! See in what absurd finery the little prig is dressed. Wine makes his poor little head ache, but he will drink because it is manly. In mortal fear he puts himself behind a curvetting camel-leopard of a cab horse; or perched on the top of a prancing dromedary, is borne through Rotten Row, when he would give the world to be on his own sofa, or with his own mamma and sisters, over a quiet pool of commerce and a cup of tea. How riding does scarify his poor little legs, and shake his poor little sides! Smoking, how it does turn his little stomach inside out; and yet smoke he will: Sweller Mobskau smokes; Mountcoffeehouse don't mind a cigar; and as for Ballyhooly, he will puff you a dozen in a day, and says very truly that Pontet won't supply *him* with near such good ones as he sells Pigeon. The fact is, that Pontet vowed seven years ago not to give his lordship a sixpence more credit; and so the good-natured nobleman always helps himself out of Pigeon's box.

On the shoulders of these aristocratic individuals, Mr. Pigeon is carried into certain clubs, or perhaps we should say he walks into them by the aid of these "legs." But they keep him always to themselves. Captain Rooks must rob in companies; but of course, the greater the profits, the fewer the partners must be. Three are positively requisite, however, as every reader must know who has played a game at whist: number one to be Pigeon's partner, and curse his stars at losing, and propose higher play, and "settle" with number two; number three to transact business with Pigeon, and drive him down to the city to sell out. We have known an instance or two where, after a good night's work, number three has bolted with the winnings altogether, but the practice is dangerous; not only disgraceful to the profession, but it cuts up your own chance afterwards, as no one will act with you. There is only one occasion on which such a manœuvre is allowable. Many are sick of the profession, and desirous to turn honest men; in this case, when you can get a good coup, five thousand say, bolt without scruple. One thing is clear, the other men must be mum,

and you can live at Vienna comfortably on the interest of five thousand pounds.

Well then, in the society of these amiable confederates little Pigeon goes through that period of time which is necessary for the purpose of plucking him. To do this, you must not, in most cases, tug at the feathers so as to hurt him, else he may be frightened, and hop away to somebody else: nor, generally speaking, will the feathers come out so easily at first as they will when he is used to it, and then they drop in handfuls. Nor need you have the least scruple in so causing the little creature to moult artificially; if you don't somebody else will: a Pigeon goes into the world fated, as Chateaubriand says—

Pigeon, il va subir le sort de tout pigeon.

He *must* be plucked, it is the purpose for which nature has formed him: if you, Captain Rook, do not perform the operation on a green table lighted by two wax candles, and with two packs of cards to operate with, some other Rook will: are there not railroads, and Spanish bonds, and bituminous companies, and Cornish tin mines, and old dowagers with daughters to marry? If you leave him, Rook of Birchin Lane will have him as sure as fate: if Rook of Birchin Lane don't hit him, Rook of the Stock Exchange will blaze away both barrels at him, which if the poor trembling flutterer escape, he will fly over and drop into the rookery, where dear old swindling Lady Rook and her daughters will find him, and nestle him in their bosoms, and in that soft place pluck him, until he turns out as naked as a cannon ball.

Be not thou scrupulous, O Captain! seize on Pigeon; pluck him gently, but boldly; but above all, never let him go. If he is a stout, cautious bird, of course *you* must be more cautious; if he is excessively silly and scared, perhaps the best way is just to take him round the neck at once, and strip the whole stock of plumage from his back.

The feathers of the human pigeon being thus violently abstracted from him, no others supply their place: and yet I do not pity him. He is now only undergoing the destiny of pigeons, and is, I do believe, as happy in his plucked as in his feathered state. He cannot purse out his breast, and bury his head, and fan his tail, and strut in the sun as if he were a turkey-cock. Under all those fine airs and feathers, he was but what he is now, a poor little meek, silly, cowardly bird, and his state



of pride is not a whit more natural to him than his fallen condition. He soon grows used to it. He is too great a coward to despair ; much too mean to be frightened, because he must live by doing meanness. He is sure, if he cannot fly, to fall somehow or other on his little miserable legs : on these he hops about, and manages to live somewhere in his own mean way. He has but a small stomach, and doesn't mind what food he puts into it. He sponges on his relatives ; or else, just before his utter ruin, he marries, and has nine children (and such a family *always* lives) ; he turns bully, most likely, takes to drinking, and beats his wife, who supports him, or takes to drinking too ; or he gets a little place, a very little place ; you hear he has some tide-watership, or is clerk to some new milk company, or is lurking about a newspaper. He dies, and a subscription is raised for the Widow Pigeon, and we look no more to find a likeness of him in his children, who are as a new race. Blessed are ye little ones, for ye are born in poverty, and may bear it, or surmount it, and die rich. But woe to the pigeons of this earth, for they are born rich that they may die poor.

The end of Captain Rook—for we must bring both him and the paper to an end—is not more agreeable, but somewhat more manly and majestic than the conclusion of Mr. Pigeon. If you walk over to the Queen's Bench Prison, I would lay a wager that a dozen such are to be found there in a moment. They have a kind of lucifer-look with them, and stare at you with fierce, twinkling, crow-footed eyes ; or grin from under huge grizzly moustaches, as they walk up and down in their tattered brocades. What a dreadful activity is that of a madhouse, or a prison ! a dreary flagged court-yard, a long dark room, and the inmates of it, like the inmates of the menagerie cages, ceaselessly walking up and down ! Mary Queen of Scots says very touchingly :—

Pour mon mal estrange  
Je ne m'arreste en place ;

Mais, j'en ay beau changer  
Si ma douleur n'efface !

Up and down, up and down—the inward woe seems to spur the body onwards ; and I think, in both madhouse and prison, you will find plenty of specimens of our Captain Rook. It is fine to mark him under the pressure of this woe, and see how fierce he looks when stirred up by the long pole of memory. In these asylums the Rooks end their lives ; or, more happy, they die miserably in a miserable provincial town abroad, and for the benefit of coming Rooks they commonly die early ; you as seldom hear of an old Rook (practising his trade) as of a rich one. It is a short-lived trade ; not merry, for the gains are most precarious, and perpetual doubt and dread are not pleasant accompaniments of a profession ; not agreeable either, for though Captain Rook does not mind *being* a scoundrel, no man likes to be considered as such, and as such, he knows very well, does the world consider Captain Rook ; not profitable, for the expenses of the trade swallow up all the profits of it, and in addition leave the bankrupt with certain habits that have become as nature to him, and which, to live, he must gratify. I know no more miserable wretch than our Rook in his autumn days, at dismal Calais or Boulogne, or at the Bench yonder, with a whole load of diseases and wants, that have come to him in the course of his profession ; the diseases and wants of sensuality, always pampered, and now agonising for lack of its unnatural food ; the mind, which *must* think now, and has *only* bitter recollections, mortified ambitions, and unavailing scoundrelisms to con over ! Oh, Captain Rook ! what nice “chums” do you take with you into prison ; what pleasant companions of exile follow you over the *fines patriæ*, or attend, the only watchers, round your miserable deathbed !

My son, be not a pigeon in your dealings with the world :—but it is better to be a Pigeon than a Rook.

## THE FASHIONABLE AUTHORESS.

PAYING a visit the other day to my friend Timson, who, I need not tell the public, is editor of that famous evening paper, the \*, (and let it be said that there is no more profitable acquaintance than a gentleman in Timson's situation, in whose office, at three o'clock daily, you are sure to find new books, lunch, magazines, and innumerable tickets for concerts and plays); going, I say, into Timson's office, I saw on the table an immense paper cone or funnel, containing a bouquet of such a size that it might be called a bosquet, wherein all sorts of rare geraniums, luscious magnolias, stately dahlias, and other floral produce were gathered together—a regular flower-stack.

Timson was for a brief space invisible, and I was left alone in the room with the odours of this tremendous bow-pot, which filled the whole of the inky, smutty, dingy apartment with an agreeable incense. "*O rus! quando to aspiciam,*" exclaimed I, out of the Latin grammar, for imagination had carried me away to the country, and was about to make another excellent and useful quotation (from the 14th book of the Iliad, Madam), concerning "ruddy lotuses, and crocusses, and hyacinths," when all of a sudden Timson appeared. His head and shoulders had, in fact, been engulfed in the flowers, among which he might be compared to any Cupid, butterfly, or bee. His little face was screwed up into such an expression of comical delight and triumph, that a Methodist parson would have laughed at it in the midst of a funeral sermon.

"What are you giggling at?" said Mr. Timson, assuming a high, aristocratic air.

"Has the goddess Flora made you a present of that bower wrapped up in white paper, or did it come by the vulgar hands of yonder gorgeous footman, at whom all the little printers' devils are staring in the passage?"

"Stuff," said Timson, picking up pieces some rare exotic, worth at the very least fifteen-pence; "a friend, who knows that Mrs.

Timson and I are fond of these things, has sent us a nosegay; that's all."

I saw how it was. "Augustus Timson," exclaimed I, sternly; "the Pimlicoes have been with you; if that footman did not wear the Pimlico plush, ring the bell and order me out; if that three-cornered billet lying in your snuff-box has not the Pimlico seal to it, never ask me to dinner again."

"Well, if it *does*," says Mr. Timson, who flushed as red as a peony, "what is the harm? Lady Fanny Flummery may send flowers to her friends, I suppose? The conservatories at Pimlico House are famous all the world over, and the countess promised me a nosegay the very last time I dined there."

"Was that the day when she gave a box of bonbons for your darling little Ferdinand?"

"No, another day."

"Or the day when she promised you her carriage for Epsom races?"

"No."

"Or the day when she hoped that her Lucy and your Barbara-Jane might be acquainted, and sent to the latter from the former a new French doll and tea-things?"

"Fiddlestick!" roared out Augustus Timson, Esquire; "I wish you wouldn't come bothering here. I tell you that Lady Pimlico is my friend—my friend, mark you, and I will allow no man to abuse her in my presence: I say again *no rom*;" wherewith Mr. Timson plunged both his hands violently into his breeches-pockets, looked me in the face sternly, and began jingling his keys and shillings about.

At this juncture (it being about half-past three o'clock in the afternoon), a one-horse-chay drove up to the \* office (Timson lives at Clapham, and comes in and out in this machine)—a one-horse-chay drove up; and amidst a scuffling and crying of small voices, good-humoured Mrs. Timson bounces into the room.

"Here we are, deary," said she: "we'll walk to the Meryweathers; and I've told Sam

to be in Charles Street at twelve with the chaise: it wouldn't do, you know, to come out of the Pimlico box, and have the people cry, 'Mrs. Timson's carriage!' for old Sam and the chaise."

Timson, to this loving and voluble address of his lady, gave a peevish, puzzled look towards the stranger, as much as to say, "*He's* here."

"La, Mr. Smith! and how *do* you do?—So rude—I didn't see you: but the fact is, we are all in *such* a bustle! Augustus has got Lady Pimlico's box for the *Puritani* to-night, and I vowed I'd take the children."

Those young persons were evidently, from their costume, prepared for some extraordinary festival. Miss Barbara-Jane, a young lady of six years old, in a pretty pink slip and white muslin, her dear little poll bristling over with papers, to be removed previous to the play; while Master Ferdinand had a pair of nankeens (I can recollect Timson in them in the year 1825—a great buck), and white silk stockings, which belonged to his mamma. His frill was very large and very clean, and he was fumbling perpetually at a pair of white kid gloves, which his mamma forbade him to assume before the opera.

And "Look here!" and "Oh, precious!" and "Oh, my!" were uttered by these worthy people, as they severally beheld the vast bouquet, into which Mrs. Timson's head flounced, just as her husband's had done before.

"I must have a green-house at the Snugery, that's positive, Timson, for I am passionately fond of flowers—and how kind of Lady Fanny!—Do you know her ladyship, Mr. Smith?"

"Indeed, madam, I don't remember having ever spoken to a lord or a lady in my life."

Timson smiled in a supercilious way. Mrs. Timson exclaimed, "La, how odd! Augustus knows ever so many. Let's see, there's the Countess of Pimlico and Lady Fanny Flummery; Lord Doldrum (Timson touched up his travels, you know); Lord Gasterton, Lord Guttlebury's eldest son; Lady Pawpaw (they say she ought not to be visited, though); Baron Strum—Strom—Strumpf—"

What the baron's name was I have never been able to learn; for here Timson burst out with a "Hold your tongue, Bessy," which stopped honest Mrs. Timson's harmless prattle altogether, and obliged that worthy woman

to say meekly, "Well, Gus, I did not think there was any harm in mentioning your acquaintances." Good soul! it was only because she took pride in her Timson that she loved to enumerate the great names of the persons who did him honour. My friend the editor was, in fact, in a cruel position, looking foolish before his old acquaintance, stricken in that unfortunate sore point in his honest, good-humoured character. The man adored the aristocracy, and had that wonderful respect for a lord which, perhaps, the observant reader may have remarked, especially characterises men of Timson's way of thinking.

In old days at the club (we held it in a small public-house near the Coburg Theatre, some of us having free admissions to that place of amusement, and some of us living for convenience in the immediate neighbourhood of one of his Majesty's prisons in that quarter)—in old days, I say, at our spouting and toasted cheese club, called "*The Fortum*," Timson was called Brutus Timson, and not Augustus, in consequence of the ferocious republicanism [which characterised him, and his utter scorn and hatred of a bloated, do-nothing aristocracy. His letters in "*The Weekly Sentinel*," signed "*Lictor*," must be remembered by all our readers: he advocated the repeal of the corn laws, the burning of machines, the rights of labour, &c. &c., wrote some pretty defences of Robespierre, and used seriously to avow, when at all in liquor, that, in consequence of those "*Lictor*" letters, Lord Castlereagh had tried to have him murdered, and thrown over Blackfriars Bridge.

By what means Augustus Timson rose to his present exalted position it is needless here to state; suffice it, that in two years he was completely bound over neck-and-heels to the bloodthirsty aristocrats, hereditary tyrants, &c. One evening he was asked to dine with a secretary of the Treasury (the \* is ministerial, and has been so these forty-nine years); at the house of that secretary of the Treasury he met a lord's son: walking with Mrs. Timson in the park next Sunday, that lord's son saluted him. Timson was from that moment a slave, had his coats made at the west end, cut his wife's relations (they are dealers in marine stores, and live at Wapping), and had his name put down at two clubs.

Who was the lord's son? Lord Pimlico's son, to be sure, the Honourable Frederick Flummery, who married Lady Fanny Foxy, daughter of Pitt Castlereagh, second Earl of

Reynard, Kilbush Castle, county Kildare. The Earl had been ambassador in '14: Mr. Flummery; his attaché: he was twenty-one at that time, with the sweetest tuft on his chin in the world. Lady Fanny was only four-and-twenty, just jilted by Prince Scoronconcolo, the horrid man who had married Miss Solomonson with a plum. Fanny had nothing—Frederick had about seven thousand pounds less. What better could the young things do than marry? Marry they did, and in the most delicious secrecy. Old Reynard was charmed to have an opportunity of breaking with one of his daughters for ever, and only longed for an occasion never to forgive the other nine.

A wit of the Prince's time, who inherited and transmitted to his children a vast fortune in genius, was cautioned on his marriage to be very economical. "Economical!" said he; "my wife has nothing, and I have nothing: I suppose a man can't live under *that*!" Our interesting pair, by judiciously employing the same capital, managed, year after year, to live very comfortably, until, at last, they were received into Pimlico House by the dowager (who has it for her life), where they live very magnificently. Lady Fanny gives the most magnificent entertainments in London, has the most magnificent equipage, and a very fine husband; who has his equipage as fine as her ladyship's; his seat in the omnibus, while her ladyship is in the second tier. They say he plays a good deal—ay, and pays, too, when he loses.

And how, pr'ythee? Her ladyship is a FASHIONABLE AUTHORESS. She has been at this game for fifteen years; during which period she has published forty-five novels, edited twenty-seven new magazines and I don't know how many annuals, besides publishing poems, plays, desultory thoughts, memoirs, recollections of travel, and pamphlets without number. Going one day to church, a lady whom I knew by her Leghorn bonnet and red ribbons, *rûche* with poppies and marigolds, brass ferronnière, great red hands, black silk gown, thick shoes, and black silk stockings; a lady, whom I knew, I say, to be a devotional cook, made a bob to me just as the psalm struck up, and offered me a share of her hymn-book. It was,

HEAVENLY CHORDS;

A COLLECTION OF

SACRED STRAINS:

SELECTED, COMPOSED, AND EDITED, BY THE

LADY FRANCES JULIAN FLUMMERY.

—being simply a collection of heavenly chords robbed from the lyres of Watts, Wesley, Brady and Tate, &c.; and of sacred strains from the rare collection of Sternhold and Hopkins. Out of this, cook and I sang; and it is amazing how much our fervour was increased by thinking that our devotions were directed by a lady whose name was in the Red Book.

The thousands of pages that Lady Flummery has covered with ink exceed all belief. You must have remarked, madam, in respect of this literary fecundity, that your amiable sex possesses vastly greater capabilities than we do; and that while a man is lying painfully labouring over a letter of two sides, a lady will produce a dozen pages, crossed, dashed, and so beautifully neat and close, as to be well-nigh invisible. The readiest of ready pens has Lady Flummery; her Pegasus gallops over hotpressed satin so as to distance all gentlemen riders: like Camilla, it scours the plain—of Bath, and never seems punished or fatigued; only it runs so fast that it often leaves all sense behind it; and there it goes on, on, scribble, scribble, scribble, never flagging until it arrives at that fair winning post on which is written "FINIS," or, "THE END;" and shows that the course, whether it be of novel, annual, poem, or what not, is complete.

Now, the author of these pages doth not pretend to describe the inward thoughts, ways, and manner of being, of my Lady Flummery, having made before that humiliating confession, that lords and ladies are personally unknown to him; so that all milliners, butchers' ladies, dashing young clerks, and apprentices, or other persons who are anxious to cultivate a knowledge of the aristocracy, had better skip over this article altogether. But he hath heard it whispered, from pretty good authority, that the manners and customs of these men and women resemble in no inconsiderable degree, the habits and usages of other men and women, whose names are unrecorded by De-brett. Granting this, and that Lady Flummery is a woman pretty much like another, the philosophical reader will be content that we rather consider her ladyship in her public capacity, and examine her influence upon mankind in general.

Her person, then, being thus put out of the way, her works, too, need not be very carefully sifted and criticised; for what is the use of peering into a millstone, or making calculations about the figure 0? The woman has not, in fact, the slightest influence upon lite-

rature for good or for evil: there are a certain number of fools whom she catches in her flimsy traps; and why not? They are made to be humbugged, or how should we live? Lady Flummery writes everything; that is, nothing. Her poetry is mere wind; her novels, stark naught; her philosophy, sheer vacancy: how should she do any better than she does? how could she succeed if she *did* do any better? If she did write well, she would not be Lady Flummery; she would not be praised by Timson and the critics, because she would be an honest woman, and not bribe them. Nay, she would probably be written down by Timson and Co., because, being an honest woman, she utterly despised hem and their craft.

We have said what she writes for the most part. Individually, she will throw off any number of novels that Messrs. Soap and Diddle will pay for; and collectively, by the aid of self and friends, scores of "Lyrics of Loveliness," "Beams of Beauty," "Pearls of Purity," &c. Who does not recollect the success which her "Pearls of the Peerage" had? She is going to do the "Beauties of the Baronetage;" then we shall have the "Daughters of the Dustmen," or some such other collection of portraits. Lady Flummery has around her a score of literary gentlemen, who are bound to her, body and soul: give them a dinner, a smile from an opera-box, a wave of the hand in Rotten Row, and they are hers, neck and heels. *Vides mi fili, &c.* See, my son, with what a very small dose of humbug men are to be bought. I know many of these individuals: there is my friend M'Lather, an immense, pudgy man: I saw him one day walking through Bond Street in company with an enormous ruby breast-pin. "Mac!" shouted your humble servant, "that is a Flummery ruby;" and Mac hated and cursed us ever after. Presently, came little Fitch, the artist; he was rigged out in an illuminated velvet waistcoat—Flummery again—"There's only one like it in town," whispered Fitch to me confidentially, "and Flummery has that." To be sure, Fitch had given, in return, half-a-dozen of the prettiest drawings in the world. "I wouldn't charge for them, you know," he says, "for hang it, Lady Flummery is my friend." Oh Fitch, Fitch!

Fifty more instances could be adduced of her ladyship's ways of bribery. She bribes the critics to praise her, and the writers to write for her; and the public flocks to her as it will to any other tradesman who is properly

puffed. Out comes the book; as for its merits, we may allow, cheerfully, that Lady Flummery has no lack of that natural *esprit* which every woman possesses; but here praise stops. For the style, she does not know her own language, but, in revenge, has a smattering of half-a-dozen others. She interlards her works with fearful quotations from the French, fiddle-faddle extracts from Italian operas, German phrases fiercely mutilated, and a scrap or two of bad Spanish: and, upon the strength of these murders, she calls herself an authoress. To be sure there is no such word as authoress. If any young nobleman or gentleman of Eton College, when called upon to indite a copy of verses in praise of Sappho, or the Countess of Dash, or Lady Charlotte What-d'ye-call-'em, or the Honourable Mrs. Somebody, should fondly imagine that he might apply to those fair creatures the title of *auctrix*—I pity that nobleman's or gentleman's case. Doctor Wordsworth and assistants would swish that error out of him in a way that need not here be mentioned. Remember it henceforth, ye writeresses—there is no such word as authoress. *Auctor*, madam, is the word. "*Optima, tu proprii nominis auctor eris*;" which, of course, means that you are, by your proper name, an author, not an authoress: the line is in Ainsworth's Dictionary, where anybody may see it.

This point is settled then: there is no such word as authoress. But what of that? Are authoresses to be bound by the rules of grammar? The supposition is absurd. We don't expect them to know their own language; we prefer rather the little graceful pranks and liberties they take with it. When, for instance, a celebrated authoress, who wrote a *Diaress*, calls somebody the prototype of his own father, we feel an obligation to her ladyship; the language feels an obligation; it has a charm and a privilege with which it was never before endowed: and it is manifest, that if we can call ourselves antetypes of our grandmothers—can prophesy what we had for dinner yesterday, and so on, we get into a new range of thought, and discover sweet regions of fancy and poetry, of which the mind hath never even had a notion until now.

It may be then considered as certain that an authoress *ought* not to know her own tongue. Literature and politics have this privilege in common, that any ignoramus may excel in both. No apprenticeship is required, that is certain; and if any gentleman doubts, let us refer him to the popular works of the present



day, where, if he find a particle of scholarship, or any acquaintance with any books in any language, or if he be disgusted by any absurd, stiff, old-fashioned notions of grammatical propriety, we are ready to send him back his subscription. A friend of ours came to us the other day in great trouble. His dear little boy, who had been for some months attaché to the stables of Mr. Tilbury's establishment, took a fancy to the corduroy-breeches of some other gentleman employed in the same emporium—appropriated them, and afterwards disposed of them for a trifling sum to a relation—I believe his uncle. For this harmless freak, poor Sam was absolutely seized, tried at Clerkenwell Sessions, and condemned to six months' useless rotatory labour in the House of Correction. "The poor fellow was bad enough before, sir," said his father, confiding in our philanthropy; "he picked up such a deal of slang among the stable-boys: but if you could hear him since he came from the mill! he knocks you down with it, sir. I am afraid, sir, of his becoming a regular prig; for though he's a cute chap, can read and write, and is mighty smart and handy, yet no one will take him into service on account of that business of the breeches!"

"What, sir!" exclaimed we, amazed at the man's simplicity; "*such* a son, and you don't know what to do with him! a cute fellow, who can write, who has been educated in a stable-yard, and has had six months' polish in a university—I mean a prison—and you don't know what to do with him? Make a *fashionable novelist* of him, and be hanged to you!" And proud am I to say that that young man, every evening, after he comes home from his work (he has taken to street-sweeping in the day, and I don't advise him to relinquish a certainty)—proud am I to say that he devotes every evening to literary composition, and is coming out with a novel, in numbers, of the most fashionable kind.

This little episode is only given for the sake of example—*par exemple*, as our authoress would say, who delights in French of the very worst kind. The public likes only the extremes of society, and votes mediocrity vulgar. From the Author they will take nothing but Fleet Ditch; from the Authoress, only the very finest of rose-water. I have read so many of her ladyship's novels, that, egad! now I don't care for anything under a marquis. Why the deuce should we listen to the intrigues, the misfortunes, the virtues, and conversations of

a couple of countesses, for instance, when we can have duchesses for our money? What's a baronet? pish! pish! that great, coarse, red fist in his scutcheon turns me sick! What's a baron? a fellow with only one ball more than a pawnbroker; and, upon my conscience, just as common. Dear Lady Flummery, in your next novel, give us no more of these low people; nothing under strawberry leaves, for the mercy of Heaven! Suppose, now, you write us

ALBERT;

OR,

## WHISPERINGS AT WINDSOR.

BY THE LADY FRANCES FLUMMERY.

There is a subject—fashionable circles, curious revelations, exclusive excitement, &c. To be sure, you *must* here introduce a viscount, and that is sadly vulgar; but we will pass him for the sake of the ministerial *portefeuille*, which is genteel. Than you might do "Leopold; or, the Bride of Neuilly;" "The Victim of Wurtemberg;" "Olga; or, the Autocrat's Daughter" (a capital title); "*Henri*; or, Rome in the Nineteenth Century." We can fancy the book, and a sweet paragraph about it in Timson's paper.

"HENRI, by Lady Frances Flummery.—Henri! who can he be? A little bird whispers in our ear that the gifted and talented Sappho of our hemisphere has discovered some curious particulars in the life of a *certain young chevalier*, whose appearance at Rome has so frightened the court of the Tu-l-ries. Henri de B-rd—ux is of an age when the *young god* can shoot his darts into the bosom with fatal accuracy; and if the Marchesina Degli Spinachi (whose portrait our lovely authoress has sung with a *kindred hand*) be as beauteous as she is represented (and as all who have visited in the exclusive circles of the eternal city say she is), no wonder at her effect upon the Pr-nce. *Verbum sap.* We hear that a few copies are still remaining. The enterprising publishers, Messrs. Soap and Diddle, have announced, we see, several other works by the same accomplished pen."

This paragraph makes its appearance, in small type, in the \*, by the side, perhaps, of a disinterested recommendation of bears' grease, or some remarks on the extraordinary cheapness of plate in Cornhill. Well, two or three days after, my dear Timson, who has been

asked to dinner, writes, in his own hand, and causes to be printed in the largest type, an article to the following effect :—

“HENRI.

“BY LADY F. FLUMMERY.

“This is another of the graceful evergreens which the fair fingers of Lady Fanny Flummery are continually strewing upon our path. At once profound and caustic, truthful and passionate, we are at a loss whether most to admire the manly grandeur of her ladyship’s mind, or the exquisite nymph-like delicacy of it. Strange power of fancy! Sweet enchantress, that rules the mind at will; stirring up the utmost depths of it into passion and storm, or wreathing and dimpling its calm surface with countless summer smiles (as a great Bard of Old Time has expressed it); what do we not owe to woman?

“What do we not owe her? More love, more happiness, more calm of vexed spirit, more truthful aid and pleasant counsel; in joy, more delicate sympathy; in sorrow, more kind companionship. We look into her cheery eyes, and in those wells of love, care drowns: we listen to her syren voice, and, in that balmy music, banished hopes come winging to the breast again.”

This goes on for about three-quarters of a column. I don’t pretend to understand it; but with flowers, angels, Wordsworth’s poems, and the old dramatists, one can never be wrong, I think; and though I have written the above paragraphs myself, and don’t understand a word of them, I can’t, upon my conscience, help thinking that they are mighty pretty writing. After, then, that this has gone on for about three-quarters of a column (Timson does it in spare minutes, and fits it to any book that Lady Fanny brings out), he proceeds to particularise, thus:—

“The griding excitement which thrills through every fibre of the soul as we peruse these passionate pages, is almost too painful to bear. Nevertheless, one drains the draughts of poesy to the dregs, so deliciously intoxicating is its nature. We defy any man who begins these volumes to quit them ere he has perused each line. The plot may be briefly told as thus:—Henri, an exiled prince of Franconia (it is easy to understand the flimsy allegory), arrives at Rome, and is presented to the sovereign Pontiff. At a feast given in his honour at the Vatican, a dancing girl (the overliest

creation that ever issued from poet’s brain) is introduced, and exhibits some specimens of her art. The young prince is instantaneously smitten with the charms of the Saltatrice; he breathes into her ear the accents of his love, and is listened to with favour. He has, however, a rival, and a powerful one. The POPE has already cast his eye upon the Apulian maid, and burns with lawless passion. One of the grandest scenes ever writ occurs between the rivals. The Pope offers to Castanetta every temptation; he will even resign his crown, and marry her! but she refuses. The prince can make no such offers; he cannot wed her: ‘The blood of Borbone,’ he says, ‘may not be thus misallied.’ He determines to avoid her. In despair she throws herself off the Tarpeian rock; and the Pope becomes a maniac. Such is the outline of this tragic tale.

“Besides this fabulous and melancholy part of the narrative, which is unsurpassed, much is written in the gay and sparkling style, for which our lovely author is unrivalled. The sketch of the Marchesina Degli Spinachi and her lover, the Duca of Di Gammoni, is delicious; and the intrigue between the beautiful Princess Kalbsbraten and Count Bouterbrod is exquisitely painted: everybody, of course, knows who these characters are. The discovery of the manner in which Kartoffeln, the Saxon envoy, poisons the princess’s dishes, is only a graceful and real repetition of a story which was agitated throughout all the diplomatic circles last year. ‘Schinken, the Westphalian,’ must not be forgotten; nor ‘Olla, the Spanish Spy.’ How does Lady Fanny Flummery, poet as she is, possess a sense of the ridiculous and a keenness of perception which would do honour to a Rabelais or a Rochefoucault? To those who ask this question, we have one reply, and that an example:—Not among women, ’tis true; for till the Lady Fanny came among us, woman never soared so high. Not among women, indeed!—but, in comparing her to that great spirit for whom our veneration is highest and holiest, we offer no dishonour to his shrine:—in saying that he who wrote of *Romeo and Desdemona* might have drawn Castanetta and Enrico, we utter but the truthful expressions of our hearts; in asserting that so long as SHAKSPEARE lives, so long will FLUMMERY endure; in declaring that he who rules in all hearts, and over all spirits and all climes, has found a congenial spirit, we do but justice to Lady Fanny—justice to him who sleeps by Avon!”

With which we had better, perhaps, conclude. Our object has been, in descanting upon the Fashionable Authoress, to point out the influence which her writing possesses over society, rather than to criticise of her life. The former is quite harmless; and we don't pretend to be curious about the latter. The woman herself is not so blameable; it is the silly people who cringe at her feet that do the mischief, and, gulled themselves, gull the most gullible of publics. Think you, O Timson! that her ladyship asks you for your *beaux yeux* or your wit? Fool! you do think so, or try and think so; and yet you know she loves not you, but the \* newspaper. Think, little Fitch, in your fine waistcoat, how dearly you have paid for it! Think, M'Lather, how many smirks, and lies, and columns of good three-halfpence-a-line matter, that big garnet pin has cost you! The woman laughs at you, man! you, who fancy that she is smitten with you—laughs at your absurd pretensions, your way of eating fish at dinner, your great hands, your eyes, your whiskers, your coat, and your strange north-country twang. Down with this Dalilah! Avaunt, O Circe! giver of poisonous feeds!

To your natural haunts, ye gentlemen of the press! if bachelors, frequent your taverns, and be content. Better is Sally the waiter and the first cut of the joint, than a dinner of four courses, and humbug therewith. Ye who are married, go to your homes; dine not with those persons who scorn your wives. Go not forth to parties, that you may act Tom Fool for the amusement of my lord and my lady; but play your natural follies among your natural friends. Do this for a few years, and the Fashionable Authoress is extinct. O Jove, what a prospect! She, too, has retreated to her own natural calling, being as much out of place in a book as you, my dear M'Lather, in a drawing-room. Let milliners look up to her; let Howell and James swear by her; let simpering dandies caper about her car; let her write poetry if she likes, but only for the most exclusive circles; let mantua-makers puff her—but not men: let such things be, and the Fashionable Authoress is no more! Blessed, blessed thought! No more fiddle-faddle novels! no more namby-pamby poetry! no more fribble “Blossoms of Loveliness!” When will you arrive, O happy Golden Age?

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THE  
FITZ-BOODLE  
PAPERS

INCLUDING  
THE CONFESSIONS OF GEORGE FITZ-BOODLE, Esq.  
MEN'S WIVES.  
DOROTHEA.  
ETC.

BY  
WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

---

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THE  
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PAPERS

BY THE SAME AUTHOR,

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# THE FITZ-BOODLE PAPERS.

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## FITZ-BOODLE'S CONFESSIONS.

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### PREFACE.

GEORGE FITZ-BOODLE, ESQUIRE, TO OLIVER  
YORKE, ESQUIRE.

*Omnium Club, May 20, 1842.*

DEAR SIR,—I have always been considered the third-best whist-player in Europe, and (though never betting more than five pounds) have for many years past added considerably to my yearly income by my skill in the game, until the commencement of the present season, when a French gentleman, Monsieur Lalouette, was admitted to the club where I usually play. His skill and reputation were so great, that no men of the club were inclined to play against us two of a side; and the consequence has been, that we have been in a manner pitted against one another. By a strange turn of luck (for I cannot admit the idea of his superiority), Fortune, since the Frenchman's arrival, has been almost constantly against me, and I have lost two-and-thirty nights in the course of a couple of score of nights' play.

Everybody knows that I am a poor man; and so much has Lalouette's luck drained my finances, that only last week I was obliged to give him that famous grey cob on which you have seen me riding in the Park (I can't afford a thorough-bred, and hate a cocktail)—I was, I say, forced to give him up my cob in exchange for four ponies which I owed him. Thus, as I never walk, being a heavy man whom nobody cares to mount, my time hangs heavily on my hands; and, as I hate home, or that apology for it—a bachelor's lodgings, and as I have nothing earthly to do now until I can afford to purchase another horse, I spend my time in sauntering from one club to another, passing many rather listless hours in them before the men come in.

You will say, Why not take to backgammon, or *écarté*, or amuse yourself with a book? Sir (putting out of the question the fact that I do

not play upon credit), I make a point never to play before candles are lighted; and as for books, I must candidly confess to you I am not a reading man. 'Twas but the other day that some one recommended me to read your Magazine after dinner, saying it contained an exceedingly witty article upon—I forget what—I give you my honour, sir, that I took up the work at six, meaning to amuse myself till seven, when Lord Trumpington's dinner was to come off, and, egad! in two minutes I fell asleep, and never woke till midnight. Nobody ever thought of looking for me in the library, where nobody ever goes; and so ravenously hungry was I, that I was obliged to walk off to Crockford's for supper.

What is it that makes you literary persons so stupid? I have met various individuals in society who I was told were writers of books, and that sort of thing, and expecting rather to be amused by their conversation, have invariably found them dull to a degree, and as for information, without a particle of it. Sir, I actually asked one of these fellows, "What was the nick to seven?" and he stared in my face, and said he didn't know. He was hugely overdressed in satin, rings, chains, and so forth; and at the beginning of dinner was disposed to be rather talkative and pert; but my little sally silenced him, I promise you, and got up a good laugh at his expense, too. "Leave George alone," said little Lord Cinqbars, "I warrant he'll be a match for any of you literary fellows." Cinqbars is no great wiseacre; but, indeed, it requires no great wiseacre to know that.

What is the simple deduction to be drawn from this truth? Why, this—that a man, to be amusing and well-informed, has no need of books at all, and had much better go to the world and to men for his knowledge. There was Ulysses, now, the Greek fellow engaged in the Trojan war, as I dare say you know;

well, he was the cleverest man possible, and how? From having seen men and cities, their manners noted and their realms surveyed, to be sure: so have I,—I have been in every capital, and can order a dinner in every language in Europe.

My notion, then, is this. I have a great deal of spare time on my hands, and as I am told you pay a handsome sum to persons writing for you, I will furnish you occasionally with some of my views upon men and things; occasional histories of my acquaintance, which I think may amuse you; personal narratives of my own; essays, and what not. I am told that I do not spell correctly. This, of course, I don't know; but you will remember that Richelieu and Marlborough could not spell, and, egad! I am an honest man, and desire to be no better than they. I know that it is the matter, and not the manner, which is of importance. Have the goodness, then, to let one of your understrappers correct the spelling and the grammar of my papers; and you can give him a few shillings in my name for his trouble.

Begging you to accept the assurance of my high consideration, I am, sir,

Your obedient servant,

GEORGE SAVAGE<sup>1</sup> FITZ-BOODLE.

P.S. By the way, I have said in my letter that I found *all* literary persons vulgar and dull. Permit me to contradict this with regard to yourself. I met you once at Blackwall, I think it was, and really did not remark anything offensive in your accent or appearance.

### FITZ-BOODLE'S CONFESSIONS.

BEFORE commencing the series of moral disquisitions, &c., which I intend, the reader may as well know who I am, and what my past course of life has been. To say that I am a Fitz-Boodle is to say at once that I am a gentleman. Our family has held the estate of Booodle ever since the reign of Henry II.; and it is out of no ill will to my elder brother, or unnatural desire for his death, but only because the estate is a very good one, that I wish heartily it was mine: I would say as much of Chatsworth or Eaton Hall.

I am not, in the first place, what is called a ladies' man, having contracted an irrepressible habit of smoking after dinner, which has obliged me to give up a great deal of the dear creatures' society; nor can I go much to country houses for the same reason. Say what they will, ladies do not like you to smoke in their bedrooms; their silly little noses scent out the odour upon the chintz, weeks after you have left them. Sir John has been caught coming to bed particularly merry and redolent of cigar-smoke. Young George, from Eton, was absolutely found in the little green-house puffing an Havannah; and when discovered, they

both lay the blame upon Fitz-Boodle. "It was Mr. Fitz-Boodle, mamma," says George, "who offered me the cigar, and I did not like to refuse him." "That rascal Fitz seduced us, my dear," says Sir John, "and kept us laughing until past midnight." Her ladyship instantly sets me down as a person to be avoided. "George," whispers she to her boy, "promise me, on your honour, when you go to town, not to know that man." And when she enters the breakfast-room for prayers, the first greeting is a peculiar expression of countenance and inhaling of breath, by which my lady indicates the presence of some exceedingly disagreeable odour in the room. She makes you the faintest of curtsies, and regards you, if not with a "flashing eye," as in the novels, at least with a "distended nostril." During the whole of the service, her heart is filled with the blackest gall towards you; and she is thinking about the best means of getting you out of the house.

What is this smoking that it should be considered a crime? I believe in my heart that women are jealous of it, as a rival. They speak of it as of some secret, awful vice that seizes upon a man, and makes him a Pariah from genteel society. I would lay a guinea that many a lady who has just been kind enough to read the above lines lays down the book, after this confession of mine that I am a smoker, and says, "Oh, the vulgar wretch!" and passes on to something else.

The fact is, that the cigar *is* a rival to the ladies, and their conqueror, too. In the chief pipe-smoking nations they are kept in subjection. While the chief, Little White Belt, smokes, the women are silent in his wigwam; while Mahomet Ben Jawbrakine causes volumes of odorous incense of Latakia to play round his beard, the women of the harem do not disturb his meditations, but only add to the delight of them by tinkling on a dulcimer and dancing before him. When Professor Strumpff, of Göttingen, takes down No. 13 from the wall, with a picture of Beatrice Cenci upon it, and which holds a pound of canaster, the Frau Professorin knows that for two hours Hermann is engaged, and takes up her stockings, and knits in quiet. The constitution of French society has been quite changed within the last twelve years: an ancient and respectable dynasty has been overthrown; an aristocracy which Napoleon could never master has disappeared: and from what cause? I do not hesitate to say,—*from the habit of smoking*. Ask any man whether, five years before the revolution of July, if you wanted a cigar at Paris, they did not bring you a roll of tobacco with a straw in it! Now, the whole city smokes; society is changed; and be sure of this, ladies, a similar combat is going on in this country at present between cigar-smoking and you. Do you suppose you will conquer? Look over the wide world, and see that your

<sup>1</sup> See subsequent note.



adversary has overcome it. Germany has been puffing for threescore years; France smokes to a man. Do you think you can keep the enemy out of England? Pshaw! look at his progress. Ask the club-houses, Have they smoking-rooms, or not? Are they not obliged to yield to the general want of the age, in spite of the resistance of the old women on the committees? I, for my part, do not despair to see a bishop lolling out of the "Athenæum" with a cheroot in his mouth, or, at any rate, a pipe stuck in his shovel-hat.

But as in all great causes and in promulgating new and illustrious theories, their first propounders and exponents are generally the victims of their enthusiasm, of course the first preachers of smoking have been martyrs, too; and George Fitz-Boodle is one. The first gas-man was ruined; the inventor of steam-engine printing became a pauper. I began to smoke in days when the task was one of some danger, and paid the penalty of my crime. I was flogged most fiercely for my first cigar; for being asked to dine one Sunday evening with a half-pay colonel of dragoons (the gallant, simple, humorous Shortcut—heaven bless him!—I have had many a guinea from him who had so few), he insisted upon my smoking in his room at the "Salopian," and the consequence was, that I became so violently ill as to be reported intoxicated upon my return to Slaughter-house School, where I was a boarder, and I was whipped the next morning for my peccadillo. At Christ Church, one of our tutors was the celebrated, lamented Otto Rose, who would have been a bishop under the present Government, had not an immoderate indulgence in water-gruel cut short his elegant and useful career. He was a good man, a pretty scholar and poet (the episode upon the discovery of eau-de-Cologne, in his prize-poem on "The Rhine," was considered a masterpiece of art, though I am not much of a judge myself upon such matters), and he was as remarkable for his fondness for a tuft as for his nervous antipathy to tobacco. As ill-luck would have it, my rooms (in Tom Quad) were exactly under his; and I was grown by this time to be a confirmed smoker. I was a baronet's son (we are of James's first creation), and I do believe our tutor could have pardoned any crime in the world but this. He had seen me in a tandem, and at that moment was seized with a violent fit of sneezing (a sternutatory paroxysm he called it), at the conclusion of which I was a mile down the Woodstock Road. He had seen me in pink, as we used to call it, swaggering in the open sunshine across a grass-plat in the court; but spied out opportunely a servitor, one Todhunter by name, who was going to morning chapel with his shoestring untied, and forthwith sprung towards that unfortunate person, to set him an imposition. Everything, in fact, but tobacco

he could forgive. Why did cursed fortune bring him into the rooms over mine? The odour of the cigars made his gentle spirit quite furious; and one luckless morning, when I was standing before my "oak," and chanced to puff a great *bouffée* of Varinas into his face, he forgot his respect for my family altogether (I was the second son, and my brother a sickly creature *then*,—he is now sixteen stone in weight, and has a half-score of children); gave me a severe lecture, to which I replied rather hotly, as was my wont. And then came demand for an apology; refusal on my part; appeal to the dean; convocation; and rustication of George Edward\* Fitz-Boodle.

My father had taken a second wife (of the noble house of Skinflinter), and Lady Fitz-Boodle detested smoking, as a woman of her high principles should. She had an entire mastery over the worthy old gentleman, and thought I was a sort of demon of wickedness. The old man went to his grave with some similar notion—Heaven help him! and left me but the wretched twelve thousand pounds secured to me on my poor mother's property.

In the army, my luck was much the same. I joined the ———th Lancers, Lieut.-Col. Lord Martingale, in the year 1817. I only did duty with the regiment for three months. We were quartered at Cork, where I found the Irish doodheen and tobacco the pleasantest smoking possible; and was found by his lordship one day upon stable duty, smoking the shortest, dearest, little, dumpy clay-pipe in the world.

"Cornet Fitz-Boodle," said my lord, in a towering passion, "from what blackguard did you get that pipe?"

I omit the oaths which garnished invariably his lordship's conversation.

"I got it, my lord," said I, "from one Terence Mullins, a jingle-driver, with a packet of his peculiar tobacco. You sometimes smoke Turkish, I believe; do try this. Isn't it good?" And in the simplest way in the world I puffed a volume into his face. "I see you like it," said I, so coolly, that the men, and I do believe the horses, burst out laughing.

He started back—choking almost, and recovered himself only to vent such a storm of oaths and curses, that I was compelled to request Captain Rawdon (the captain on duty) to take note of his lordship's words; and unluckily could not help adding a question which settled my business. "You were good enough," I said, "to ask me, my lord, from what blackguard I got my pipe; might I ask from what blackguard you learned your language?"

This was quite enough. Had I said, "From what gentleman did your lordship learn your language?" the point would have been quite as good, and my Lord Martingale would have suffered in my place; as it was, I was so strongly recommended to sell out by his Royal

\* These names, first George only, then George Savage, then George Edward, seem to be intended to convey the idea that Fitz was too stupid, or too idle, or too indifferent to remember his own name or to write it correctly.

Highness the Commander-in-Chief, that, being of a good-natured disposition, never knowing how to refuse a friend, I at once threw up my hopes of military distinction and retired into civil life.

My lord was kind enough to meet me afterwards, in a field in the Glaumire road, where he put a ball into my leg. This I returned to him some years later with about twenty-three others—black ones—when he came to be balloted for at a club of which I have the honour to be a member.

Thus by the indulgence of a simple and harmless propensity,—of a propensity which can inflict an injury upon no person or thing except the coat and the person of him who indulges in it,—of a custom honoured and observed in almost all the nations of the world,—of a custom which far from leading a man into any wickedness or dissipation to which youth is subject, but, on the contrary, begets only benevolent silence and thoughtful good-humoured observation, I found at the age of twenty all my prospects in life destroyed. I cared not for woman in those days; the calm smoker has a sweet companion in his pipe: I did not drink immoderately of wine; for though a friend to trifling potations, to excessively strong drinks tobacco is abhorrent. I never thought of gambling, for the lover of the pipe has no need of such excitement; but I was considered a monster of dissipation in my family, and bade fair to come to ruin.

"Look at George," my mother-in-law said to the genteel and correct young Skinflinters; "he entered the world with every prospect in life, and see in what an abyss of degradation his fatal habits have plunged him! At school he was flogged and disgraced, he was disgraced and rusticated at the university, he was disgraced and expelled from the army! He might have had the living of Boodle (her ladyship gave it to one of her nephews), but he would not take his degree; his papa would have purchased him a troop—nay, a lieutenant-colonelcy some day, but for his fatal excesses. And now as long as my dear husband will listen to the voice of a wife who adores him—never, never shall he spend a shilling upon so worthless a young man. He has a small income from his mother (I cannot but think that the first Lady Fitz-Boodle was a weak and misguided person); let him live upon his mean pittance as he can, and I heartily pray we may not hear of him in gaol!"

My brother, after he came to the estate, married the ninth daughter of our neighbour, Sir John Spreadeagle; and Boodle Hall has seen a new little Fitz-Boodle with every succeeding spring. The dowager retired to Scotland with a large jointure and a wondrous heap of savings. Lady Fitz is a good creature, but she thinks me something diabolical, trembles when she sees me, and gathers all her children about her, rushes into the nursery whenever I

pay that little seminary a visit, and actually slapped poor little Frank's ears one day when I was teaching him to ride upon the back of a Newfoundland dog.

"George," said my brother to me the last time I paid him a visit to the old hall, "don't be angry, my dear fellow, but Maria is in a—hum—in a delicate situation, expecting her—hum—(the eleventh)—and do you know you frighten her? It was but yesterday you met her in the rookery, you were smoking that enormous German pipe, and when she came in she had an hysterical seizure, and Drench says that in her situation it's dangerous; and I say, George, if you go to town you'll find a couple of hundred at your banker's;" and with this the poor fellow shook me by the hand, and called for a fresh bottle of claret.

Since then he told me, with many hesitations, that my room at Boodle Hall had been made into a second nursery. I see my sister-in-law in London twice or thrice in the season, and the little people, who have almost forgotten to call me Uncle George.

It's hard, too, for I am a lonely man after all, and my heart yearns to them. The other day I smuggled a couple of them into my chambers, and had a little feast of cream and strawberries to welcome them. But it had like to have cost the nursery maid (a Swiss girl that Fitz-Boodle hired somewhere in his travels) her place. My stepmamma, who happened to be in town, came flying down in her chariot, pounced upon the poor thing and the children in the midst of the entertainment; and when I asked her, with rather a bad grace to be sure, to take a chair and a share of the feast—

"Mr. Fitz-Boodle," says she, "I am not accustomed to sit down in a place that smells of tobacco like an ale-house—an ale-house inhabited by a *serpent*, sir! A *serpent*! do you understand me? who carries his poison into his brother's own house, and pursues his infamous designs before his brother's own children. Put on Miss Maria's bonnet this instant. Mamsell, ontondy-voo? *Metty le bonny à mamsell*; and I shall take care, Mamsell, that you return to Switzerland to-morrow. I've no doubt you are a relation of Courvoisier! *oui! oui! Courvoisier; vous comprenny?* and you shall certainly be sent back to your friends."

With this speech, and with the children and their maid sobbing before her, my lady retired; but for once my sister-in-law was on my side, not liking the meddling of the elder lady.

I know, then, that from indulging in that simple habit of smoking, I have gained among the ladies a dreadful reputation. I see that they look coolly upon me, and darkly at their husbands when they arrive at home in my company. Men, I observe, in consequence, ask me to dine much oftener at the club, or the Star and Garter at Richmond, or at Lovegrove's, than in their own houses; and with this sort of arrangement I am fain to acquiesce;

<sup>1</sup> Lord William Russell had just previously been murdered by his Swiss valet, Courvoisier.

for, as I said before, I am of an easy temper, and can at any rate take my cigar-case out after dinner at Blackwall, when my lady or the duchess is not by. I know, of course, the best *men* in town; and as for ladies' society, not having it (for I will have none of your pseudo-ladies, such as sometimes honour bachelors' parties,—actresses, couturières, operadancers, and so forth)—as for ladies' society, I say, I cry pish! 't is not worth the trouble of the complimenting, and the bother of pumps and black silk stockings.

Let any man remember what ladies' society was when he had an opportunity of seeing them among themselves, as What-d'y-e-call'em does in the Thesmophoriazu—(I beg pardon, I was on the verge of a classical allusion, which I abominate)—I mean at that period of his life when the intellect is pretty acute, though the body is small—namely, when a young gentleman is about eleven years of age, dining at his father's table during the holidays, and is requested by his papa to quit the dinner-table when the ladies retire from it.

*Corbleu!* I recollect their whole talk as well as if it had been whispered but yesterday; and can see, after a long dinner, the yellow summer sun throwing long shadows over the lawn before the dining-room windows, my poor mother and her company of ladies sailing away to the music-room in old Boodle Hall. The Countess Dawdley was the great lady in our county, a portly lady who used to love crimson satin in those days, and birds-of-paradise. She was flaxen-haired, and the Regent once said she resembled one of King Charles's beauties.

When Sir John Todcaster used to begin his famous story of the exciseman (I shall not tell it here, for very good reasons), my poor mother used to turn to Lady Dawdley, and give that mystic signal at which all females rise from their chairs. Tufthunt the curate would spring from his seat, and be sure to be the first to open the door for the retreating ladies; and my brother Tom and I, though remaining stoutly in our places, were speedily ejected from them by the governor's invariable remark, "Tom and George, if you have had *quite* enough of wine, you had better go and join your mamma." Yonder she marches, heaven bless her! through the old oak hall (how long the shadows of the antlers are on the wainscot, and the armour of Rollo Fitz-Boodle looks in the sunset as if it were emblazoned with rubies)—yonder she marches, stately and tall, in her invariable pearl-coloured tabinet, followed by Lady Dawdley, blazing like a flamingo; next comes Lady Emily Tufthunt (she was Lady Emily Skinflinter), who will not for all the world take precedence of rich, vulgar, kind, good-humoured Mrs. Colonel Grogwater, as she would be called, with a yellow little husband from Madras, who first taught me to drink sangaree. He was a new arrival in our county, but paid nobly to the hounds, and occupied hospitably a house which was always

famous for its hospitality—Sievely Hall (poor Bob Cullender ran through seven thousand a year {before he was thirty years old}). Once when I was a lad, Colonel Grogwater gave me two gold mohurs out of his desk for whist-markers, and I'm sorry to say I ran up from Eton and sold them both for seventy-three shillings at a shop in Cornhill. But to return to the ladies, who are all this while kept waiting in the hall, and to their usual conversation after dinner.

Can any man forget how miserably flat it was? Five matrons sit on sofas and talk in a subdued voice:—

*First Lady (mysteriously).* "My dear Lady Dawdley, do tell me about poor Susan Tuckett."

*Second Lady.* "All three children are perfectly well, and I assure you as fine babies as ever I saw in my life. I made her give them Daffy's Elixir the first day; and it was the greatest mercy that I had some of Frederick's baby-clothes by me; for you know I had provided Susan with sets for one only, and really—"

*Third Lady.* "Of course one couldn't; and for my part I think your ladyship is a great deal too kind to these people. A little gardener's boy dressed in Lord Dawdley's frocks indeed! I recollect that one at his christening had the sweetest lace in the world!"

*Fourth Lady.* "What do you think of this, ma'am—Lady Emily, I mean? I have just had it from Howell and James:—guipure, they call it. Isn't it an odd name for lace? And they charge me, upon my conscience, four guineas a yard!"

*Third Lady.* "My mother, when she came to Skinflinter, had lace upon her robe that cost sixty guineas a yard, ma'am! 'T was sent from Malines direct by our relation, the Count d'Araignay."

*Fourth Lady (aside).* "I thought she would not let the evening pass without talking of her Malines lace and her Count d'Araignay. Odious people! they don't spare their backs, but they pinch their—"

Here Tom upsets a coffee-cup over his white jean trousers, and another young gentleman bursts into a laugh, saying, "By Jove, that's a good 'un!"

"George, my dear," says mamma, "had not you and your young friend better go into the garden? But mind, no fruit, or Dr. Glauber must be called in again immediately!" and we all go, and in ten minutes I and my brother are fighting in the stables.

If instead of listening to the matrons and their discourse, we had taken the opportunity of attending to the conversation of the misses, we should have heard matter not a whit more interesting.

*First Miss.* "They were all three in blue crape: you never saw any thing so odious. And I know for a certainty that they wore those dresses at Guttebury at the archery-ball, and I daresay they had them in town."

*Second Miss.* "Don't you think *Jemima*

decidedly crooked? And those fair complexions they freckle so, that really Miss Blanch ought to be called Miss Brown."

*Third Miss.* "He he, he!"

*Fourth Miss.* "Don't you think Blanch is a pretty name?"

*First Miss.* "La! do you think so, dear? Why, it's my second name!"

*Second Miss.* "Then I'm sure Captain Travers thinks it a beautiful name!"

*Third Miss.* "He he, he!"

*Fourth Miss.* "What was he telling you at dinner that seemed to interest you so?"

*First Miss.* "O law, nothing!—that is, yes! Charles—that is, Captain Travers, is a sweet poet, and was reciting to me some lines that he had composed upon a faded violet:—

"The odour from the flower is gone,  
That like thy—"

like thy something, I forget what it was; but his lines are sweet, and so original too! I wish that horrid Sir John Todhunter had not begun his story of the exciseman, for Lady Fitz-Boodle always quits the table when he begins."

*Third Miss.* "Do you like those tufts that gentlemen wear sometimes on their chins?"

*Second Miss.* "Nonsense, Mary!"

*Third Miss.* "Well, I only asked Jane. Frank thinks, you know, that he shall very soon have one, and put's bear's-grease on his chin every night."

*Second Miss.* "Mary, nonsense!"

*Third Miss.* "Well, only ask him. You know he came to our dressing-room last night and took the pomatum away; and he says that when boys go to Oxford they always—"

*First Miss.* "Oh heavens! have you heard the news about the Lancers? Charles—that is, Captain Travers, told it me!"

*Second Miss.* "Law! they won't go away before the ball I hope!"

*First Miss.* "No, but on the 15th they are to shave their mustachios! He says that Lord Tufto is in a perfect fury about it!"

*Second Miss.* "And poor George Beardmore, too!" &c.

Here Tom upsets the coffee over his trousers, and the conversations end. I can recollect a dozen such, and ask any man of sense whether such talk amuses him?

Try again to speak to a young lady while you are dancing—what we call in this country—a quadrille. What nonsense do you invariably give and receive in return! No, I am a woman-scorner, and don't care to own it. I hate young ladies! Have I not been in love with several, and has any one of them ever treated me decently? I hate married women! Do they not hate me? and simply because I smoke, try to draw their husbands away from my society? I hate dowagers! Have I not cause? Does not every dowager in London point to George Fitz-Boodle as to a dissolute wretch whom young and old should avoid?

And yet do not imagine that I have not loved. I have, and madly, many, many times! I am but eight and thirty,<sup>1</sup> not past the age of passion, and may very likely end by running off with an heiress—or a cook-maid (for who knows what strange freaks Love may choose to play in his own particular person? and I hold a man to be a mean creature who calculates about checking any such sacred impulse as lawful love)—I say, though despising the sex in general for their conduct to me, I know of particular persons belonging to it who are worthy of all respect and esteem, and as such I beg leave to point out the particular young lady who is perusing these lines. Do not, dear madam, then imagine that if I knew you I should be disposed to sneer at you. Ah, no. Fitz-Boodle's bosom has tenderer sentiments than from his way of life you would fancy, and stern by rule is only too soft by practice. Shall I whisper to you the story of one or two of my attachments? All terminating fatally (not in death, but in disappointment, which, as it occurred, I used to imagine a thousand times more bitter than death, but from which one recovers somehow more readily than from the other-named complaint)—all, I say, terminating wretchedly to myself, as if some fatality pursued my desire to become a domestic character.

My first love—no, let us pass *that* over. Sweet one! Thy name shall profane no hireling page. Sweet, sweet memory! Ah, ladies, those delicate hearts of yours have too felt the throb. And between the last *ob* in the word throb and the words now written, I have passed a delicious period of perhaps an hour, perhaps a minute, I know not how long, thinking of that holy first love, and of her who inspired it. How clearly every single incident of the passion is remembered by me! and yet 't was long, long since; I was but a child then—a child at school—and, if the truth must be told, L—ra R—ggl-s (I would not write her whole name to be made one of the Marquess of Hertford's executors) was a woman full thirteen years older than myself; at the period of which I write, she must have been at least five-and-twenty. She and her mother used to sell tarts, hard-bake, lollipops, and other such simple comestibles, on Wednesdays and Saturdays (half-holidays) at a private school where I received the first rudiments of a classical education. I used to go and sit before her tray for hours, but I do not think the poor girl ever supposed any motive led me so constantly to her little stall beyond a vulgar longing for her tarts and her ginger-beer. Yes, even at that early period my actions were misrepresented, and the fatality which has oppressed my whole life began to show itself—the purest passion was misinterpreted by her and my school-fellows, and they thought I was actuated by simple gluttony. They nicknamed me Alicompayne.

<sup>1</sup> He is five-and-forty, if he is a day old.—O. Y.



Well, be it so. Laugh at early passion ye who will ; a high-born boy madly in love with a lowly ginger-beer girl ! She married afterwards, took the name of Latter, and now keeps with her old husband a turnpike, through which I often ride ; but I can recollect her bright and rosy of a sunny summer afternoon, her red cheeks shaded by a battered straw bonnet, her tarts and ginger-beer upon a neat white cloth before her, mending blue worsted stockings until the young gentlemen should interrupt her by coming to buy.

Many persons will call this description low ; I do not envy them their gentility, and have always observed through life (as, to be sure, every other *gentleman* has observed as well as myself) that it is your *parvenu* who stickles most for what he calls the genteel, and has the most squeamish abhorrence for what is frank and natural. Let us pass at once, however, as all the world must be pleased, to a recital of an affair which occurred in the very best circles of society as they are called, viz., my next unfortunate attachment.

It did not occur for several years after that simple and platonic passion just described, for though they may talk of youth as the season of romance, it has always appeared to me that there are no beings in the world so entirely unromantic and selfish as certain young English gentlemen from the age of fifteen to twenty. The oldest Lovelace about town is scarcely more hard-hearted and scornful than they ; they ape all sorts of selfishness and *rouerie* ; they aim at excelling at cricket, at billiards, at rowing and drinking, and set more store by a red coat and a neat pair of top-boots than by any other glory. A young fellow staggers into college-chapel of a morning, and communicates to all his friends that he was "*so cut last night*," with the greatest possible pride. He makes a joke of having sisters and a kind mother at home who loves him ; and if he speaks of his father, it is with a knowing sneer to say that he has a tailor's and a horse-dealer's bill that will surprise "the old governor." He would be ashamed of being in love. I, in common with my kind, had these affectations, and my perpetual custom of smoking added not a little to my reputation as an accomplished *roué*. What came of this custom in the army and at college the reader has already heard. Alas ! in life it went no better with me, and many pretty chances I had went off in that accursed smoke.

After quitting the army in the abrupt manner stated, I passed some short time at home, and was tolerated by my mother-in-law because I had formed an attachment to a young lady of good connections and with a considerable fortune, which was really very nearly becoming mine. Mary M'Alister was the only daughter of Colonel M'Alister, late of the Blues, and Lady Susan his wife. Her ladyship was no more ; and, indeed, of no family compared to ours (which has refused a peerage any time these two hundred years), but, being an earl's

daughter and a Scotch woman, Lady Emily Fitz-Boodle did not fail to consider her highly. Lady Susan was daughter of the late Admiral Earl of Marlingspike and Baron Plumduff. The colonel, Miss M'Alister's father, had a good estate, of which his daughter was the heiress, and as I fished her out of the water upon a pleasure-party, and swam with her to shore, we became naturally intimate, and Colonel M'Alister forgot, on account of the service rendered to him, the dreadful reputation for profligacy which I enjoyed in the county.

Well, to cut a long story short, which is told here merely for the moral at the end of it, I should have been Fitz-Boodle M'Alister at this minute most probably, and master of four thousand a year, but for the fatal cigar-box. I bear Mary no malice in saying that she was a high-spirited little girl, loving, before all things, her own way ; nay, perhaps [I] do not from long habit and indulgence in tobacco-smoking, appreciate the delicacy of female organizations which were oftentimes most painfully affected by it. She was a keen-sighted little person, and soon found that the world had belied poor George Fitz-Boodle ; who, instead of being the cunning monster people supposed him to be, was a simple, reckless, good-humoured, honest fellow, marvellously addicted to smoking, idleness, and telling the truth. She called me Orson, and I was happy enough on the 14th February, in the year 18—(it's of no consequence), to send her such a pretty little copy of verses about Orson and *Valentine*, in which the rude habits of the savage man were shewn to be overcome by the polished graces of his kind and brilliant conqueror, that she was fairly overcome, and said to me, "George Fitz-Boodle, if you give up smoking for a year I will marry you."

"I swore I would, of course, and went home and flung four pounds of Hudson's cigars, two meerschaum pipes that had cost me ten guineas at the establishment of Mr. Gattie at Oxford, a tobacco-bag that Lady Fitz-Boodle had given me *before* her marriage with my father (it was the only present that I ever had from her or any member of the Skinflinter family), and some choice packets of Varinas and Syrian, into the lake in Boodle Park. The weapon amongst them all which I most regretted was—will it be believed?—the little black doodheen which had been the cause of the quarrel between Lord Martingale and me. However, it went along with the others. I would not allow my groom to have so much as a cigar, lest I should be tempted hereafter ; and the consequence was that a few days after many fat carp and tenches in the lake (I must confess 'twas no bigger than a pond) nibbled at the tobacco, and came floating on their backs on the top of the water quite intoxicated. My conversion made some noise in the county, being emphasized as it were by this fact of the fish. I can't tell you with what pangs I kept my resolution ; but keep it I did for some time.

With so much beauty and wealth, Mary



M'Alister had of course many suitors, and among them was the young Lord Dawdley, whose mamma has previously been described in her gown of red satin. As I used to thrash Dawdley at school, I thrashed him in after-life in love, and he put up with his disappointment pretty well, and came after a while and shook hands with me, telling me of the bets that there were in the county where the whole story was known, for and against me. For the fact is, as I must own, that Mary M'Alister, the queerest, frankest of women, made no secret of the agreement, or the cause of it.

"I did not care a penny for Orson," she said, "but he would go on writing me such dear pretty verses that at last I couldn't help saying yes. But if he breaks his promise to me, I declare, upon my honour, I'll break mine, and nobody's heart will be broken either."

This was the perfect fact, as I must confess, and I declare that it was only because she amused me and delighted me, and provoked me and made me laugh very much, and because, no doubt, she was very rich, that I had any attachment for her.

"For heaven's sake, George," my father said to me, as I quitted home to follow my beloved to London, "remember that you are a younger brother and have a lovely girl and four thousand a year within a year's reach of you. Smoke as much as you like, my boy, after marriage," added the old gentleman, knowingly (as if *he*, honest soul, after his second marriage, dared drink an extra pint of wine without my lady's permission!) "but eschew the tobacco-shops till then."

I went to London resolving to act upon the paternal advice, and oh! how I longed for the day when I should be married, vowing in my secret soul that I would light a cigar as I walked out of St. George's, Hanover Square.

Well, I came to London, and so carefully avoided smoking that I would not even go into Hudson's shop to pay his bill, and as smoking was not the fashion then among young men as (thank heaven!) it is now, I had not many temptations from my friends' examples in my clubs or elsewhere; only little Dawdley began to smoke, as if to spite me. He had never done so before, but confessed—the rascal!—that he enjoyed a cigar now, if it were but to mortify me. But I took to other and more dangerous excitements, and upon the nights when not in attendance upon Mary M'Alister, might be found in very dangerous proximity to a polished mahogany table, round which claret-bottles circulated a great deal too often, or, worse still, to a table covered with green cloth and ornamented with a couple of wax candles and a couple of packs of cards, and four gentlemen playing the enticing game of whist. Likewise, I came to carry a snuff-box, and to consume in secret huge quantities of rappee.

For ladies' society I was even then disinclined, hating and despising small-talk, and dancing, and hot routs, and vulgar scrambles for suppers. I never could understand the

pleasure of acting the part of lacquey to a dowager, and standing behind her chair, or bustling through the crowd for her carriage. I always found an opera too long by two acts, and have repeatedly fallen asleep in the presence of Mary M'Alister herself, sitting at the back of the box shaded by the huge beret of her old aunt, Lady Betty Plumduff; and many a time has Dawdley, with Miss M'Alister on his arm, wakened me up at the close of the entertainment in time to offer my hand to Lady Betty, and lead the ladies to their carriage. If I attended her occasionally to any ball or party of pleasure, I went, it must be confessed, with clumsy, ill-disguised ill-humour. Good heavens! have I often and often thought in the midst of a song, or the very thick of a ball-room, can people prefer this to a book and a sofa, and a dear, dear cigar-box from thy stores, O charming Mariana Woodville! Deprived of my favourite plant, I grew sick in mind and body, moody, sarcastic, and discontented.

Such a state of things could not long continue, nor could Miss M'Alister continue to have much attachment for such a sullen, ill-conditioned creature as I then was. She used to make me wild with her wit and her sarcasm, nor have I ever possessed the readiness to parry or reply to those fine points of woman's wit, and she treated me the more mercilessly as she saw that I could not resist her.

Well; the polite reader must remember a great fête that was given at B—— House, some years back, in honour of his Highness the Hereditary Prince of Kalbsbraten-Pumpernickel, who was then in London on a visit to his illustrious relatives. It was a fancy ball, and the poems of Scott being at that time all the fashion, Mary was to appear in the character of the "Lady of the Lake," old M'Alister making a very tall and severe-looking harper; Dawdley, a most insignificant Fitzjames, and your humble servant a stalwart and manly Roderick Dhu. We were to meet at B—— House, at twelve o'clock, and as I had no fancy to drive through the town in my cab dressed in a kilt and philibeg, I agreed to take a seat in Dawdley's carriage, and to dress at his house in May Fair. At eleven I left a very pleasant bachelors' party, growling to quit them and the honest, jovial claret-bottle, in order to scrape and cut capers like a harlequin from the theatre. When I arrived at Dawdley's, I mounted to a dressing-room, and began to array myself in my cursed costume.

The art of costuming was by no means so well understood in those days as it has been since, and mine was out of all correctness. I was made to sport an enormous plume of black ostrich-feathers, such as never was worn by any Highland chief, and had a huge tiger-skin sporran to dangle like an apron before innumerable yards of plaid petticoat. The tartan cloak was outrageously hot and voluminous; it was the dog-days, and all these things I was condemned to wear in the midst of a crowd of a thousand people!

Dawdley sent up word as I was dressing, that his dress had not arrived, and he took my cab, and drove off in a rage to his tailor.

There was no hurry, I thought, to make a fool of myself; so having put on a pair of plaid trews, and very neat pumps with shoe-buckles, my courage failed me as to the rest of the dress, and taking down one of his dressing-gowns, I went downstairs to the study, to wait until he should arrive.

The windows of the pretty room were open, and a snug sofa, with innumerable cushions, drawn towards one of them. A great tranquil moon was staring into the chamber, in which stood, amidst books and all sorts of bachelor's lumber, a silver tray with a couple of tall Venice glasses, and a bottle of Maraschino bound with straw. I can see now the twinkle of the liquor in the moonshine, as I poured it into the glass; and I swallowed two or three little cups of it, for my spirits were downcast. Close to the tray of Maraschino stood—must I say it?—a box, a mere box of cedar, bound rudely together with pink paper, branded with the name of “HUDSON” on the side, and bearing on the cover the arms of Spain. I thought I would just take up the box and look in it.

Ah, heaven! there they were—a hundred and fifty of them, in calm, comfortable rows, lovingly side by side, they lay with the great moon shining down upon them—thin at the tip, full in the waist, elegantly round and full, a little spot here and there shining upon them—beauty-spots upon the cheek of Sylva. The house was quite quiet. Dawdley always smoked in his room; I had not smoked for four months and eleven days.

When Lord Dawdley came into the study, he did not make any remarks; and oh, how easy my heart felt! He was dressed in his green and boots, after Westall's picture, correctly.

“It's time to be off, George,” said he; “they told me you were dressed long ago. Come up, my man, and get ready.”

I rushed up into the dressing-room, and madly dashed my head and arms into a pool of eau de Cologne. I drank, I believe, a tumblerful of it. I called for my clothes, and, strange to say, they were gone. My servant brought them, however, saying that he had put them away—making some stupid excuse. I put them on, not heeding them much, for I was half tipsy with the excitement of the ci—, of the smo—, of what had taken place in Dawdley's study, and with the Maraschino and the eau de Cologne I had drunk.

“What a fine odour of lavender-water!” said Dawdley, as we rode in the carriage.

I put my head out of the window and shrieked out a laugh; but made no other reply.

“What's the joke, George?” said Dawdley. “Did I say anything witty?”

“No,” cried I, yelling still more wildly; “nothing more witty than usual.”

“Don't be severe, George,” said he, with a

mortified air; and we drove on to B— House.

\* \* \* \* \*

There must have been something strange and wild in my appearance, and those awful black plumes, as I passed through the crowd; for I observed people looking and making a strange nasal noise (it is called sniffing, and for which I have no other more delicate term), and making way as I pushed on. But I moved forward very fiercely, for the wine, the Maraschino, the eau de Cologne, and the—the excitement had rendered me almost wild; and at length I arrived at the place where my lovely Lady of the Lake and her Harper stood. How beautiful she looked—all eyes were upon her as she stood blushing. When she saw me, however, her countenance assumed an appearance of alarm. “Good heavens, George!” she said, stretching her hand to me, “what makes you look so wild and pale?” I advanced, and was going to take her hand, when she dropped it with a scream.

“Ah—ah—ah!” she said. “Mr. Fitz-Boodle, you've been smoking!”

There was an immense laugh from four hundred people round about us, and the scoundrelly Dawdley joined in the yell. I rushed furiously out, and as I passed hurtled over the fat Hereditary Prince of Kalbsbreton-Pumpnickel.

“Es nicht hier ungeheuer stark von Tabak!” I heard his Highness say, as madly I flung myself through the aides-de-camp.

The next day Mary M'Alister, in a note full of the most odious good sense and sarcasm, reminded me of our agreement; said that she was quite convinced that we were not by any means fitted for one another, and begged me to consider myself henceforth quite free. The little wretch had the impertinence to send me a dozen boxes of cigars, which, she said, would console me for my lost love; as she was perfectly certain that I was not mercenary, and that I loved tobacco better than any woman in the world.

I believe she was right, though I have never to this day been able to pardon the scoundrelly stratagem by which Dawdley robbed me of a wife and won one himself. As I was lying on his sofa, looking at the moon and lost in a thousand happy contemplations, Lord Dawdley, returning from the tailor's, saw me smoking at my leisure. On entering his dressing-room, a horrible treacherous thought struck him. “I must not betray my friend,” said he; “but in love all is fair, and he shall betray himself.” There were my tartans, my cursed feathers, my tiger-skin sporran, upon the sofa.

He called up my groom; he made the rascal put on all my clothes, and, giving him a guinea and four cigars, bade him lock himself into the little pantry and smoke them *without taking the clothes off*. John did so, and was very ill in consequence, and so when I came to B— House, my clothes were redolent of tobacco, and I lost lovely Mary M'Alister.

I am godfather to one of Lady Dawdley's boys, and hers is the only house where I am allowed to smoke unmolested; but I have never been able to admire Dawdley, a sly *sournois*, spiritless, lily-livered fellow, that took his name off all his clubs the year he married. "I am sick of this squeamish English world," said I, in bitter scorn, as I sat in my lonely lodgings smoking Mary M'Alister's cigars: "a curse upon their affectations of propriety and silly obedience to the dictates of whimpering woman! I will away to some other country where thought is free, and honest men have their way. I will have no more of your rose-water passion, or cringing drawing-room tenderness. Pshaw! is George Fitz-Boodle to be bound up in the scented ringlets of a woman, or made to fetch and carry her reticule? No, I will go where women shall obey and not command me. I will be a Sheikh, and my wife shall cook my *couscons*, and dance before me, and light my *narghilé*. I will be a painted savage spearing the fish, and striking the deer, and my wife shall sing my great actions to me as I smoke my calumet in my lodge. Away! land of dowagers and milk-sops, Fitz-Boodle disowns you; he will wander to some other clime, where man is respected, and woman takes her proper rank in the creation, as the pretty, smiling slave she would be."

I received at this time, in an abrupt enclosure from my father, £120, being a quarter's income, and a polite intimation from Lady Fitz-Boodle, that as I had disappointed every one of my parents' expectations (*she* my parent! *faugh!*), I must never look to the slightest pecuniary aid from them. Such a sum would not enable me to travel across the Atlantic or to the shores of the Red Sea, as was my first intention; I determined, therefore, to visit a country where, if woman was still too foolishly worshipped, at least smoking was tolerated, and took my departure at the Tower Stairs for Rotterdam and the Rhine.

There were no accidents of the voyage worth recounting, nor am I so absurd as to attempt to give the reader an account of Holland or any other country. This memoir is purely personal: and relates rather to what I suffered than to what I saw. Not a word then about Cologne and the eleven thousand British virgins, whom a storm drove into that port, and who were condemned, as I am pleased to think, to a most merited death. Ah, Mary M'Alister! in my rage and fury I wished that there had been eleven thousand and one spinsters so destroyed. Ah! Minna Löwe, Jewess as thou wert, thou merited no better a fate than that which overtook those Christian damsels.

Minna Löwe was the daughter of Moses Löwe, banker at Bonn. I passed through the town last year, fifteen years after the event I am about to relate, and heard that Moses was imprisoned for forgery and fraudulent bankruptcy. He merited the punishment which the merciful Prussian law inflicted on him.

Minna was the most beautiful creature that

my eyes ever lighted on. Sneer not, ye Christian maidens; but the fact was so. I saw her for the first time seated at a window covered with golden vine-leaves, with grapes just turning to purple, and tendrils twisting in the most fantastic arabesques. The leaves cast a pretty chequered shadow over her sweet face, and the simple, thin, white muslin gown in which she was dressed. She had bare white arms, and a blue riband confined her little waist. She was knitting, as all German women do, whether of the Jewish sort or otherwise; and in the shadow of the room sat her sister, Emma, a powerful woman with a powerful voice. Emma was at the piano, singing, "Herr mein herr warun so tran-an-rig,"—singing much out of tune.

I had come to change one of Coutts's circulars at Löwe's bank, and was looking for the door of the caisse.

"Links, mein herr!" said Minna Löwe, making the gentlest inclination of her pretty little head; and blushing ever so little, and raising up tenderly a pair of heavy blue eyes, and then dropping them again, overcome by the sight of the stranger. And no wonder, I was a sight worth contemplating then—I had golden hair which fell gracefully over my shoulders, and a slim waist (where are you now slim waist and golden hair?), and a pair of brown mustachios that curled gracefully under a firm Roman nose, and a tuft to my chin that could not but vanquish *any* woman. "Links, mein herr," said lovely Minna Löwe.

That little word *links* dropped upon my wounded soul like balm. There is nothing in *links*; it is not a pretty word. Minna Löwe simply told me to turn to the left, when I was debating between that side and its opposite, in order to find the cash-room door. Any other person might have said *links* (or *rechts* for that matter), and would not have made the slightest impression upon me; but Minna's full red lips, as they let slip the monosyllable, wore a smile so tender, and uttered it in such inconceivable sweetness, that I was overcome at once. "Sweet bell!" I could have said, "tinkle that dulcet note for ever,—links, clinks, linx! I love the chime. It soothes and blesses me." All this I could have said, and much more, had I had my senses about me, and had I been a proficient in the German language; but I could not speak, both from ignorance and emotion. I blushed, stuttered, took off my cap, made an immensely foolish bow, and began forthwith fumbling at the door-handle.

The reason why I have introduced the name of this siren is to show that if tobacco in a former unlucky instance has proved my enemy, in the present case it was my firmest friend. I, the descendant of the Norman Fitz-Boodle, the relative of kings and emperors, might, but for tobacco, have married the daughter of Moses Löwe, the Jew forger and convict of Bonn. I would have done it; for I hold the man a slave who calculates in love, and who thinks about prudence when his heart is in

question. Men marry their cook-maids and the world looks down upon them. ["*Ne sit ancillæ amor pudori!*"] I exclaim with a notorious poet, if you heartily and entirely love your cook-maid, you are a fool and a coward not to wed her. What more can you want than to have your heart filled up? Can a duchess do more? You talk of the difference of rank and the decencies of society. Away, sir! love is divine, and knows not your paltry, worldly calculations. It is not love you worship, O heartless, silly calculator! it is the interest of thirty thousand pounds in the three per cents., and the blessing of a genteel mother-in-law in Harley Street, and the ineffable joy of snug dinners, and a butler behind your chair. Fool! love is eternal; butlers and mothers-in-law are perishable: you have but the enjoyment of your three per cents. for forty years; and *then*, what do they avail you? But if you believe that she whom you choose, and to whom your heart clings, is to be your soul's companion, not now merely, but for *ever and ever*; then what a paltry item of money or time has deterred you from your happiness, what a miserable penny-wise economist you have been!

And here, if, as a man of the world, I might be allowed to give advice to fathers and mothers of families, it would be this: young men fall in love with people of a lower rank, and they are not strong enough to resist the dread of disinheritance, or of the world's scorn, or of the cursed tyrant, gentility, and dare not marry the woman they love above all. But if prudence is strong, passion is strong too, and principle is not, and women (Heaven keep them!) are weak. We all know what happens then. Prudent papas and mammas say, "George will sow his wild oats soon, he will be tired of that odious woman one day, and we'll get a good marriage for him: meanwhile it is best to hush the matter up and pretend to know nothing about it." But suppose George does the only honest thing in his power, and marries the woman he loves above all; *then* what a cry you have from parents and guardians, what shrieks from aunts and sisters, what excommunications and disinheriting! "What a weak fool George is!" say his male friends in the clubs; and no hand of sympathy is held out to *Mrs. George*, who is never forgiven, but shunned like a plague, and sneered at by a relentless pharisaical world until death sets her free. As long as she is *unmarried*, avoid her if you will; but as soon as she is married,

go! be kind to her and comfort her, and pardon and forget, if you can! And lest some charitable people should declare that I am setting up here an apology for vice, let me here, and by way of precaution, flatly contradict them, and declare that I only would offer a *plea for marriage*.

But where has Minna Löwe been left during this page of disquisition? Blushing under the vine-leaves positively, whilst I was thanking my stars that she never became Mrs. George Fitz-Boodle. And yet who knows what thou mightst have become, Minna, had such a lot fallen to thee? She was too pretty and innocent-looking to have been by nature that artful, intriguing huzzy that education made her, and that my experience found her. The case was simply this, not a romantic one by any means.

At this very juncture, perhaps, it will be as well to pause, and leave the world to wait for a month until it learns the result of the loves of Minna Löwe and George Fitz-Boodle. I have other tales still more interesting in store; and though I have never written a line until now, I doubt not before long to have excited such a vast sympathy in my favour, that I shall become as popular as the oldest (I mean the handsomest and most popular) literary characters of this or any other age or country. Artists and print publishers, desirous of taking my portrait, may as well, therefore, begin sending in their proposals to Mr. Nickisson; nor shall I so much look to a high remuneration for sitting (egad! it is a frightful operation), as to a clever and skilful painter, who must likewise be a decently bred and companionable person.

Nor is it merely upon matters relating to myself (for egotism I hate, and the reader will remark that there is scarcely a single "I" in the foregoing pages) that I propose to speak. Next month, for instance (besides the continuation of my own and other people's memoirs), I shall acquaint the public with a discovery which is intensely interesting to all fathers of families: I have in my eye *three new professions* which a gentleman may follow with credit and profit, which are to this day unknown, and which, in the present difficult times, cannot fail to be eagerly seized upon.

Before submitting them to public competition, I will treat privately with parents and guardians, or with young men of good education and address; such only will suit.

G. S. F. B.

# PROFESSIONS BY GEORGE FITZ-BOODLE.

*Being Appeals to the Unemployed Sons of the Nobility.*

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## FIRST PROFESSION.

THE fair and honest proposition which I put forth at the end of my last (and first) appeal to the British public, and in which I offered to communicate privately with parents and guardians relative to three new and lucrative professions which I had discovered, has, I find from the publisher, elicited not one single inquiry from those personages, who I can't but think are very little careful of their children's welfare to allow such a chance to be thrown away. It is not for myself I speak, as my conscience proudly tells me; for though I actually gave up Ascot in order to be in the way should any father of a family be inclined to treat with me regarding my discoveries, yet I am grieved, not on my account, but on theirs, and for the wretched penny-wise policy that has held them back.

That they must feel an interest in my announcement is unquestionable. Look at the way in which the public prints of all parties have noticed my appearance in the character of a literary man! Putting aside my personal narrative, look at the offer I made to the nation,—a choice of no less than three new professions! Suppose I had invented as many new kinds of butcher's-meat; does any one pretend that the world, tired as it is of the perpetual recurrence of beef, mutton, veal, cold beef, cold veal, cold mutton, hashed ditto, would not have jumped eagerly at the delightful intelligence that their old, stale, stupid meals were about to be varied at last?

Of course people would have come forward. I should have had deputations from Mr. Giblets and the fashionable butchers of this world; petitions would have poured in from White-chapel salesman; the speculators panting to know the discovery; the cautious with stock in hand eager to bribe me to silence and prevent the certain depreciation of the goods which they already possessed. I should have dealt with them, not greedily or rapaciously, but on honest principles of fair barter. "Gentlemen," I should have said, or rather "Gents," which affectionate diminutive is, I am given to understand, at present much in use among commercial persons, "Gents, my researches, my genius, or my good fortune, have brought me to the valuable discovery about which you are come

to treat. Will you purchase it outright, or will you give the discoverer an honest share of the profits resulting from your speculation? My position in the world puts *me* out of the power of executing the vast plan I have formed, but 'twill be a certain fortune to him who engages in it; and why should not I, too, participate in that fortune?"

Such would have been my manner of dealing with the world, too, with regard to my discovery of the new professions. Does not the world want new professions? Are there not thousands of well-educated men panting, struggling, pushing, starving, in the old ones? Grim tenants of chambers looking out for attorneys who never come?—wretched physicians practising the stale joke of being called out of church until people no longer think fit even to laugh or to pity? Are there not hoary-headed midshipmen, antique ensigns growing mouldy upon fifty years' half-pay? Nay, are there not men who would pay anything to be employed rather than remain idle? But such is the glut of professionals, the horrible cut-throat competition among them, that there is no chance for one in a thousand, be he ever so willing, or brave, or clever: in the great ocean of life he makes a few strokes, and puffs, and sputters, and sinks, and the innumerable waves overwhelm him and he is heard of no more.

Walking to my banker's to-day—and I pledge my sacred honour this story is true—I met a young fellow whom I had known *attaché* to an embassy abroad, a young man of tolerable parts, unwearied patience, with some fortune too, and, moreover, allied to a noble Whig family, whose interest had procured him his appointment to the legation at Krähwinkel, where I knew him. He remained for ten years a diplomatic character: he was the working-man of the legation; he sent over the most diffuse translations of the German papers for the use of the Foreign Secretary; he signed passports with most astonishing ardour; he exiled himself for ten long years in a wretched German town, dancing attendance at court-balls and paying no end of money for uniforms. And for what? At the end of the ten years—during which period of labour he never received a single shilling from the government which employed him (rascally spendthrifts of a government, *va!*),—he was



offered the paid *attachéship* to the court of H. M. the King of the Mosquito Islands, and refused that appointment a week before the Whig Ministry retired. Then he knew that there was no further chance for him, and incontinently quitted the diplomatic service for ever, and I have no doubt will sell his uniform a bargain. The Government had *him* a bargain certainly; nor is he by any means the first person who has been sold at that price.

Well, my worthy friend met me in the street and informed me of these facts with a smiling countenance,—which I thought a masterpiece of diplomacy. Fortune had been belabouring and kicking him for ten whole years, and here he was grinning in my face: could Monsieur de Talleyrand have acted better? “I have given up diplomacy,” said Protocol, quite simply and good-humouredly, “for between you and me, my good fellow, it’s a very slow profession; sure perhaps, but slow. But though I gained no actual pecuniary remuneration in the service, I have learned all the languages in Europe, which will be invaluable to me in my new profession—the mercantile one—in which directly I looked out for a post I found one.”

“What! and a good pay?” said I.

“Why, no; that’s absurd, you know. No young men, strangers to business, are paid much to speak of. Besides, I don’t look to a paltry clerk’s pay. Some day, when thoroughly acquainted with the business (I shall learn it in about seven years), I shall go into a good house with my capital and become junior partner.”

“And meanwhile?”

“Meanwhile I conduct the foreign correspondence of the eminent house of Jam, Ram, and Johnson; and very heavy it is, I can tell you. From nine to six every day, except foreign post days, and then from nine till eleven.

Dirty dark court to sit; snobs to talk to,—great change, as you may fancy.”

“And you do all this for nothing?”

“I do it to learn the business.” And so saying Protocol gave me a knowing nod and went his way.

Good heavens! I thought, and is this a true story? Are there hundreds of young men in a similar situation at the present day, giving away the best years of their youth for the sake of a mere windy hope of something in old age, and dying before they come to the goal? In seven years he hopes to have a business, and then to have the pleasure of risking his money? He will be admitted into some great house as a particular favour, and three months after the house will fail. Has it not happened to a thousand of our acquaintance? I thought I would run after him and tell him about the new professions that I had invented.

“Oh! ay; those you wrote about in *Fraser’s Magazine*. Egad! George, Necessity makes strange fellows of us all. Who would ever have thought of you *spelling*, much more *writing*?”

“Never mind that. Will you, if I tell you of a new profession, that with a little cleverness and instruction from me, you may bring to a most successful end—will you, I say, make me a fair return?”

“My dear creature,” replied young Protocol, “what nonsense you talk! I saw that very humbug in the Magazine. You say you have made a great discovery—very good; you puff your discovery—very right! you ask money for it—nothing can be more reasonable; and then you say that you intend to make your discovery public in the next number of the Magazine. Do you think I will be such a fool as to give you money for a thing which I can have next month for nothing? Good-bye, George, my boy; the *next* discovery you make I’ll tell you how to get a better price for it;” and with this the fellow walked off, looking supremely knowing and clever.

This tale of the person I have called Protocol is not told without a purpose, you may be sure. In the first place, it shews what are the reasons that nobody has made application to me concerning the new professions, namely, because I have passed my word to make them known in this Magazine, which persons may have for the purchasing, stealing, borrowing, or hiring, and, therefore, they will never think of applying personally to me. And, secondly, his story proves also my assertion, viz., that all professions are most cruelly crowded at present, and that men will make the most absurd outlay and sacrifices for the smallest chance of success at some future period. Well, then, I will be a benefactor to my race, if I cannot be to one single member of it, whom I love better than most men. What I have discovered I will make known; there shall be no shilly-shallying work here, no circumlocution, no bottle-conjuring business. But oh! I wish for all our sakes that I had had an opportunity to impart the secret to one or two persons only; for, after all, but one or two can live in the manner I would suggest. And when the discovery is made known, I am sure ten thousand will try. The rascals! I can see their brass-plates gleaming over scores of doors. Competition will ruin my professions, as it has all others.

It must be premised that the two first professions are intended for gentlemen, and gentlemen only—men of birth and education. No others could support the parts which they will be called upon to play.

And, likewise, it must be honestly confessed that these professions have, to a certain degree, been exercised before. Do not cry out at this and say it is no discovery! I say it *is* a discovery. It is a discovery if I shew you—a gentleman—a profession which you may exercise without derogation or loss of standing, with certain profit, nay, possibly with honour, and of which until the reading of this present page you never thought but as of a calling beneath your rank and quite below your reach. Sir, I do not mean to say that I create a profession. I cannot create gold; but if, when

discovered, I find the means of putting it in your pocket, do I or do I not deserve credit?

I see you sneer contemptuously when I mention to you the word AUCTIONEER. "Is this all," you say, "that this fellow brags and prates about? An auctioneer, forsooth! he might as well have 'invented' chimney-sweeping!"

No such thing. A little boy of seven, be he ever so low of birth, can do this as well as you. Do you suppose that little stolen Master Montague made a better sweeper than the lowest-bred chummy that yearly commemorates his release? No, sir. And he might have been ever so much a genius or a gentleman, and not have been able to make his trade respectable.

But all such trades as can be rendered decent the aristocracy has adopted one by one. At first they followed their profession of arms, flouting all others as unworthy, and thinking it ungentlemanlike to know how to read or write. They did not go into the church in very early days till the money to be got from the church was strong enough to tempt them. It is but of later years that they have condescended to go to the bar, and since the same time only that we see some of them following trades. I know an English lord's son who is, or was, a wine-merchant (he may have been a bankrupt for what I know). As for bankers, several partners in banking-houses have four balls to their coronets, and I have no doubt that another sort of banking, viz., that practised by gentlemen who lend small sums of money upon deposited securities, will be one day followed by the noble order, so that they may have four balls on their coronets and carriages, and three in front of their shops.

Yes, the nobles come peoplewards as the people, on the other hand, rise and mingle with the nobles. With the *plebs*, of course, Fitz-Boodle, in whose veins flows the blood of a thousand kings, can have nothing to do; but, watching the progress of the world, 'tis impossible to deny that the good old days for our race are passed away. We want money still as much as ever we did; but we cannot go down from our castles with horse and sword and waylay fat merchants—no, no, confounded new policemen and the assize-courts prevent that. Younger brothers cannot be pages to noble houses, as of old they were, serving gentle dames without disgrace, handing my lord's rose-water to wash, or holding his stirrup as he mounted for the chase. A page, forsooth! A pretty figure would George Fitz-Boodle or any other man of fashion cut, in a jacket covered with sugar-loafed buttons and handing in penny-post notes on a silver tray. The *plebs* have robbed us of *that* trade among others, nor, I confess, do I much grudge them their *trouvaille*. Neither can we collect together a few scores of free lances, like honest Hugh Calverly in the Black Prince's time, or brave Harry Butler of Wallenstein's dragoons, and serve this or that prince, Peter the Cruel or Henry of Trastamare, Gustavus or the

Emperor, at our leisure; or, in default of service, fight and rob on our own gallant account, as the good gentlemen of old did. Alas! no. In South America or Texas, perhaps, a man might have a chance that way; but in the ancient world no man can fight except in the king's service (and a mighty bad service that is too), and the lowest European sovereign, were it Baldomero Espartero himself, would think of seizing the best-born Condottiere-chief that ever drew sword, and shooting him down like the vulgarest deserter.

What, then, is to be done? We must discover fresh fields of enterprise—of peaceful and commercial enterprise in a peaceful and commercial age. I say, then, that the auctioneer's pulpit has never yet been ascended by a scion of the aristocracy, and am prepared to prove that they might scale it, and do so with dignity and profit.

For the auctioneer's pulpit is just the peculiar place where a man of social refinement, of elegant wit, of polite perceptions, can bring his wit, his eloquence, his taste, and his experience of life, most delightfully into play. It is not like the bar, where the better and higher qualities of a man of fashion find no room for exercise. In defending John Jorrocks in an action of trespass, for cutting down a stick in Sam Snooks's field, what powers of mind do you require?—powers of mind, that is, which Mr. Serjeant Snorter, a butcher's son with a great loud voice, a sizer at Cambridge, a wrangler, and so forth, does not possess as well as yourself? Snorter has never been in decent society in his life. He thinks the bar-mess the most fashionable assemblage in Europe, and the jokes of "grand day" the *ne plus ultra* of wit. Snorter lives near Russell Square, eats beef and Yorkshire-pudding, is a judge of port-wine, is in all social respects your inferior. Well, it is ten to one but in the case of Snooks *v.* Jorrocks, before mentioned, he will be a better advocate than you; he knows the law of the case entirely, and better probably than you. He can speak long, loud, to the point, grammatically—more grammatically than you, no doubt, will condescend to do. In the case of Snooks *v.* Jorrocks he is all that can be desired. And so about dry disputes, respecting real property, he knows the law; and, beyond this, has no more need to be a gentleman than my body-servant has—who, by the way, from constant intercourse with the best society, *is* almost a gentleman. But this is apart from the question.

Now, in the matter of auctioneering, this, I apprehend, is not the case, and assert that a high-bred gentleman, with good powers of mind and speech, must, in such a profession, make a fortune. I do not mean in all auctioneering matters. I do not mean that such a person should be called upon to sell the goodwill of a public-house, or discourse about the value of the beer-barrels, or bar with pewter fittings, or the beauty of a trade doing a stroke of so many hogsheads a week. I do not ask

a gentleman to go down and sell pigs, ploughs, and cart-horses, at Stoke Pogis; or to enlarge at the Auction-Rooms, Wapping, upon the beauty of the "Lively Sally" schooner. These articles of commerce or use can be better appreciated by persons in a different rank of life to his.

But there are a thousand cases in which a gentleman only can do justice to the sale of objects which the necessity or convenience of the genteel world may require to change hands. All articles, properly called, of taste should be put under his charge. Pictures—he is a travelled man, has seen and judged the best galleries of Europe, and can speak of them as a common person cannot. For, mark you, you must have the confidence of your society, you must be able to be familiar with them, to plant a happy *mot* in a graceful manner, to appeal to my lord or the duchess in such a modest, easy, pleasant way as that her grace should not be hurt by your allusion to her—nay, amused (like the rest of the company) by the manner in which it was done.

What is more disgusting than the familiarity of a snob? What more loathsome than the swaggering quackery of some present holders of the hammer! There was a late sale, for instance, which made some noise in the world (I mean the late Lord Gimcrack's, at Dilberry Hill). Ah! what an opportunity was lost there! I declare solemnly that I believe, but for the absurd quackery and braggadocio of the advertisements, much more money would have been bid; people were kept away by the vulgar trumpeting of the auctioneer, and could not help thinking the things were worthless that were so outrageously lauded.

They say that sort of Bartholemew-fair advocacy (in which people are invited to an entertainmen' by the medium of a hoarse yelling beef-eater, twenty-four drums, and a jack-pudding turning head over heels) is absolutely necessary to excite the public attention. What an error! I say that the refined individual so accosted is more likely to close his ears and, shuddering, run away from the booth. Poor Horace Waddlepoodle! to think that thy gentle accumulation of *bric-a-brac* should have passed away in such a manner! by means of a man who brings down a butterfly with a blunderbuss, and talks of a pin's head through a speaking-trumpet! Why, the auctioneer's very voice was enough to crack the Sèvres porcelain and blow the lace into annihilation. Let it be remembered that I speak of the gentleman in his public character merely, meaning to insinuate nothing more than I would by stating that Lord Brougham speaks with a northern accent, or that the voice of Mr. Sheil is sometimes unpleasantly shrill.

Now the character I have formed to myself of a great auctioneer is this. I fancy him a man of first-rate and irreproachable birth and fashion. I fancy his person so agreeable that it must be a pleasure for ladies to behold and tailors to dress it. As a private man he must

move in the very best society, which will flock round his pulpit when he mounts it in his public calling. It will be a privilege for vulgar people to attend the hall where he lectures; and they will consider it an honour to be allowed to pay their money for articles the value of which is stamped by his high recommendation. Nor can such a person be a mere fribble, or any loose hanger-on of fashion imagine he may assume the character. The gentleman-auctioneer must be an artist above all, adoring his profession; and adoring it, what must he not know? He must have a good knowledge of the history and language of all nations; not the knowledge of the mere critical scholar, but of the lively and elegant man of the world. He will not commit the gross blunders of pronunciation that untravelled Englishmen perpetrate; he will not degrade his subject by coarse eulogy, or sicken his audience with vulgar banter. He will know where to apply praise and wit properly; he will have the tact only acquired in good society, and know where a joke is in place, and how far a compliment may go. He will not outrageously and indiscriminately laud all objects committed to his charge, for he knows the value of praise; that diamonds, could we have them by the bushel, would be used as coals; that, above all, he has a character of sincerity to support; that he is not merely the advocate of the person who employs him, but that the public is his client too, who honours him and confides in him. Ask him to sell a copy of Raffaele for an original; a trumpery modern Brussels counterfeit for real old Mechlin; some common French forged crockery for the old delightful, delicate, Dresden china; and he will quit you with scorn, or order his servant to show you the door of his study.

Study, by the way,—no, "study" is a vulgar word; every word is vulgar which a man uses to give the world an exaggerated notion of himself or his condition. When the wretched bagman, brought up to give evidence before Judge Coltman, was asked what his trade was, and replied that "he represented the house of Dobson and Hobson," he shewed himself to be a vulgar, mean-souled wretch, and was most properly reprimanded by his lordship. To be a bagman is to be humble, but not of necessity vulgar. Pomposity is vulgar, to ape a higher rank than your own is vulgar, for an ensign of militia to call himself captain is vulgar, or for a bagman to style himself the "representative" of Dobson and Hobson. The honest auctioneer, then, will not call his room his study; but his "private room," or his office, or whatever may be the phrase commonly used among auctioneers.

He will not for the same reason call himself (as once in a momentary feeling of pride and enthusiasm for the profession I thought he should)—he will not call himself an "advocate," but an auctioneer. There is no need to attempt to awe people by big titles, let each man bear his own name without shame. And

a very gentlemanlike and agreeable, though exceptional position (for it is clear that there cannot be more than two of the class) may the auctioneer occupy.

He must not sacrifice his honesty, then, either for his own sake or his clients', in any way, nor tell fibs about himself or them. He is by no means called upon to draw the long bow in their behalf; all that his office obliges him to do—and let us hope his disposition will lead him to do it also—is to take a favourable, kindly, philanthropic view of the world; to say what can fairly be said by a good-natured and ingenious man in praise of any article for which he is desirous to awaken public sympathy. And how readily and pleasantly may this be done! I will take upon myself, for instance, to write an eulogium upon So-and-So's last novel, which shall be every word of it true; and which work, though to some discontented spirits it might appear dull, may be shown to be really amusing and instructive—nay, *is* amusing and instructive to those who have the art of discovering where those precious qualities lie.

An auctioneer should have the organ of truth large; of imagination and comparison, considerable; of wit, great; of benevolence, excessively large.

And how happy might such a man be, and cause others to be! He should go through the world laughing, merry, observant, kind-hearted. He should love everything in the world, because his profession regards everything. With books of lighter literature (for I do not recommend the genteel auctioneer to meddle with heavy antiquarian and philological works) he should be elegantly conversant, being able to give a neat history of the author, a pretty sparkling kind criticism of the work, and an appropriate eulogium upon the binding, which would make those people read who never read before; or buy, at least, which is his first consideration. Of pictures we have already spoken. Of china, of jewellery, of gold-headed canes, valuable arms, picturesque antiquities, with what eloquent *entrainment* might he not speak! He feels every one of these things in his heart. He has all the tastes of all the fashionable world. Dr. Meyrick cannot be more enthusiastic about an old suit of armour than he; Sir Harris Nicolas not more eloquent regarding the gallant times in which it was worn, and the brave histories connected with it. He takes up a pearl necklace with as much delight as any beauty who was sighing to wear it round her own snowy throat, and hugs a china monster with as much joy as the oldest duchess could do. Nor must he affect these things; he must feel them. He is a glass in which all the tastes of fashion are reflected. He must be every one of the characters to whom he addresses himself—a genteel Goëthe or Shakspeare, a fashionable world-spirit.

How can a man be all this and not be a gentleman; and not have had an education in

the midst of the best company—an insight into the most delicate feelings, and wants, and usages? The pulpit oratory of such a man would be invaluable; people would flock to listen to him from far and near. He might out of a single teacup cause streams of world-philosophy to flow, which would be drank in by grateful thousands; and draw out of an old pincushion points of wit, morals, and experience, that would make a nation wise.

Look round, examine THE ANNALS OF AUCTIONS, as Mr. Robins remarks, and (with every respect for him and his brethren) say, is there in the profession SUCH A MAN? Do we want such a man? Is such a man likely or not likely to make an immense fortune? Can we get such a man except out of the very best society, and among the most favoured there?

Everybody answers "No!" I knew you would answer no. And now, gentlemen who have laughed at my pretension to discover a profession, say, have I not? I have laid my finger upon the spot where the social deficit exists. I have shewn that we labour under a want; and when the world wants, do we not know that A MAN WILL STEP FORTH to fill the vacant space that Fate has left for him? Pass we now to the

## SECOND PROFESSION.

THIS profession, too, is a great, lofty, and exceptional one, and discovered by me considering these things, and deeply musing upon the necessities of society. Nor let honourable gentlemen imagine that I am enabled to offer them in this profession, more than any other, a promise of what is called future glory, deathless fame, and so forth. All that I say is, that I can put young men in the way of making a comfortable livelihood, and leaving behind them, not a name, but what is better, a decent maintenance to their children. Fitz-Boodle is as good a name as any in England. General Fitz-Boodle, who, in Marlborough's time, and in conjunction with the famous Van Slaap, beat the French in the famous action of Visch-zouchee, near Mardyck, in Holland, on the 14th of February, 1709, is promised an immortality upon his tomb in Westminster Abbey; but he died of apoplexy, deucedly in debt, two years afterwards: and what after that is the use of a name?

No, no; the age of chivalry is past. Take the twenty-four first men who come into the club, and ask who they are, and how they made their money? There's Woolsey-Sackville, his father was Lord Chancellor, and sat on the woolsack, whence he took his title; his grandfather dealt in coal-sacks, and not in wool-sacks—small coal-sacks, dribbling out little supplies of black diamonds to the poor. Yonder comes Frank Leveson, in a huge broad-brimmed hat, his short cuffs turned up to his elbows. Leveson is as gentlemanly a fellow as the world contains, and if he has a fault, is perhaps too finikin. Well, you fancy



him related to the Sutherland family: nor, indeed, does honest Frank deny it; but *entre nous*, my good sir, his father was an attorney, and his grandfather a bailiff in Chancery Lane, bearing a name still older than that of Leveson, namely, Levy. So it is that this confounded equality grows and grows, and has laid the good old nobility by the heels. Look at that venerable Sir Charles Kitley, of Kitley Park; he is interested about the Ashantees, and has just come from Exeter Hall. Kitley discounted bills in the City in the year 1787, and gained his baronetcy by a loan to the French princes. All these points of history are perfectly well known; and do you fancy the world cares? Psha! Profession is no disgrace to a man; be what you like, provided you succeed. If Mr. Fauntleroy could come to life with a million of money, you and I would dine with him; you know we would: for why should we be better than our neighbours?<sup>1</sup>

Put, then, out of your head the idea that this or that profession is unworthy of you: take any that may bring you profit, and thank him who puts you in the way of being rich.

The profession I would urge (upon a person duly qualified to undertake it) has, I confess, at the first glance, something ridiculous about it; and will not appear to young ladies so romantic as the calling of a gallant soldier blazing with glory, gold lace, and vermilion coats; or a dear, delightful clergyman, with a sweet blue eye, and a pocket-handkerchief scented charmingly with lavender-water. The profession I allude to *will*, I own, be to young women disagreeable, to sober men trivial, to great stupid moralists unworthy.

But mark my words for it, that in the religious world (I have once or twice, by mistake no doubt, had the honour of dining in "serious" houses, and can vouch for the fact, that the dinners there are of excellent quality), in the serious world, in the great mercantile world, among the legal community (notorious feeders), in every house in town (except some half-a-dozen which can afford to do without such aid), the man I propose might speedily render himself indispensable.

Does the reader now begin to take? Have I hinted enough for him, that he may see with eagle glance the immense beauty of the profession I am about to unfold to him? We have all seen Gunter and Chevet; Fregoso, on the Puerta del Sol (a relation of the ex-Minister Calomarde), is a good purveyor enough for the benighted olla-eaters of Madrid; nor have I any fault to find with Guimard, a Frenchman, who has lately set up in the Piazzetta d'Espagna, at Naples, where he furnishes people with decent food. It has given me

pleasure, too, in walking about London—in the Strand, in Oxford Street, and elsewhere, to see fournisseurs and comestible-merchants newly set up. Messrs. Morell have good articles in their warehouses; Fortnum and Mason are known to most of my readers.

But what is not known, what is wanted, what is languished for in England, is a *dinner-master*,—a gentleman who is not a provider of meat or wine, like the parties before named, —who can have no earthly interest in the price of truffled turkeys or dry champagne beyond that legitimate interest which he may feel for his client, and which leads him to see that the latter is not cheated by his tradesmen. For the dinner-giver is almost naturally an ignorant man. How in mercy's name can Mr. Serjeant Snorter, who is all day at Westminster or in chambers, know possibly the mysteries, the delicacy, of dinner-giving? How can Alderman Pogson know anything beyond the fact that venison is good with currant-jelly, and that he likes lots of green fat with his turtle? Snorter knows law, Pogson is acquainted with the state of the tallow-market; but what should he know of eating, like you and me, who have given up our time to it? (I say *me* only familiarly, for I have only reached so far in the science as to know that I know nothing.) But men there are, gifted individuals, who have spent years of deep thought—not merely intervals, of labour, but hours of study every day—over the gormandizing science<sup>2</sup>—who, like alchemists, have let their fortunes go, guinea by guinea, into the all-devouring pot—who, ruined as they sometimes are, never get a guinea by chance but they will have a plate of peas in May with it, or a little feast of ortolans, or a piece of Gloster salmon, or one more flask from their favourite claret-bin.

It is not the ruined gastronomist that I would advise a person to select as his *table-master*; for the opportunities of speculation would be too great in a position of such confidence—such complete abandonment of one man to another. A ruined man would be making bargains with the tradesmen. They would offer to cash bills for him, or send him opportune presents of wine, which he could convert into money, or bribe him in one way or another. Let this be done, and the profession of table-master is ruined. Snorter and Pogson may almost as well order their own dinners, as be at the mercy of a "gastronomic agent" whose faith is not beyond all question.

A vulgar mind, in reply to these remarks regarding the gastronomical ignorance of Snorter and Pogson, might say, "True, these gentlemen know nothing of household economy, being occupied with other more important

<sup>1</sup> Henry Fauntley was a banker, who became very notorious for the exceptional forgeries he committed, for which he was hanged at Newgate on Nov. 30, 1824.

<sup>2</sup> The publisher has referred me to an essay in *Magazine* upon the subject of eating in Paris, by a person of the name of Tidmarsh, who may be a very worthy man for aught I know to the contrary; but has, with permission be it spoken, shewn a most lamentable vulgarity and ignorance in his writing. As for Nimrod's "*Cibaria*," the barbarity of them is quite amazing.—G. F. B.



business elsewhere. But what are their wives about? Lady Pogson in Harley Street has nothing earthly to do but to mind her poodle, and her mantua-maker and housekeeper's bills. Mrs. Snorter in Bedford Place, when she has taken her drive in the Park with the young ladies, may surely have time to attend to her husbands' guests and preside over the preparations of his kitchen, as she does worthily at his hospitable mahogany." To this I answer, that a man who expects a woman to understand the philosophy of dinner-giving, shews the strongest evidence of a low mind. He is unjust towards that lovely and delicate creature, woman, to suppose that she heartily understands and cares for what she eats and drinks. No; taken as a rule, women have no real appetites. They are children in the gormandising way; loving sugar, sops, tarts, trifles, apricot-creams, and such gewgaws. They would take a sip of Malmsey, and would drink currant-wine just as happily, if that accursed liquor were presented to them by the butler. Did you ever know a woman who could lay her fair hand upon her gentle heart and say on her conscience that she preferred dry sillery to sparkling champagne? Such a phenomenon does not exist. They are not made for eating and drinking; or, if they make a pretence to it, become downright odious. Nor can they, I am sure, witness the preparations of a really great repast without a certain jealousy. They grudge spending money (ask guards, coachmen, inn-waiters, whether this be not the case). They will give their all, heaven bless them! to serve a son, a grandson, or a dear relative, but they have not the heart to pay for small things magnificently. They are jealous of good dinners, and no wonder. I have shewn in a former discourse how they are jealous of smoking, and other personal enjoyments of the male. I say, then, that Lady Pogson or Mrs. Snorter can never conduct their husbands' table properly. Fancy either of them consenting to allow a calf to be stewed down into gravy for one dish, or a dozen hares to be sacrificed to a single *purée* of game, or the best Madeira to be used for a sauce, or half a dozen of champagne to boil a ham in. They will be for bringing a bottle of Marsala in place of the old particular, or for having the ham cooked in water. But of these matters—of kitchen philosophy—I have no practical or theoretic knowledge; and must beg pardon if, only understanding the goodness of a dish when cooked, I may have unconsciously made some blunder regarding the preparation.

Let it, then, be set down as an axiom, without further trouble of demonstration, that a woman is a bad dinner-caterer; either too great and simple for it, or too mean—I don't know which it is; and gentlemen, accordingly as they admire or condemn the sex, may settle that matter their own way. In brief, the

mental constitution of lovely woman is such that she cannot give a great dinner. It must be done by a man. It can't be done by an ordinary man, because he does not understand it. Vain fool! and he sends off to the pastrycook in Great Russell Street or Baker Street, he lays on a couple of extra waiters (green-grocers in the neighbourhood), he makes a great potter with his butler in the cellar, and fancies he has done the business.

*Bon Dieu!* Who has not been at those dinners?—those monstrous exhibitions of the pastrycook's art? Who does not know those made-dishes with the universal sauce to each fricandeaux, sweetbreads, damp, dumpy cutlets, &c., seasoned with the compound of grease, onions, bad port-wine, cayenne pepper, curry-powder (Warren's blacking, for what I know, but the taste is always the same)—there they lie in the old corner dishes, the poor wiry Moselle and sparkling Burgundy in the ice-coolers, and the old story of white and brown soup, turbot, little smelts, boiled turkey, saddle-of-mutton, and so forth? "Try a little of that fricandeau," says Mr.<sup>1</sup> Snorter, with a kind smile; "you'll find it, I think, very nice," be sure it has come in a green tray from Great Russell Street. "Mr. Fitz-Boodle, you have been in Germany," cries Snorter, knowingly; "taste the hock, and tell me what you think of *that*."

How should he know better, poor benighted creature; or she, dear good soul that she is? If they would have a leg-of-mutton and an apple-pudding, and a glass of sherry and port (or simple brandy-and-water called by its own name) after dinner, all would be very well; but they must shine, they must dine as their neighbours. There is no difference (as I have heard an excellent observer of human nature remark, the man who I don't care to own first opened my eyes to cookery)—there is no difference in the style of dinners in London; people with five hundred a year treat you exactly as those of five thousand. They *will* have their Moselle or hock, their fatal side-dishes brought in the green trays from the pastrycook's.

Well, there is no harm done; not as regards the dinner-givers at least, though the dinner-eaters may have to suffer somewhat; it only shews that the former are hospitably inclined, and wish to do the very best in their power,—good honest fellows! If they do wrong, how can they help it? they know no better.

And now, is it not as clear as the sun at noon-day, that A WANT exists in London for a superintendent of the table—a gastronomic agent—a dinner-master, as I have called him before? A man of such a profession would be a metropolitan-benefit: hundreds of thousands of people of the respectable sort, people in white waistcoats, would thank him daily. Calculate how many dinners are given in the City of London, and calculate the numbers of

<sup>1</sup> Though this appears as Mr. in the original, the apparent intention was to write Mrs.

benedictions that "the Agency" might win.

And as no doubt the observant man of the world has remarked, that the freeborn Englishman of the respectable class is, of all others, the most slavish and truckling to a lord: that there is no fly-blown peer but he is pleased to have him at his table, proud beyond measure to call him by his surname (without the lordly prefix); and that of those lords whom he does not know, he yet (the freeborn Englishman) takes care to have their pedigrees and ages by heart from his world-bible, the "peerage:" as this is an indisputable fact, and as it is in this particular class of Britons that our agent must look to find clients, I need not say it is necessary that the agent should be as high-born as possible, and that he should be able to tack, if possible, an honourable or some other handle to his respectable name. He must have it on his professional card—

**The Honourable George  
Gormand Guttleton,  
Apician Chambers, Pall Mall.**

Or,

**Sir Augustus Carver  
Cramley Cramley,  
Amphitryonic Council Office,  
Swallow Street.**

Or in some such neat way, Gothic letters on a large handsome crockeryware card, with possibly a gilt coat-of-arms and supporters, or the blood-red hand of baronetcy duly displayed; depend on it plenty of guineas will fall in it, and that Guttleton's supporters will support him comfortably enough.

For this profession is not like that of the auctioneer, which I take to be a far more noble one, because more varied and more truthful: but in the Agency case, a little humbug at least is necessary. A man cannot be a successful agent by the mere force of his simple merit or genius in eating and drinking. He must of necessity impose upon the vulgar to a certain degree. He must be of that rank which will lead them naturally to respect him, otherwise they might be led to jeer at his profession; but let a noble exercise it, and bless your soul, all the court-guide is dumb.

He will then give out in a manly and somewhat pompous address what has before been mentioned, namely, that he has seen the fatal

way in which the hospitality of England has been perverted hitherto, *accaparé*d by a few cooks with green trays. (He must use a good deal of French in his language, for that is considered very gentlemanlike by vulgar people.) He will take a set of chambers in Carlton Gardens, which will be richly though severely furnished, and the door of which will be opened by a French valet (he *must* be a Frenchman remember), who will say, on letting Mr. Snorter or Sir Benjamin Pogson in, that "*Milor* is at home." Pogson will then be shewn into a library furnished with massive book-cases containing all the works on cookery and wines (the titles of them) in all the known languages in the world. Any books, of course, will do, as you will have them handsomely bound, and keep them under plate-glass. On a side-table will be little sample-bottles of wines, a few truffes on a white porcelain saucer, a prodigious strawberry or two, perhaps, at the time when such fruit costs much money. On the book-case will be busts marked UDE, CARÈME, BÉCHAMEL, in marble (never mind what heads, of course); and, perhaps, on the clock should be a figure of the Prince of Condé's cook killing himself because the fish had not arrived in time: there may be a wreath of *immortels* on the figure to give it a more decidedly Frenchified air. The walls will be of a dark rich paper, hung round with neat gilt frames, containing plans of *menus* of various great dinners, those of Cambacérès, Napoleon, Louis XIV., Louis XVIII., Heliogabalus if you like, each signed by the respective cook.

After the stranger has looked about him at these things, which he does not understand in the least, especially the truffes which look like dirty potatoes, you will make your appearance, dressed in a dark dress with one handsome enormous gold chain, and one large diamond ring; a gold snuff-box, of course, which you will thrust into the visitor's paw before saying a word. You will be yourself a portly grave man, with your hair a little bald and grey. In fact, in this as in all other professions, you had best try to look as like Canning as you can.

When Pogson has done sneezing with the snuff, you will say to him, "Take a *fauteuil*; I have the honour of addressing Sir Benjamin Pogson I believe?" And then you will explain to him your system.

This, of course, must vary with every person you address. But let us lay down a few of the heads of a plan which may be useful, or may be modified infinitely, or may be cast aside altogether, just as circumstances dictate. After all I am not going to turn gastronomic agent, and speak only for the benefit perhaps of the very person who is reading this.

SYNOPSIS OF THE GASTRONOMIC AGENCY OF  
THE HONOURABLE GEORGE GUTTLETON.

THE Gastronomic Agent having traversed Europe, and dined with the best society of the

world, has been led naturally, as a patriot, to turn his thoughts homeward, and cannot but deplore the lamentable ignorance regarding gastronomy displayed in a country for which Nature has done almost every thing.

But it is ever singularly thus. Inherent ignorance belongs to man, and The Agent, in his Continental travels, has always remarked, that the countries most fertile in themselves were invariably worse tilled than those more barren. The Italians and the Spaniards leave their fields to Nature, as we leave our vegetables, fish, and meat. And, Heavens ! what richness do we fling away—what dormant qualities in our dishes do we disregard—what glorious gastronomic crops (if The Agent may be permitted the expression), what glorious gastronomic crops do we sacrifice, allowing our goodly meats and fishes to lie fallow ! “Chance,” it is said by an ingenious historian, who, having been long a secretary in the East India House, must certainly have had access to the best information upon Eastern matters, “Chance,” it is said by Mr. Charles Lamb, “which burnt down a Chinaman’s house, with a litter of sucking-pigs that were unable to escape from the interior, discovered to the world the excellence of ROAST-PIG.” Gunpowder, we know, was invented by a similar fortuity. [The reader will observe that my style in the supposed character of a Gastronomic Agent is purposely pompous and loud.] So, ’tis said, was printing,—so glass. We should have drunk our wine poisoned with the villanous odour of the borachio, had not some Eastern merchants, lighting their fires in the desert, marked the strange composition which now glitters on our sideboard, and holds the costly produce of our vines.

We have spoken of the natural riches of a country. Let the reader think but for one moment of the gastronomic wealth of our country of England, and he will be lost in thankful amazement as he watches the astonishing riches poured out upon us from Nature’s bounteous cornucopia ! Look at our fisheries !—the trout and salmon tossing in our brawling streams ; the white and full-breasted turbot struggling in the mariner’s net ; the purple lobster lured by hopes of greed into his basket-prison, which he quits only for the red ordeal of the pot. Look at whitebait, great Heavens !—look at whitebait, and a thousand frisking, glittering, silvery things besides, which the nymphs of our native streams bear kindly to the deities of our kitchens—our kitchens such as they are.

And though it may be said, that other countries produce the freckle-backed salmon and the dark broad-shouldered turbot ; though trout frequent many a stream besides those of England, and lobsters sprawl on other sands than ours ; yet, let it be remembered, that OUR NATIVE COUNTRY possesses those altogether, while other lands only know them separately : that, above all, whitebait is peculiarly our country’s,—OUR CITY’S own ! Blessings and

eternal praises be on it, and, of course, on brown bread and butter ! And the Briton should further remember, with honest pride and thankfulness, the situation of his capital, of London : the lordly turtle floats from the sea into the stream, and from the stream to the city ; the rapid fleets of all the world *se donnent rendezvous*, in the docks of our silvery Thames ; the produce of our coasts and provincial cities, east and west, is borne to us on the swift lines of lightning railroads. In a word,—and no man but one who, like The Agent, has travelled Europe over, can appreciate the gift—there is no city on earth’s surface SO WELL SUPPLIED WITH FISH as London !

With respect to our meats, all praise is supererogatory. Ask the wretched hunter of *chevreuil*, the poor devourer of *rehbraten*, what they think of the noble English haunch, that, after bounding in the Park of Knole or Windsor, exposes its magnificent flank upon some broad silver platter at our tables ? It is enough to say of foreign venison, that *they are obliged to lard it*. Away ! ours is the palm of roast ; whether of the crisp mutton that crops the thymy herbage of our downs, or the noble ox who revels on lush Althorpe oil-cakes. What game is like to ours ? Mans excels us in poultry, ’tis true ; but ’tis only in merry England that the partridge has a flavour, that the turkey can almost *se passer de truffes*, that the jolly juicy goose can be eaten as he deserves.

Our vegetables, moreover, surpass all comment : Art (by the means of glass) has wrung fruit out of the bosom of Nature, such as she grants to no other clime. And if we have no vineyards on our hills, we have gold to purchase their best produce. Nature, and enterprise that masters Nature, have done everything for our land.

But, with all these prodigious riches in our power, is it not painful to reflect how absurdly we employ them ? Can we say that we are in the habit of DINING WELL ? Alas, no ! and The Agent, roaming o’er foreign lands, and seeing how, with small means and great ingenuity and perseverance, great ends were effected, comes back sadly to his own country, whose wealth he sees absurdly wasted, whose energies are misdirected, and whose vast capabilities are allowed to lie idle. \* \* \* [Here should follow what I have only hinted at previously, a vivid and terrible picture of the degradation of our table.] \* \* \* O, for a master spirit, to give an impetus to the land, to see its great power directed in the right way, and its wealth not squandered or hidden, but nobly put out to interest and spent !

The Agent dares not hope to win that proud station—to be the destroyer of a barbarous system wallowing in abusive prodigality—to become a dietetic reformer—the Luther of the table.

But convinced of the wrongs which exist, he will do his humble endeavour to set them right, and to those who know that they are ignorant

(and this is a vast step to knowledge) he offers his counsel, his active co-operation, his frank and kindly sympathy. The Agent's qualifications are these :—

1. He is of one of the best families in England, and has in himself, or through his ancestors, been accustomed to good living for centuries. In the reign of Henry V., his maternal great-great-grandfather, Roger de Gobylton [*the name may be varied, of course, or the king's reign, or the dish invented*], was the first who discovered the method of roasting a peacock whole, with its tail-feathers displayed; and the dish was served to the two kings at Rouen. Sir Walter Cramley, in Elizabeth's reign, produced before her Majesty, when at Killingworth Castle, mackerel with the famous *gooseberry sauce*, &c.

2. He has, through life, devoted himself to no other study than that of the table, and has visited to that end the courts of all the monarchs of Europe: taking the receipts of the cooks, with whom he lives on terms of intimate friendship, often at an enormous expense to himself.

3. He has the same acquaintance with all the vintages of the Continent; having passed the autumn of 1811 (the comet year) on the great Weinberg of Johannisberg; being employed similarly at Bordeaux, in 1836; at Oporto, in 1822; and at Xeres de la Frontera, with his excellent friends, Duff, Gordon, and Co., the year after. He travelled to India and back in company with fourteen pipes of Madeira (on board of the *Samuel Snob*, East Indian, Captain Scuttler), and spent the vintage season in the island, with unlimited powers of observation granted to him by the great houses there.

4. He has attended Mr. Groves of Charing Cross, and Mr. Giblett of Bond Street, in a course of purchases of fish and meat; and is able at a glance to recognize the age of mutton, the primeness of beef, the firmness and freshness of fish of all kinds.

5. He has visited the Parks, the grouse-manors, and the principal gardens of England, in a similar professional point of view.

The Agent then, through his subordinates, engages to provide gentlemen who are about to give dinner-parties—

1. With cooks to dress the dinners; a list of which gentlemen he has by him, and will recommend none who are not worthy of the strictest confidence.

2. With a *menu* for the table, according to the price which the Amphitryon chooses to incur.

3. He will, through correspondences with the various fournisseurs of the metropolis, provide them with viands, fruit, wine, &c., sending to Paris, if need be, where he has a regular correspondence with Messrs. Chevet.

4. He has a list of dexterous table-waiters (all answering to the name of John for fear of mistakes, the butler's name to be settled ac-

cording to pleasure), and would strongly recommend that the servants of the house should be locked in the back-kitchen or servants' hall during the time that the dinner takes place.

5. He will receive and examine all the accounts of the fournisseurs,—of course pledging his honour as a gentleman not to receive one shilling of paltry gratification from the tradesmen he employs, but to see that their bills are more moderate, and their goods of better quality, than they would provide to any person of less experience than himself.

6. His fee for superintending a dinner will be five guineas: and The Agent entreats his clients to trust *entirely* to him and his subordinates for the arrangement of the repast,—*not to think* of inserting dishes of their own invention, or producing wine from their own cellars, as he engages to have it brought in the best order, and fit for immediate drinking. Should the Amphitryon, however, desire some particular dish or wine, he must consult The Agent, in the first case by writing, in the second, by sending a sample to The Agent's chambers. For it is manifest that the whole complexion of a dinner may be altered by the insertion of a single dish; and, therefore, parties will do well to mention their wishes on the first interview with The Agent. He cannot be called upon to recompose his bill of fare, except at great risk to the *ensemble* of the dinner and enormous inconvenience to himself.

7. The Agent will be at home for consultation from ten o'clock until two—earlier, if gentlemen who are engaged at early hours in the City desire to have an interview; and be it remembered that a *personal interview* is always the best: for it is greatly necessary to know not only the number but the character of the guests whom the Amphitryon proposes to entertain,—whether they are fond of any particular wine or dish, what is their state of health, rank, style, profession, &c.

8. At two o'clock, he will commence his rounds; for as the metropolis is wide, it is clear that he must be early in the field in some districts. From 2 till 3 he will be in Russell Square and the neighbourhood; 3 to 3½, Harley Street, Portland Place, Cavendish Square, and the environs; 3½ to 4½, Portman Square, Gloucester Place, Baker Street, &c.; 4½ to 5, the new district about Hyde Park Terrace; 5 to 5½, St. John's Wood and the Regent's Park. He will be in Grosvenor Square by 6, and in Belgrave Square, Pimlico, and its vicinity, by 7. Parties there are requested not to dine until 8 o'clock; and The Agent, once for all, peremptorily announces that he will NOT go to the palace, where it is utterly impossible to serve a good dinner.

#### TO TRADESMEN.

EVERY Monday evening during the season the Gastronomic Agent proposes to give a series of trial-dinners, to which the principal gourmands of the metropolis, and a few of The Agent's most respectable clients, will be invited. Covers will be laid for *ten* at nine o'clock precisely. And as The Agent does not propose to exact a

single shilling of profit from their bills, and as his recommendation will be of infinite value to them, the tradesmen he employs will furnish the weekly dinner gratis. Cooks will attend (who have acknowledged characters) upon the same terms. To save trouble, a book will be kept where butchers, poulterers, fishmongers, &c., may inscribe their names in order, taking it by turns to supply the trial-table. Wine-merchants will naturally compete every week promiscuously, sending what they consider their best samples, and leaving with the hall-porter tickets of the prices. Confectionery to be done out of the house. Fruiterers, market-men, as butchers and poulterers. The Agent's *maitre d'hôtel* will give a receipt to each individual for the articles he produces; and let all remember that The Agent is a *very keen judge*, and woe betide those who serve him or his clients ill!

GEORGE GORMAND GUTTLETON.

Carlton Gardens, June 10, 1842.

Here I have sketched out the heads of such an address as I conceive a gastronomic agent might put forth; and appeal pretty confidently to the British public regarding its merits and my own discovery. If this be not a profession—a new one—a feasible one—a lucrative one,—I don't know what is. Say that a man attends but fifteen dinners daily, that is seventy-five guineas, or five hundred and fifty pounds weekly, or fourteen thousand three hundred pounds for a season of six months: and how many of our younger sons have such a capital even? Let, then, some unemployed gentleman with the requisite qualifications come forward. It will not be necessary that he should have down<sup>t</sup> all that is stated in the prospectus; but, at any rate, let him *say* he has: there can't be much harm in an innocent fib of that sort; for the gastronomic agent must be a sort of dinner-pope, whose opinions cannot be supposed to err.

And as he really *will* be an excellent judge of eating and drinking, and will bring his whole mind to bear upon the question, and will speedily acquire an experience which no person out of the profession can possibly have; and as, moreover, he will be an honourable man, not practising upon his client in any way, or demanding sixpence beyond his just fee, the world will gain vastly by the coming forward of such a person,—gain in good dinners, and absolutely save money; for what is five guineas for a dinner of sixteen? The sum may be *gaspillé* by a cook-wench, or by one of those abominable before-named pastrycooks, with their green trays.

If any man take up the business, he will invite me, of course, to the Monday-dinners. Or does ingratitude go so far as that a man should forget the author of his good fortune? I believe it does. Turn we away from the sickening theme, and let us say a few words regarding my

### THIRD PROFESSION.

THE last profession is one in all respects inferior to the two preceding—is merely temporary, whereas they are for life; but has this

advantage, that it may be exercised by the vulgarest man in Europe, and requires not the least previous experience or education.

It is better, unluckily, for a foreigner than an Englishman; but the latter may easily adopt it, if he have any American relations, or if he choose to call himself a citizen of the great republic. In fact, this profession simply consists in being a *foreigner*.

You may be ever so illiterate and low-bred, and you are all the better for the profession. Your worst social qualities will stand you instead. You should to practise properly, be curious, talkative, abominably impudent, and forward. You should never be rebuffed because people turn their backs on you, but should attack them again and again; and depend upon it, if you are determined to know a man, he will end, out of mere weariness, by admitting you to his acquaintance.

Say that you have met a person once at a *café*, or tavern, and that you do not know one Englishman in the world (except the tradesmen in the nameless quarter where you were born), but this, some young fellow from college probably, who is spending his vacation abroad. Well, you know *this* man, and it is enough. Ask him at once for letters of introduction: say that you are a young American (for I presume that the reader is an Englishman, and this character he can therefore assume more readily than any other) wishing to travel, and ask him for letters to his family in England. He hums and ha's, and says he will send them. Nonsense! call the waiter to bring pens, ink, and paper; lay them laughingly before your friend; say that now is the best time, and almost certainly you will have the letters. He can't abuse you in the notes, because you are looking over his shoulder. The two or three first men upon whom you may make the attempt may say that you may go to the deuce, and threaten to kick you out of the room;—but 'tis against the chances, this sort of ferocity. Men are rather soft than spirited; and if they *be* spirited, you have only to wait until you find a soft one.

It will be as well, perhaps, while making the demand upon your friend in the *café*, to produce a series of letters directed to the Marquess of L—e, the Duke of D—, Mr. R—the poet, Mr. C. K—the eminent actor now retired, and other distinguished literary or fashionable persons, saying that your friends in America have already supplied you with these, but that you want chiefly introductions to *private families*, to see “the homes of England;” and as Englishmen respect lords (see the remarks in Profession II.), most likely your young *café* acquaintance will be dazzled by the sight of these addresses, and will give you letters the more willingly, saying to himself, “Who knows, egad! but that this American may get my sisters to L— House?” One way or the other, you will be sure to end

<sup>1</sup> Apparently intended for done.



ly having a letter—a real letter ; and as for those you have written, why, upon my honour, I do not think that you can do better than present some of them on the chance ; for the Duke and the Marquess receive so many people at their houses, that they cannot be expected to remember all their names. Write then, bravely, at once :—

TO HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF DORSET-  
SHIRE, K. G., LONDON.

TWENTY-ONE STREET, BOSTON.

May, 1842.

MY DEAR DUKE,—In the friendly hospitality which you exercised towards me on my last visit to London, I am fain to hope that you looked somewhat to my character as an individual, as well as to my quality as a citizen of the greatest country in the world : I, for my part, have always retained the warmest regard for you, and shall be happy to see you any time you come our way.

Assuming, I am sure justifiably, that your repeated assurances of regard were sincere (for I do not consider you as false, as I found the rest of the English nobility), I send, to be under your special protection whilst in London, my dear young friend, Nahum Hodge, distinguished among us as a patriot and a poet ; in the first of which capacities he burned several farm houses in Canada last fall, and, in the latter, has produced his celebrated work, “The Bellowsings of the Buffalo,” printed at Buffalo, New York, by Messrs. Bowil and Cutler, and which are far superior to any poems ever produced in the old country. Relying upon your acquaintance, I have put down your name, my dear Duke, as a subscriber for six copies, and will beg you to hand over to my young friend Nahum twelve dollars—the price.

He is a modest, retiring young man, as most of our young republicans are, and will want to be urged and pushed forward into good society. This, my dear fellow, I am sure you will do for me. Ask him as often as you can to dinner, and present him at the best houses you can in London. I have written to the Marquess of Sandown, reminding him of our acquaintance, and saying that you will vouch for the respectability of young Nahum, who will take the liberty of leaving his card at Sandown House. I do not wish that he should be presented at your court ; for I conceive that a republican ought not to sanctify by his presence any exhibition so degrading as that of the English *levée*.

Nahum Hodge will call on you at breakfast-time : I have told him that is the best hour to find yourself and the dear Duchess at home. Give my love to her and the children, and believe me, my dear friend,

Your Lordship's most faithful Servant,  
EBENEZER BROWN.

Such a letter as this will pretty surely get you admission to his Grace ; and of course you will be left to your own resources to make yourself comfortable in the house. Do not be rebuffed if the porter says, “Not at home ;” say, “You liveried varlet and slave ! do you pretend to lie in the face of a free-born American republican ? Take in that note, do you hear, or I'll wop you like one of my niggers !” Those fat, overfed men, who loll in porters' chairs, are generally timid, and your card will be sure to be received.

While a servant has gone up-stairs with it, walk into the library at once,<sup>1</sup> look at all the papers, the seals, the books on the table, the addresses of all the letters, examine the pic-

tures, and shout out, “Here, you fat porter, come and tell me who these tarnation people are !” The man will respectfully come to you ; and whatever be your fate with the family up-stairs—whether the Duke says he cannot see you, or that he knows nothing of you, at least you will have had an insight into his house and pictures, and may note down everything you see.

It is not probable he will say he knows nothing of you. He is too polite and kind-hearted for that—nay, possibly, may recall to his mind that he once *did* receive an American by the name of Brown. If he only says he cannot see you, of course you will call again till he does ; and be sure that the porter will never dare to shut the door on you.

You will call and call so often, that he will end by inviting you to a party. Meanwhile you will have had your evenings pretty well filled by invitations from the sisters of your friend, whom you met in the *café* at Paris,—agreeable girls—say their name is Smith, and they live in Montague Place, or near Blackheath. Be sure you tell them all that you know the Duke of Dorsetshire, that you have been with his Grace that morning and so on ; and not only good old Mr. Smith, but all his circle, will take care to invite you to as many dinners as you can possibly devour.

Your conduct at these repasts will be perfectly simple. Keep your eyes open, and do pretty much as you see other people do ; but never acknowledge you are in fault, if any one presumes to blame you. Eat peas with your knife ; and if gently taken to task about this habit by Smith (a worthy man, who takes an interest in his “son's friend”) say, “Well, General Jackson eats peas with *his* knife : and I a'n't proud. I guess General Jackson can wop any Englishman.” Say this sort of thing simply and unaffectedly, and you will be sure not to be pestered as to your mode of conveying your food to your mouth.

Take care at dinner not to admire anything ; on the contrary, if they bring you Madeira, saying,<sup>2</sup> “La bless you, taste *our* Madeira ! My father's got some that he gave fifty dollars a bottle for ; this here ain't fit to bile for puddns.” If there are ducks, ask every body if they have tasted canvass-backed ducks ; oysters, say the New York oyster will feed six men ; turtle, prefer tarapin ; and so on.

And don't fancy that because you are insolent and disagreeable, people will be shy of you in this country. Sir, they like to be bullied in England, as to be bullies when abroad. They like a man to sneer at their dinners ; it argues that you are in the habit of getting better. I have known the lowest bred men imaginable pass for fine fellows by following this simple rule. Remember through life that a man will always rather submit to insolence than resist it.

<sup>1</sup> Of course you will select a house that is not *entre cour et jardin*.

<sup>2</sup> It seems that “saying” is in error instead of *sax*.

Let this be your guide then, in your commerce with all ranks. You will dine, of course, with your friends about Russell Square and Greenwich, until such time as you can get a fair entry into the houses of greater people (by the way, you will find these much more shy of dinners, and more profuse with their tea-parties, than your humbler entertainers). But if you don't dine with them, you must keep up your credit in the only quarter of the town—*make believe* to dine with them. You can get a dinner for eightpence on those days, and figure in the evening party afterwards.

At the great parties, make up to that part of the room where the distinguished people are—not the great men of the land, but the wits, mark you—and begin talking with them at once; they will all respect you in their hearts, as they respect themselves, for being at such a grand house as that of His Grace the Duke of Dorsetshire.

The wits will, after a little, take you to the Wits' Club, the Muffinæum, where you will enter gratis as a distinguished foreigner. You can breakfast there for a shilling, have the run of the letter-paper, and will, of course, take care to date your letters from thence.

Mind, then, once put your foot into a great house, and your fortune in society is easily made. You have but to attack, people will rather yield than resist. I once knew a Kentucky man, who, hearing the Marquess of Carum Gorum, talking of the likelihood of grouse that year, interposed, "My Lord, it must be a wonderful sight for a stranger to see a grand meeting of the aristocrats of England, in the heathery hills of Scotia. What would I not give to behold such an exhibition?" The Marquess smiled, shrugged, and said, "Well sir, if you come north, you must give me a day;" and then turned on his heel. This was in March: on the fourteenth of August Kentuck appeared with a new shooting-jacket and a double-barrelled gun, got on credit, and stayed a fortnight at Mull House.

At last he sent in a letter, before breakfast one Sabbath morning, to Lord Carum Gorum, saying, that he knew he was trespassing beyond all measure upon his lordship's patience, but that he was a stranger in the land, his remittances from America had somehow been delayed, and the fact was, that there he was, waterlogged till they came.

Lord Carum Gorum enclosed him a ten-pound note in an envelope, with a notification that a gig would be ready for him after service; and Kentuck passed a very agreeable fortnight in Edinburgh, and published in the "Buffalo Hump" a brilliant account of his stay at the noble lord's castle.

Then, again, if you see a famous beauty, praise every one of her points outrageously in your letter to the "Buffalo Hump," as—

ON THE LADY EMILY X—,  
*Who left dancing, and came and talked to the poet  
at the déjanté at C— Lodge.*

Beneath the gold acacia buds  
My gentle Nora sits and broods,  
Far, far away in Boston woods—

My gentle Nora!

I see the tear-drop in her e'e,  
Her bosom's heaving tenderly;  
I know—I know she thinks of me,

My darling Nora!

And where am I? my love, whilst thou  
Sit'st sad beneath the acacia bough?  
Where pearl on neck, and wreath on brow,

I stand, my Nora!

In this strange scene of revelry,  
Amidst this gorgeous chivalry,  
A form I saw was like to thee,

My love—my Nora!

She paused amidst her converse glad;  
The lady saw that I was sad,  
She pitied the poor, lonely lad—

Dost love her, Nora?

In sooth, she is a lovely dame:

A lip of red, an eye of flame,  
And clustering, golden locks the same

As thine, dear Nora!

Oh! gentle breast, to pity me!

Oh! lovely Ladye Emily!

Till death—till death I'll think of thee,

Of thee and Nora!

This sort of thing addressed to a thin, shrivelled person of five-and-forty (and I declare it is as easy to write such verses as to smoke a cigar) will be sure to have its effect; and in this way you may live a couple of years in England very fashionably and well. By impudence you may go from one great house to another—by impudence you may get credit with all the fashionable tradesmen in London—by impudence you may find a publisher for your tour; and if with all this impudence you cannot manage to pick up a few guineas by the way, you are not the man I take you for.

And this is my last *profession*. In concluding the sketch, of which it is of course not necessary for me to say that the little character I have drawn out is not taken from any particular individual. No, on my honour, far from it; it is, rather, an agreeable compound of many individuals whom it has been our fortune to see here; and as for the story about the Marquess of Carum Gorum, it is, like the noble marquess himself, a fiction. It is a possibility, that is all—an embodiment of a good and feasible way of raising money. Perhaps gentlemen in America, where our periodicals are printed regularly, as I am given to understand, may find the speculation worth their while; and accordingly it is recommended to the Republican press.

To the discriminating press of this country how shall I express my obligations for the unanimous applause which hailed my first appearance. It is the more wonderful, as I pledge my sacred word I never wrote a document before much longer than a laundress's bill, or the acceptance of an invitation to dinner. But enough of this egotism: thanks for praise conferred sound like vanity; gratitude is hard to speak of, and at present it swells the full heart of

GEORGE SAVAGE FITZ-BOODLE.

## MISS LOWE.

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It has twice been my lot to leave Minna Löwe under the vine-leaves ; on one occasion to break off into a dissertation about marriage, which, to my surprise, nobody has pronounced to be immoral ; and, secondly, Minna was obliged to give place to that great essay on professions which appeared in July, and which enables me, as the Kelso Warder observes, "to take my place among the proudest and wisest of England's literary men." This praise is, to be sure, rather qualified ; and I beg leave to say once more that I am *not* a literary character in the least, but simply a younger brother of a good house wanting money.

Well, twice has Miss Minna Löwe been left. I was very nearly being off from her in the above sentence, but luckily paused in time ; for if anything were to occur in this paragraph, calling me away from her yet a third time, I should think it a solemn warning to discontinue her history, which is, I confess, neither very romantic in its details, nor very creditable to myself.

Let us take her where we left her in the June number of this magazine, gazing through a sunny cluster of vine-leaves upon a young and handsome stranger, of noble face and exquisite proportions, who was trying to find the door of her father's bank. That entrance being through her amiable directions discovered, I entered and found Messrs. Moses and Solomon Löwe in the counting-house. Herr Solomon being the son of Moses, and head-clerk or partner in the business. That I was cheated in my little matter of exchange stands to reason. A Jew banker (or such as I have ~~had~~ the honour to know) cannot forego the privilege of cheating ; no, if it be but for a shilling. What do I say,—a shilling?—a penny ! He will cheat you, in the first place, in the exchanging your note ; he will then cheat you in giving gold for your silver ; and though very likely he will invite you to a splendid repast afterwards that shall have cost him a score of thalers to procure, he will have had the satisfaction of robbing you of your *groschen*, as no doubt he would rob his own father or son.

Herr Moses Löwe must have been a very sharp Israelite, indeed, to rob Herr Solomon, or *vice versa*. The poor fellows are both in prison for a matter of forgery, as I heard last

year when passing through Bonn ; and I confess it was not without a little palpitation of the heart (it is a sausage-merchant's now) that I went and took one look at the house where I had first beheld the bright eyes of Minna Löwe.

For let them say as they will, that woman whom a man has once loved *cannot* be the same to him as another. Whenever one of my passions comes into a room, my cheeks flush, my knees tremble,—I look at her with pleased tenderness and (for the objects of my adoration do not once in forty times know their good fortune) with melancholy secret wonder. There they are, the same women and yet not the same ; it is the same nose and eyes, if you will, but not the same looks ; the same voice, but not the same sweet words as of old. The figure moves, and looks, and talks to you ; you know how dear and how different its speech and actions once were ; 'tis the hall with all the lights put out and the garlands dead (as I have said in one of my poems). Did you ever have a pocket-book that once contained five thousand pounds ? Did you ever look at that pocket-book with the money lying in it ? Do you remember how you respected and admired that pocket-book, investing it with a secret awe, imagining it had a superiority to other pocket-books ? I have such a pocket-book ; I keep it now, and often look at it rather tenderly. It cannot be as other portfolios are to me. I remember that it once held five thousand pounds.

Thus it is with love. I have empty pocket-books scattered all over Europe of this kind ; and I always go and look at them just for a moment, and the spirit flies back to days gone by ; kind eyes look at me as of yore, and echoes of old gentle voices fall tenderly upon the ear. Away ! to the true heart the past *never* is past ; and some day when death has cleared our full faculties, and past and future shall be rolled into one, we shall . . . .

Well, you were quite right, my good sir, to interrupt me, I can't help it, I am too apt to grow sentimental, and always on the most absurd pretexts. I never know when the fit will come on me, or *à propos* of what. I never was so jolly in my whole life as one day coming home from a funeral ; and once went to a masked ball at Paris, the gaiety of which

made me so profoundly miserable, that, egad ! I wept like Xerxes (wasn't that the fellow's name ?), and was sick—sick at heart. This premised, permit me, my friend, to indulge in sentiment *à propos* of Minna Löwe ; for, *corbleu!* for three weeks, at least, I adored the wench ; and could give any person curious that way a complete psychological history of the passion's rise, progress, and decay ;—decay, indeed, why do I say decay ? A man does not “decay” when he tumbles down a well, he drowns there ; so is love choked sometimes by abrupt conclusions, falls down wells, and, oh ! the dismal truth at the bottom of them.

“If, my lord,” said Herr Moses, counting out the gold fredericks to me, “you intend to shtay in our town, I hope my daughtersh and I will have shometimesh de pleashure of your high well-born shoshiety ?”

“The town is a most delightful one, Mr. Löwe,” answered I. “I am myself an Oxford man, and exceedingly interested about—ahem—about the Byzantine historians, of which I see the university is producing an edition ; and I shall make, I think, a considerable stay.” Heaven bless us ! 'twas Miss Minna's eyes that had done the business. But for them I should have slept at Coblenz that very night ; where, by the way, the *Hôtel de la Poste* is one of the very best inns in Europe.

A friend had accompanied me to Bonn,—a jolly dragoon, who was quite versed in the German language, having spent some time in the Austrian service before he joined us ; or in the “Awthtwian therivth,” as he would call it, with a double-distilled gentility of accent, very difficult to be acquired out of Regent Street. We had quarrelled already thrice on the passage from England—viz., at Rotterdam, at Cologne, and once here ; so that when he said he intended to go to Mayence, I at once proclaimed that I intended to stay where I was ; and with Miss Minna Löwe's image in my heart, went out and selected lodgings for myself as near as possible to her father's house. Wilder said I might go to—any place I liked ; he remained in his quarters at the hotel, as I found a couple of days afterwards, when I saw the fellow smoking at the gateway in the company of a score of Prussian officers, with whom he had made acquaintance.

I, for my part, have never been famous for that habit of extemporaneous friendship-making which some lucky fellows possess. Like most of my countrymen, when I enter a room I always take care to look about with an air as if I heartily despised every one, and wanted to know what the d——l they did there ! Among foreigners I feel this especially ; for the truth is, right or wrong, I can't help despising the rogues, and feeling manifestly my own superiority. In consequence of this amiable quality, then, in this particular instance of my life, I gave up the *table d'hôte* dinner at the Star as something low and ungentlemanlike, made a point of staring and not answering when people spoke to me, and

thus I have no doubt impressed all the world with a sense of my dignity. Instead of dining at the public place, then, I took my repasts alone ; though, as Wilder said with some justice, though with a good deal too much *laissez-aller* of tongue, “You gweat fool, if it'sh only becauth you want to be thilent, why don't you thtill dine with uth ? You'll get a wegular good dinner, inthtread of a bad one ; and ath for *thipeaking* to you, depend on it every man in the room will thee you hanged futht !”

“Pray allow me to dine in my own way, Wilder,” says I, in the most dignified way.

“Dine and be d——d !” said the lieutenant, and so I lived solitary and had my own way.

I proposed to take some German lessons ; and for this purpose asked the banker, Mr. Löwe, to introduce me to a master. He procured one, a gentleman of his own persuasion ; and further, had the kindness to say that his clerk, Mr. Hirsch, should come and sit with me every morning and perfect me in the tongue ; so that, with the master I had and the society I kept, I might look to acquire a very decent German pronunciation.

This Hirsch was a little Albino of a creature with pinkish eyes, white hair, flame-coloured whiskers, and earrings. His eyes jutted out enormously from his countenance, as did his two large swollen red lips, which had the true Israelitish coarseness. He was always, after a short time, in and out of my apartments. He brought a dozen messages and run as many errands for me in the course of the day. My way of addressing him was, “Hirsch, you scoundrel, get my boots !” “Hirsch, my Levite, brush my coat for me !” “Run, you stag of Israel, and put this letter in the post !” and with many similar compliments. The little rascal was, to do him justice, as willing as possible, never minded by what name I called him, and, above all,—came from Minna. He was not the rose ; no, indeed, nor anything like it ; but, as the poet says, “he had lived beside it ;” and was there in all Sharon such a rose as Minna Löwe ?

If I did not write with a moral purpose, and because my unfortunate example may act wholesomely upon other young men of fashion, and induce them to learn wisdom, I should not say a single syllable about Minna Löwe, nor all the blunders I committed, nor the humiliation I suffered. There is about a young Englishman of twenty a degree of easy self-confidence, hardly possessed even by a Frenchman. The latter swaggers and bullies about his superiority, taking all opportunities to shriek it in your ears and to proclaim the infinite merits of himself and his nation ; but, upon my word, the bragging of the Frenchman is not so conceited or intolerable as that calm, silent, contemptuous conceit of us young Britons, who think our superiority so well established that it is really not worth arguing upon, and who take upon us to despise thoroughly the whole world through which we

pass. We are hated on the Continent, they say, and no wonder. If any other nation were to attempt to domineer over us as we do over Europe, we should hate them as heartily and furiously as many a Frenchman and Italian does us.

Now when I went abroad I fancied myself one of the finest fellows under the sun. I patronized a banker's dinners as if I did him honour in eating them; I took my place before grave professors and celebrated men, and talked vapid nonsense to them in infamous French, laughing heartily in return at their own manner of pronouncing that language. I set down as a point beyond question that their customs were inferior to our own, and would not in the least scruple, in a calm way, to let my opinion be known. What an agreeable young fellow I must have been!

With these opinions and my pleasant way of expressing them, I would sit for hours by the side of lovely Minna Löwe, ridiculing, with much of that elegant satire for which the English are remarkable, every one of the customs of the country,—the dinners, with the absurd un-English pudding in the very midst of them; the dresses of the men, with their braided coats and great seal-rings. As for little Hirsch, he formed the constant subject of my railery with Mademoiselle Minna; and I gave it as my fixed opinion, that he was only fit to sell sealing-wax and oranges to the coaches in Piccadilly.

"O fons afez tant d'esprit, fons autres jeunes Anglais," would she say; and I said, "Oui, nous avons beaucoup d'esprit, beaucoup plus que les Allemands," with the utmost simplicity; and then would half close my eyes, and give her a look that I thought must kill her.

Shall I tell the result of our conversation? In conversation 1, Minna asked me if I did not think the tea remarkably good, with which she and her sister treated me. She said it came overland from China, that her papa's correspondent at Petersburg forwarded it to them, and that no such tea was to be had in Germany. On this I seriously believed the tea to be excellent; and next morning at breakfast little Hirsch walked smirking into my room, with a parcel of six pounds of congo, for which I had the honour of paying eighteen Prussian thalers, being two pounds fourteen shillings of our money.

The next time I called, Herr Moses insisted on regaling me with a glass of Cyprus wine. His brother Löwe of Constantinople was the only person in the world who possessed this precious liquor. Four days afterwards Löwe came to know how I liked the Cyprus wine which I had ordered, and would I like another dozen? On saying that I had not ordered any, that I did not like sweet wine, he answered, "*Pardon!*" it had been in my cellar three days, and he would send some excellent Médoc at a moderate price, and would take no refusal. A basket of Médoc came that very night in my absence, with a bill directed to the "High

Well-born Count von Fitz-Boodle." This excessive desire of the Löwe family to serve me made me relax my importunities somewhat. "Ah!" says Minna, with a sigh, the next time I saw her, "have we offended you, Herr George? You don't come to see us any more now!"

"I'll come to-morrow," says I; and she gave me a look and a smile which, oh!—"I am a fool, I know I am!" as the honourable member for Montrose said t'other day. And was not Sampson ditto? was not Hercules another? Next day she was seated at the vine leaves as I entered the court. She smiled, and then retreated. She had been on the look-out for me, I knew she had. She held out her little hand to me as I came into the room. Oh, how soft it was and how round! and with a little apricot-coloured glove that—that I have to this day! I had been arranging a little compliment as I came along, something quite new and killing. I had only the heart to say, "*Es ist sehr warm.*"

"Oh, Herr George!" says she; "*Lieber Herr George*, what a progress have you made in German! you speak it like a native!"

But somehow I preferred to continue the conversation in French; and it was made up, as I am bound to say, of remarks equally brilliant and appropriate with that one above given. When old Löwe came in I was winding a skein of silk, seated in an enticing attitude, gazing with all my soul at Delilah, who held down her beautiful eyes.

That day they did not sell me any bargains at all; and the next found me, you may be very sure, in the same parlour again, where in his *schlafrock*, the old Israelite was smoking his pipe.

"Get away, papa," said Minna; "English lords can't bear smoke. I'm sure Herr George dislikes it."

"Indeed, I smoke occasionally myself," answered your humble servant.

"Get his lordship a pipe, Minna, my soul's darling!" exclaimed the banker.

"Oh, yes! the beautiful long Turkish one," cried Minna, springing up, and presently returned, bearing a long cherry-stick covered with a scarlet and gold cloth, at one end an enamelled amber mouth-piece, a gilded pipe at the other. In she came dancing, wand in hand, and looking like a fairy!

"Stop!" she said; "I must light it for Herr George." (By Jupiter! there was a way that girl had of pronouncing my name, "George," which I never heard equalled before or since). And accordingly, bidding her sister get fire, she put herself in the prettiest attitude ever seen: with one little foot put forward, and her head thrown back, and a little hand holding the pipe-stick between finger and thumb, and a pair of red lips kissing the amber mouth-piece with the sweetest smile ever mortal saw. Her sister, giggling, lighted the tobacco, and presently you saw issuing from between those beautiful, smiling, red lips of



Minna's a little curling, graceful white smoke, which rose soaring up to the ceiling. I swear, I felt quite faint with the fragrance of it.

When the pipe was lighted she brought it to me with quite as pretty an attitude and a glance that—Psha! I gave old Moses Löwe fourteen pounds sterling for that pipe that very evening; and as for the mouth-piece, I would not part with it away from me, but I wrapped it up in a glove that I took from the table, and put both into my breast pocket; and next morning, when Charley Wilder burst suddenly into my room, he found me sitting up in bed in a green silk night-cap, a little apricot-coloured glove lying on the counterpane before me, your humble servant employed in mumbling the mouth-piece as if it were a bit of barley-sugar.

He stopped, stared, burst into a shriek of laughter, and made a rush at the glove on the counterpane; but, in a fury, I sent a large single-volumed Tom Moore (I am not a poetical man, but I must confess I was reading some passages in Lalla Rookh that I found applicable to my situation)—I sent, I say, a Tom Moore at his head, which, luckily, missed him; and to which he responded by seizing a bolster and thumping me outrageously. It was lucky that he was a good-natured fellow, and only resorted to that harmless weapon, for I was in such a fury that I certainly would have murdered him at the least insult.

I did not murder him then; but if he peached a single word upon the subject, I swore I would, and Wilder knew I was a man of my word. He was not unaware of my *tendre* for Minna Löwe, and was for passing some of his delicate light-dragon jokes upon it and her; but these, too, I sternly cut short.

"Why, cuth me, if I don't think you want to mawwy her!" blurted out Wilder.

"Well, sir," said I, "and suppose I do?"

"What! mawwy the daughter of that thwindling old clotheman? I tell you what, Fitz-Boodle, they alwayth thaid you were mad in the weg'ment, and, run me thwrough, if I don't think you are."

"The man," says I, "sir, who would address Mademoiselle Löwe in any but an honourable way is a scoundrel; and the man who says a word against her character is a liar!"

After a little further parley (which Wilder would not have continued but that he wanted to borrow money of me), that gentleman retired, declaring that, "I wath ath thulky ath a bear with a thaw head," and left me to my apricot-coloured glove and my amber mouth-piece.

Wilder's assertion that I was going to act up to opinions which I had always professed, and to marry Minna Löwe, certainly astounded me, and gave me occasion for thought. Marry the daughter of a Jew banker! I, George Fitz-Boodle! That would never do; not unless she had a million to her fortune, at least, and it was not probable that a humble dealer at Bonn could give her so much. But, marry her or not, I could not refrain from the sweet

pleasure of falling in love with her, and shut my eyes to the morrow that I might properly enjoy the day. Shortly after Wilder's departure little Hirsch paid his almost daily visit to me. I determined—and wondered that I had never thought of the scheme before—sagely to sound him regarding Minna's fortune, and to make use of him as my letter and message carrier.

"Ah, Hirsch! my lion of Judah!" says I, "you have brought me the pipe-stick have you?"

"Yes, my lord, and seven pounds of the tobacco you said you liked. 'Tis real Syrian, and a great bargain you get it, I promise."

"Egad!" replied I, affecting an air of much careless ingenuousness. "Do you know, Hirsch, my boy, that the youngest of the Miss Löwes—Miss Anna, I think you call her—"

"Minna," said Hirsch, with a grin.

"Well, Minna—Minna, Hirsch, is a devilish fine girl; upon my soul now, she is."

"Do you really think so?" says Hirsch.

"Pon my honour, I do. And yesterday, when she was lighting the pipe-stick, she looked so confoundedly handsome that I—I quite fell in love with her; really I did."

"Ho! Vell, you do our people great honour, I am sure," answered Hirsch.

"Father a warm man?"

"Varm! How do you mean, varm?"

"Why, *rich*. We call a rich man *warm* in England; only you don't understand the language. How much will he give his daughter?"

"Oh! very little. Not a week of your income, my lord," said Hirsch.

"Pooh, pooh! You always talk of me as if I'm rich; but I tell you I am poor—exceedingly poor."

"Go away vid you," said Hirsch, incredulously. "*You poor!* I wish I had a year of your income; that I do" (and I have no doubt he did, or of the revenue of any one else). "I'd be a rich man, and have the best house in Bonn."

"Are you so very poor yourself, Hirsch, that you talk in this way?" asked I.

To which the young Israelite replied, that he had not one dollar to rub against another; Mr. Löwe was a close man; and finally (upon my pressing the point, like a cunning dog as I was), that he would do anything to earn a little money.

"Hirsch," said I, like a wicked young reprobate and Don Juan, "will you carry a letter to Miss Minna Lowe?"

Now there was no earthly reason why I should have made a twopenny-postman of Mr. Hirsch. I might with just as much ease have given Minna the letter myself. I saw her daily, and for hours, and it would be hard if I could not find her for a minute alone, or at least slip a note into her glove or pocket-handkerchief, if secret the note must be. But, I don't care to own it, I was as ignorant of any love-making which requires mystery as any bishop on the

bench, and pitched upon Hirsch, as it were, because in comedies and romances that I had read the hero has always a go-between—a valet or humble follower—who performs the intrigue of the piece. So I asked Hirsch the above question, "Would he carry a letter to Miss Minnie Löwe?"

"Give it me," said he, with a grin.

But the deuce of it was, it was not written. Rosina, in the opera, has hers ready in her pocket, and says "Eccolo qua" when Figaro makes the same request, so I told Hirsch that I would get it ready. And a very hard task I found it too, in sitting down to compose the document. It shall be in verse, thought I, for Minna understands some English; but there is no rhyme to Minna, as everybody knows, except a cockney, who might make "thinner, dinner, winner," &c., answer to it. And as for Löwe it is just as bad. Then it became, as I thought, my painful duty to send her a note in French; and in French finally it was composed, and I blush now when I think of the nonsense and bad grammar it contained—the conceit above all. The easy vulgar assurance of victory with which I, a raw lad from the stupidest country in Europe, assailed one of the most beautiful women in the world!

Hirsch took the letter, and to bribe the fellow to silence, I agreed to purchase a great hideous amethyst brooch, which he had offered me a dozen times for sale, and which I had always refused till now. He said it had been graciously received, but as all the family were present in the evening when I called, of course no allusion could be made to the note; but I thought Minna looked particularly kind, as I sat and lost a couple of fredericks at *écarté* to a very stout Israelite lady, Madame Löwe, junior, the wife of Monsieur Solomon Löwe. I think it was on this night, or the next, that I was induced to purchase a bale of remarkably fine lawn for shirts, for old Löwe had everything to sell, as is not uncommon with men of his profession and persuasion; and had I expressed a fancy for a coffin or a hod of mortar, I have no doubt Hirsch would have had it at my door next morning.

I went on sending letters to Minna, copying them out of a useful little work called *Le Petit Secrétaire Français*, and easily adapting them to circumstances, by altering a phrase here and there. Day and night I used to dangle about the house. It was provoking, to be sure, that Minna was never alone now; her sister or Madame Solomon were always with her, and as they naturally spoke German, of which language I knew but few words, my evenings were spent in sighing, ogling, and saying nothing. I must have been a charming companion. One evening was pretty much like another. Four or five times in the week old Löwe would drop in and sell me a bargain. Berlin-iron chains and trinkets for my family at home, Naples soap, a case of *eau de Cologne*; a beautiful dressing-gown, lined with fur for the winter; a rifle, one of the famous Frankfort

make; a complete collection of the German classics; and finally, to my awful disgust, a set of the Byzantine historians.

I must tell you that, although my banking fund had furnished me with half a stone of Syrian tobacco from his brother at Constantinople, and though the most beautiful lips in the world had first taught me to smoke it, I discovered, after a few pipes of the weed, that it was not so much to my taste as that grown in the West Indies; and as his Havannah cigars were also not to my liking, I was compelled, not without some scruples of conscience at my infidelity, to procure my smoking supplies elsewhere.

And now I come to the fatal part of my story. Wilder, who was likewise an amateur of the weed, once came to my lodgings in the company of a tobacconist whom he patronized, and who brought several boxes and samples for inspection. Herr Rohr, which was the gentleman's name, sat down with us; his wares were very good, and—must I own it?—I thought it would be a very clever and prudent thing on my part to exchange some of my Syrian against his canaster and Havannahs. I vaunted the quality of the goods to him, and, going into the inner rooms, returned with a packet of the real Syrian. Herr Rohr looked at the parcel rather contemptuously, I thought.

"I have plenty of these goods in my shop," said he.

"Why, you don't thay tho," says Wilder, with a grin; "ith the weal wegular Thywian. My friend Fith-Boodle got it from hith bankerth, and no mithtake!"

"Was it from Mr. Löwe?" says Rohr, with another provoking sneer.

"Exactly. His brother Israel sent it from Constantinople."

"Bah!" says Rohr. "I sold this very tobacco, seven pounds of it, at fourteen groschen a pound, to Miss Minna Löwe and little Mr. Hirsch, who came express to my shop for it. Here's my seal," says Mr. Rohr. And sure enough he produced, from a very fat and dirty forefinger, a seal, which bore the engraving on the packet.

"You sold that to Miss Minna Löwe," groaned poor George Fitz-Boodle.

"Yes, and she bated me down half a gros in the price. Heaven help you, sir! she *always* makes the bargains for her father. There's something so pretty about her that we can't resist her."

"And do you thell wineth, too—Thyprouth and Médoc, hay?" continued the brute Wilder, enjoying the joke.

"No," answered Mr. Rohr, with another confounded sneer. "He makes those himself; but I *have* some very fine Médoc and Greek wine, if his high, well-born lordship would like a few dozen. Shall I send a panier?"

"Leave the room, sir!" here shouted I, in a voice of uncontrollable ferocity, and looking so wildly that little Rohr rushed away in a

fright, and Wilder burst into one of his demoniacal laughs again.

"Don't you thee," my good fwiend," continued he, "how wegarly thethe people have been doing you. I tell you their chawacterth are known all over the town. There'th not a thtudent in the place but can give you a hithtory of the family. Löwe ith an infarnal old uthuwer, and hith daughterth wegarular mantwaphth. At the thtar, where I dine with the officerth of the garrithon, you and Minna are a thtandard joke. Captain Heerpank wath caught himself for near six weekth; young Von Twommel wath removed by hith fwiends; old Colonel Blitz wath at one time tho nearly gone in love with the elder, that he would have had a divorce from his lady. Among the thtudentth the mania hath been juthth the thame. Whenever one wath worth plucking, Löwe uthed to have him to hith houthe and wob him, until at lath the wathcal'th chawacter became tho well known, that the thtudentth in a body have detherted him, and you will find that not one of them will dance with hith daughterth, handthome ath they are. Go down to Godesberg to-night and thee."

"I am going," answered I; "the young ladies asked me to drive down in their carriage;" and I flung myself back on the sofa and puffed away volumes of smoke, and tossed and tumbled the livelong day, with a horrible conviction that something of what Wilder had told me might be true, and with a vow to sacrifice, at least, one of the officers who had been laughing at me.

There they were, the scoundrels! in their cursed tight frock coats and hay-coloured mustachios, twirling round in the waltzes with the citizens' daughters, when, according to promise, I arrived with the Israelitish ladies at the garden at Godesberg, where dancing is carried on twice or thrice a week. There were the students, with their long pipes, and little caps, and long hair, tipping at the tables under the leaves, or dancing that absurd waltz which has always been the object of my contempt. The fact is, I am not a dancing man.

Students and officers, I thought, every eye was looking at me, as I entered the gardens with Miss Minna Löwe on my arm. Wilder tells me that I looked blue with rage, and as if I should cut the throat of any man I met.

We had driven down in old Löwe's landau, the old gentleman himself acting as coachman, with Mr. Hirsch in his best clothes by his side. In the carriage came Madam Solomon, in yellow satin; Miss Löwe, in light green (it is astonishing how persons of a light complexion will wear this detestable colour); Miss Minna was in white muslin, with a pair of black knit gloves on her beautiful arms, a pink riband round her delicate waist, and a pink scarf on her shoulders, for in those days—and the fashion exists still somewhat on the Rhine—it was the custom of ladies to dress them-

selves in what we call an evening costume for dinner-time; and so was the lovely Minna attired. As I sat by her on the back seat, I did not say one single word, I confess, but looked unutterable things, and forgot in her beauty all the suspicions of the morning. I hadn't asked her to waltz, for the fact is, I didn't know how to waltz (though I learned afterwards, as you will hear), and so only begged her hand for a quadrille.

We entered thus Mr. Blintzner's garden as I have described, the men staring at us, the lovely Minna on my arm. I ordered refreshments for the party; and we sat at a table near the boarded place where the people were dancing. No one came up to ask Minna to waltz, and I confess I was not sorry for it,—for I own to that dog-in-the-manger jealousy which is common to love,—no one came but poor little Hirsch, who had been absent to get sandwiches for the ladies, and came up making his bow just as I was asking Minna whether she would give no response to my letters. She looked surprised, looked at Hirsch, who looked at me, and laying his hand (rather familiarly) upon my arm, put the other paw to his great, red, blubber lips, as if enjoining silence, and, before a word, carries off Minna, and begins twisting her round in the waltz.

The little brute had assumed his best clothes for the occasion. He had a white hat and a pair of white gloves, a green satin stock, with profuse studs of jewels in his shirt; a yellow waistcoat, with one of pink cashmere underneath; very short nankeen trousers and striped white silk stockings; and a swallow-tailed, short-waisted, light brown coat, with brass buttons; the tails whirled in the wind as he and his partner spun round to a very quick waltz—not without agility, I confess, on the little scoundrel's part—and oh, with what incomparable grace on Minna's! The other waltzers cleared away, doubtless to look at her performance; but though such a reptile was below my jealousy, I felt that I should have preferred to the same music to kick the little beast round the circle rather than see his hand encircling such a waist as that.

They only made one or two turns, however, and came back. Minna was blushing very red, and very much agitated.

"Will you take one turn, Fraülein Lisa?" said the active Hirsch; and after a little to-do on the part of the elder sister, she got up and advanced to the dancing-place.

What was my surprise when the people again cleared off, and left the pair to perform alone! Hirsch and his partner enjoyed their waltz, however, and returned, looking as ill-humoured as possible. The band struck up presently a quadrille tune. I would not receive any of Minna's excuses. She did not wish to dance; she was faint—she had no *vis-à-vis*. "Hirsch," said I, with much courtesy, "take out Madam Solomon, and come and dance." We advanced—big Mrs. Solomon and Hirsch, Minna and I—Miss Lisa remain-

ing with her papa over the Rhine wine and sandwiches.

There were at least twenty couple, who were mustering to make a quadrille when we advanced. Minna blushed scarlet, and I felt her trembling on my arm; no doubt 'twas from joy at dancing with the fashionable young Englishman. Hirsch, with a low bow and a scrape, led Madam Solomon opposite us, and put himself in the fifth position. It was rather disgusting, certainly, for George Savage Fitz-Boodle to be dancing *vis-à-vis* with such an animal as that!

Mr. Hirsch clapped his hands, with a knowing air, to begin. I looked up from Minna (what I had been whispering to her must not be concealed—in fact, I had said so previously, *es ist sehr warm*; but I said it with an accent that must have gone to her heart),—when, I say, I looked up from her lovely face, I found that every one of the other couple had retired, and that we four were left to dance the quadrille by ourselves!

Yes, by Heavens, it was so! Minna, from being scarlet, turned ghastly pale, and would have fallen back had I not encircled her with my arm.

"I'm ill," said she; "let me go back to my father."

"You *must* dance," said I, and held up my clenched fist at Hirsch, who I thought would have moved off too, on which the little fellow was compelled to stop. And so we four went through the quadrille.

The first figure seemed to me to last a hundred thousand years. I don't know how Minna did not fall down and faint; but gathering courage all of a sudden, and throwing a quick, fierce look round about her, as if in defiance, and a look which made my little angel for a moment look like a little demon, she went through the dance with as much gracefulness as a duchess. As for me,—at first the whole air seemed to be peopled with grinning faces, and I moved about almost choked with rage and passion. Then gradually the film of fury wore off, and I became wonderfully calm—nay, had the leisure to look at Monsieur Hirsch, who performed all the steps with wonderful accuracy; and at every one of the faces round about it, officers, students, and citizens. None of the gentlemen, probably, liked my face,—for theirs wore, as I looked at them, a very grave and demure expression. But as Minna was dancing, I heard a voice behind her cry, sneeringly, "Brava!" I turned quickly round, and caught the speaker. He turned very red, and so betrayed himself. Our eyes met,—it was a settled thing. There was no need of any further arrangement, and it was then, as I have said, that the film cleared off; and I have to thank Captain Heerpank for getting through the quadrille without an apoplexy.

"Did you hear that—that voice, Herr George?" said Miss Minna, looking beseech-

ingly in my face, and trembling on my arm, as I led her back to her father. Poor soul! I saw it all at once. She loved me—I knew she did, and trembled lest I should run into any danger. I stuttered, stammered, vowed I did not hear it; at the same time swearing inwardly an oath of the largest dimensions, that I would cut the throat whence that "Brava" issued. I left my lady for a moment, and, finding Wilder out, pointed the man to him.

"Oh, Heerpank," says he; "what do you want with him?"

"Charley," says I, with much heroism and fervity, "*I want to shoot him*; just tell him so." And when, on demurring, I swore I would go and pull the captain's nose on the ground, Wilder agreed to settle the business for me; and I returned to our party.

It was quite clear that we could not stay long in the gardens. Löwe's carriage was not to come for an hour yet; for the banker would not expend money in stabling his horses at the inn, and had accordingly sent them back to Bonn. What should we do? There is a ruined castle at Godesberg, which looks down upon the fair green plain of the Rhine, where Mr. Blintzner's house stands (and let the reader be thankful that I don't give a description of scenery here): there is, I say, a castle at Godesberg. "*Explorons le shatto*," said I; which elegant French Hirsch translated; and this suggestion was adopted by the five Israelites, to the fairest of whom I offered my arm. The lovely Minna took it, and away we went; Wilder, who was standing at the gate, giving me a nod, to say all was right. I saw him presently strolling up the hill after me, with a Prussian officer, with whom he was talking. Old Löwe was with his daughter, and as the old banker was infirm, the pair walked but slowly. Monsieur Hirsch had given his arm to Madam Solomon. She was a fat woman; the consequence was, that Minna and I were soon considerably ahead of the rest of the party, and were ascending the hill alone. I said several things to her, such as only lovers say. "*Com il fay bo issy*," says I, in the most insinuating way. No answer. "*Es ist etwas kalt*," even I continued, admirably varying my phrase. She did not speak; she was agitated by the events of the evening, and no wonder.

That fair round arm resting on mine,—that lovely creature walking by my side in the calm moonlight,—the silver Rhine flashing before us, with Drachenfels, and the Seven Mountains rising clear in the distance,—the music of the dance coming up to us from the plain below,—the path winding every now and then into the darkest foliage, and the next moment giving us rich views of the moonlit river and plain below. Could any man but feel the influence of a scene so exquisitely lovely?

"Minna," says I, as she wouldn't speak,—  
"Minna, I love you; you have known it long,



long ago, I know you have. Nay, do not withdraw your hand; your heart has spoken for me. Be mine, then!" and taking her hand, I kissed it rapturously, and should have proceeded to her cheek, no doubt, when—she gave me a swinging box on the ear, started back, and incontinently fell a-screaming as loudly as any woman ever did.

"Minna, Minna!" I heard the voice of that cursed Hirsch shouting, "Minna, *meine gattin!*" and he rushed up the hill; and Minna flung herself in his arms, crying, "Lorenzo, my husband, save me!"

The Löwe family, Wilder and his friend, came hurrying up the hill at the same time; and we formed what in the theatres they call a tableau.

"You coward!" says Minna, her eyes flashing fire, "who could see a woman insulted, and never defend her?"

"You coward!" roared Hirsch; "coward as well as profligate! You communicated to me your lawless love for this angel,—to me, her affianced husband; and you had the audacity to send her letters, not one of which, so help me Heaven, has ever been received. Yes, you will laugh at Jews,—will you, you brutal Englishman? You will insult our people—will you, you stupid islander? Psha! I spit upon you!" and here Monsieur Hirsch snapped his fingers in my face, holding Minna at the same time round the waist, who thus became the little monster's buckler.

\* \* \* \*

They presently walked away, and left me in a pleasant condition. I was actually going to fight a duel on the morrow for the sake of this fury, and it appeared she had flung me off for cowardice. I had allowed myself to be swindled by her father, and insulted by her filthy little bridegroom, and for what? All the consolation I got from Wilder was;—"I told you tho my boy, but you wouldn't lithn, you gweat thoopid, blundewing ignowamuth; and now I shall have to see you shot and buried to-morrow; and I dare thay you won't even remember me in your will. Captain Schläger," continued he, presenting me to his companion, "Mr. Fitz-Boodle; the Captain acts for Heerpank in the morning, and we were just talking matters over when Webecca yonder quied out, and we found her in the armth of Bwian de Bois Guilbert here."

Captain Schläger was a little, social, good-humoured man, with a mustachio of a straw and silver mixed, and a brilliant purple sabrecut across a rose-coloured nose. He had the iron cross at his button-hole, and looked, as he was, a fierce little fighter. But he was too kind-hearted to allow of two boys needlessly cutting each other's throats; and much to the disappointment of Wilder, doubtless, who had been my second in the Martingale affair, and enjoyed no better sport, he said, in English, laughing, "Vell, make your mint easy, my goot young man, I tink you af got into enough sgrabes about dis tam Shewess; and dat you

and Heerpank haf no need to blow each other's brains off."

"Ath for Fitth apologithing," burst out Wilder, "that' th out of the quethtion. He gave the challenge, you know; and how the dooth ith he to apologithe now?"

"He gave the challenge and you took it, and you are de greatest fool of de two. I say the two young men shall not fight;" and then the honest Captain entered into a history of the worthy family of Israel, which would have saved me, at least, fifty pounds had I known it sooner. It did not differ in substance from what Rohr and Wilder had both told me in the morning. The venerable Löwe was a great thief and extortioner; the daughters were employed as decoy-ducks, in the first place, for the university and the garrison, and afterwards for young strangers, such as my wise self, who visited the place. There was some very sad story about the elder Miss Löwe, and a tutor from St. John's College, Cambridge, who came to Bonn on a reading tour; but I am not at liberty to set down here the particulars. And with regard to Minna, there was a still more dismal history. A fine, handsome young student, the pride of the university, had first ruined himself through the offices of the father, and then shot himself for love of the daughter; from which time the whole town had put the family into Coventry; nor had they appeared for two years in public until upon the present occasion with me. As for Monsieur Hirsch, he did not care. He was of a rich Frankfort family of the peoples, serving his apprenticeship with Löwe, a cousin, and the destined husband of the younger daughter. He traded as much as he could on his own account, and would run upon any errand, and buy or sell anything for a consideration. And so, instead of fighting Captain Heerpank, I agreed willingly enough to go back to the hotel at Godesberg, and shake hands with that officer. The reconciliation, or rather, the acquaintance between us, was effected over a bottle of wine, at Mr. Blintzner's hotel; and we rode comfortably back in a drosky together to Bonn, where the friendship was still more closely cemented by a supper. At the close of the repast, Heerpank made a speech of England, fatherland, and German truth and love, and kindly saluted me with a kiss, which is at any lady's service who peruses this little narrative.

As for Mr. Hirsch, it must be confessed, to my shame, that the next morning a gentleman having the air of an old clothesman off duty presented me with an envelope, containing six letters of my composition addressed to Miss Minna Löwe (among them was a little poem in English, which has since called tears from the eyes of more than one lovely girl); and, furthermore, a letter from himself, in which he, Baron Hirsch, of Hirschenwald (the scoundrel, like my friend Wilder, purchased his title in the "Awthtwian Thervith")—in which he, I say, Baron Hirsch, of Hirschenwald, challenges



me for insulting Miss Minna Löwe, or demanded an apology.

This, I said Mr. Hirsch might have when-  
ever he chose to come and fetch it, pointing to  
a horsewhip which lay in a corner ; but that  
he must come early, as I proposed to quit  
Bonn the next morning. The baron's friend,  
hearing this, asked whether I would like some  
remarkably fine cigars for my excursion, which  
he could give me a great bargain? He was  
then shewn to the door by my body-servant ;  
nor did Hirsch von Hirschenwald come for the  
apology.

Twice every year, however, I get a letter from

him, dated Frankfort, and proposing to make  
me a present of a splendid palace in Austria  
or Bohemia, or 200,000 florins should I prefer  
money. I saw his lady at Frankfort only last  
year, in a front box at the theatre, loaded with  
diamonds, and at least sixteen stone in weight.

Ah ! Minna, Minna ! thou mayest grow to  
be as ugly as sin, and as fat as Daniel Lambert,  
but I have the amber mouth-piece still, and,  
swear that the prettiest lips in Jewry have  
kissed it !

The M.S. here concludes with a rude design  
of a young lady smoking a pipe.

## DOROTHEA.

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THE reason why my Memoirs have not been continued with that regularity which, I believe, is considered requisite by professional persons, in order to secure the success of their work, is a very simple one—I have been otherwise engaged; and as I do not care one straw whether the public do or do not like my speculations (heartily pitying, and at the same time despising, those poor devils who write under different circumstances)—as I say, I was in Scotland shooting grouse for some time past, coming home deucedly tired of evenings, which I devoted to a cigar and a glass of toddy, it was quite impossible to satisfy the curiosity of the public. I bagged 1114 brace of grouse in sixty days, besides dancing in kilt before her M——y at Bl——r Ath——l. By the way, when Mr. F——x M——le gives away cairngorums, he may as well say *whose property* they are. I lent the man the very stone out of a snuff-mull with which Charles Edward complimented my great-great-aunt, Flora Mac Whirter.

The worthy publisher sent me down his Magazine to Dunkeld (a good deal of it will be found in wadding over the moors, and perhaps in the birds which I sent him), and, at the same time, he despatched some critiques, both epistolary and newspaperaceous, upon the former chapter of my Memoirs. The most indignant of the manuscript critiques came from a member of the Hebrew persuasion. And what do you think is the opinion of this Lion of Judah? Simply that George Savage Fitz-Boodle is a false name, assumed by some coward, whose intention it is to insult the Jewish religion! Can my Hebrew critic say that a Hebrew banker never cheated in matters of exchange, or that a Hebrew was never guilty of a roguery? If so, what was the gold-dust robbery, and why is Ikey Solomons at Botany Bay? No; the Lion of Judah may be a good lion, but he is a deucedly bad arguer,—nay, he is a bad lion, he roars before he is hurt. Be calm, thou red-maned desert-roarer, the arrows of Fitz-Boodle have no poison at their tip, and are shot only in play.

I never wished to attack the Jewish nation, far from it, I have three bills now out; nor is he right in saying that I have made a dastardly statement, which I have given under a false name; just the contrary, my name is, as

everybody knows, my real name,—it is the *statement* which is false, and I confess there is not one word of truth in it—I never knew, to my knowledge, any Hirsche or Löwe in my life; I never was with Minna Löwe; the adventures never did occur at Bonn. Is my friend now satisfied? Let him remember, in the first place, that the tale is related of individuals, and not of his people at large; and in the second place, that the statement is not true. If *that* won't satisfy him, what will? Rabbi, let us part in peace! Neither thee nor thy like would George Fitz-Boodle ever willingly harm—neither thee nor any bearded or unbearded man. If there be no worse rogues in Jewry, the people is more lucky than the rest of the world, and the fact is good to be known.

And now for the second objections. They are now mainly of one kind—most of the journalists, from whose works pleasing extracts have been made, concurring in stating, that the last paper, which the Hebrew thought so dangerous, was, what is worse still, exceedingly stupid.

This disgusting unanimity of sentiment at first annoyed me a good deal, for I was pained to think that success so soon bred envy, and that the members of the British press could not bear to see an amateur enter the lists with them, and carry off laurels for which they had been striving long years in vain. Is there no honesty left in the world, I thought? And the thought gave me extreme pain, for, though (as in the Hebrew case above mentioned) I love occasionally to disport with the follies and expose the vices of individuals, to attribute envy to a whole class is extremely disagreeable to one whose feelings are more than ordinarily benevolent and pure.

An idea here struck me. I said to myself, “Fitz-Boodle! perhaps the paper *is* stupid, and the critics are right.” I read the paper; I found that it *was* abominably stupid, and, as I fell asleep over it, an immense repose and calm came over my mind, and I woke reconciled with human nature.

Let authors consider this above fact well, and draw their profit from it. I have met with many men, who, like myself, fancy themselves the victims of a conspiracy—martyrs; but, in the long run, the world and the critics of now-

adays are generally right; they praise too much, perhaps, they puff a small reputation into a huge one, but they do not neglect much that is good; and, if literary gentlemen would but bear this truth in mind, what a deal of pain and trouble might they spare themselves! There would be no despair, ill-humour, no quarrelling with their fellow-creatures, nor jaundiced moody looks upon nature and the world. Instead of crying the world is wicked—all men are bad, is it not wiser, my brethren, to say, "I am an ass?" let me be content to know that, nor anathematise universal mankind for not believing in me. It is a well-known fact, that no natural man can see the length of his own ears; it is only the glass—the reflection that shows them to him. Let the critics be your glass, I am content to believe that they are pretty honest, that they are not actuated by personal motives of hatred in falling foul of me and others; and this being premised, I resume the narration of my adventures. If *this* chapter don't please them, they *must*, indeed, be very hard to amuse.

Beyond sparring and cricket, I do not recollect I learned anything useful at Slaughter House School, where I was educated (according to an old family tradition, which sends particular generations of gentlemen to particular schools in the kingdom; and such is the force of habit, that, though I hate the place, I shall send my own son thither too, should I marry any day). I say I learned little that was useful at Slaughter House, and nothing that was ornamental. I would as soon have thought of learning to dance as of learning to climb chimneys. Up to the age of seventeen, as I have shewn, I had a great contempt for the female race, and when age brought with it warmer and juster sentiments, where was I?—I could no more dance nor prattle to a young girl than a young bear could. I have seen the ugliest, little, low-bred wretches, carrying off young and lovely creatures, twirling with them in waltzes, whispering between their glossy curls in quadrilles, simpering, with perfect equanimity, and cutting *pas* in that abominable cavalier *seul*, until my soul grew sick with fury. In a word, I determined to learn to dance.

But such things are hard to be acquired late in life, when the bones and the habits of a man are formed. Look at a man in a hunting field who has not been taught to ride as a boy. All the pluck and courage in the world will not make the man of him that I am, or as any man who has had the advantages of early education in the field.

In the same way with dancing. Though I went to work with immense energy, both in Brewer Street, Golden Square (with an advertising fellow), and afterwards with old Coulon at Paris, I never was able to be *easy* in dancing; and though little Coulon instructed me in a smile, it was a cursed forced one, that looked like the grin of a person in extreme agony. I once caught sight of it in a glass, and have hardly ever smiled since.

Most young men about London have gone through that strange secret ordeal of the dancing-school. I am given to understand that young snobs from attorneys' offices, banks, shops, and the like, make not the least mystery of their proceedings in the saltatory line, but trip gaily, with pumps in hand, to some dancing place about Soho, waltz and quadrille it with Miss Greengrocer or Miss Butcher, and fancy they have had rather a pleasant evening. There is one house in Dover Street, where, behind a dirty curtain, such figures may be seen hopping every night, to a perpetual fiddling; and I have stood sometimes wondering in the street, with about six blackguard boys wondering too, at the strange contortions of the figures jumping up and down to the mysterious squeaking of the kit. Have they no shame *ces gens*? are such degrading initiations to be held in public? No, the snob may, but the man of refined mind never can submit to shew himself in public labouring at the apprenticeship of this most absurd art. It is owing, perhaps, to this modesty, and the fact that I had no sisters at home, that I have never thoroughly been able to dance; for though I always arrive at the end of a quadrille (and thank heaven for it too!) and though, I believe, I make no mistake in particular, yet I solemnly confess I have never been able thoroughly to comprehend the mysteries of it, or what I have been about from the beginning to the end of the dance. I always look at the lady opposite, and do as she does; if *she* did not know how to dance, *par hasard*, it would be all up. But if they can't do anything else, women can dance, let us give them that praise at least.

In London, then, for a considerable time, I used to get up at eight o'clock in the morning, and pass an hour alone with Mr. Wilkinson, of the Theatres Royal, in Golden Square;—an hour alone. It was "one, two, three; one, two, three—now jump—right foot more out, Mr. Smith; and if you *could* try and look a little more cheerful; your partner, sir, would like you hall the better." Wilkinson called me Smith, for the fact is, I did not tell him my real name, nor (thank heaven!) does he know it to this day.

I never breathed a word of my doings to any soul among my friends; once a pack of them met me in the strange neighbourhood, when, I am ashamed to say, I muttered something about a "little French milliner," and walked off, looking as knowing as I could.

In Paris, two Cambridge-men and myself, who happened to be staying at a boarding-house together, agreed to go to Coulon, a little creature of four feet high with a pigtail. His room was hung round with glasses. He made us take off our coats, and dance each before a mirror; once he was standing before us playing on his kit—the sight of the little master and the pupil was so supremely ridiculous, that I burst into a yell of laughter, which so offended the old man, that he walked away abruptly,

and begged me not to repeat my visits. Nor did I. I was just getting into waltzing then, but determined to drop waltzing, and content myself with quadrilling for the rest of my days.

This was all very well in France and England; but in Germany, what was I to do? What did Hercules do when Omphale captivated him? What did Rinaldo do when Armida fixed upon him her twinkling eyes? Nay, to cut all historical instances short, by going at once to the earliest, what did Adam do when Eve tempted him? he yielded and became her slave; and so I do heartily trust every honest man will yield until the end of the world—he has no heart who will not. When I was in Germany, I say, I began to learn to waltz. The reader from this will no doubt expect, that some new love adventures befell me—nor will his gentle heart be disappointed. Two deep and tremendous incidents occurred which shall be notified on the present occasion.

The reader, perhaps, remembers the brief appearance of his Highness the Duke of Kalbsbraten Pumpernickel at B—— House, in the first part of my Memoirs, at that unlucky period of my life when the Duke was led to remark the odour about my clothes, which lost me the hand of Mary MacAlister. After the upshot of the affair with Minna Löwe (I cannot say that but for a time I was dreadfully cut up by her behaviour), I somehow found myself in his Highness's territories, of which anybody may read a description in the *Almanach de Gotha*. His Highness's father, as is well known, married Emilia Kunegunda Thomasina Charleria Emanuela Louisa Georgina, Princess of Saxe-Pumpernickel, and a cousin of his Highness the Duke. Thus the two principalities were united under one happy sovereign in the person of Philibert Sigismund Emanuel Maria, the reigning Duke, who has received from his country (on account of the celebrated pump which he erected in the market-place of Kalbsbraten) the well-merited appellation of the Magnificent. The allegory which the statues round about the pump represent, is of a very mysterious and complicated sort. Minerva is observed leading up Ceres to a river-god, who has his arms round the neck of Pomona; while Mars (in a full-bottomed wig) is driven away by Peace, under whose mantle two lovely children representing the Duke's two provinces, repose. The celebrated Speck is, as need scarcely be said, the author of this piece; and of other magnificent edifices in the *Residenz*, such as the guard-room, the skittle-hall (*Grossherzoglich Kalbsbraten pumpernickelisch Schkillelspiel saal*), &c., and the superb sentry-boxes before the grand ducal palace. He is Knight Grand Cross of the Ancient Kartoffel order, as, indeed, is almost every one else in his Highness's dominions.

The town of Kalbsbraten contains a population of two thousand inhabitants, and a palace which would accommodate about six times that number. The principality sends three

and a half men to the German Confederation, who are commanded by a general (excellency), two major-generals, and sixty-four officers of lower grades; all noble, all knights of the order, and almost all chamberlains to his Highness the Grand Duke. An excellent band of eighty performers is the admiration of the surrounding country, and leads the grand-ducal troops to battle in time of war. Only three of the contingent of soldiers returned from the battle of Waterloo, where they won much honour; the remainder was cut to pieces on that glorious day.

There is a chamber of representatives (which, however, nothing can induce to sit), home and foreign ministers, residents from neighbouring courts, law presidents, town councils, &c., all the adjuncts of a big or little government. The court has its chamberlains and marshals, the Grand Duchess her noble ladies in waiting, and blushing maids of honour. Thou wert one, Dorothea! Dost remember the poor young Englander? We parted in anger; but I think—I think thou hast not forgotten him.

The way in which I have Dorothea von Speck present to my mind is this,—not as I first saw her in the garden—for her hair was in bandeaux then, and a large Leghorn hat with a deep riband covered half her fair face—not in a morning dress, which, by the way, was none of the newest nor the best made—but as I saw her afterwards at a ball at the pleasant splendid little court, where she moved the most beautiful of the beauties of Kalbsbraten. The grand saloon of the palace is lighted—the Grand Duke and his officers, the Duchess and her ladies, have passed through. I, in my uniform of the —th, and a number of young fellows (who are evidently admiring my legs and envying my *distingué* appearance), are waiting round the entrance-door, where a huge Heyduke is standing, and announcing the titles of the guests as they arrive.

"HERR OBERHOF UND BAU INSPEKTOR VON SPECK!" shouts the Heyduke; and the little Inspector comes in. His lady is on his arm—huge, in towering plumes, and her favourite costume of light blue. Fair women always dress in light blue or light green; and Frau von Speck is very fair and stout.

But who comes behind her? Lieber Himmel! It is Dorothea! Did earth, among all the flowers which have sprung from its bosom, produce ever one more beautiful? She was none of your heavenly beauties, I tell you. She had nothing etherial about her. No, sir; she was of the earth earthy, and must have weighed ten stone four or five, if she weighed an ounce. She had none of your Chinese feet, nor waspy, unhealthy waists, which those may admire who will. No: Dora's foot was a good stout one; you could see her ankle (if her robe was short enough) without the aid of a microscope; and that envious little, sour, skinny Amalia von Mangelwürzel used to hold up her four fingers and say (the two girls were most intimate friends of course), "Dear

Dorothea's vaist is so much dicker as dis ; " and so I have no doubt it was.

But what then? Goethe sings in one of his divine epigrams :—

"Epicures vaunting their taste, entitle me vulgar and savage,

Give them their Brussels-sprouts, but I am contented with cabbage."

I hate your little women—that is when I am in love with a tall one ; and who would not have loved Dorothea?

Fancy her, then, if you please, about five feet four inches high—fancy her in the family colour of light blue, a little scarf covering the most brilliant shoulders in the world ; and a pair of gloves clinging close round an arm that may, perhaps, be somewhat too large now, but that Juno might have envied then. After the fashion of young ladies on the continent, she wears no jewels or gimcracks, her only ornament is a wreath of vine-leaves in her hair, with little clusters of artificial grapes. Down on her shoulders falls the brown hair, in rich liberal clusters ; all that health, and good-humour, and beauty can do for her face, kind nature has done for hers. Her eyes are frank, sparkling, and kind. As for her cheeks, what paint-box or dictionary contains pigments or words to describe their red? They say she opens her mouth and smiles always to show the dimples in her cheeks. Psha ! she smiles because she is happy, and kind, and good-humoured, and not because her teeth are little pearls.

All the young fellows crowd up to ask her to dance, and taking from her waist a little mother-of-pearl remembrancer, she notes them down. Old Schnabel for the polonaise ; Klingenspoehr, first waltz ; Haarbart, second waltz ; Count Hornpieper (the Danish envoy), third ; and so on. I have said why I could not ask her to waltz, and turned away with a pang, and played écarté with Colonel Trumpenpack all night.

In thus introducing this lovely creature in her ball-costume, I have been somewhat premature, and had best go back to the beginning of the history of my acquaintance with her.

Dorothea, then, was the daughter of the celebrated Speck before mentioned. It is one of the oldest names in Germany, where her father's and mother's houses, those of Speck and Eyer, are loved wherever they are known. Unlike his warlike progenitor, Lorenzo von Speck, Dorothea's father had early shown himself a passionate admirer of art ; had quitted home to study architecture in Italy, and had become celebrated throughout Europe, and Ober Hof, architekt, and Kunstundbauinspektor of the united principalities. They are but four miles wide, and his genius has consequently but little room to play. What art can do, however, he does. The palace is frequently whitewashed under his eyes ; the theatre

painted occasionally ; the noble public buildings erected, of which I have already made mention.

Smarting with recollections of Minna, I had come to Kalbsbraten, scarce knowing whither I went ; and having, in about ten minutes, seen the curiosities of the place (I did not care to see the King's palace, for chairs and tables have no great charm for me), I had ordered horses, and wanted to get on I cared not whither, when Fate threw Dorothea in my way. I was yawning back to the hotel through the palace-garden, a valet-de-place at my side, when I saw a young lady seated under a tree reading a novel, her mamma on the same bench (a fat woman in light blue) knitting a stocking, and two officers, choked in their stays, with various orders on their spinach-coloured coats, standing by in first attitudes—the one was caressing the fat-lady-in-blue's little dog ; the other was twirling his own moustache, which was already as nearly as possible curled into his own eye.

I don't know how it is, but I hate to see men, evidently intimate with nice-looking women, and on good terms with themselves. There's something annoying in their cursed complacency—their evident sunshiny happiness. I've no woman to make sunshine for me ; and yet my heart tells me, that not one but several such suns, would do good to my system.

"Who are those pert-looking officers," says I, peevishly, to the guide, "who are talking to those vulgar-looking women?"

"The big one, with the epaulets, is Major von Schnabel ; the little one, with the pale face, is Stiefel von Klingenspoehr."

"And the big blue woman?"

"The Grand-Ducal Pumpnickelian-court-architectress and Upper-Palace-and-building-inspectress, Von Speck, born V. Eyer," replied the guide. "Your well-born honour has seen the pump in the market-place ; that is the work of the great Von Speck."

"And yonder young person?"

"Mr. Court-architect's daughter, the Fräulein Dorothea."

\* \* \* \* \*

Dorothea looked up from her novel here, and turned her face towards the stranger who was passing, and then blushing turned it down again. Schnabel looked at me with a scowl, Klingenspoehr with a simper, the dog with a yelp, the fat lady in blue just gave one glance, and seemed, I thought, rather well pleased. "Silence, Lischen !" said she to the dog. "Go on, darling Dorothea," she added, to her daughter, who continued her novel.

Her voice was a little tremulous, but very low and rich. For some reason or other, on getting back to the inn, I countermanded the horses, and said I would stay for the night.

I not only staid that night, but many, many afterwards, and as for the manner in which I became acquainted with the Speck family, why it was a good joke against me at the time, and



I did not like then to have it known, but now it may as well come out at once. Speck, as everybody knows, lives in the market-place, opposite his grand work of art, the town pump, or fountain. I bought a large sheet of paper, and having a knack at drawing, sat down, with the greatest gravity, before the pump, and sketched it for several hours. I knew it would bring out old Speck to see. At first he contented himself by flattening his nose against the window-glasses of his study, and looking what the Englander was about. Then he put on his grey cap with the huge green shade, and sauntered to the door: then he walked round me, and formed one of a band of street idlers who were looking on: then at last he could restrain himself no more, but pulling off his cap, with a low bow, began to discourse upon arts, and architecture in particular.

"It is curious," says he, "that you have taken the same view of which a print has been engraved."

"That is extraordinary," says I (though it wasn't, for I had traced my drawing at a window off the very print in question). I added that I was, like all the world, immensely struck with the beauty of the edifice; heard of it at Rome, where it was considered to be superior to any of the celebrated fountains of that capital of the fine arts; finally, that if perhaps the celebrated fountain of Aldgate in London might compare with it, Kalbsbraten building, *except* in that case, was incomparable.

This speech I addressed in French, of which the worthy Hof-architekt understood somewhat, and continuing to reply in Gernian, our conversation grew pretty close. It is singular that I can talk to a man, and pay him compliments with the utmost gravity, whereas, to a woman, I at once lose all self-possession, and have never said a pretty thing in my life.

My operations on old Speck were so conducted, that in a quarter of an hour I had elicited from him an invitation to go over the town with him, and see its architectural beauties. So we walked through the huge, half-furnished chambers of the palace, we panted up the copper pinnacle of the church-tower, we went to see the Museum and Gymnasium, and coming back into the market-place again, what could the Hof-architekt do but offer me a glass of wine and a seat in his house? He introduced me to his gattinn, his Leocadia (the fat woman in blue), "as a young world-observer, and worthy art-friend, a young scion of British Adel, who had come to refresh himself at the urquellee of his race, and see his brethren of the great family of Hermann."

I saw instantly that the old fellow was of a romantic turn, from this rhodomontade to his lady; nor was she a whit less so; nor was Dorothea less sentimental than her mamma. She knew every thing regarding the literature of Albion, as she was pleased to call it; and asked me news of all the famous writers there.

I told her that Miss Edgeworth was one of the loveliest young beauties at our court; I described to her Lady Morgan, herself as beautiful as the wild Irish girl she drew; I promised to give her a signature of Mrs. Hemans (which I wrote for her that very evening); and described a fox-hunt, at which I had seen Thomas Moore and Samuel Rogers, Esquires; and a boxing-match, in which the athletic author of "Pelham" was pitched against the hardy mountain bard, Wordsworth. You see my education was not neglected, for though I have never read the works of the above-named ladies and gentlemen, yet I knew their names well enough.

Time passed away.—I, perhaps, was never so brilliant in conversation as when excited by the Assmaushäuser and the brilliant eyes of Dorothea that day. She and her parents had dined at their usual heathen hour; but I was, I don't care to own it, so smitten, that for the first time in my life, I did not even miss the meal, and talked on until six o'clock, when tea was served. Madame Speck said they always drunk it; and so placing a teaspoonful of Bohea in a cauldron of water, she placidly handed out this decoction, which we took with cakes and tartines. I leave you to imagine how disgusted Klingenspohr and Schnabel looked when they stepped in as usual that evening to make their party of whist with the Speck family! Down they were obliged to sit—and the lovely Dorothea, for that night, declined to play altogether, and—sat on the sofa by me.

What we talked about, who shall tell? I would not, for my part, break the secret of one of those delicious conversations, of which I and every man in his time have held so many. You begin, very probably, about the weather—'tis a common subject, but what sentiments the genius of Love can fling into it! I have often, for my part, said to the girl of my heart for the time being, "It's a fine day," or, "It's a rainy morning!" in a way that has brought tears to her eyes. Something beats in your heart, and twangle! a corresponding string thrills and echoes in hers. You offer her any thing—her knitting-needles, a slice of bread-and-butter—what causes the grateful blush with which she accepts the one or the other? Why she sees your heart handed over to her upon the needles, and the bread and butter is to her a sandwich with love inside it. If you say to your grandmother, "Ma'am, it's a fine day," or what not, she would have no other meaning than their outward and visible view, but say so to the girl you love, and she understands a thousand mystic meanings in them. Thus in a word, though Dorothea and I did not, probably, on the first night of our meeting, talk of anything more than the weather, or trumps, or some subjects which, to such listeners as Schnabel and Klingenspohr and others, might appear quite ordinary, yet to *us* they had a different signification, of which Love alone held the key.

Without further ado then, after the occurrences of that evening, I determined on staying at Kalbsbraten, and presenting my card the next day to the Hof-Marshall, requesting to have the honour of being presented to his highness the prince, at one of whose court-balls my Dorothea appeared as I have described her.

It was summer when I first arrived at Kalbsbraten. The little court was removed to Siegmundslust, his Highness's country-seat: no balls were taking place, and, in consequence, I held my own with Dorothea pretty well. I treated her admirer Lieutenant Klingenspoehr with perfect scorn, had a manifest advantage over Major Schnabel, and used somehow to meet the fair one every day walking in company with her mamma in the palace garden, or sitting under the acacias, with Belotte in her mother's lap, and the favourite romance beside her. Dear, dear Dorothea! what a number of novels she must have read in her time! She confessed to me that she had been in love with Uncas, with Saint Preux, with Ivanhoe, and with hosts of German heroes of romance; and when I asked her if she, whose heart was so tender towards imaginary youths, had never had a preference for any one of her living adorers, she only looked, and blushed, and sighed, and said nothing.

You see I had got on as well as man could do, until the confounded court season and the balls began, and then,—why, then came my usual luck.

Waltzing is a part of a German girl's life. With the best will in the world, which, I doubt not, she entertains for me, for I never put the matter of marriage directly to her—Dorothea could not go to balls and not waltz. It was madness to me to see her whirling round the room with officers, *attachés*, prim little chamberlains with gold keys and embroidered coats, her hair floating in the wind, her hand reposing upon the abominable little dancer's epaulet, her good-humoured face lighted up with still greater satisfaction. I saw that I must learn to waltz too, and took my measures accordingly.

The leader of the ballet at the Kalbsbraten theatre in my time was Springbock, from Vienna. He had been a regular Zephyr once, 'twas said, in his younger days; and though now fifteen stone weight, I can, *hélas!* recommend him conscientiously as a master; and determined to take some lessons from him in the art which I had neglected so foolishly in early life.

It may be said, without vanity, that I was an apt pupil, and in the course of half-a-dozen lessons I had arrived at very considerable agility in the waltzing line, and could twirl round the room with him at such a pace as made the old gentleman pant again, and hardly left him breath enough to puff out a compliment to his pupil. I may say, that in a single week I became an expert waltzer; but

as I wished when I came out publicly in that character, to be quite sure of myself, and as I had hitherto practised not with a lady, but with a very fat old man, it was agreed that he should bring a lady of his acquaintance to perfect me, and accordingly, at my eighth lesson, Madame Springbock herself came to the dancing-room, and the old Zephyr performed on the violin.

If any man ventures the least sneer with regard to this lady, or dares to insinuate anything disrespectful to her or myself, I say at once, that he is an impudent calumniator. Madame Springbock is old enough to be my grandmother, and as ugly a woman as I ever saw; but though old, she was *passionnée pour la danse*, and not having (on account, doubtless, of her age and unprepossessing appearance) many opportunities of indulging in her favourite pastime, made up for lost time by immense activity whenever she could get a partner. In vain, at the end of the hour, would Springbock exclaim, "Amalia, my soul's blessing, the time is up!" "Play on, dear Alphonso!" would the old lady exclaim, whisking me round: and though I had not the least pleasure in such a homely partner, yet for the sake of perfecting myself, I waltzed and waltzed with her, until we were both half dead with fatigue.

At the end of three weeks I could waltz as well as any man in Germany.

At the end of four weeks there was a grand ball at court in honour of H. H. the Prince of Dummerland and his Princess, and *then* I determined I would come out in public. I dressed myself with unusual care and splendour. My hair was curled and my moustache dyed to a nicety; and of the four hundred gentlemen present, if the girls of Kalbsbraten *did* select one who wore an English hussar uniform, why should I disguise the fact? In spite of my silence, the news had somehow got abroad, as news will in such small towns,—Herr von Fitz-Boodle was coming out in a waltz that evening. His Highness the Duke even made an allusion to the circumstance. When on this eventful night, I went, as usual, and made him my bow in the presentation, "*Vous, monsieur,*" said he—"*vous qui êtes si jeune, devez aimer la danse.*" I blushed as red as my trousers, and bowing, went away.

I stepped up to Dorothea. Heavens! how beautiful she looked! and how archly she smiled as, with a thumping heart, I asked her hand for a *waltz*! She took out her little mother-of-pearl dancing-book—she wrote down my name with her pencil—we were engaged for the fourth waltz, and till then I left her to other partners.

Who says that his first waltz is not a nervous moment? I vow I was more excited than by any duel I ever fought. I would not dance any *contre-danse* or galop. I repeatedly went to the buffet and got glasses of punch (dear simple Germany! 'tis with rum-punch and egg-flip thy children strengthen themselves for

the dance!)—I went into the ball-room and looked—the couples bounded before me, the music clashed and rung in my ears—all was fiery, feverish, indistinct. The gleaming white columns, the polished oaken floors in which the innumerable tapers were reflected—all together swam before my eyes, and I was at a pitch of madness almost when the fourth waltz at length came. “*Will you dance with your sword on?*” said the sweetest voice in the world. I blushed, and stammered, and trembled, as I laid down that weapon and my cap, and hark! the music began!

Oh, how my hand trembled as I placed it round the waist of Dorothea! With my left hand I took her right—did she squeeze it? I think she did—to this day I think she did. Away we went! we tripped over the polished oak floor like two young fairies. “*Courage, monsieur,*” said she, with her sweet smile. Then it was “*Très bien, monsieur.*” Then I heard the voices humming and buzzing about. “*Il danse bien, l’Anglais,*” “*Ma foi, oui,*” says another. On we went, twirling and twisting, and turning and whirling; couple after couple dropped panting off. Little Klingenspoehr himself was obliged to give in. All eyes were upon us—we were going round *alone*. Dorothea was almost exhausted, when

\* \* \* \*

I have been sitting for two hours since I marked the asterisks, thinking—thinking. I have committed crimes in my life—who hasn’t?

But talk of remorse, what remorse is there like *that* which rushes up in a flood to my brain, sometimes when I am alone, and causes me to blush when I’m a-bed in the dark?

I fell, sir, on that infernal slippery floor. Down we came like shot; we rolled over and over in the midst of the ball-room, the music going ten miles an hour, 800 pairs of eyes fixed upon us, a cursed shriek of laughter bursting out from all sides. Heavens! how clear I heard it, as we went on rolling and rolling! “My child! my Dorothea!” shrieked out Madame Speck, rushing forward, and as soon as she had breath to do so, Dorothea of course screamed too; then she fainted, then she was disentangled from out my spurs, and borne off by a bevy of tittering women. “Clumsy brute!” said Madame Speck, turning her fat back upon me. I remained upon my *séant*, wild, ghastly, looking about. It was all up with me—I knew it was. I wished I could have died there, and I wish so still.

Klingenspoehr married her, that is the long and short; but before that event I placed a sabre-cut across the young scoundrel’s nose, which destroyed *his* beauty for ever.

O Dorothea! you can’t forgive me—you oughtn’t to forgive me; but I love you madly still.

My next flame was Ottilia: but let us keep her for another number; my feelings overpower me at present.

G. F. B.

## OTTILIA.

### CHAPTER I.

#### THE ALBUM—THE MEDITERRANEAN HEATH.

TRAVELLING some little time back in a wild part of Connamara, where I had been for fishing and seal-shooting, I had the good luck to get admission to the château of an hospitable Irish gentleman, and to procure some news of my once dear Ottilia.

Yes, of no other than Ottilia v. Schlippen-schlopp, the Muse of Kalbsbraten-Pumpen-nickel, the friendly little town far away in Sachsenland,—where old Speck built the town pump, where Klingenspoehr was slashed across the nose,—where Dorothea rolled over and over in that horrible waltz with Fitz-Boo—Psha!—away with the recollection; but wasn't it strange to get news of Ottilia in the wildest corner of Ireland, where I never should have thought to hear her gentle name? Walking on that very Urrisbeg Mountain under whose shadow I heard Ottilia's name, Mackay, the learned author of the *Flora Putlandica*, discovered the Mediterranean heath,—such a flower as I have often plucked on the sides of Vesuvius, and as Proserpine, no doubt, amused herself in gathering as she strayed in the fields of Enna. Here it is—the selfsame flower, peering out at the Atlantic from Roundstone Bay; here, too, in this wild, lonely place, nestles the fragrant memory of my Ottilia!

In a word, after a day on Ballylynch Lake (where, with a brown fly and a single hair, I killed fourteen salmon, the smallest twenty-nine pounds weight, the largest somewhere about five stone ten), my young friend Blake Bodkin Lynch Browne (a fine lad who has made his Continental tour) and I, adjourned after dinner to the young gentleman's private room, for the purpose of smoking a certain cigar, which is never more pleasant than after a hard day's sport, or a day spent indoors, or after a good dinner, or a bad one, or at night when you are tired, or in the morning when you are fresh, or of a cold winter's day, or of a scorching summer's afternoon, or at any other moment you choose to fix upon.

What should I see in Blake's room but a rack of pipes, such as are to be found in

almost all the bachelors' rooms in Germany, and amongst them was a' porcelain pipe-head bearing the image of the Kalbsbraten pump! There it was, the old spout, the old familiar allegory of Mars, Bacchus, Apollo virorum, and the rest, that I had so often looked at from Hof Architekt Speck's window, as I sat there by the side of Dorothea. The old gentleman had given me one of these very pipes; for he had hundreds of them painted, wherewith he used to gratify almost every stranger who came into his native town.

Any old place with which I have once been familiar (as, perhaps, I have before stated in these *Confessions*—but, never mind that) is in some sort dear to me; and were I Lord Shootingcastle or Colonel Popland, I think after a residence of six months there I should love the Fleet Prison. As I saw the old familiar pipe, I took it down, and crammed it with Cavendish tobacco, and laid down on a sofa, and puffed away for an hour well-nigh, thinking of old, old times.

"You're very entertaining to-night, Fitz," says young Blake, who had made several tumblers of punch for me, which I had gulped down without saying a word. "Don't ye think ye'd be more easy in bed than snorting and sighing there on my sofa, and groaning fit to make me go hang myself?"

"I am thinking, Blake," says I, "about Pumpen-nickel, where old Speck gave you this pipe."

"Deed he did," replies the young man; "and did ye know the old Bar'n?"

"I did," said I. "My friend, I have been by the banks of the Bendemeer. Tell me, are the nightingales still singing there, and do the roses still bloom?"

"The *hwhat*?" cries Blake. "What the divvle, Fitz, are you growling about? Bendemeer Lake's in Westmoreland, as I preshume; and as for roses and nightingales, I give ye my word it's Greek ye're talking to me." And Greek it very possibly was, for my young friend, though as good across country as any man in his county, has not the fine feeling and tender perception of beauty which may be found elsewhere, dear Madam.

"Tell me about Speck, Blake, and Kalbsbraten, and Dorothea, and Klingenspoehr her husband."

"He with the cut across the nose, is it?" cries Blake. "I know him well, and his old wife."

"His old what, sir!" cries Fitz-Boodle, jumping up from his seat. "Klingenspohr's wife old!—Is he married again?—Is Dorothea then d-d-dead?"

"Dead!—no more dead than you are, only I take her to be five-and-thirty. And when a woman has had nine children, you know, she looks none the younger; and I can tell ye, that when she trod on my corrums at a ball at the Grand Juke's, I felt something heavier than a feather on my foot."

"Madame de Klingenspohr, then," replied I, hesitating somewhat, "has grown rather—rather st-st-out?" I could hardly get out the *out*, and trembled I don't know why as I asked the question.

"Stout, begad!—she weighs fourteen stone, saddle and bridle. That's right, down goes my pipe; flop! crash falls the tumbler into the fender! Break away, my boy, and remember, whoever breaks a glass here pays a dozen."

The fact was, that the announcement of Dorothea's changed condition caused no small disturbance within me, and I expressed it in the abrupt manner mentioned by young Blake.

Roused thus from my reverie, I questioned the young fellow about his residence at Kalbsbraten, which has been always since the war a favourite place for our young gentry, and heard with some satisfaction that Potzdorff was married to the Behrenstein; Haarbart had left the dragoons; the Crown Prince had broken with the —; but mum! of what interest are all these details to the reader, who has never been at friendly little Kalbsbraten?

Presently Lynch reaches me down one of the three books that formed his library (the *Racing Calendar* and a book of fishing-flies making up the remainder of the set). "And there's my album," says he; "you'll find plenty of hands in it that you'll recognize, as you are an old Pumpernickelaner." And so I did, in truth; it was a little book after the fashion of German albums, in which good simple little ledger every friend or acquaintance of the owner inscribes a poem or stanza from some favourite poet or philosopher, with the transcriber's own name, as thus:—

"To the true house-friend, and beloved Irelandish youth:

"Sera nunquam est ad bonos mores ira."

Wackerbart, Professor at the  
Grand-Ducal Kalbsbratenpumpernicklish  
Gymnasium."

Another writes—

"Wander on roses and forget me not."

Amalia v. Nachtmutze,  
Geb. v. Schlafrock."

With a flourish, and the picture mayhap of a rose. Let the reader imagine some hundreds of these interesting inscriptions, and he will have an idea of the book.

Turning over the leaves I came presently on *Dorothea's* hand. There it was, the little, neat, pretty handwriting, the dear old up-and-down-strokes that I had not looked at for many a long year, the Mediterranean heath, which grew on the sunniest banks of Fitz-Boodle's existence, and here found, dear, dear little sprig! in rude Galwegian bog-lands.

"Look at the other side of the page," says Lynch rather sarcastically (for I don't care to confess that I kissed the name of "Dorothea v. Klingenspohr, born v. Speck" written under an extremely feeble passage of verse). "Look at the other side of the paper."

I did, and what do you think I saw?

I saw the writing of five of the little Klingenspohrs, who have all sprung up since my time.

"Ha! ha! haw!" screamed the impertinent young Irishman, and the story was all over Connamara and Joyce's country in a day after.

## CHAPTER II.

### OTTILIA IN PARTICULAR.

SOME kind critic who peruses these writings will, doubtless, have the goodness to point out that the simile of the Mediterranean heath is applied to two personages in this chapter—to Ottilia and Dorothea, and say, Psha! the fellow is but a poor unimaginative creature not to be able to find a simile a-piece at least for the girls; how much better would *we* have done the business!

Well, it is a very pretty simile;—the girls were rivals, were beautiful, I loved them both,—which should have the sprig of heath? Mr. Cruikshank (who has taken to serious painting) is getting ready for the Exhibition a fine piece, representing Fitz-Boodle on the Urrisbeg Mountain, county Galway, Ireland, with a sprig of heath in his hand, hesitating, like Paris, on which of the beauties he should bestow it. In the background is a certain animal between two bundles of hay; but that I take to represent the critic, puzzled to which of my young beauties to assign the choice.

If Dorothea had been as rich as Miss Coutts, and had come to me the next day after the accident at the ball and said, "George, will you marry me?" it must not be supposed I would have done any such thing. *That* dream had vanished for ever: rage and pride took the place of love; and the only chance I had of recovering from my dreadful discomfiture was by bearing it bravely, and trying, if possible, to awaken a little compassion in my favour. I limped home (arranging my scheme with great presence of mind as I actually sat spinning there on the ground)—I limped home, sent for Pfistersticken, the court-surgeon, and addressed him to the following effect: "Pfistersticken," says I, "there has been an accident at court of which you will hear. You will send in leeches, pills, and the deuce knows



what, and you will say that I have dislocated my leg: for some days you will state that I am in considerable danger. You are a good fellow and a man of courage I know, for which very reason you can appreciate those qualities in another; so mind, if you breathe a word of my secret, either you or I must lose a life."

Away went the surgeon, and the next day all Kalbsbraten knew that I was on the point of death: I had been delirious all night, had had eighty leeches, besides I don't know how much medicine; but the Kalbsbrateners knew to a scruple. Whenever anybody was ill, this little kind society knew what medicines were prescribed, everybody in the town knew what everybody had for her dinner. If Madame Rumpel had her satin dyed ever so quietly, the whole society was on the *qui vive*; if Countess Pultuski sent to Berlin for a new set of teeth, not a person in Kalbsbraten but what was ready to compliment her as she put them on; if Potzdorff paid his tailor's bill, or Muffinstein bought a piece of black wax for his moustaches, it was the talk of the little city; and so, of course, was my accident. In their sorrow for my misfortune, Dorothea's was quite forgotten, and those eighty leeches saved me. I became interesting; I had cards left at my door; and I kept my room for a fortnight, during which time I read every one of M. Kotzebue's plays.

At the end of that period I was convalescent, though still a little lame. I called at old Speck's house and apologized for my clumsiness, with the most admirable coolness; I appeared at court, and stated calmly that I did not intend to dance any more; and when Klingenspoehr grinned, I told that young gentleman such a piece of my mind as led to his wearing a large sticking-plaster patch on his nose, which was split as neatly down the middle as you would split an orange at dessert. In a word, what man could do to repair my defeat, I did.

There is but one thing now of which I am ashamed—of those killing epigrams which I wrote (*mon Dieu!* must I own it?—but even the fury of my anger proves the extent of my love!) against the Speck family. They were handed about in confidence at court, and made a frightful sensation.

*Is it possible?*

There happened at Schloss P-mp-rn-ckel,  
A strange mishap our sides to tickle,  
And set the people in a roar;—  
A strange caprice of Fortune fickle:  
I never thought at Pumpnickel  
To see a SPECK upon the floor!

*La Perfide Albion; or, a Caution to  
Waltzers.*

"Come to the dance," the Briton said,  
And forward D-r-th-a led,  
Fair, fresh, and three-and-twenty!  
Ah, girls, beware of Britons red!  
What wonder that it turned her head?  
SAT VERBUM SAPIENTI.

*Reasons for not Marrying*

The lovely Miss S.  
Will surely say "Yes,"  
You've only to ask and try;  
"That subject we'll quit,"  
Says Georgy the wit;  
"I've a much better SPEC in my eye!"

This last epigram especially was voted so killing that it flew like wildfire; and I know for a fact that our Chargé d'affairs at Kalbsbraten sent a courier express with it to the Foreign Office in England, whence, through our amiable Foreign Secretary, Lord P-lm-rston, it made its way into every fashionable circle, nay, I have reason to believe caused a smile on the cheek of R-y-lty itself. Now that Time has taken away the sting of these epigrams, there can be no harm in giving them; and 'twas well enough then to endeavour to hide under the lash of wit the bitter pangs of humiliation; but my heart bleeds now to think that I should have ever brought a tear on the gentle cheek of Dorothea.

Not content with this, with humiliating her by satire, and with wounding her accepted lover across the nose, I determined to carry my revenge still farther, and to fall in love with somebody else. This person was Otilia v. Schlippenschlopp.

Otho Sigismund Freyherr Von Schlippenschlopp, Knight Grand Cross of the Ducal Order of the Two-Necked Swan of Pumpernickel, of the Porc-et-Sifflet of Kalbsbraten, Commander of the George and Blue-Boar of Dummerland, Excellency, and High Chancellor of the United Duchies, lived in the second floor of a house in the Schwapsgasse; where, with his private income and his revenues as Chancellor, amounting together to some £300 per annum, he maintained such a state as very few other officers of the Grand-Ducal Crown could exhibit. The Baron is married to Maria Antoinetta, a Countess of the house of Kartoffelstadt, branches of which have taken root all over Germany. He has no sons, and but one daughter, the Frailein OTILIA.

The Chancellor is a worthy old gentleman, too fat and wheezy to preside at the privy council, fond of his pipe, his ease, and his rubber. His lady is a very tall and pale Roman-nosed Countess, who looks as gentle as Mrs. Robert Roy, where, in the novel, she is for putting Baillie Nicol Jarvie into the lake, and who keeps the honest chancellor in the greatest order. The Frailein Otilia had not arrived at Kalbsbraten when the little affair between me and Dorothea was going on, or rather had only just come in for the conclusion of it, being presented for the first time that year at the ball where I—where I met with my accident.

At the time when the countess was young, it was not the fashion in her country to educate the young ladies so highly as since they have been educated; and provided they could waltz,

sew, and make puddings, they were thought to be decently bred; being seldom called upon for algebra or Sanscrit in the discharge of the honest duties of their lives. But Fräulein Ottilia was of the modern school in this respect, and came back from her *pension* at Strasburg speaking all the languages, dabbling in all the sciences, a historian, a poet—a blue of the ultramarine sort, in a word. What a difference there was, for instance, between poor, simple Dorothea's love of novel-reading, and the profound encyclopædic learning of Ottilia!

Before the latter arrived from Strasburg (where she had been under the care of her aunt the Canoness, Countess Ottilia of Kartoffelstadt, to whom I here beg to offer my humblest respects), Dorothea had passed for a *bel esprit* in the little court circle, and her little simple stock of accomplishments had amused us all very well. She used to sing "Herz, mein Herz," and "T'en souviens-tu," in a decent manner (*once*, before heaven, I thought her singing better than Grisi's), and then she had a little album in which she drew flowers, and used to embroider slippers wonderfully, and was very merry at a game of *loto* or *forfaits*, and had a hundred small *agrémens de société* which rendered her an acceptable member of it.

But when Ottilia arrived, poor Dolly's reputation was crushed in a month. The former wrote poems both in French and German; she painted landscapes and portraits in real oil; and she twanged off a rattling piece of Listz or Kalkbrenner in such a brilliant way, that Dora scarcely dared to touch the instrument after her, or venture, after Ottilia had trilled and gurgled through "Una voce," or "Di piacer" (Rossini was in fashion then), to lift up her little modest pipe in a ballad. What was the use of the poor thing going to sit in the park, where so many of the young officers used ever to gather round her? Whirr! Ottilia went by galloping on a chestnut mare with a groom after her, and presently all the young fellows who could buy or hire horseflesh were prancing in her train.

When they met, Ottilia would bounce towards her soul's darling, and put her hands round her waist, and call her by a thousand affectionate names, and then talk of her as only ladies or authors can talk of one another,—talk of her, in a word, as Mr Samuel Warren does of his "dear Boz," in the December number of *Blackwood's Magazine*. How tenderly she would hint at Dora's little imperfections of education!—how cleverly she would insinuate that the poor girl had no wit! and, thank God, no more she had. The fact is, that do what I will I see I'm in love with her still, and would be if she had fifty children; but my passion blinded me *then*, and every arrow that fiery Ottilia discharged I marked with savage joy. Dolly, thank heaven, didn't mind the wit much, she was too simple for that. But still the recurrence of it would

leave in her heart a vague, indefinite feeling of pain, and somehow she began to understand that her empire was passing away, and that her dear friend hated her like poison; and so she married Klingenspoehr. I have written myself almost into a reconciliation with the silly fellow, for the truth is, he has been a good, honest husband to her, and she has children, and makes puddings, and is happy.

Ottilia was pale and delicate. She wore her glistening black hair in bands, and dressed in vapoury white muslin. She sang her own words to her harp, and they commonly insinuated that she was alone in the world—that she suffered some inexpressible and mysterious heart-pangs, the lot of all finer geniuses—that though she lived and moved in the world she was not of it—that she was of a consumptive tendency and might look for a premature interment. She even had fixed on the spot where she should lie: the violets grew there, she said, the river went moaning by! the grey willow whispered sadly over her head, and her heart pined to be at rest. "Mother," she would say, turning to her parent, "promise me—promise me to lay me in that spot when the parting hour has come!" At which Madame de Schlippenschlopp would shriek, and grasp her in her arms, and at which, I confess, I would myself blubber like a child. She had six darling friends at school, and every courier from Kalbsbraten carried off whole reams of her letter-paper.

In Kalbsbraten, as in every other German town, there are a vast number of literary characters, of whom our young friend quickly became the chief. They set up a literary journal, which appeared once a week; upon light blue or primrose paper, and which, in compliment to the lovely Ottilia's maternal name, was called the *Kartoffelnkränz*. Here are a couple of her ballads extracted from the *Kranz*, and by far the most cheerful specimen of her style. For in her songs she never would willingly let off the heroines without a suicide or a consumption. She never would hear of such a thing as a happy marriage, and had an appetite for grief quite amazing in so young a person. As for her dying and desiring to be buried under the willow-tree, of which the first ballad is the subject, though I believed the story then, I have at present some doubts about it. For, since the publication of my memoirs, I have been thrown much into the society of literary persons (who admire my style hugely), and egad! though some of them are dismal enough in their works, I find them in their persons the least sentimental class that ever a gentleman fell in with.

### THE WILLOW-TREE.

Know ye the willow-tree  
Whose grey leaves quiver,  
Whispering gloomily  
To yon pale river?

Lady, at even-tide  
Wander not near it :  
They say its branches hide  
A sad, lost spirit !

Once to the willow-tree  
A maid came fearful,  
Pale seemed her cheek to be,  
Her blue eye tearful ;  
Soon as she saw the tree,  
Her step moved flecter.  
No one was there—ah me !  
No one to meet her !

Quick beat her heart to hear  
The far bell's chime  
Toll from the chapel-tower  
The trysting time :  
But the red sun went down  
In golden flame,  
And though she looked round,  
Yet no one came !

Presently came the night,  
Sadly to greet her,—  
Moon in her silver light,  
Stars in their glitter.  
Then sank the moon away  
Under the billow,  
Still wept the maid alone—  
'There by the willow !

Through the long darkness,  
By the stream rolling;  
Hour after hour went on  
Tolling and tolling.  
Long was the darkness,  
Lonely and stilly ;  
Shrill came the night-wind,  
Piercing and chilly.

Shrill blew the morning breeze,  
Biting and cold,  
Bleak peers the grey dawn  
Over the wold.  
Bleak over moor and stream  
Looks the grey dawn,  
Grey, with dishevelled hair,  
Still stands the willow there—  
THE MAID IS GONE !

*Domine, Domine !*

*Sing we a litany,—*

*Sing for poor maiden-hearts broken and weary ;*

*Domine, Domine !*

*Sing we a litany,*

*Wail we and weep we a wild Miserere !*

One of the chief beauties of this ballad (for the translation of which I received some well-merited compliments) is the delicate way in which the suicide of the poor young woman under the willow-tree is hinted at ; for that she threw herself into the water and became one among the lilies of the stream, is as clear as a pikestaff. Her suicide is committed some time in the darkness, when the slow hours move on

tolling and tolling, and is hinted at darkly as befits the time and the deed.

But that unromantic brute Van Cutsem, the Dutch Chargé d'Affaires, sent to the *Kartoffelnkranz* of the week after a conclusion of the ballad, which shows what a poor creature he must be. His pretext for writing it was, he said, because he could not bear such melancholy endings to poems and young women, and therefore he submitted the following lines :—

## I.

Long by the willow-trees  
Vainly they sought her,  
Wild rang the mother's screams  
O'er the grey water :  
"Where is my lovely one ?  
Where is my daughter ?"

## II.

"Rouse thee, sir constable—  
Rouse thee and look ;  
Fisherman, bring your net,  
Boatman, your hook.  
Beat in the lily-beds,  
Dive in the brook !"

## III.

Vainly the constable  
Shouted and called her ;  
Vainly the fisherman  
Beat the green alder ;  
Vainly he flung the net,  
Never it hauled her !

## IV.

Mother, beside the fire  
Sat, her nightcap in ;  
Father, in easy-chair,  
Gloomily napping ;  
When at the window-sill  
Came a light tapping !

## V.

And a pale countenance  
Looked through the casement.  
Loud beat the mother's heart,  
Sick with amazement ;  
And at the vision, which  
Came to surprise her,  
Shrieked in an agony—  
"Lor' ! it's Elizar !"

## VI.

Yes, 'twas Elizabeth—  
Yes, 'twas their girl ;  
Pale was her cheek, and her  
Hair out of curl.  
"Mother !" the loving one,  
Blushing, exclaimed,  
"Let not your innocent  
Lizzy be blamed."

## VII.

"Yesterday, going to aunt  
Jones's to tea,  
Mother, dear mother, I  
Forgot the door-key !

And as the night was cold,  
And the way steep,  
Mrs. Jones kept me to  
Breakfast and sleep."

## VIII.

Whether her pa and ma  
Fully believed her,  
That we shall never know :  
Stern they received her ;  
And for the work of that  
Cruel, though short, night,  
Sent her to bed without  
Tea for a fortnight.

## IX.

## MORAL.

*Hey diddle diddley,  
Cat and the Fiddley,  
Maidens of England, take caution by  
she!  
Let love and suicide  
Never tempt you aside,  
And always remember to take the door-  
key!*

Some people laughed at this parody and even preferred it to the original ; but for myself I have no patience with the individual who can turn the finest sentiments of our nature into ridicule, and make everything sacred a subject of scorn. The next ballad is less gloomy than that of the willow-tree, and in it the lovely writer expresses her longing for what has charmed us all, and, as it were, squeezes the whole spirit of the fairy tale into a few stanzas :—

## FAIRY DAYS.

Beside the old hall-fire—upon my nurse's knee,  
Of happy fairy days—what tales were told to  
me !

I thought the world was once—all peopled  
with princesses,  
And my heart would beat to hear—their loves  
and their distresses ;  
And many a quiet night,—in slumber sweet  
and deep,  
The pretty fairy people—would visit me in  
sleep.

I saw them in my dreams—come flying east  
and west,  
With wondrous fairy gifts—the new-born babe  
they bless'd ;  
One has brought a jewel—and one a crown of  
gold,  
And one has brought a curse—but she is  
wrinkled and old.  
The gentle queen turns pale—to hear those  
words of sin,  
But the king he only laughs—and bids the  
dance begin.

The babe has grown to be—the fairest of the  
land,  
And rides the forest green—a hawk upon her  
hand.  
An ambling palfrey white—a golden robe and  
crown ;  
I've seen her in my dreams—riding up and  
down ;  
And heard the ogre laugh—as she fell into his  
snare,  
At the little tender creature—who wept and  
tore her hair !

But ever when it seemed—her need was at the  
sorest  
A prince in shining mail—comes prancing  
through the forest.  
A waving ostrich-plume—a buckler burnished  
bright ;  
I've seen him in my dreams—good sooth ! a  
gallant knight.  
His lips are coral red—beneath a dark mous-  
tache ;  
See how he waves his hand—and how his blue  
eyes flash !

"Come forth, thou Paynim knight !"—he  
shouts in accents clear.  
The giant and the maid—both tremble his  
voice to hear.  
Saint Mary guard him well !—he draws his  
falchion keen,  
The giant and the knight—are fighting on the  
green.  
I see them in my dreams—his blade gives  
stroke on stroke,  
The giant pants and reels—and tumbles like  
an oak !

With what a blushing grace—he falls upon his  
knee,  
And takes the lady's hand—and whispers,  
"You are free !"  
Ah ! happy childish tales—of knight and  
faërie !  
I waken from my dreams—but there's ne'er a  
knight for me ;  
I waken from my dreams—and wish that I  
could be  
A child by the old hall-fire—upon my nurse's  
knee.

Indeed, Ottilia looked like a fairy herself :  
pale, small, slim, and airy. You could not see  
her face, as it were, for her eyes, which were  
so wild, and so tender, and shone so that they  
would have dazzled an eagle, much more a  
poor goose of a Fitz-Boodle. In the theatre,  
when she sat on the opposite side of the house,  
those big eyes used to pursue me as I sat pre-  
tending to listen to the Zaubersflöte, or to Don  
Carlos, or Egmout, and at the tender passages,  
especially, they would have such a winning,  
weeping, imploring look with them as flesh  
and blood could not bear.

Shall I tell you how I became a poet for the

dear girl's sake? 'Tis surely unnecessary after the reader has perused the above versions of her poems. Shall I tell what wild follies I committed in prose as well as in verse? how I used to watch under her window of icy evenings, and with chilblainy fingers sing serenades to her on the guitar? Shall I tell how, in a sledging-party, I had the happiness to drive her, and of the delightful privilege which is, on these occasions, accorded to the driver?

Any reader who has spent a winter in Germany perhaps knows it. A large party of a score or more of sledges is formed. Away they go to some pleasure-house that has been previously fixed upon, where a ball and collation are prepared, and where each man, as his partner descends, has the delicious privilege of saluting her. O heavens and earth! I may grow to be a thousand years old, but I can never forget the rapture of that salute.

"The keen air has given me an appetite," said the dear angel, as we entered the supper-room; and to say the truth, fairy as she was, she made a remarkably good meal—consuming a couple of basins of white soup, several kinds of German sausages, some Westphalia ham, some white puddings, an anchovy-salad made with cornichons and onions, sweets innumerable, and a considerable quantity of old Stein Wein and rum-punch afterwards. Then she got up and danced as brisk as a fairy, in which operation I of course did not follow her, but had the honour at the close of the evening's amusement, once more to have her by my side in the sledge, as we swept in the moonlight over the snow.

Kalbsbraten is a very hospitable place as far as tea-parties are concerned, but I never was in one where dinners were so scarce. At the palace they occurred twice or thrice in a month; but on these occasions spinsters were not invited, and I seldom had the opportunity of seeing my Otilia except at evening-parties.

Nor are these, if the truth must be told, very much to my taste. Dancing I have forsworn, whist is too severe a study for me, and I do not like to play *écarté* with old ladies, who are sure to cheat you in the course of an evening's play.

But to have an occasional glance at Otilia was enough; and many and many a napoleon did I lose to her mamma, Madame de Schlip-penschlopp, for the blest privilege of looking at her daughter. Many is the tea-party I went to, shivering into cold clothes after dinner (which is my abomination) in order to have one little look at the lady of my soul.

At these parties there were generally refreshments of a nature more substantial than mere tea—punch, both milk and rum, hot wine, *consummé*, and a peculiar and exceedingly disagreeable sandwich made of a mixture of cold white puddings and garlic, of which I have forgotten the name, and always detested the savour.

Gradually a conviction came upon me that Otilia ate a great deal.

I do not dislike to see a woman eat comfort-

ably. I even think that an agreeable woman ought to be *friande*, and should love certain little dishes and knickknacks. I know that though at dinner they commonly take nothing, they have had roast-mutton with the children at two, and laugh at their pretensions to starvation.

No! a woman who eats a grain of rice, like Amina in the *Arabian Nights*, is absurd and unnatural; but there is a *modus in rebus*: there is no reason why she should be a Ghoul, a monster, an ogress, a horrid gormandiseress—*faugh!*

It was, then, with a rage amounting almost to agony, that I found Otilia ate too much at every meal. She was always eating, and *always* eating too much. If I went there in the morning there was the horrid familiar odour of those oniony sandwiches; if in the afternoon, dinner had been just removed, and I was choked by reeking reminiscences of roast-meat. Tea we have spoken of. She gobbled up more cakes than any six people present; then came the supper and the sandwiches again, and the egg-flip and the horrible rum-punch.

She was as thin as ever—paler if possible than ever:—but, by Heavens! *her nose began to grow red!*

*Mon Dieu!* how I used to watch and watch it! Some days it was purple, some days had more of the vermillion—I could take an affidavit that after a heavy night's supper it was more swollen, more red than before.

I recollect one night when we were playing a round game (I had been looking at her nose very eagerly and sadly for some time), she of herself brought up the conversation about eating, and confessed that she had five meals a day.

"*That accounts for it!*" says I, flinging down the cards, and springing up and rushing like a madman out of the room. I rushed away into the night, and wrestled with my passion. "What! Marry," said I, "a woman who eats meat twenty-one times in a week, besides breakfast and tea? Marry a sarcophagus, a cannibal, a butcher's shop?—Away!" I strove and strove, I drank, I groaned, I wrestled and fought with my love—but it overcame me: one look of those eyes brought me to her feet again. I yielded myself up like a slave; I fawned and whined for her; I thought her nose was not so very red.

Things came to this pitch that I sounded his Highness's Minister to know whether he would give me service in the Duchy; I thought of purchasing an estate there. I was given to understand that I should get a chamberlain's key and some post of honour did I choose to remain, and I even wrote home to my brother Fitz in England, hinting a change in my condition.

At this juncture the town of Hamburg sent his Highness the Grand Duke (*à propos* of a commercial union which was pending between the two States) a singular present, no less than a certain number of barrels of oysters, which



are considered extreme luxuries in Germany, especially in the inland parts of the country, where they are almost unknown.

In honour of the oysters and the new commercial treaty (which arrived in *fourgons* despatched for the purpose), his Highness announced a grand supper and ball, and invited all the quality of all the principalities round about. It was a splendid affair, the grand saloon brilliant with hundreds of uniforms and brilliant toilettes—not the least beautiful among them, I need not say, was Ottilia.

At midnight the supper-rooms were thrown open, and we formed into little parties of six, each having a table, nobly served with plate, a lacquey in attendance, and a gratifying ice-pail or two of Champagne to *égayer* the supper. It was no small cost to serve five hundred people on silver, and the repast was certainly a princely and magnificent one.

I had, of course, arranged with Mademoiselle de Schlippenschlopp. Captains Frumpel and Fridelberger of the Duke's Guard, Mesdames de Butterbrod and Bopp, formed our little party.

The first course, of course, consisted of *the oysters*. Ottilia's eyes gleamed with double brilliancy as the lacquey opened them. There

were nine apiece for us—how well I recollect the number!

I never was much of an oyster-eater, nor can I relish them *in naturalibus* as some do, but require a quantity of sauces, lemons, cayenne peppers, bread and butter, and so forth, to render them palatable.

By the time I had made my preparations, Ottilia, the Captains, and the two ladies, had well-nigh finished theirs. Indeed Ottilia had gobbled up all hers, and there were only my nine left in the dish.

I took one—IT WAS BAD. The scent of it was enough—they were all bad. Ottilia had eaten nine bad oysters.

I put down the horrid shell. Her eyes glistened more and more, she could not take them off the tray.

"Dear Herr George," she said, "*will you give me your oysters?*"

\* \* \* \* \*

She had them all down—before—I could say—Jack—Robinson!

\* \* \* \* \*

I left Kalbsbraten that night, and have never been there since.

G. S. F. B.

# MEN'S WIVES.

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MR. AND MRS. FRANK BERRY.

## CHAPTER I.

### THE FIGHT AT SLAUGHTER-HOUSE.

I AM very fond of reading about battles, and have most of Marlborough's and Wellington's at my fingers' end; but the most tremendous combat I ever saw, and one that interests me to think of more than Malplaquet or Waterloo (which, by the way, has grown to be a downright nuisance, so much do men talk of it after dinner, prating most disgustingly about "the Prussians coming up," and what not)—I say the most tremendous combat ever known was that between Berry and Biggs, the gown-boy, which commenced in a certain place called Middle Briars, which is situated in the midst of the cloisters that run along the side of the playground at Slaughter-house School, near Smithfield, London. It was there, madam, that your humble servant had the honour of acquiring, after six years' labour, that immense fund of classical knowledge which in after life has been so exceedingly useful to him.

The circumstances of the quarrel were these:—Biggs, the gown-boy (a man that, in those days, I thought was at least seven feet high, and was quite thunderstruck to find in after life that he measured no more than five feet four), was what we called "second cock" of the school; the first cock was a great big good-humoured, lazy, fair-haired fellow, Old Hawkins by name, who, because he was large and good-humoured, hurt nobody. Biggs, on the contrary, was a sad bully; he had half-a-dozen fags, and beat them all unmercifully. Moreover, he had a little brother, a boarder in Potky's house, whom, as a matter of course, he hated and maltreated worse than anyone else.

Well, one day, because young Biggs had not brought his brother his hoops, or had not caught a ball at cricket, or for some other equally good reason, Biggs the elder so belaboured the poor little fellow, that Berry, who was sauntering by, and saw the dreadful blows which the elder brother was dealing to the younger with his hockey-stick, felt a compassion for the little fellow (perhaps he had a jealousy against Biggs, and wanted to try a few rounds with him, but that I can't vouch

for); however, Berry, passing by, stopped and said, "Don't you think you have thrashed the boy enough, Biggs?" He spoke this in a very civil tone, for he never would have thought of interfering rudely with the sacred privilege that an upper boy at a public school always has of beating a junior, especially when they happen to be brothers.

The reply of Biggs, as might be expected, was to hit young Biggs with the hockey-stick twice as hard as before, until the little wretch howled with pain. "I suppose it's no business of yours, Berry?" said Biggs, thumping away all the while, and laid on worse and worse, until Berry (and, indeed, little Biggs) could bear it no longer, and the former, bouncing forwards, wrenched the stick out of old Biggs' hands, and sent it whirling out of the cloister window, to the great wonder of a crowd of us small boys, who were looking on. Little boys always like to see a little companion of their own soundly beaten.

"There!" said Berry, looking into Biggs' face, as much as to say, "I've gone and done it;" and he added to the brother, "Scud away, you little thief! I've saved you this time."

"Stop, young Biggs!" roared out his brother, after a pause; "and I'll break every bone in your infernal scoundrelly skin!"

Young Biggs looked at Berry, then at his brother, then came at his brother's order, as if back to be beaten again, but lost heart and ran away as fast as his little legs could carry him.

"I'll do for him another time," said Biggs. "Here, under boy, take my coat;" and we all began to gather round and form a ring.

"We had better wait till after school, Biggs," said Berry, quite cool but looking a little pale. "There are only five minutes now, and it will take you more than that to thrash me."

Biggs upon this committed a great error, for he struck Berry slightly across the face with the back of his hand, saying, "You are in a fright." But this was a feeling which Frank Berry did not in the least entertain, for in reply to Biggs' back-hander, and as quick as thought, and with all his might and main—pong! he delivered a blow upon old Biggs'

nose that made the claret spurt, and sent the second cock down to the ground as if he had been shot.

He was up, again, however, in a minute, his face white and gashed with blood, his eyes glaring a ghastly spectacle; and Berry, meanwhile, had taken his coat off, and by this time there were gathered in the cloisters, on all the windows, and upon each other's shoulders, 120 young gentlemen at the very least, for the news had gone out through the playground of "a fight between Berry and Biggs."

But Berry was quite right in his remark about the propriety of deferring the business, for at this minute, Mr. Chip, the second master, came down the cloisters going into school, and grinned in his queer way as he saw the state of Biggs' face. "Halloa, Mr. Biggs," said he, "I suppose you have run against a finger-post." That was the regular joke with us at school, and you may be sure we all laughed heartily, as we always did when Mr. Chip made a joke, or anything like a joke. "You had better go to the pump, sir, and get yourself washed, and not let Dr. Muzzle see you in that condition." So saying Mr. Chip disappeared to his duties in the under school, whither all we little boys followed him.

It was Wednesday, a half-holiday, as everybody knows, and boiled beef day at Slaughter-house. I was in the same boarding-house as Berry, and we all looked to see whether he ate a good dinner, just as one would examine a man who was going to be hanged. I recollect in after life, in Germany, seeing a friend who was going to fight a duel, eat five larks for his breakfast, and thought I had seldom witnessed greater courage. Berry ate moderately of the boiled beef—*boiled child* we used to call it at school, in our elegant, jocular way; he knew a great deal better than to load his stomach upon the eve of such a contest as was going to take place.

Dinner was very soon over, and Mr. Chip, who had been all the while joking Berry, and pressing him to eat, called him up into his study, to the great disappointment of us all, for we thought he was going to prevent the fight, but no such thing. The Rev. Edward Chip took Berry into his study, and poured him out two glasses of port wine, which he made him take with a biscuit, and patted him on the back, and went off. I have no doubt he was longing, like all of us, to see the battle, but etiquette, you know, forbade.

When we went out into the green, old Hawkins was there—the great Hawkins, the cock of the school. I have never seen the man since, but still think of him as something awful, gigantic, mysterious; he who could thrash every body, who could beat all the masters; how we longed for him to put in his hand and lick Muzzle! He was a dull boy, not very high in the school, and had all his exercises written for him. Muzzle knew this, but Muzzle respected him, never called him

up to read Greek plays; passed over all his blunders, which were many; let him go out of half-holidays into the town as he pleased; how should any man dare to stop him—the great, calm, magnanimous, silent Strength! They say he licked a Life-Guardsman, I wonder whether it was Shaw who killed all those Frenchmen? No, it couldn't be Shaw, for he was dead, *au champ d'honneur*; but he *would* have licked Shaw if he had been alive. A bargeman I know he licked, at Jack Randall's in Slaughter-house Lane. Old Hawkins was too lazy to play at cricket; he sauntered all day in the sunshine about the green, accompanied by little Tippins, who was in the sixth form, laughed and joked at Hawkins eternally, and was the person who wrote all his exercises.

Instead of going into town this afternoon, Hawkins remained at Slaughter-house to see the great fight between the second and third cocks.

The different masters of the school kept boarding-houses (such as Potky's, Chip's, Wickens's, Pinney's, and so on), and the playground, or "green," as it was called, although the only thing green about the place was the broken glass on the walls that separated Slaughter-house from Wilderness Row and Goswell-street. (Many a time have I seen Mr. Pickwick look out of his window in that street, though we did not know him then). The playground, or green, was common to all. But if any stray boy from Potky's was found in, or entering into, Chip's house, the most dreadful tortures were practised upon him, as I can answer in my own case.

Fancy, then, our astonishment at seeing a little three-foot wretch, of the name of Wills, one of Hawkins's fags (they were both in Potky's) walk undismayed amongst us lions at Chip's house, as the "rich and rare" young lady did in Ireland. We were going to set upon him and devour or otherwise maltreat him, when he cried out in a little shrill, impertinent voice, "*Tell Berry I want him.*"

We all roared with laughter. Berry was in the sixth form, and Wills or any under boy would as soon have thought of "wanting" him, as I should of wanting the Duke of Wellington.

Little Wills looked round in an imperious kind of way. "Well," says he, stamping his foot, "do you hear? *Tell Berry that* HAWKINS wants him."

As for resisting the law of Hawkins, you might as soon think of resisting immortal Jove. Berry and Tolmash, who was to be his bottle-holder, made their appearance immediately, and walked out into the green where Hawkins was waiting, and, with an irresistible audacity that only belonged to himself, in the face of nature and all the regulations of the place, was smoking a cigar. When Berry and Tolmash found him, the three began slowly pacing up and down in the sunshine, and we little boys watched them.

Hawkins moved his arms and hands every

now and then, and was evidently laying down the law about boxing. We saw his fists darting out every now and then with mysterious swiftness, hitting one, two, quick as thought, as if in the face of an adversary; now his left hand went up, as if guarding his own head, now his immense right fist dreadfully flapped the air, as if punishing his imaginary opponent's miserable ribs. The conversation lasted for some ten minutes, about which time gown-boys' dinner was over, and we saw these youths in their black, horned-buttoned jackets and knee-breeches, issuing from their door in the cloisters. There were no hoops, no cricket bats, as usual on a half-holiday. Who would have thought of play in expectation of such tremendous sport as was in store for us?

Towering among the gown-boys, of whom he was the head and the tyrant, leaning upon Bushby's arm, and followed at a little distance by many curious, pale, awe-stricken boys, dressed in his black silk stockings, which he always sported, and with a crimson bandanna tied round his waist, came BIGGS. His nose was swollen with the blow given before school, but his eyes flashed fire. He was laughing and sneering with Bushby, and evidently intended to make minced meat of Berry.

The betting began pretty freely; the bets were against poor Berry. Five to three were offered—in ginger-beer. I took six to four in raspberry open tarts. The upper boys carried the thing farther still; and I know for a fact, that Swang's book amounted to four pound three (but he hedged a good deal), and Tittery lost seventeen shillings in a single bet to Pitts, who took the odds.

As Biggs and his party arrived, I heard Hawkins say to Berry, "For Heaven's sake, my boy, fib with your right, and *mind his left hand!*"

Middle Briars was voted to be too confined a space for the combat, and it was agreed that it should take place behind the under-school in the shade, whither we all went. Hawkins, with his immense silver hunting-watch, kept the time; and water was brought from the pump close to Notley's, the pastry-cook's, who did not admire fisty-cuffs at all on half-holidays, for the fights kept the boys away from his shop. Gutley was the only fellow in the school who remained faithful to him, and he sat on the counter—the great, gormandising beast!—eating tarts the whole day.

This famous fight, as every Slaughter-house man knows, lasted for two hours and twenty-nine minutes, by Hawkins's immense watch. All this time the air resounded with cries of "Go it, Berry! Go it, Biggs! Pitch into him! Give it him!" and so on. Shall I describe the hundred and two rounds of the combat? No! Fraser must publish a supplement, and the taste for such descriptions has passed away.

1st Round.—Both the combatants fresh, and in prime order. The weight and inches somewhat on the gown-boy's side. Berry goes gallantly in, and delivers a clinker on the gown-boy's jaw. Biggs makes play with his left. Berry down.

\* \* \* \* \*

4th Round.—Claret drawn in profusion from the gown-boy's grog-shop. (He went down, and spit his front teeth into a pewter basin at the end of this round, but the blow cut Berry's knuckles a great deal.)

\* \* \* \* \*

15th Round.—Chancery. Fibbing. Biggs makes dreadful work with his left. Break away. Rally. Biggs down. Betting still six to four on the gown-boy.

\* \* \* \* \*

20th Round.—The men both dreadfully punished. Berry somewhat shy of his adversary's left hand.

\* \* \* \* \*

29th to 42nd Round.—The Chipsite all this while breaks away from the gown-boy's left, and goes down on a knee. Six to four on the gown-boy, until the fortieth round, when the bets became equal.

\* \* \* \* \*

102nd and last Round.—For half-an-hour the men had stood up to each other, but were almost too weary to strike. The gown-boy's face hardly to be recognized, swollen and streaming with blood. The Chipsite in a similar condition, and still more punished about the side from his enemy's left hand. Berry gives a blow at his adversary's face, and falls over him as he falls.

The gown-boy can't come up to time. And thus ended the great fight of Berry and Biggs.

\* \* \* \* \*

And what, pray, has this horrid description of a battle and a parcel of school-boys to do with *Men's Wives*, the title at the head of this paper?

What it has to do with *Men's Wives*?—A great deal more, madam, than you think for. Only read Chapter II. and you shall hear.

## CHAPTER II.

### THE COMBAT AT VERSAILLES.

I AFTERWARDS came to be Berry's fag, and, though beaten by him daily, he allowed, of course, no one else to lay a hand upon me, and I got no more thrashing than was good for me. Thus an intimacy grew up between us, and after he left Slaughter-house and went into the dragoons, the honest fellow did not forget his old friend, but actually made his appearance one day in the playground in moustachios and a braided coat, and gave me a gold pencil-case and a couple of sovereigns. I blushed when

\* As it is very probable that many fair readers may not approve of the extremely forcible language in which the combat is depicted, I beg them to skip it and pass on to the next chapter, and to remember that it has been modelled on the style of the very best writers of the sporting papers.

I took them, but take them I did; and I think the thing I almost best recollect in my life, is the sight of Berry getting behind an immense bay cab-horse, which was held by a correct little groom, and was waiting near the school in Slaughter-house Square. He proposed, too, to have me to Long's, where he was lodging for the time; but this invitation was refused in my behalf by Dr. Muzzle, who said, and possibly with correctness, that I should get little good by spending my holiday with such a scapegrace.

Once afterwards he came to see me at Christchurch, and we made a show of writing to one another, and didn't, and always had a hearty mutual goodwill; and though we did not quite burst into tears on parting, were yet quite happy when occasion threw us together, and so almost lost sight of each other. I heard lately that Berry was married, and am rather ashamed to say, that I was not so curious as even to ask the maiden name of his lady.

Last summer I was at Paris, and had gone over to Versailles to meet a party, one of which was a young lady to whom I was tenderly \* \* But, never mind. The day was rainy, and the party did not keep its appointment; and after yawning through the interminable palace picture-galleries, and then making an attempt to smoke a cigar in the palace garden—for which crime I was nearly run through the body by a rascally sentinel—I was driven, perforce, into the great, bleak, lonely *place* before the palace, with its roads branching off to all the towns in the world, which Louis and Napoleon once intended to conquer, and there enjoyed my favourite pursuit at leisure, and was meditating whether I should go back to Vêjour's for dinner, or patronize my friend M. Duboux of the Hotel des Reservoirs, who gives not only a good dinner, but as dear a one as heart can desire. I was, I say, meditating these things, when a carriage passed by. It was a smart, low calash, with a pair of bay horses and a postilion in a drab jacket, that twinkled with innumerable buttons; and I was too much occupied in admiring the build of the machine, and the extreme tightness of the fellow's inexpressibles, to look at the personages within the carriage, when the gentleman roared out "Fitz!" and the postilion pulled up and the lady gave a shrill scream, and a little black-muzzled spaniel began barking and yelling with all his might, and a man with moustachios jumped out of the vehicle, and began shaking me by the hand.

"Drive home, John," said the gentleman; "I'll be with you, my love, in an instant—it's an old friend. Fitz, let me present you to Mrs. Berry."

The lady made an exceedingly gentle inclination of her black velvet bonnet, and said, "Pray, my love, remember that it is dinner-time. However, never mind *me*." And with another slight toss and a nod to the postilion, that individual's white leather breeches began to jump up and down again in the saddle, and

the carriage disappeared, leaving me shaking my old friend Berry by the hand.

He had long quitted the army, but still wore his military beard, which gave to his fair pink face a lion-like look. He was extraordinarily glad to see me, as only men are glad who live in a small town, or in dull company. There is no destroyer of friendships like London, where a man has no time to think of his neighbour, and has far too many friends to care for them. He told me in a breath of his marriage, and how happy he was, and straight insisted that I must come home to dinner, and see more of Angelica, who had invited me herself—didn't I hear her?

"Mrs. Berry asked *you*, Frank, but I certainly did not hear her ask *me*."

"She would not have mentioned the dinner but that she meant me to ask you. I know she did," cried Frank Berry. "And, besides—hang it—I'm master of the house. So come you shall. No ceremony, old boy—one or two friends—snug family party—and we'll talk over old times over a bottle of claret."

There did not seem to me to be the slightest objection to this arrangement, except that my boots were muddy, and my coat of the morning sort. But as it was quite impossible to go to Paris and back again in a quarter of an hour, and as a man may dine with perfect comfort to himself in a frock-coat, it did not occur to me to be particularly squeamish, or to decline an old friend's invitation upon a pretext so trivial. Accordingly, we walked to a small house in the Avenue de Paris, and were admitted first into a small garden ornamented by a grotto, a fountain, and several nymphs in plaster-of-Paris, then up a mouldy old steep stair into a hall, where a statue of Cupid and another of Venus welcomed us with their eternal simper; then through a *salle-à-manger*, where covers were laid for six; and finally to a little salon, when Fido, the dog, began to howl furiously according to his wont.

It was one of the old pavilions that had been built for a pleasure-house in the gay days of Versailles, ornamented with abundance of damp cupids and cracked gilt cornices, and old mirrors let into the walls, and gilded once, but now painted a dingy French white. The long low windows looked into the court where the fountain played its ceaseless dribble, surrounded by numerous rank creepers and weedy flowers, but in the midst of which the statues stood with their bases quite moist and green.

I hate fountains and statues in dark, confined places, that cheerless, endless plashing of water is the most inhospitable sound ever heard. The stiff grin of those French statues, or ogling Canova Graces, is by no means more happy, I think, than the smile of a skeleton, and not so natural. Those little pavilions in which the old *roués* sported, were never meant to be seen by daylight, depend on't. They were lighted up with a hundred wax candles, and that little fountain yonder was meant only



to cool the claret. And so my first impression of Berry's place of abode was rather a dismal one. However, I heard him in the *salle-à-manger* drawing the corks which went off like a *cloop*, and that consoled me.

As for the furniture of the rooms appertaining to the Berry's there was a harp in a leather case, and a piano, and a flute-box, and a huge tambour with a Saracen's nose just begun, and likewise on the table a multiplicity of those little gilt books half sentimental and half religious, which the wants of the age and of our young ladies have produced in such numbers of late. I quarrel with no lady's taste in that way; but heigho! I had rather that Mrs. Fitz-Boodle should read *Humphrey Clinker*!

Besides these works, there was a *Peerage*, of course. What genteel family was ever without one?

I was making for the door to see Frank drawing the corks, and was bounced at by the amiable little black-muzzled spaniel, who fastened his teeth in my pantaloons, and received a polite kick in consequence, which sent him howling to the other end of the room, and the animal was just in the act of performing that feat of agility, when the door opened and madam made her appearance. Frank came behind her peering over her shoulder with rather an anxious look.

Mrs. Berry is an exceedingly white and lean person. She has thick eyebrows which meet rather dangerously over her nose, which is Grecian, and a small mouth with no lips—a sort of feeble pucker in the face, as it were. Under her eyebrows are a pair of enormous eyes, which she is in the habit of turning constantly ceilingwards. Her hair is rather scarce and worn in bandeaux, and she commonly mounts a sprig of laurel, or a dark flower or two, which, with the sham-tour—I believe that is the name of the knob of artificial hair which ladies sport—gives her a rigid and classical look. She is dressed in black, and has invariably the neatest of silk stockings and shoes; for, forsooth her foot is a fine one, and she always sits with it before her, looking at it, stamping it, and admiring it a great deal. "Fido," she says to her spaniel, "you have almost crushed my poor foot;" or, "Frank," to her husband, "bring me a footstool;" or, "I suffer so from cold in the feet," and so forth; but be the conversation what it will, she is always sure to put *her foot* into it.

She invariably wears on her neck the miniature of her late father, Sir George Catacomb, apothecary to George III.; and she thinks those two men the greatest the world ever saw. She was born in Baker Street, Portman Square, and that is saying almost enough of her. She is as long, as genteel, and as dreary, as that deadly-lively place, and sports, by way of ornament, her papa's hatchment, as it were, as every tenth Baker Street house has taught her.

What induced such a jolly fellow as Frank Berry to marry Miss Angelica Catacomb, no one can tell. He met her, he says, at a ball at Hampton Court, where his regiment was quartered, and where, to this day, lives "her aunt Lady Pash." She alludes perpetually in conversation to that celebrated lady; and if you look in the *Baronetage* to the pedigree of the Pash family, you may see manuscript notes by Mrs. Frank Berry, relative to them and herself. Thus, when you see in print that Sir John Pash married Angelica, daughter of Graves Catacomb, Esq., in a neat hand you find written, *and sister of the late Sir George Catacomb, of Baker Street, Portman Square*; "A.B." follows of course. It is a wonder how fond ladies are of writing in books, and signing their charming initials! Mrs. Berry's before-mentioned little gilt books are scored with pencil-marks, or occasionally at the margin with a!—note of interjection, or the words "too true, A.B." and so on. Much may be learned with regard to lovely woman by a look at the books she reads in; and I had gained no inconsiderable knowledge of Mrs. Berry by the ten minutes spent in the drawing-room, while she was at her toilet in the adjoining bed-chamber.

"You have often heard *mé* talk of George, Fitz," says Berry, with an appealing look to madam.

"Very often," answered his lady, in a tone which clearly meant "a great deal too much." "Pray, sir," continued she, looking at my boots with all her might, "are we to have your company at dinner?"

"Of course you are, my dear; what else do you think he came for. You would not have the man go back to Paris to get his evening coat, would you?"

"At least, my love, I hope you will go and put on *yours*, and change those muddy boots. Lady Pash will be here in five minutes, and you know Dobus is as punctual as clockwork." Then turning to me with a sort of apology that was as consoling as a box on the ear, "We have some friends at dinner, sir, who are rather particular persons; but I am sure when they hear that you only came on a sudden invitation, they will excuse your morning dress.—Bah, what a smell of smoke!"

With this speech, madam placed herself majestically on a sofa, put out her foot, called Fido, and relapsed into an icy silence. Frank had long since evacuated the premises, with a rueful look at his wife, but never daring to cast a glance at me. I saw the whole business at once! here was this lion of a fellow tamed down by a she Van Amburgh,<sup>1</sup> and fetching and carrying at her orders a great deal more obediently than her little yowling black-muzzled darling of a Fido.

I am not, however, to be tamed so easily, and was determined, in this instance, not to be in the least disconcerted, or to show the smallest

<sup>1</sup> Van Amburgh, the lion-tamer, was then just in the zenith of his sensational exhibitions.

sign of ill-humour ; so to *renouer* the conversation, I began about Lady Pash.

"I heard you mention the name of Pash, I think," said I ; "I know a lady of that name, and a very ugly one it is too."

"It is most probably not the same person," answered Mrs. Berry, with a look which intimated that a fellow like me could never have had the honour to know so exalted a person.

"I mean old Lady Pash of Hampton Court. Fat woman—fair, ain't she—wears an amethyst in her forehead, has one eye, a blond wig, and dresses in light green?"

"Lady Pash, sir, is MY AUNT," answered Mrs. Berry (not altogether displeased, although she expected money from the old lady ; but you know we love to hear our friends abused when it can be safely done).

"O indeed ! she was a daughter of old Catacomb's, of Windsor, I remember, the undertaker. They called her husband Callipash, and her ladyship Pishpash. So you see, madam, that I know the whole family?"

"Mr. Fitz-Simons !" exclaimed Mrs. Berry, rising, "I am not accustomed to hear nicknames applied to myself and my family ; and must beg you, when you honour us with your company, to spare our feelings as much as possible. Mr. Catacomb had the confidence of his SOVEREIGN, sir, and Sir John Pash was of Charles II.'s creation. The one was my uncle, sir, the other my grandfather !"

"My dear madam, I am extremely sorry, and most sincerely apologise for my inadvertence. But you owe me an apology too ; my name is not Fitz-Simons but Fitz-Boodle."

"What ! of Booodle Hall—my husband's old friend ; of Charles I.'s creation ? My dear sir, I beg you a thousand pardons, and am delighted to welcome a person of whom I have heard Frank say so much. Frank (to Berry, who soon entered in very glossy boots and a white waistcoat), do you know, darling, I mistook Mr. Fitz-Boodle for Mr. Fitz-Simons—that horrid Irish horsedealing person ; and I never, never, never can pardon myself for being so rude to him."

The big eyes here assumed an expression that was intended to kill me out-right with kindness—from being calm, still, reserved, Angelica suddenly became gay, smiling, confidential, and *folâtre*. She told me she had heard I was a sad creature, and that she intended to reform me, and that I must come and see Frank a great deal.

Now, although Fitz-Simons, for whom I was mistaken, is as low a fellow as ever came out of Dublin, and having been a captain in somebody's army, is now a black-leg and horse-dealer by profession ; yet if I had brought him home to Mrs. Fitz-Boodle to dinner, I should have liked far better that that imaginary lady should have received him with decent civility, and not insulted the stranger within the husband's gates. And, although it was delightful to be received so cordially when the mistake was discovered,

yet I found that *all* Berry's old acquaintances were by no means so warmly welcomed ; for another old school-chum presently made his appearance, who was treated in a very different manner.

This was no other than poor Jack Butts, who is a sort of small artist and picture-dealer by profession, and was a day-boy at Slaughterhouse when we were there, and very serviceable in bringing in sausages, pots of pickles, and other articles of merchandise, which we could not otherwise procure. The poor fellow has been employed, seemingly, in the small office of fetcher and carrier ever since ; and occupied that post for Mrs. Berry. It was, "Mr. Butts, have you finished that drawing for Lady Pash's album ?" and Butts produced it ; and, "Did you match the silk for me at Delillès ?" and there was the silk, bought, no doubt, with the poor fellow's last five francs ; and "Did you go to the furniture man in the Rue St. Jacques ; and bring the canary-seed, and call about my shawl at that odious, dawdling Madame Ficket's ; and have you brought the guitar-strings ?"

Butts hadn't brought the guitar-strings ; and thereon Mrs. Berry's countenance assumed the same terrible expression which I had formerly remarked in it, and which made me tremble for Berry.

"My dear Anglica, though," said he with some spirit, "Jack Butts isn't a baggage-waggon, nor a Jack-of-all-trades, you make him paint pictures for your women's albums, and look after your upholsterer, and your canary-bird, and your milliners, and turn rusty because he forgets your last message."

"I did not turn *rusty*, Frank, as you call it elegantly. I'm very much obliged to Mr. Butts for performing my commissions—very much obliged. And as for not paying for the pictures to which you so kindly allude, Frank, I should never have thought of offering payment for so paltry a service ; but I'm sure I shall be happy to pay, if Mr. Butts will send me in his bill."

"By Jove, Angelica, this is too strong !" bounced out Berry ; but the little matrimonial squabble was abruptly ended, by Berry's French man flinging open the door and announcing MILADI PASH and Doctor Dobus, which two personages made their appearance.

The person of old Pash has been already parenthetically described. But quite different from her dismal niece in temperament, she is as jolly an old widow as ever wore weeds. She was attached somehow to the court, and has a multiplicity of stories about the princesses and the old king, to which Mrs. Berry never fails to call your attention in her grave, important way. Lady Pash has ridden many a time to the Windsor hounds ; she made her husband become a member of the four-in-hand club, and has numberless stories about Sir Godfrey Webster, Sir John Lade, and the old heroes of those times. She has lent a rouleau to Dick Sheridan, and remembers Lord Byron when

he was a sulky slim young lad. She says Charles Fox was the pleasantest fellow she ever met with, and has not the slightest objection to inform you that one of the princes was very much in love with her. Yet somehow she is only fifty-two years old, and I have never been able to understand her calculation. One day or other, before her eye went out, and before those pearly teeth of hers were stuck to her gums by gold, she must have been a pretty little body enough. Yet, in spite of the latter inconvenience, she eats and drinks too much every day, and tosses off a glass of maraschino with a trembling, pudgy hand, every finger of which twinkles with a dozen, at least, of old rings. She has a story about every one of those rings, and a stupid one too. But there is always something pleasant, I think, in stupid family stories: they are good-hearted people who tell them.

As for Mrs. Muchit, nothing need be said of her: she is Pash's companion, she has lived with Lady Pash since the peace. Nor does my lady take any more notice of her than of the dust of the earth. She calls her "poor Muchit," and considers her a half-witted creature. Mrs. Berry hates her cordially, and thinks she is a designing toad-eater, who has formed a conspiracy to rob her of her aunt's fortune. She never spoke a word to poor Muchit during the whole of dinner, or offered to help her to anything on the table.

In respect to Dobus, he is an old Peninsular man, as you are made to know before you have been very long in his company; and, like most army surgeons, is a great deal more military in his looks and conversation than the combatant part of the forces. He has adopted the sham Duke-of-Wellington air, which is by no means uncommon in veterans; and though one of the easiest and softest fellows in existence, speaks slowly and briefly, and raps out an oath or two occasionally, as it is said a certain great captain does. Besides the above, we sat down to table with Captain Goff, late of the ——— Highlanders; the Rev. Lemuel Whey, who preaches at St. Germain's; little Cutler and the Frenchman, who always *will* be at English parties on the Continent, and who, after making some frightful efforts to speak English, subsides and is heard of no more. Young married ladies and heads of families generally have him for the purpose of waltzing, and in return he informs his friends of the club or the *café* that he has made the conquest of a *charmante Anglaise*. Listen to me, all family men who read this! and never let an *unmarried Frenchman* into your doors. This lecture alone is worth the price of the whole paper. It is not that they do any harm in one case out of a thousand, Heaven forbid!—but they mean

harm. They look on our Susannahs with unholy, dishonest eyes. Harken to two of the grinning rogues chattering together as they clink over the asphalte of the Boulevard with lacquered boots, and plastered hair, and waxed moustachios, and turned-down shirt-collars, and stays and goggling eyes, and hear how they talk of a good, simple, giddy, vain, dull, Baker-street creature, and canvass her points, and shew her letters, and insinuate—never mind, but I tell you my soul grows angry when I think of the same; and I can't hear of an Englishwoman marrying a Frenchman without feeling a sort of shame and pity for her.<sup>1</sup>

To return to the guests. The Rev. Lemuel Whey is a tea-party man, with a curl on his forehead and a scented pocket-handkerchief. He ties his white neckcloth to a wonder, and I believe sleeps in it. He brings his flute with him, and prefers Handel, of course; but has one or two pet profane songs of the sentimental kind, and will occasionally lift up his little pipe in a glee. He does not dance, but the honest fellow would give the world to do it; and he leaves his clogs in the passage, though it is a wonder he wears them, for in the mud-di-est weather he never has a speck on his foot. He was at St. John's College, Cambridge, and was rather gay for a term or two, he says. He is, in a word, full of the milk-and-water of human kindness, and his family lives at Hackney.

As for Goff, he has a huge, shining bald forehead, and immense bristling Indian-red whiskers. He wears white wash-leather gloves, drinks fairly, likes a rubber, and has a story for after dinner, beginning, "Doctor, ye racklackt Saundy McLellan, who joined us in the West Indies. Wal, sir," etc. These and little Cutler make up the party.

Now, it may not have struck all readers, but any sharp fellow conversant with writing must have found out long ago, that if there had been something exceedingly interesting to narrate with regard to this dinner at Frank Berry's, I should have come out with it a couple of pages since, nor have kept the public looking for so long a time at the mere dish-covers and ornaments of the table.

But the simple fact must now be told, that there was nothing of the slightest importance occurred at this repast, except that it gave me an opportunity of studying Mrs. Berry in many different ways, and, in spite of the extreme complaisance which she now shewed me, of forming, I am sorry to say, a most unfavourable opinion of that fair lady; for, truth to tell, I would much rather she should have been civil to Mrs. Muchit, than outrageously complimentary to your humble servant; and,

<sup>1</sup> Every person who has lived abroad can, of course, point out a score of honourable exceptions to the case above hinted at, and knows many such unions in which it is the Frenchman who honours the English lady by marrying her. But it must be remembered that marrying in France means commonly *fortune hunting*; and as for the respect in which marriage is held in France, let all the French novels in M. Roland's library be perused by those who wish to come to a decision upon the question. The nation has repealed the ninth commandment.

as she professed not to know what on earth there was for dinner, would it not have been much more natural for her not to frown, and bob, and wink, and point, and pinch her lips as often as Monsieur Anatole, her French domestic, not knowing the ways of English dinner-tables, placed anything out of its due order. The allusions to Boodle Hall were innumerable, and I don't know any greater bore than to be obliged to talk of a place which belongs to one's elder brother. Many questions were likewise asked about the Dowager and her Scotch relatives, the Plumduffs, about whom Lady Pash knew a great deal, having seen them at court and at Lord Melville's. Of course she had seen them at court and at Lord Melville's, as she might have seen thousands of Scotchmen beside ; but what mattered it to me, who care not a jot for old Lady Fitz-Boodle. "When you write, you'll say you met an old friend of her ladyship's," says Mrs. Berry, and I faithfully promised I would when I wrote ; but if the new Post-office paid us for writing letters (as very possibly it will soon), I could not be bribed to send a line to old Lady Fitz.

In a word, I found that Berry, like many simple fellows before him, had made choice of an imperious, ill-humoured, and under-bred female for a wife, and could see with half an eye that he was a great deal too much her slave.

The struggle was not over yet, however. Witness that little encounter before dinner, and once or twice the honest fellow replied rather smartly during the repast, taking especial care to atone as much as possible for his wife's inattention to Jack and Mrs. Muchit, by particular attention to those personages, whom he helped to everything round about and pressed perpetually to champagne ; he drank but little himself, for his amiable wife's eye was constantly fixed on him.

Just at the conclusion of the dessert, madame, who had *boudé* Berry during dinner-time, became particularly gracious to her lord and master, and tenderly asked me if I did not think the French custom was a good one, of men leaving table with the ladies.

"Upon my word, ma'am," says I, "I think it a most abominable practice !"

"And so do I," says Cutler.

"A most abominable practice ! Do you hear *that* ?" cries Berry, laughing and filling his glass.

"I'm sure, Frank, when we are alone you always come to the drawing-room," replies the lady sharply.

"Oh yes, when we are alone, darling," says Berry, blushing ; "but now we're *not* alone—ha, ha ! Anatole, du Bordeaux !"

"I'm sure they sat after the ladies at Carlton House ; didn't they, Lady Pash ?" says Dobus, who likes his glass.

"That they did !" says my lady, giving him a jolly nod.

"I racklackt," exclaims Captain Goff,

"when I was in the Mauritius, that Muster Mac Whirter, who commanded the Saxty-Sackond, used to say, Mac, if ye want to get lively, ye'll not stop for more than two hours after the leddies have laft ye : if ye want to get drunk, ye'll just dine at the mass. So ye see, Mestress Burry, what was Mac's allowance—haw, haw ! Mester Whey, I'll trouble ye for the o-lives."

But though we were in a clear majority, that indomitable woman, Mrs. Berry, determined to make us all as uneasy as possible, and would take the votes all round. Poor Jack, of course, sided with her, and Whey said he loved a cup of tea and a little music better than all the wine of Bourdeaux. As for the Frenchman, when Mrs. Berry said, "And what do you think, M. le Vicomte ?"

"Vat you speak ?" said M. de Blagneval, breaking silence for the first time during two hours ; "yasc—eh ? to me you speak ?"

"*Apny deeny, aimy voo ally avec les dam ?*"

"*Comment avec les dames ?*"

"*Ally avec les dam com a Parry, ou resty avec les Messer com on Onglyterre ?*"

"Ah, madame ! vous me le demandez ?" cries the little wretch, starting up in a theatrical way, and putting out his hand, which Mrs. Berry took ; and with this the ladies left the room. Old Lady Pash trotted after her niece with her hand in Whey's, very much wondering at such practices, which were not in the least in vogue in the reign of George III.

Mrs. Berry cast a glance of triumph at her husband ; and Berry was evidently annoyed that three-eighths of his male forces had left him.

But fancy our delight and astonishment, when in a minute they all three came back again ; the Frenchman looking entirely astonished, and the parson and the painter both very queer. The fact is, old downright Lady Pash, who had never been in Paris in her life before, and had no notion of being deprived of her usual hour's respite and nap, said at once to Mrs. Berry, "My dear Angelica, you're surely not going to keep these three men here ? Send them back to the dining-room, for I've a thousand things to say to you." And Angelica, who expects to inherit her aunt's property, of course did as she was bid ; on which the old lady fell into an easy-chair, and fell asleep immediately,—so soon, that is, as the shout caused by the reappearance of the three gentlemen in the dining-room had subsided.

I had meanwhile had some private conversation with little Cutler regarding the character of Mrs. Berry. "She's a regular screw," whispered he, "a regular tartar. Berry shews fight, though, sometimes, and I've known him have his own way for a week together. After dinner he is his own master, and hers when he has had his share of wine ; and that's why she will never allow him to drink any."

Was it a wicked or was it a noble and honourable thought which came to us both at the same minute, to rescue Berry from his

captivity? The ladies, of course, will give their verdict according to their gentle natures; but I know what men of courage will think, and by their jovial judgment will abide.

We received, then, the three lost sheep back into our innocent fold again with the most joyous shouting and cheering. We made Berry (who was, in truth, nothing loth) order up I don't know how much more claret. We obliged the Frenchman to drink *malgré lui*; and in the course of a short time we had poor Whey in such a state of excitement, that he actually volunteered to sing a song, which he said he had heard at some very gay supper party at Cambridge, and which begins

"A pye sate on a pear-tree,  
A pye sate on a pear-tree,  
A pye sate on a pear-tree,  
Heigh-ho, heigh-ho, heigh-ho!"

Fancy Mrs. Berry's face as she looked in, in the midst of that Bacchanalian ditty, when she saw no less a person than the Rev. Lemuel Whey carolling it.

"Is it you, my dear," cries Berry, as brave now as any Petruchio. "Come in, and sit down, and hear Whey's song."

"Lady Pash is asleep, Frank," said she.

"Well, darling; that's the very reason. Give Mrs. Berry a glass, Jack, will you?"

"Would you wake your aunt, sir," hissed out madam.

"*Never mind me, love! I'm awake and like it!*" cried the venerable Lady Pash from the *salon*. "Sing away, gentlemen."

At which we all sat up an audacious cheer; and Mrs. Berry flounced back to the drawing-room, but did not leave the door open, that her aunt might hear our melodies.

Berry had by this time arrived at that confidential state to which a third bottle always brings the well-regulated mind; and he made a clean confession to Cutler and myself of his numerous matrimonial annoyances. He was not allowed to dine out, he said, and but seldom to ask his friends to meet him at home. He never dared smoke a cigar, for the life of him, not even in the stables. He spent the morning dawdling in eternal shops, the evenings at endless tea-parties, or in reading poems or missionary tracts to his wife. He was compelled to take physic whenever she thought he looked a little pale, to change his stockings whenever he came in from a walk. "Look here," said he, opening his chest, and shaking his fist at Dobus; "look what Angelica and that infernal Dobus have brought me to."

I thought it might be a flannel waistcoat into which madam had forced him; but it was worse: I gave my word of honour it was a *pitch-plaster*!

We all roared at this, and the doctor as loud as any one; but he vowed that he had no hand in the pitch-plaster. It was a favourite remedy of the late apothecary, Sir George Catacomb, and had been put on by Mrs. Berry's own fair hands.

When Anatole came in with coffee, Berry

was in such high courage, that he told him to go to the deuce with it; and we never caught sight of Lady Pash more, except when, muffled up to the nose, she passed through the *salle-à-manger* to go to her carriage, in which Dobus and the parson were likewise to be transported to Paris. "Be a man, Frank," says she, "and hold your own,"—for the good old lady had taken her nephew's part in the matrimonial business, "and you, Fitz-Boodle, come and see him often. You're a good fellow, take old one-eyed Calipash's word for it. Shall I take you to Paris?"

Dear, kind Angelica, she had told her aunt all I said!

"Don't go, George," says Berry, squeezing me by the hand. So I said I was going to sleep at Versailles that night; but if she would give a convoy to Jack Butts, it would be conferring a great obligation on him; with which favour the old lady accordingly complied, saying to him, with great coolness, "Get up and sit with John in the rumble, Mr. What-d'ye-call-em." The fact is, the good old soul despises an artist as much as she does a tailor.

Jack tripped up to his place very meekly, and "Remember Saturday," cried the doctor, and "Don't forget Thursday," exclaimed the divine,—*"a bachelors' party, you know."* And so the cavalcade drove thundering down the gloomy old Avenue de Paris.

The Frenchman, I forgot to say, had gone away exceedingly ill long since; and the reminiscences of "Thursday" and "Saturday" evoked by Dobus and Whey, were, to tell the truth, parts of our conspiracy; for in the heat of Berry's courage we had made him promise to dine with us all round *en garçon*, with all except Captain Goff, who "racklacted" that he was engaged every day for the next three weeks,—as indeed he is, to a thirty-sous ordinary which the gallant officer frequents, when not invited elsewhere.

Cutler and I then were the last on the field; and though we were for moving away, Berry, whose vigour had, if possible, been excited by the bustle and colloquy in the night air, insisted upon dragging us back again, and actually proposed a grill for supper!

We found in the *salle-à-manger* a strong smell of an extinguished lamp, and Mrs. Berry was snuffing out the candles on the sideboard.

"Hullo, my dear!" shouts Berry; "easily, if you please! we've not done yet!"

"Not done yet, Mr. Berry!" groans the lady, in a hollow, sepulchral tone.

"No, Mrs. B., not done yet. We are going to have some supper, ain't we, George?"

"I think it's quite time to go home," said Mr. Fitz-Boodle (who, to say truth, began to tremble himself).

"I think it is, sir; you are quite right, sir; and you will pardon me, gentlemen, I have a bad headache, and will retire."

"Good night, my dear!" said that audacious Berry. "Anatole, tell the cook to broil a fowl, and bring some wine."



If the loving couple had been alone, or if Cutler had not been an attaché to the embassy, before whom she was afraid of making herself ridiculous, I am confident that Mrs. Berry would have fainted away on the spot; and that all Berry's courage would have tumbled down lifeless by the side of her. So she only gave a martyred look, and left the room; and while we partook of the very unnecessary repast, was good enough to sing some hymn tunes to an exceedingly slow movement in the next room, intimating that she was awake, and that, though suffering, she found her consolations in religion.

These melodies did not in the least add to our friend's courage. The devoted fowl had, somehow, no devil in it. The champagne in the glasses looked exceedingly flat and blue. The fact is, that Cutler and I were now both in a state of dire consternation, and soon made a move for our hats, and lighting each a cigar in the hall, made across the little green where the cupids and nymphs were listening to the dribbling fountain in the dark.

"I'm hanged if I don't have a cigar too," says Berry, rushing after us; and accordingly, putting in his pocket a key about the size of a shovel, which hung by the little handle of the outer grille, forth he sallied, and joined us in our fumigation.

He stayed with us a couple of hours, and returned homeward in perfect good spirits, having given me his word of honour he would dine with us the next day. He put in his immense key into the grille, and unlocked it, but the gate would not open: *it was bolted within*.

He began to make a furious jangling and ringing at the bell; and in oaths, both French and English, called upon the recalcitrant Anatole.

After much tolling of the bell, a light came cutting across the crevices of the inner door; it was thrown open, and a figure appeared with a lamp,—a tall, slim figure of a woman, clothed in white from head to foot.

It was Mrs. Berry, and when Cutler and I saw her, we both ran as fast as our legs could carry us.

Berry, at this, shrieked with a wild laughter. "Remember to-morrow, old boys," shouted he,—"*six o'clock*;" and we were a quarter of a mile off when the gate closed, and the little mansion of the Avenue de Paris was once more quiet and dark.

The next afternoon, as we were playing at

billiards, Cutler saw Mrs. Berry drive by in her carriage; and as soon as a rather long rubber was over, I thought I would go and look for our poor friend, and so went down to the Pavilion. Every door was open, as she wont is in France, and I walked in unannounced and saw this.



He was playing a duet with her on the flute. She had been out but for half an hour, after not speaking all the morning; and having seen Cutler at the billiard-room window, and suspecting that we might take advantage of her absence, she had suddenly returned home again, and had flung herself, weeping, into her Frank's arms, and said she could not bear to leave him in anger. And so, after sitting for a little while sobbing on his knee, she had forgotten and forgiven everything!

The dear angel! I met poor Frank in Bond Street only yesterday; but he crossed over to the other side of the way. He had on goloshes, and is grown very fat and pale. He has shaved off his moustachios, and, instead, wears a respirator. He has taken his name off all his clubs, and lives very grimly in Baker Street. Well, ladies, no doubt you say he is right; and what are the odds, so long as *you* are happy?

G. F. B.

## MEN'S WIVES.—No. II.

### THE RAVENSWING.

#### CHAPTER I—

Which is entirely introductory—contains an account of Miss Crump, her suitors and her family circle.

In a certain quiet and sequestered nook of the retired village of London—perhaps in the neighbourhood of Berkeley Square, or at any rate somewhere near Burlington Gardens—there was once a house of entertainment called the Bootjack Hotel. Mr. Crump, the landlord, had, in the outset of life, performed the duties of boots in some inn even more frequented than his own, and, far from being ashamed of his origin, like many persons are in the days of their prosperity, had thus solemnly recorded it over the hospitable gate of his hotel.

Crump married Miss Budge, so well known to the admirers of the festive dance on the other side of the water as Miss Delaney; and they had one daughter, named Morgiana, after that celebrated part in the *Forty Thieves* which Miss Budge performed with unbounded applause both at the Surrey and the Wells. Mrs. Crump sat in a little bar, profusely ornamented with pictures of the dancers of all ages, from Hillisburg, Rose, Parisot, who employed the light fantastic toe in 1805, down to the Sylphides of our own day. There was in the collection a charming portrait of herself, done by De Wilde; she was in the dress of Morgiana, and in the act of pouring, to very slow music, a quantity of boiling oil into one of the forty jars. In this sanctuary sat, with black eyes, black hair, a purple face and a turban, and morning, noon, or night, as you went into the parlour of the hotel, there was Mrs. Crump taking tea (and a little something in it), looking at the fashions, or reading Cumberland's *British Theatre*. The *Sunday Times* was her paper, for she voted the *Dispatch*, that journal which is taken in by most ladies of her profession, to be vulgar and radical, and loved the theatrical gossip in which the other mentioned journal abounds.

The fact is that the Royal Bootjack, though a humble, was a very genteel house; and a very little persuasion would induce Mr. Crump, as he looked at his own door in the sun, to tell you that he had himself once drawn off with that very bootjack the top-boots of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales and the first gentleman in Europe. While, then, the houses of entertainment in the neighbourhood were loud in their pretended Liberal politics, the Bootjack stuck to the good old Conservative line, and was only frequented by such persons as were of that way of thinking. There were

two parlours, much accustomed, one for the gentlemen of the shoulder-knot, who came from the houses of their employers hard by; another for some "gents who used the 'ouse," as Mrs. Crump would say (Heaven bless her!) in her simple cockniac dialect, and who formed a little club there.

I forgot to say that while Mrs. C. was sipping her eternal tea or washing up her endless blue china, you might often hear Miss Morgiana, employed at the little red-silk cottage piano, singing, "Come where the haspens quiver," or "Bonny lad, march over hill and furrow," or "My art and lute," or any other popular piece of the day. And the dear girl sung with very considerable skill too, for she had a fine loud voice, which, if not always in tune, made up for that defect by its great energy and activity; and Morgiana was not content with singing the mere tune, but gave every one of the roulades, flourishes, and ornaments as she heard them at the theatres by Mrs. Humby, Mrs. Waylett, or Madame Vestris. The girl had a fine black eye, like her mamma, a grand enthusiasm for the stage, as every actor's child will have, and, if the truth must be known, had appeared many and many a time at the theatre in Catherine Street in minor parts first, and then in Little Pickle, in Desdemona, in Rosina, and in Miss Foote's part where she used to dance; I have not the name to my hand, but think it is Davidson. Four times in the week, at least, her mother and she used to sail off at night to some place of public amusement, for Mrs. Crump had a mysterious acquaintance with all sorts of theatrical personages; and the gates of her old haunt "the Wells," of the Coburg (by the kind permission of Mrs. Davidge), nay, of the Lane and the Market themselves, flew open before her "open sesame," as the robbers' door did to her colleague, Ali Baba (Hornbuckle), in the operatic piece in which she was so famous.

Beer was Mr. Crump's beverage, variegated with a little gin, in the evenings; and little need be said of this gentleman except that he discharged his duties honourably, and filled the president's chair at the club as completely as it could possibly be filled; for he could not even sit in it in his great-coat, so accurately was the seat adapted to him. His wife and daughter, perhaps, thought somewhat slightly of him, for he had no literary tastes, and had never been at a theatre since he took his bride from one. He was valet to Lord Slapper at the time, and certain it is that his lordship set him up in the Bootjack, and that stories had been told. But what are such to you or me?

Let bygones be bygones ; Mrs. Crump was quite as honest as her neighbours, and Miss had £500 to be paid down on the day of her wedding.

Those who know the habits of the British tradesman are aware that he has gregarious propensities like any lord in the land ; that he loves a joke, that he is not averse to a glass ; that after the day's toil he is happy to consort with men of his degree ; and that as society is not so far advanced among us as to allow him to enjoy the comforts of splendid club-houses, which are open to many persons with not a tenth part of his pecuniary means, he meets his friends in the cosy tavern parlour, where a neat sanded floor, a large Windsor chair, and a glass of hot something and water, make him as happy as any of the clubmen in their magnificent saloons.

At the Bootjack was, as we have said, a very genteel and select society, called the Kidney Club, from the fact that on Saturday evenings a little graceful supper of broiled kidneys was usually discussed by members of the club. Saturday was their grand night ; not but that they met on all other nights in the week when inclined for festivity : and indeed some of them could not come on Saturdays in the summer, having elegant villas in the suburbs, where they passed the six-and-thirty hours of recreation that are happily to be found at the end of every week.

There was Mr. Balls, the great grocer of South Audley Street, a warm man, who, they say, had his £20,000 ; Jack Snaffle, of the mews hard by, a capital fellow for a song ; Clinker, the ironmonger,—all married gentlemen and in the best line of business ; Trestle, the undertaker, &c. No liveries were admitted into the room, as may be imagined, but one or two select butlers and major-domos formed the circle, for the persons composing it knew very well how important it was to be on good terms with these gentlemen ; and many a time my lord's account would never have been paid, and my lady's large order never have been given, but for the conversation which took place at the Bootjack, and the friendly intercourse subsisting between all the members of the society.

The tiptop men of the society were two bachelors, and two as fashionable tradesmen as any in the town—Mr. Woolsey from Stultz's, of the famous houses of Linsey, Woolsey, & Co, of Conduit Street, tailors ; and Mr. Eglantine, the celebrated perruquier and perfumer of Bond Street, whose soaps, razors, and patent ventilating scalp-are known throughout Europe. Linsey, the senior partner of the tailors' firm, had his magnificent mansion in Regent's Park, drove his buggy, and did little more than lend his name to the house. Woolsey lived in it, was the working man of the firm, and it was said that his cut was as magnificent as that of any man in the profession. Woolsey and Eglantine were rivals in many ways—rivals in fashion, rivals in wit, and, above all, rivals for the hand of an amiable young lady whom we have already mentioned, the dark-eyed song-

stress Morgiana Crump. They were both desperately in love with her, that was the truth ; and each, in the absence of the other, abused his rival heartily. Of the hairdresser, Woolsey said, that as far as Eglantine being his real name, it was all his (Mr. Woolsey's) eye ; that he was in the hands of the Jews, and his stock and grand shop eaten up by usury. And with regard to Woolsey, Eglantine remarked that his pretence of being descended from the cardinal was all nonsense ; that he was a partner, certainly, in the firm, but had only a sixteenth share ; and that the firm could never get their moneys in, and had an immense number of bad debts in their books. As is usual, there was a great deal of truth and a great deal of malice in these tales ; however, the gentlemen were, to take them all in all, in a very fashionable way of business, and had their claims to Miss Morgiana's hand backed by the parents. Mr. Crump was a partisan of the tailor ; while Mrs. C. was a strong advocate for the claims of the enticing perfumer.

Now, it was a curious fact, that these two gentlemen were each in need of the other's services,—Woolsey being afflicted with premature baldness, or some other necessity for a wig still more fatal ; Eglantine being a very fat man, who required much art to make his figure at all decent. He wore a brown frock-coat and frogs, and attempted by all sorts of contrivances to hide his obesity ; but Woolsey's remark, that, dress as he would, he would always look like a snob, and that there was only one man in England who could make a gentleman of him, went to the perfumer's soul ; and if there was one thing on earth he longed for (not including the hand of Miss Crump), it was to have a coat from Linsey's, in which costume he was sure that Morgiana would not resist him.

If Eglantine was uneasy about the coat, on the other hand he attacked Woolsey atrociously on the score of his wig ; for though the latter went to the best makers, he never could get a peruke to sit naturally upon him ; and the unhappy epithet of Mr. Wiggins, applied to him on one occasion by the barber, stuck to him ever after in the club, and made him writhe when it was uttered. Each man would have quitted the Kidneys in disgust long since, but for the other—for each had an attraction in the place, and dared not leave the field in possession of his rival.

To do Miss Morgiana justice, it must be said, that she did not encourage one more than another ; but as far as accepting eau de Cologne and hair-combs from the perfumer—some opera tickets, a treat to Greenwich, and a piece of real Genoa velvet for a bonnet (it had originally been intended for a waistcoat), from the admiring tailor, she had been equally kind to each, and in return had made each a present of a lock of her beautiful glossy hair. It was all she had to give, poor girl ! and what could she do but gratify her admirers by this cheap and artless testimony of her regard ? A pretty scene

and quarrel took place between the rivals on the day when they discovered that each was in possession of one of Morgiana's ringlets.

Such, then, were the owners and inmates of the little Bootjack, from whom and which, as this chapter is exceedingly discursive and descriptive, we must separate the reader for a while, and carry him—it is only into Bond Street, so no gentleman need be afraid—carry him into Bond Street, where some other personages are awaiting his consideration.

Not far from Mr. Eglantine's shop in Bond Street stand, as is very well known, the Windsor chambers. The West Diddlesex Association (western branch), the British and Foreign Soap Company, the celebrated attorneys Kite and Levison, have their respective offices here; and as the names of the other inhabitants of the chambers are not only painted on the walls, but also registered in Mrs. Boyle's *Court Guide*, it is quite unnecessary that they should be repeated here. Among them, on the entresol (between the splendid saloons of the Soap Company on the first floor, with their statue of Britannia presenting a packet of the soap to Europe, Asia, Africa, and America; and the West Diddlesex, western branch, on the basement)—on the entresol—lives a gentleman of the name of Mr. Howard Walker. The brass plate on the door of that gentleman's chambers had the word "Agency" inscribed beneath his name; and we are therefore at liberty to imagine that he followed that mysterious occupation. In person Mr. Walker was very genteel; he had large whiskers, dark eyes (with a slight cast in them), a cane, and a velvet waistcoat. He was a member of a club; had an admission to the opera, and knew every face behind the scenes; and was in the habit of using a number of French phrases in his conversation, having picked up a smattering of that language during a residence "on the Continent;" in fact, he had found it very convenient at various times of his life to dwell in the city of Boulogne, where he acquired a knowledge of smoking, *écarté*, and billiards, which were afterwards of great service to him. He knew all the best tables in town, and the marker at Hunt's could only give him ten. He had some fashionable acquaintances too, and you might see him walking arm-in-arm with such gentlemen as my Lord Vauxhall, the Marquess of Billingsgate, or Captain Buff; and at the same time nodding to young Moses, the dandy bailiff; or Loder, the gambling-house keeper; or Aminadab, the cigar-seller in the Quadrant. Sometimes he wore a pair of moustachios, and was called Captain Walker, grounding his claim to that title upon the fact of having once held a commission in the service of her Majesty the Queen of Portugal. It scarcely need be said that he had been through the Insolvent Court many times. But to those who did not know his history intimately there was some difficulty in identifying him with the individual who had so taken the benefit of the law, in as much as in his schedule his name

appeared as Hooker Walker, wine-merchant, commission agent, music-seller, or what not. The fact is, that though he preferred to call himself Howard, Hooker was his Christian name, and it had been bestowed on him by his worthy old father, who was a clergyman, and had intended his son for that profession. But as the old gentleman died in York gaol, where he was a prisoner for debt, he was never able to put his pious intentions with regard to his son into execution; and the young fellow (as he was wont with many oaths to assert) was thrown on his own resources, and became a man of the world at a very early age.

What Mr. Howard Walker's age was at the time of the commencement of this history, and, indeed, for an indefinite period before or afterwards, it is impossible to determine. If he were eight-and-twenty, as he asserted himself, Time had dealt hardly with him; his hair was thin, there were many crow's feet about his eyes, and other signs in his countenance of the progress of decay. If, on the contrary, he were forty, as Sam Snaffle asserted, who himself had misfortunes in early life, and vowed he knew Mr. Walker in Whitecross Street Prison in 1820, he was a very young-looking person considering his age. His figure was active and slim, his leg neat, and he had not in his whiskers a single white hair.

It must, however, be owned that he used Mr. Eglantine's Regenerative Uncction (which will make your whiskers as black as your boot), and, in fact, he was a pretty constant visitor at that gentleman's emporium; dealing with him largely for soaps and articles of perfumery, which he had at an exceedingly low rate. Indeed, he was never known to pay Mr. Eglantine one single shilling for those objects of luxury, and, having them on such moderate terms, was enabled to indulge in them pretty copiously. Thus Mr. Walker was almost as great a nose-gay as Mr. Eglantine himself. His handkerchief was scented with verbena, his hair with jessamine, and his coat had usually a fine perfume of cigars, which rendered his presence in a small room almost instantaneously remarkable. I have described Mr. Walker thus accurately, because, in truth, it is more with characters than with astounding events, that this little history deals, and Mr. Walker is one of the principal of our *dramatis personæ*.

And so, having introduced Mr. W., we will walk over with him to Mr. Eglantine's emporium, where that gentleman is in waiting, too, to have his likeness taken.

There is about an acre of plate glass under the royal arms in Mr. Eglantine's shop-window; and at night, when the gas is lighted, and the wash-balls are illuminated, and the lambent flame plays fitfully over numberless bottles of vari-coloured perfumes—now flashes on a case of razors, and now lightens upon a crystal vase, containing a hundred thousand of his patent toothbrushes—the effect of the sight may be imagined. You don't suppose that he is a creature who has those odious, simpering wax

figures in his window that are called by the vulgar dummies? He is above such a wretched artifice; and it is my belief that he would as soon have his own head chopped off, and placed as a trunkless decoration to his shop-window, as allow a dummy to figure there. On one pane you read in elegant gold letters "Eglantina"—'tis his essence for the handkerchief; on the other is written "Regenerative Uncion"—'tis his invaluable pomatum for the hair.

There is no doubt about it: Eglantine's knowledge of his profession amounts to genius. He sells a cake of soap for seven shillings, for which another man would not get a shilling, and his tooth-brushes go off like wildfire at half-a-guinea a-piece. If he has to administer rouge or pearl-powder to ladies, he does it with a mystery and fascination which there is no resisting, and the ladies believe there are no cosmetics like his. He gives his wares unheard-of names, and obtains for them sums equally prodigious. He *can* dress hair—that is a fact—as few men in this age can; and has been known to take twenty pounds in a single night from as many of the first ladies of England when ringlets were in fashion. The introduction of bands, he says, made a difference of £2,000 a year to his income; and if there is one thing in the world he hates and despises it is a Madonna. "I'm not," says he, "a tradesman—I'm a *hartist* (Mr Eglantine was born in London). I'm a *hartist*; and shew me a fine 'ead of hair, and I'll dress it for nothink." He vows that it was his way of dressing Mademoiselle Sontag's hair, that caused the count, her husband, to fall in love with her; and he has a lock of it in a brooch, and says it was the finest head he ever saw, except one, and that one was Morgiana Crump's.

With his genius and his position, in the profession, how comes it, then, that Mr. Eglantine was not a man of fortune, as many a less clever has been? If the truth must be told, he loved pleasure, and was in the hands of the Jews. He had been in business twenty years; he had borrowed a thousand pounds to purchase his stock and shop; and he calculated that he had paid upwards of twenty thousand pounds for the use of the one thousand, which was still as much due as on the first day when he entered business. He could shew that he had received a thousand dozen of champagne from the disinterested money-lenders with whom he usually negotiated his paper. He had pictures all over his "studios" which had been purchased in the same bargains. If he sold his goods at an enormous price, he paid for them at a rate almost equally exorbitant. There was not an article in his shop but came to him through his Israelite providers; and in the very front shop itself sat a gentleman who was the nominee of one of them, and who was called Mr. Mossrose. He was there to superintend the cash account, and to see that certain instalments were paid to his principals, according to certain agree-

ments entered into between Mr. Eglantine and them.

Having that sort of opinion of Mr. Mossrose which Damocles may have had of the sword which hung over his head, of course Mr. Eglantine hated his foreman profoundly. "*He* be an artist," would the former<sup>\*</sup> gentleman exclaim, "why he's only a disguised bailiff! Mossrose, indeed! the chap's name's Amos, and he sold oranges before he came here." Mr. Mossrose, on his side utterly despised Mr. Eglantine, and looked forward to the day when he would become the proprietor of the shop, and take Eglantine for a foreman, and then it would be *his* turn to sneer and bully, and ride the high horse.

Thus it will be seen that there was a skeleton in the great perfumer's house, as the saying is, a worm in his heart's core, and though, to all appearance prosperous, that his position was really an awkward one.

What Mr. Eglantine's relations were with Mr. Walker may be imagined from the following dialogue, which took place between the two gentlemen at five o'clock one summer's afternoon, when Mr. Walker, issuing from his chambers, came across to the perfumer's shop.

"Is Eglantine at home, Mr. Mossrose?" said Walker to the foreman, who sat in the front shop.

"Don't know—go and look," (meaning go and be hanged); for Mossrose also hated Mr. Walker.

"If you're uncivil, I'll break your bones, Mr. Amos," says Mr. Walker, sternly.

"I should like to see you try, Mr. *Hooker* Walker," replies the undaunted shopman, on which the captain, looking several tremendous canings at him, walked into the back room or "studio."

"How are you, Tiny, my buck?" says the captain. "Much doing?"

"Not a soul in town. I 'aven't touched the hiron all day," replied Mr. Eglantine, in rather a desponding way.

"Well, just get them ready now, and give my whiskers a turn. I'm going to dine with Billingsgate and some out-and-out fellows at the Regent, and so, my lad, just do your best."

"I can't," says Eglantine. "I expect ladies, captain, every minute."

"Very good; I don't want to trouble such a great man, I'm sure. Good-bye, and let me hear from you *this day week*, Mr. Eglantine."

"This day week" meant that at seven days from that time a certain bill endorsed by Mr. Eglantine would be due, and presented for payment.

"Don't be in such a hurry, captain—do sit down. I'll curl you in one minute. And, I say, won't the party renew?"

"Impossible—it's the third renewal."

"But I'll make the thing handsome to you;—indeed I will."

"How much?"

\* Such is the word in the original. It would seem that it should be *latter*.



"Will ten pounds do the business?"

"What! offer my principal ten pounds? Are you mad, Eglantine?—A little more of the iron to the left whisker."

"No, I meant for commission."

"Well, I'll see if that will do. The party I deal with, Eglantine, has power, I know, and can defer the matter, no doubt. As for me, you know, I've nothing to do in the affair, and only act as a friend between you and him. I give you my honour and soul, I do."

"I know you do, my dear sir." The two last speeches were lies. The perfumer knew perfectly well that Mr. Walker would pocket the £10; but he was too easy to care for paying it, and too timid to quarrel with such a powerful friend. And he had on three different occasions already paid £10 fine for the renewal of the bill in question, all of which bonuses he knew went to his friend Mr. Walker.

Here, too, the reader will perceive what was, in part, the meaning of the word "agency" on Mr. Walker's door. He was a go-between between money-lenders and borrowers in this world, and certain small sums always remained with him in the course of the transaction. He was an agent for wine, too; an agent for places to be had through the influence of great men; he was an agent for half-a-dozen theatrical people, male and female, and had the interests of the latter, especially, it was said, at heart. Such were a few of the means by which this worthy gentleman contrived to support himself, and if, as he was fond of high living, gambling, and pleasures of all kinds, his revenue was not large enough for his expenditure—why, he got into debt, and settled his bills that way. He was as much at home in the Fleet as in Pall Mall, and quite as happy in the one place as in the other. "That's the way I take things," would this philosopher say. "If I've money, I spend; if I've credit I borrow; if I'm dunned, I whitewash; and so you can't beat me down." Happy elasticity of temperament! I do believe that in spite of his misfortunes and precarious position, there was no man in England whose conscience was more calm, and whose slumbers were more tranquil, than those of captain Howard Walker.

As he was sitting under the hands of Mr. Eglantine, he reverted to the ladies, whom the latter gentleman professed to expect, said he was a sly dog, a lucky ditto, and asked him if the ladies were handsome.

Eglantine thought there could be no harm in telling a bouncer to a gentleman with whom he was engaged in money transactions; and so, to give the captain an idea of his solvency and the brilliancy of his future prospects, "Captain," said he, "I've got a hundred and eighty pounds out with you, which you were obliging enough to negotiate for me. Have I, or have I not, two bills out to that amount?"

"Well, my good fellow, you certainly have; and what then?"

"What then? Why I bet you five pounds to one that in three months those bills are paid."

"Done, five pounds to one. I take it."

This sudden closing with him made the perfumer rather uneasy, but he was not to pay for three months, and so he said "done" too, and went on, "What would you say if your bills were paid?"

"Not mine; Pike's."

"Well, if Pike's were paid, and the Minorities man paid, and every single liability I have cleared off; and that Mossrose flung out of winder, and me and my emporium as free as air?"

"You don't say so? Is Queen Anne dead? and has she left you a fortune? or what's the luck in the wind now?"

"It's better than Queen Anne, or any body dying. What should you say to seeing in that very place where Mossrose now sits (hang him!)—in seeing the *finest head of air now in Europe?* A woman I tell you—a slap up lovely woman, who, I'm proud to say, will soon be called Mrs. Heglantine, and will bring me five thousand pounds to her fortune."

"Well, Tiny, this *is* good luck indeed. I say, you'll be able to do a bill or two for *me* then, hay? You won't forget an old friend?"

"That I won't. I shall have a place at my board for you, captaining; and many's the time I shall ope to see you under that ma'ogany."

"What will the French milliner say? She'll hang herself for despair, Eglantine."

"Hush! not a word about *er*. I've sown all my wild oats, I tell you. Eglantine is no longer the gay young bachelor, but the sober married man. I want a heart to share the feelings of mine. I want repose. I'm not so young as I was, I feel it."

"Pooh, pooh! you are—you are—"

"Well, but I sigh for an 'appy fireside; and I'll have it."

"And give up that club which you belong to, hay?"

"The Kidneys? Oh! of course, no married man should belong to such places, at least, I'll not; and I'll have my kidneys broiled at home. But be quiet, captain; if you please the ladies appointed to—"

"And is it *the* lady you expect? eh, you rogue!"

"Well, get along. It's her and her ma."

But Mr. Walker determined he wouldn't get along, and would see these lovely ladies before he stirred.

The operation on Mr. Walker's whiskers being concluded, he was arranging his toilet before the glass in an agreeable attitude, his neck out; his enormous pin settled in his stock to his satisfaction, his eyes complacently directed towards the reflection of his left and favourite whisker, and Eglantine was laid on a litter in an easy, though melancholy posture. He was twiddling the tongs with which he had just operated on Walker with one hand, and his right hand ringlet with the other, and he was thinking—thinking of Morgiana; and then of the bill which was to become due on the 16th; and then of a light blue velvet waistcoat with

old sprigs, in which he looked very killing, and so was trudging round in his little circle of loves, fears, and vanities. "Hang it," Mr. Walker was thinking, "I *am* a handsome man. A pair of whiskers like mine are not met with every day. If any body can see that my tuft is dyed, may I be—." When the door was flung open, and a large lady with a curl on her forehead, yellow shawl, a green velvet bonnet with feathers, half-boots, and a drab gown with tulips and other large exotics painted in it—when, in a word, MRS. CRUMP and her daughter bounced into the room.

"Here we are, Mr. E.," cries Mrs. Crump, in a gay, folâtre, confidential air. "But, law! there's a gent in the room!"

"Don't mind me, ladies," said the gent alluded to, with his fascinating way. "I'm a friend of Eglantine's; an't I, Egg? a chip of the old block, hay?"

"That you are," said the perfumer, starting up.

"An 'air-dresser?" asked Mrs. Crump. "Well, I thought he was, there's something, Mr. E., in gentlemen of your profession so exceeding, so uncommon *distanty*."

"Madam, you do me proud," replied the gentleman so complimented, with great presence of mind. "Will you allow me to try my skill upon you, or upon miss, your lovely daughter? I'm not so clever as Eglantine, but no bad hand, I assure you."

"Nonsense, captain!" interrupted the perfumer, who was uncomfortable somehow at the rencontre between the captain and the object of his affection. "*He's* not in the profession, Mrs. C. This is my friend, Captain Walker, and proud I am to call him my friend." And then aside Mrs. C., "One of the first swells in town, ma'am—a regular tip-topper." Humouring the mistake which Mrs. Crump had just made.

Mr. Walker thrust the curling-irons into the fire in a minute, and looked round at the ladies with such a fascinating grace, that both, now made acquainted with his quality, blushed and giggled, and were quite pleased. Mamma looked at 'Gina, and 'Gina looked at mamma; and then mamma gave 'Gina a little blow in the region of her little waist, and then both burst out laughing, as ladies will laugh, and as, let us trust, they may laugh for ever and ever. Why need there be a reason for laughing? Let us laugh when we are laughy, as we sleep when we are sleepy. And so Mrs. Crump and her demoiselle laughed to their heart's content, and both fixed their large, shining black eyes repeatedly on Mr. Walker.

"I won't leave the room," said he, coming forward with the heated iron in his hand, and smoothing it on the brown paper with all the dexterity of a professor (for the fact is, Mr. W. every morning curled his own immense whiskers with the greatest skill and care)—"I won't leave the room, Eglantine, my boy. My lady, here, took me for a hair-dresser, and so, you know, I've a right to stay."

"He can't stay," said Mrs. Crump, all of a sudden, blushing as red as a peony.

"I shall have on my peignoir, mamma," said miss, looking at the gentleman, and then dropping down her eyes and blushing, too.

"But he can't stay, 'Gina, I tell you; do you think that I would, before a gentleman, take off my—?"

"Mamma means her *FRONT*!" said Miss, jumping up and beginning to laugh with all her might; at which the honest landlady of the Bootjack, who loved a joke, although at her own expense, laughed too, and said that no one, except Mr. Crump and Mr. Eglantine, had ever seen her without the ornament in question.

"Do go now, you provoking thing, you!" continued Miss C. to Mr. Walker; "I wish to hear the hoverture, and it's six o'clock now, and we shall never be done against then;" but the way in which Morgiana said "*do go*," clearly indicated "don't" to the perspicuous mind of Mr. Walker.

"Perhaps you 'ad better go," continued Mr. Eglantine, joining in this sentiment, and being, in truth, somewhat uneasy at the admiration which his "swell friend" excited.

"I'll see you hanged first, Eggy, my boy! Go I won't until these ladies have had their hair dressed; didn't you yourself tell me that Miss Crump's was the most beautiful hair in Europe? And do you think that I'll go away without seeing it? No, here I stay."

"You naughty, wicked, odious, provoking man!" said Miss Crump. But at the same time she took off her bonnet, and placed it on one of the side candlesticks of Mr. Eglantine's glass (it was a plush velvet bonnet, trimmed with sham lace, and with a wreath of nasturtiums, convolvulus, and wall-flowers within); and then said, "Give me the peignoir, Mr. Archibald, if you please;" and Eglantine, who would do anything for her when she called him Archibald, immediately produced that garment, and wrapped round the delicate shoulders of that lady, who, removing a sham gold chain which she wore on her forehead, two brass hair-combs set with glass rubies, and the comb which kept her back hair together, removing them, I say, and turning her great eyes towards the stranger, and giving her head a shake, down let tumble such a flood of shining, waving, heavy, glossy, jetty hair, as would have done Mr. Rowland's heart good to see. It tumbled down Miss Morgiana's back, and it tumbled over her shoulders, it tumbled over the chair on which she sat, and from the midst of it her jolly, bright-eyed, rosy face beamed out with a triumphant smile, which said, "An't I now the most angelic being you ever saw?"

"By heavens! it's the most beautiful thing I ever saw!" cried Mr. Walker, with undisguised admiration.

"Isn't it?" said Mrs. Crump, who made her daughter's triumph her own. "Heigho! when I acted at the Wells in 1820, before that

dear girl was born, I had such a head of hair as that, to a shade, sir, to a shade. They called me Rāvenswing on account of it. I lost my head of hair when that dear child was born, and I often say to her, 'Morgiana, you came into the world to rob your mother of her 'air. Were you ever at the Wells, sir, in 1820? Perhaps you recollect Miss Delancy? I am that Miss Delaney. Perhaps you recollect—

'Tink-a-tink, tink-a-tink :  
By the light of the star,  
On the blue river's brink,  
I heard the guitar.

'I heard a guitar  
On the blue waters clear,  
And knew by its mu-u-sic  
That Selim was near ?'

You remember that in the *Bagdad Bells*? Fatima, Delancy; Selim, Benlomond (his real name was Bunnion); and he failed, poor fellow, in the public line, afterwards. It was done to the tambourine, and dancing between each verse—

'Tink-a-tink, tink-a-tink,  
How the soft music swells,  
And I hear the soft clink  
Of the minaret bells !  
Tink-a—."

"Oh!" here cried Miss Crump, as if in exceeding pain (and whether Mr. Eglantine had twitched, pulled, or hurt any one individual hair of that lovely head, I don't know)—"Oh, you are killing me, Mr. Eglantine!"

And with this, mamma, who was in her attitude, holding up the end of her boa as a visionary tambourine, and Mr. Walker, who was looking at her, and in his amusement at the mother's performances had almost forgotten the charms of the daughter—both turned round at once, and looked at her with many expressions of sympathy, while Eglantine in a voice of reproach, said, "*Killed* you, Morgiana! I kill you?"

"I'm better now," said the young lady with a smile—"I'm better, Mr. Archibald, now." And if the truth must be told, no greater coquette than Miss Morgiana existed in all Mayfair—no, not among the most fashionable mistresses of the fashionable valets who frequented the Bootjack. She believed herself to be the most fascinating creature that the world ever produced; she never saw a stranger but she tried these fascinations upon him; and her charms of manner and person were of that showy sort which is most popular in this world, where people are wont to admire most that which gives them the least trouble to see; and so you will find a tulip of a woman to be in fashion, when a little humble violet or daisy of creation is passed over without remark. Morgiana was a tulip among women, and the tulip-fanciers all came flocking round her.

Well, the said "Oh!" and "I'm better now, Mr. Archibald," thereby succeeded in drawing every body's attention to her lovely self. By the latter words Mr. Eglantine was

specially inflamed; he glanced at Mr. Walker, and said, "Capt! didn't I tell you she was a *creecher*? See her hair, sir—it's as black and as glossy as satting. It weighs fifteen pound that hair, sir; and I wouldn't let my apprentice—that blundering Mossrose, for instance (hang him!) I wouldn't let any one but myself dress that hair for 500 guineas! Ah, Miss Morgiana, remember that you *may always* have Eglantine to dress your hair, remember that, that's all." And with this the worthy gentleman began rubbing delicately a little of the Eglantina into those ambrosial locks, which he loved with all the love of a man and an artist.

And as for Morgiana showing her hair, I hope none of my readers will entertain a bad opinion of the poor girl for doing so. Her locks were her pride; she acted at the private theatre hair-parts, where she could appear on purpose to show them in a dishevelled state; and that her modesty was real, and not affected, may be proved by the fact that when Mr. Walker, stepping up in the midst of Eglantine's last speech, took hold of a lock of her hair very gently with his hand, she cried "Oh!" and started with all her might. And Mr. Eglantine observed, very gravely, "Capt! Miss Crump's hair is to be seen, and not to be touched, if you please."

"No more it is, Mr. Eglantine," said her mamma; "and now, as it's come to my turn, I beg the gentleman will be so obliging as to go."

"*Must* I?" cried Mr. Walker: and as it was half-past six, and he was engaged to dinner at the Regent Club, and as he did not wish to make Eglantine jealous, who evidently was annoyed by his staying, he took his hat just as Miss Crump's coiffure was completed, and, saluting her and her mamma, left the room.

"A tip-top swell, I can assure you," said Eglantine, nodding after him; "a regular bang-up chap, and no *mistake*. Intimate with the Marquess of Billingsgate, and Lord Vauxhall, and that set."

"He's very genteel," said Mrs. Crump.

"Law! I'm sure I think nothing of him," said Morgiana.

And Captain Walker walked towards his club, meditating on the beauties of Morgiana. "What hair," said he; "what eyes the gal has! they're as big as billiard-balls; and £5000, Eglantine's in luck: £5000—she can't have it, it's impossible!"

No sooner was Mrs. Crump's front arranged, during the time of which operation Morgiana sat in perfect contentment looking at the last French fashions in the *Courrier des Dames*, and thinking how her pink satin slip would dye, and make just such a mantilla as that represented in the engraving—no sooner was Mrs. Crump's front arranged, than both ladies, taking leave of Mr. Eglantine, tripped back to the Bootjack Hotel, in the neighbourhood; where a very neat green fly was already in waiting, the gentleman on the box of which

(from a livery-stable in the neighbourhood) gave a knowing touch to his hat, and a salute with his whip, to the two ladies, as they entered the tavern.

"Mr. W's inside," said the man, a driver from Mr. Snaffle's establishment; "he's been in and out this score of times, and looking down the street for you." And in the house, in fact, was Mr. Woolsey, the tailor, who had hired the fly, and was engaged to conduct the ladies that evening to the play.

It was really rather too bad to think that Miss Morgiana, after going to one lover to have her hair dressed, should go with another to the play; but such is the way with lovely woman! Let her have a dozen admirers, and the dear coquette will exercise her power upon them all; and as a lady, when she has a large wardrobe, and a taste for variety in dress, will appear every day in a different costume; so will the young and giddy beauty wear her lovers, encouraging now the black whiskers, now smiling on the brown, now thinking that the gay smiling rattle of an admirer becomes her very well, and now adopting the sad sentimental melancholy one, according as her changeful fancy prompts her. Let us not be too angry with these uncertainties and caprices of beauty, and depend on it that, for the most part, those females who cry out loudest against the flightiness of their sisters, and rebuke their undue encouragement of this man or that, would do as much themselves if they had the chance, and are constant, as I am to my coat just now, because I have no other.

"Did you see Doubleyou, 'Gina dear?" said her mamma, addressing that young lady. "He's in the bar with your pa, and has his military coat with the king's button, and looks like an officer.

This was Mr. Woolsey's style, his great aim being to look like an army gent, for many of whom he in his capacity of tailor made those splendid red and blue coats which characterize our military. As for the royal button, had not he made a set of coats for his late majesty George IV.? and he would add, when he narrated this circumstance, "Sir, Prince Blucher and Prince Swatzenberg's measure's in the house now; and what's more, I've cut for Wellington." I believe he would have gone to St. Helena to make a coat for Napoleon, so great was his ardour. He wore a blue-black wig, and his whiskers were of the same hue. He was brief and stern in conversation, and he always went to masquerades and balls in a field-marshal's uniform.

"He looks really quite the thing, to-night," continued Mrs. Crump.

"Yes, said 'Gina; "but he's such an odious wig, and the dye of his whiskers always comes off on his white gloves."

"Every body has not their own hair, love," continued Mrs. Crump, with a sigh; "but Eglantine's is beautiful."

"Every hairdresser's is," answered Morgiana, rather contemptuously; "but what I can't bear

is that their fingers is always so very fat and pudgy."

In fact, something had gone wrong with the fair Morgiana. Was it that she had but little liking for the one pretender or the other? Was it that young Glauger, who acted Romeo in the private theatricals, was far younger and more agreeable than either? Or was it, that seeing a *real gentleman*, such as Mr. Walker, with whom she had had her first interview, she felt more and more the want of refinement in her other declared admirers? Certain, however, it is, that she was very reserved all the evening, in spite of the attentions of Mr. Woolsey; that she repeatedly looked round at the box-door as if she expected someone to enter; and that she partook of only a very few oysters, indeed, out of the barrel which the gallant tailor had sent down to the Bootjack, and off which the party supped.

"What is it?" said Mr. Woolsey, to his ally, Crump, as they sat together after the retirement of the ladies. "She was dumb all night. She never once laughed at the farce, nor cried at the tragedy, and you know she laughs and cries uncommon. She only took half her negus, and not above a quarter of her beer."

"No more she did!" replied Mr. Crump very calmly. "I think it must be the barber as has been captivating her; he dressed her hair for the play."

"Hang him, I'll shoot him!" said Mr. Woolsey, "A fat, foolish, effeminate beast like that marry Miss Morgiana? Never! I *will* shoot him! I'll provoke him next Saturday—I'll tread on his toe—I'll pull his nose!"

"No quarrelling at the Kidneys!" answered Crump, sternly; "there shall be no quarrelling in that room as long as I'm in the chair!"

"Well, at any rate you'll stand my friend?"

"You know I will," answered the other. "You are honourable, and I like you better than Eglantine. I trust you more than Eglantine, sir. You're more of a man than Eglantine, though you *are* a tailor; and I wish with all my heart you may get Morgiana. Mrs. C. goes the other way, I know, but I tell you what, women will go their own ways, sir, and Morgy's like her mother in this point, and, depend on it, Morgy will decide for herself."

Mr. Woolsey presently went home, still persisting in his plan for the assassination of Eglantine. Mr. Crump went to bed very quietly, and snored through the night at his usual tone. Mr. Eglantine passed some feverish moments of jealousy, for he had come down to the club in the evening and had heard that Morgiana was gone to the play with his rival. And Miss Morgiana dreamed of a man, who was—must we say it?—exceedingly like Captain Howard Walker. "Mrs. Captain So-and-So!" thought she. "O, I do love a gentleman dearly!"

And about this time, too, Mr. Walker himself came rolling home from the Regent, hiccupping, "Such hair!—such eyebrows!—such eyes! like b-b-billiard-balls, by Jove."

## CHAPTER II.

## IN WHICH MR. WALKER MAKES THREE ATTEMPTS TO ASCERTAIN THE DWELLING OF MORGIANA.

THE day after the dinner at the Regent Club, Mr. Walker stepped over to the shop of his friend the perfumer, where, as usual, the young man, Mr. Mossrose, was established in the front premises.

For some reason or other the captain was particularly good-humoured; and, quite forgetful of the words which had passed between him and Mr. Eglantine's lieutenant the day before, began addressing the latter with extreme cordiality.

"A good morning to you, Mr. Mossrose," said Captain Walker. "Why, sir, you look as fresh as your namesake,—you do, indeed, now, Mossrose."

"You look ash yellow ash a guinea," responded Mr. Mossrose, sulkily. He thought the captain was hoaxing him.

"My good sir," replies the other, nothing cast down, "I drank rather too freely last night."

"The more beast you!" said Mr. Mossrose.

"Thank you, Mossrose; the same to you," answered the captain.

"If you call me a beast I'll punch your head off!" answered the young man, who had much skill in the art which many of his brethren practise.

"I didn't, my fine fellow," replied Walker; "on the contrary, you——"

"Do you mean to give me the lie?" broke out the indignant Mossrose, who hated the agent fiercely, and did not in the least care to conceal his hate. In fact, it was his fixed purpose to pick a quarrel with Walker, and to drive him, if possible, from Mr. Eglantine's shop. "Do you mean to give me the lie, I say, Mr. Hooker Walker?"

"For Heaven's sake, Amos, hold your tongue!" exclaimed the captain, to whom the name of Hooker was as poison; but at this moment, a customer stepping in, Mr. Amos exchanged his ferocious aspect for a bland grin, and Mr. Walker walked into the studio.

When in Mr. Eglantine's presence, Walker, too, was all smiles in a minute, sunk down on a settee, held out his hand to the perfumer, and began confidentially discoursing with him.

"Such a dinner, Tiny, my boy," said he; "such prime fellows to eat it, too! Billingsgate, Vauxhall, Cinquars, Buff of the Blues, and half-a-dozen more of the best fellows in town. And what do you think the dinner cost a head? I'll wager you'll never guess."

"Was it two guineas a head?—In course I mean without wine," said the genteel perfumer.

"Guess again!"

"Well, was it ten guineas a head? I'll guess any sum you please," replied Mr. Eglan-

tine; "for I know that when you *nobs* are together, you don't spare your money. I myself, at the Star and Garter at Richmond, once paid——"

"Eighteenpence?"

"Heightenpence, sir!—I paid five-and-thirty shillings per 'ead. I'd have you to know that I can act as a gentleman as well as any other gentleman, sir," answered the perfumer with much dignity.

"Well, eighteenpence was what *we* paid, and not a rap more upon my honour."

"Nonsense, you're joking. The Marquess of Billingsgate dine for eighteenpence? Why, hang it, if I was a marquess, I'd pay a five-pound note for my lunch."

"You little know the person, Master Eglantine," replied the captain, with a smile of contemptuous superiority; "you little know the real man of fashion, my good fellow. Simplicity, sir,—simplicity's the characteristic of the real gentleman, and so I'll tell you what we had for dinner."

"Turtle and venison, of course—no nob dines without *them*."

"Psha! we're sick of 'em! We had pea-soup and boiled tripe! What do you think of *that*? We had sprats and herrings, a bullock's heart, a baked shoulder of mutton and potatoes, pig's-fry and Irish stew. I ordered the dinner, sir, and got more credit for inventing it than they ever gave to Ude or Soyé. The Marquess was in ecstasies, the Earl devoured half a bushel of sprats, and if the Viscount is not laid up with a surfeit of bullock's heart, my name's not Howard Walker. Billy, as I call him, was in the chair, and gave my health; and what do you think the rascal proposed?"

"What *did* his lordship propose?"

"That every man present should subscribe twopence, and pay for my share of the dinner. By Jove! it is true, and the money was handed to me in a pewter-pot, of which they also begged to make me a present. We afterwards went to Tom Spring's, from Tom's to the Finish, from the Finish to the watch-house—that is, *they* did,—and sent for me just as I was getting into bed to bail them all out."

"They're happy dogs, those young noble-men," said Mr. Eglantine; "nothing but pleasure from morning till night; no affectation neither,—no *hoture*; but manly, downright, straightforward, good fellows."

"Should you like to meet them, Tiny, my boy?" said the captain.

"If I did, sir, I hope I should shew myself to be the gentleman," answered Mr. Eglantine.

"Well, you *shall* meet them, and Lady Billingsgate shall order her perfumes at your shop. We are going to dine, next week, all our set, at mealy-faced Bob's, and you shall be my guest," cried the captain, slapping the delighted artist on the back. "And now, my boy, tell me how *you* spent the evening."

"At my club, sir," answered Mr. Eglantine, blushing rather.

"What! not at the play with the lovely



black-eyed Miss—what is her name, Eglantine?”

“Never mind her name, captain,” replied Eglantine, partly from prudence and partly from shame. He had not the heart to own it was Crump, and he did not care that the captain should know more of his destined bride.

“You wish to keep the five thousand to yourself—eh, you rogue?” responded the captain, with a good-humoured air, although exceedingly mortified; for, to say the truth, he had put himself to the trouble of telling the above long story of the dinner, and of promising to introduce Eglantine to the lords, solely that he might elicit from that gentleman’s good-humour some further particulars regarding the young lady with the billiard-ball eyes. It was for the very same reason, too, that he had made the attempt at reconciliation with Mr. Mossrose which had just so signally failed. Nor would the reader, did he know Mr. W. better, at all require to have the above explanation; but as yet we are only at the first chapter of his history, and who is to know what the hero’s motives can be unless we take the trouble to explain?

Well, the little dignified answer of the worthy dealer in bergamot, “*Never mind her name, captain!*” threw the gallant captain quite aback; and though he sat for a quarter of an hour longer, and was exceedingly kind; and though he threw out some skilful hints, yet the perfumer was quite unconquerable; or, rather, he was too frightened to tell; the poor, fat, timid, easy, good-natured gentleman was always the prey of rogues,—panting and floundering in one rascal’s snare or another’s. He had the dissimulation, too, which timid men have; and felt the presence of a victimiser as a hare does of a greyhound. Now he would be quite still, now he would double, and now he would run, and then came the end. He knew, by his sure instinct of fear, that the captain had, in asking these questions, a scheme against him, and so he was cautious, and trembled, and doubted. And oh! how he thanked his stars when Lady Grogmore’s chariot drove up, with the Misses Grogmore, who wanted their hair dressed, and were going to a breakfast at three o’clock!

“I’ll look in again, Tiny,” said the captain, on hearing the summons.

“Do, captain,” said the other: “*thank you*,” and went into the lady’s studio with a heavy heart.

“Get out of the way, you infernal villain!” roared the captain, with many oaths, to Lady Grogmore’s large footman, with ruby-coloured tights, who was standing inhaling the ten thousand perfumes of the shop; and the latter, moving away in great terror, the gallant agent passed out, quite heedless of the grin of Mr. Mossrose.

Walker was in a fury at his want of success, and walked down Bond Street in a fury. “I will know where the girl lives!” swore he.

“I’ll spend a five-pound note, by Jove! rather than not know where she lives!”

“*That you would—I know you would!*” said a little grave low voice, all of a sudden, by his side. “Pooh! what’s money to you?”

Walker looked down; it was Tom Dale.

Who in London did not know little Tom Dale? He had cheeks like an apple, and his hair curled every morning, and a little blue stock, and always two new magazines under his arm, and an umbrella and a little brown frock-coat, and big, square-toed shoes with which he went *papping* down the street. He was everywhere at once. Everybody met him every day, and he knew everything that everybody ever did! though nobody ever knew what *he* did. He was, they say, a hundred years old, and had never dined at his own charge once in those hundred years. He looked like a figure out of a wax-work, with glassy, clear, meaningless eyes; he always spoke with a grin; he knew what you had for dinner the day before he met you, and what everybody had had for dinner for a century back almost. He was the receptacle of all the scandal of all the world, from Bond Street to Bread Street; he knew all the authors, all the actors, all the “notorieties” of the town, and the private histories of each. That is, he never knew anything really, but supplied deficiencies of truth and memory, with ready-coined, never-failing lies. He was the most benevolent man in the universe, and never saw you without telling you everything most cruel of your neighbour, and when he left you he went to do the same kind turn by yourself.

“Pooh! what’s money to you, my dear boy?” said little Tom Dale, who had just come out of Ebers’s, where he had been filching an opera-ticket. “You make it in bushels in the City, you know you do,—in thousands. I saw you go into Eglantine’s. Fine business that; finest in London. Five-shilling cakes of soap, my dear boy. I can’t wash with such: thousands a year that man has made—hasn’t he?”

“Upon my word, Tom, I don’t know,” said the captain.

“You not know? Don’t tell me. You know every thing—you agents. You *know* he makes five thousand a year,—ay, and might make ten, but you know why he don’t.

“Indeed I don’t.”

“Nonsense. Don’t humbug a poor old fellow like me. Jews—most—fifty per cent., ay? Why can’t he get his money from a good Christian?”

“I *have* heard something of that sort,” said Walker, laughing. “Why, by Jove, Tom, you know everything!”

“You know everything, my dear boy. You know what a rascally trick that opera creature served him, poor fellow. Cashmere shawls—Storr and Mortimer’s—Star and Garter. Much better dine quiet off pea-soup and sprats,—ay? His betters have, as you know very well.”

"Pea-soup and sprats! What! have you heard of that already?"

"Who bailed Lord Billingsgate, ay, you rogue?" and here Tom gave a knowing and almost demoniacal grin. "Who wouldn't go to the Finish? Who had the piece of plate presented to him filled with sovereigns? And you deserved it, my dear boy—you deserved it. They said it was only halfpence, but I know better!" and here Tom went off in a cough.

"I say, Tom," cried Walker, inspired with a sudden thought, "you, who know everything, and are a theatrical man, did you ever know a Miss Delancy, an actress?"

"At 'Sadler's Wells' in '16! Of course I did. Real name was Budge. Lord Slapper admired her very much, my dear boy. She married a man by the name of Crump, his lordship's black footman, and brought him five thousand pounds; and they keep the Bootjack public-house in Bunker's Buildings, and they've got fourteen children. Is one of them handsome, eh, you sly rogue,—and is it that which you will give five pounds to know? God bless you, my dear, dear boy. Jones, my dear friend, how are you?"

And now, seizing on Jones, Tom Dale left Mr. Walker alone, and proceeded to pour into Mr. Jones's ear an account of the individual whom he had just quitted; how he was the best fellow in the world, and Jones *knew* it; how he was in a fine way of making his fortune; how he had been in the Fleet many times, and how he was at this moment employed in looking out for a young lady of whom a certain great marquess (whom Jones knew very well, too) had expressed an admiration.

But for these observations, which he did not hear, Captain Walker, it may be pronounced, did not care. His eyes brightened up, he marched quickly and gaily away; and turning into his own chambers opposite Eglantine's shop, saluted that establishment with a grin of triumph. "You wouldn't tell me her name, wouldn't you?" said Mr. Walker. "Well, the luck's with me now, and here goes."

Two days after, as Mr. Eglantine, with white gloves and a case of eau de Cologne as a present in his pocket, arrived at the "Bootjack Hotel," Little Bunker's Buildings, Berkeley Square (for it must out—that was the place in which Mr. Crump's inn was situated), he paused for a moment at the threshold of the little house of entertainment, and listened, with beating heart, to the sound of delicious music that a well-known voice was uttering within.

The moon was playing in silvery brightness down the gutter of the humble street. A "helper," rubbing down one of Lady Smigmag's carriage-horses, even paused in his whistle to listen to the strain. Mr. Tressle's man, who had been professionally occupied, ceased his tap-tap upon the coffin which he was

getting in readiness. The greengrocer (there is always a greengrocer in those narrow streets, and he goes out in white Berlin gloves as a supernumerary footman) was standing charmed at his little green gate; the cobbler (there is always a cobbler, too) was drunk, as usual, of evenings, but, with unusual subordination, never sung except when the *refrain* of the ditty arrived, when he hiccupped it forth with tipsy loyalty; and Eglantine leaned against the Chequers painted on the door-side under the name of Crump, and looked at the red illumined curtain of the bar, and the vast, well-known shadow of Mrs. Crump's turban within. Now and again the shadow of that worthy matron's hand would be seen to grasp the shadow of a bottle; then the shadow of a cup would rise towards the turban, and still the strain proceeded. Eglantine, I say, took out his yellow bandana, and brushed the beady drops from his brow, and laid the contents of his white kids on his heart, and sighed with ecstatic sympathy. The song began,—

Come to the greenwood tree,<sup>1</sup>  
Come where the dark woods be,  
Dearest, oh come with me!

Let us rove—oh my love—oh my love!

Oh my love!

(*Drunken Cobbler without*)— Oh my love!

"Beast!" says Eglantine.

Come—'tis the moonlight hour,  
Dew is on leaf and flower,  
Come to the linden bower,—

Let us rove—oh my love—oh my love!

Let us ro-o-ve, lurlurliety; yes, we'll rove, lurlurliety,

Through the gro-o-ove, lurlurliety—lurlurli-e-i-e-i-e-i!

(*Cobbler as usual*)— Let us ro-o-ove, &c.

"You here?" says another individual, coming clinking up the street, in a military cut dress-coat, the buttons whereof shone very bright in the moonlight. "You here, Eglantine?—you're always here."

"Hush, Woolsey," said Mr. Eglantine to his rival the tailor (for he was the individual in question); and Woolsey, accordingly, put his back against the opposite door-post and Chequers, so that (with poor Eglantine's bulk) nothing much thicker than a sheet of paper could pass out or in. And thus these two amorous Caryatides kept guard as the song continued:—

Dark is the wood, and wide,  
Dangers, they say, betide;  
But, at my Albert's side,  
Nought I fear, oh my love—oh my love!

Welcome the greenwood tree,  
Welcome the forest free,  
Dearest, with thee, with thee,  
Nought I fear, oh my love, oh ma-a-y love!

Eglantine's fine eyes were filled with tears as Morgiana passionately uttered the above

<sup>1</sup> The words of this song are copyright, nor will the copyright be sold for less than twopence-halfpenny.

beautiful words. Little Woolsey's eyes glistened, as he clenched his fist with an oath, and said, "Shew me any singing that can beat *that*. Cobbler, shut your mouth, or I'll break your head!"

But the cobbler, regardless of the threat, continued to perform the "Lurlaliety" with great accuracy; and when that was ended, both on his part and Morgiana's, a rapturous knocking of glasses was heard in the little bar, then a great clapping of hands, and finally, somebody shouted, "*Brava!*"

"Brava!"

At that word Eglantine turned deadly pale, then gave a start, then a rush forward which pinned, or rather cushioned, the tailor against the wall; then twisting himself abruptly round, he sprang to the door of the bar, and bounced into that apartment.

"*How are you, my nosegay?*" exclaimed the same voice which had shouted "*Brava.*" It was that of Captain Walker.

At ten o'clock the next morning a gentleman, with the king's button on his military coat, walked abruptly into Mr. Eglantine's shop, and, turning on Mr. Mossrose, said, "Tell your master I want to see him."

"He's in his studio," said Mr. Mossrose.

"Well, then, fellow, go and fetch him!"

And Mossrose, thinking it must be the Lord Chamberlain, or Doctor Prætorius at least, walked into the studio, where the perfumer was seated in a very glossy old silk dressing-gown, his fair hair hanging over his white face, his double chin over his flaccid, whity-brown shirt collar, his pea-green slippers on the hob, and, on the fire, the pot of chocolate which was simmering for his breakfast. A lazier fellow than poor Eglantine it would be hard to find; whereas, on the contrary, Woolsey was always up and brushed, spick-and-span, at seven o'clock; and had gone through his books, and given out the work for the journeymen, and eaten a hearty breakfast of rashers of bacon, before Eglantine had put the usual pound of grease to his hair (his fingers were always as damp and shiny as if he had them in a pomatum-pot), and arranged his figure for the day.

"Here's a gent wants you in the shop," says Mr. Mossrose, having the door of communication wide open.

"Say I'm in bed, Mr. Mossrose: I'm out of sperrets, and really can see nobody."

"It's some one from Vindsor, I think; he's got the royal button," says Mossrose.

"It's me—Woolsey," shouted the little man from the shop.

Mr. Eglantine at this jumped up, made a rush to the door leading to his private apartment, and disappeared in a twinkling. But it must not be imagined that he fled in order to avoid Mr. Woolsey. He only went away for one minute just to put on his belt, for he was ashamed to be seen without it by his rival.

This being assumed, and his toilet somewhat

arranged, Mr. Woolsey was admitted into his private room. And Mossrose would have heard every word of the conversation between those two gentlemen, had not Woolsey, opening the door, suddenly pounced on the assistant, taken him by the collar, and told him to disappear altogether into the shop, which Mossrose did, vowing he would have his revenge.

The subject which Woolsey had come to treat was an important one. "Mr. Eglantine," says he, "there's no use disguising from one another that we are both of us in love with Miss Morgiana, and that our chances up to this time have been pretty equal. But that captain whom you introduced, like an ass as you were——"

"An ass, Mr. Woolsey? I'd have you to know, sir, that I'm no more a hass than you are, sir; and as for introducing the captain, I did no such thing."

"Well, well, he's got a-poaching into our preserves somehow. He's evidently sweet upon the young woman, and is a more fashionable chap than either of us two. We must get him out of the house, sir—we must circumvent him; and *then*, Mr. Eglantine, will be time enough for you and me to try which is the best man."

"*He* the best man!" thought Eglantine; "the little, bald, unsightly tailor-creature! A man with no more soul than his smoothing-iron!" But the perfumer, as may be imagined, did not utter this sentiment aloud, but expressed himself quite willing to enter into any *hamicable* arrangement, by which the new candidate for Miss Crump's favour must be thrown over. It was, accordingly, agreed between the two gentlemen that they should coalesce against the common enemy; that they should, by reciting many perfectly well-founded stories in the captain's disfavour, influence the minds of Miss Crump's parents, and of herself, if possible, against this wolf in sheep's clothing; and that, when they were once fairly rid of him, each should be at liberty, as before, to prefer his own claim.

"I have thought of a subject," said the little tailor, turning very red, and hemming and hawing a great deal. "I've thought, I say, of a pint, which may be resorted to with advantage at the present juncture, and in which each of us may be useful to the other. An exchange, Mr. Eglantine; do you take?"

"Do you mean an accommodation-bill?" said Eglantine, whose mind ran a good deal on that species of exchange.

"Pooh, nonsense, sir! The name of *our* firm is, I flatter myself, a little more up in the market than some other people's names."

"Do you mean to insult the name of Archibald Eglantine, sir? I'd have you to know that at three months——"

"Nonsense!" says Mr. Woolsey, mastering his emotion. "There's no use a-quarrelling, Mr. E.: we're not in love with each other, I know that. You wish me hanged, or as good, I know that!"

"Indeed I don't, sir!"

"You do, sir; I tell you, you do! and what's more, I wish the same to you—transported, at any rate! But as two sailors, when a boat's a-sinking, though they hate each other ever so much, will help and bale the boat out; so, sir, let us act: let us be the two sailors."

"Bail, sir?" said Eglantine, as usual mistaking the drift of the argument, "I'll bail no man! If you're in difficulties, I think you had better go to your senior partner, Mr. Woolsey;" and Eglantine's cowardly little soul was filled with a savage satisfaction to think that his enemy was in distress, and had actually been obliged to come to *him* for succour.

"You're enough to make Job swear, you great, fat, stupid, lazy, old barber!" roared Mr. Woolsey, in a fury.

Eglantine jumped up and made for the bell-rope. The gallant little tailor laughed.

"There's no need to call in Betsy, said he. "I'm not a-going to eat you, Eglantine; you're a bigger man than me: if you were just to fall on me, you'd smother me! Just sit still on the sofa and listen to reason."

"Well, sir, pro-ceed," said the barber with a gasp.

"Now, listen! What's the darling wish of your heart? I know it, sir! you've told it to Mr. Tressle, sir, and other gents at the club. The darling wish of your heart, sir, is to have a slap-up coat turned out of the *ateliers* of Messrs. Linsey, Woolsey and Company. You said you'd give twenty guineas for one of our coats, you know you did! Lord Bolsterton's a fatter man than you, and look what a figure we turn *him* out. Can any firm in England dress Lord Bolsterton but us, so as to make his lordship look decent? I defy 'em, sir? We could have given Daniel Lambert a figure?"

"If I want a coat, sir," said Mr. Eglantine, "and I don't deny it, there's some people want a *head of hair*!"

"That's the very point I was coming to," said the tailor, resuming the violent blush which was mentioned as having suffused his countenance at the beginning of the conversation. "Let us have terms of mutual accommodation. Make me a wig, Mr. Eglantine, and though I never yet cut a yard of cloth except for a gentleman, I'll pledge you my word I'll make you a coat."

"Will you, honour bright!" says Eglantine.

"Honour bright," says the tailor. "Look!" and in an instant he drew from his pocket one of those slips of parchment which gentlemen of his profession carry, and putting Eglantine into the proper position, began to take the preliminary observations. He felt Eglantine's heart thump with happiness as his measure passed over that soft part of the perfumer's person.

Then pulling down the window-blind, and looking that the door was locked, and blushing still more deeply than ever, the tailor seated himself in an arm-chair towards which Mr.

Eglantine beckoned him, and, taking off his black wig, exposed his head to the great perruquier's gaze. Mr. Eglantine looked at it, measured it, manipulated it, sat for three minutes with his head in his hand and his elbow on his knee gazing at the tailor's cranium with all his might, walked round it twice or thrice, and then said, "It's enough, Mr. Woolsey. Consider the job as done. And now, sir," said he, with a greatly relieved air—"and now, Woolsey, let us 'ave a glass of curaçoa to celebrate this auspicious meeting."

The tailor, however, stiffly replied that he never drunk in a morning, and left the room without offering to shake Mr. Eglantine by the hand, for he despised that gentleman very heartily, and himself, too, for coming to any compromise with him, and for so far demeaning himself as to make a coat for a barber.

Looking from his chambers on the other side of the street, that inevitable Mr. Walker saw the tailor issuing from the perfumer's shop, and was at no loss to guess that something extraordinary must be in progress when two such bitter enemies met together.

### CHAPTER III.

#### WHAT CAME OF MR. WALKER'S DISCOVERY OF THE BOOTJACK.

IT is very easy to state how the captain came to take up that proud position at the Bootjack which we have seen him occupy on the evening when the sound of the fatal "brava" so astonished Mr. Eglantine.

The mere entry into the establishment was, of course, not difficult. Any person by simply uttering the words, "A pint of beer," was free of the Bootjack; and it was some such watchword that Howard Walker employed when he made his first appearance. He requested to be shown into a parlour where he might repose himself for a while, and was ushered into that very *sanctum* where the Kidney Club met. Then he stated that the beer was the best he had ever tasted, except in Bavaria, and in some parts of Spain, he added; and professing to be extremely "peckish," requested to know if there were any cold meat in the house whereof he could make a dinner.

"I don't usually dine at this hour, landlord," said he, flinging down a half-sovereign for payment of the beer; "but your parlour looks so comfortable and the Windsor chairs are so snug, that I'm sure I could not dine better at the first club in London."

"One of the first clubs in London is held in this very room," said Mr. Crump, very well pleased; "and attended by some of the best gents in town, too. We call it the Kidney Club."

"Why, bless my soul! it is the very club my friend Eglantine has so often talked to me about, and attended by some of the tip-top tradesmen of the metropolis!"

"There's better men here than Mr. Eglan-

tine," replied Mr. Crump, "though he's a good man—I don't say he's not a good man—but there's better. Mr. Clinker, sir; Mr. Woolsey, of the house of Linsey, Woolsey and Co."

"The great army-clothiers!" cried Walker; "the first house in town!" and so continued, with exceeding urbanity, holding conversation with Mr. Crump, until the honest landlord retired delighted, and told Mrs. Crump in the bar that there was a tip-top swell in the Kidney parlour, who was a-going to have his dinner there.

Fortune favoured the brave Captain in every way. It was just Mr. Crump's own dinner-hour; and on Mrs. Crump's stepping into the parlour to ask the guest whether he would like a slice of the joint to which the family were about to sit down, fancy that lady's start of astonishment at recognizing Mr. Eglantine's facetious friend of the day before. The captain at once demanded permission to partake of the joint at the family table, the lady could not with any great reason deny this request; the captain was inducted into the bar, and Miss Crump, who always came down late for dinner, was even more astonished than her mamma on beholding the occupier of the fourth place at the table. Had she expected to see the fascinating stranger so soon again? I think she had. Her big eyes said as much, as, furtively looking up at Mr. Walker's face, they caught his looks; and then bouncing down again towards her plate, pretended to be very busy in looking at the boiled beef and carrots there displayed. She blushed far redder than those carrots, but her shining ringlets hid her confusion together with her lovely face.

Sweet Morgiana! the billiard-ball eyes had a tremendous effect on the captain. They fell plump, as it were, into the pocket of his heart; and he gallantly proposed to treat the company to a bottle of champagne, which was accepted without much difficulty.

Mr. Crump, under pretence of going to the cellar (where he said he had some cases of the finest Champagne in Europe), called Dick, the boy, to him, and despatched him with all speed to a wine merchant's, where a couple of bottles of the liquor were procured.

"Bring up two bottles, Mr. C.," Captain Walker gallantly said when Crump made his move, as it were, to the cellar; and it may be imagined after the two bottles were drunk (of which Mrs. Crump took at least nine glasses to her share), how happy, merry, and confidential the whole party had become. Crump told his story of the Bootjack, and whose boot it had drawn; the former Miss Delancy expatiated on her past theatrical life, and in the pictures hanging round the room. Miss was equally communicative; and, in short, the captain had all the secrets of the little family in his possession ere sunset. He knew that Miss cared little for either of her suitors, about whom mamma and papa had a little quarrel. He heard Mrs. Crump talk of Morgiana's property,

and fell more in love with her than ever. Then came tea, the luscious crumpet, the quiet game at cribbage, and the song—the song which poor Eglantine heard, and which caused Woolsey's rage and his despair.

At the close of the evening the tailor was in a greater rage, and the perfumer in greater despair than ever. He had made his little present of eau de Cologne. "Oh fie!" says the captain, with a horse-laugh, "*it smells of the shop!*" He taunted the tailor about his wig, and the honest fellow had only an oath to give by way of repartee. He told his stories about his club and his lordly friends. What chance had either against the all-accomplished Howard Walker?

Old Crump, with a good innate sense of right and wrong, hated the man; Mrs. Crump did not feel quite at her ease regarding him; but Morgiana thought him the most delightful person the world ever produced.

Eglantine's usual morning costume was a blue satin neckcloth embroidered with butterflies and ornamented with a brandy-ball brooch, a light shawl waistcoat, and a rhubarb-coloured coat of the sort which I believe are called Taglionis, and which have no waist-buttons, and make a pretence, as it were, to have no waists, but are, in reality, adopted by the fat in order to give them a waist. Nothing easier for an obese man than to have a waist; he has but to pinch his middle part a little and the very fat on either side pushed violently forward *makes* a waist, as it were, and our worthy perfumer's figure was that of a bolster cut almost in two with a string.

Walker presently saw him at his shop-door grinning in this costume, twiddling his ringlets with his dumpy greasy fingers, glittering with oil and rings, and looking so exceedingly contented and happy that the estate-agent felt assured some very satisfactory conspiracy had been planned between the tailor and him. How was Mr. Walker to learn what the scheme was: Alas! the poor fellow's vanity and delight were such, that he could not keep silent as to the cause of his satisfaction, and rather than not mention it at all, in the fulness of his heart he would have told his secret to Mr. Mossrose himself.

"When I get my coat," thought the Bond Street Alnaschar, "I'll hire of Snaffle that easy going cream-coloured 'oss that he bought from Astley's, and I'll canter through the Park, and *won't* I pass through Little Bunker's Buildings, that's all? I'll wear my grey trousers with the velvet stripe down the side, and get my spurs lacquered up, and with a French polish to my boot; and if I don't *do* for the captain and the tailor too, my name's not Archibald. And I'll tell you what I'll do: I'll hire the small Clarence, and invite the Crumps to dinner at the Gar and Starter, (this was his facetious way of calling the Star and Garter), and I'll ride by them all the way to Richmond. It's rather a long ride, but with Snaffle's soft saddle I can do it pretty easy, I dare say."



And so the honest fellow built castles upon castles in the air ; and the last and most beautiful vision of all was Miss Crump " in white satting, with a horange flower in her 'air," putting him in possession of her lovely hand before the altar of St. George's, 'Anover Square." As for Woolsey, Eglantine determined that he should have the best wig his art could produce ; for he had not the least fear of his rival.

These points then being arranged to the poor fellow's satisfaction, what does he do but send out for half a quire of pink note-paper, and in a filagree envelope despatch a note of invitation to the ladies at the Bootjack :—

*"Bower of Bloom, Bond Street,  
Thursday.*

"Mr. Archibald Eglantine presents compliments to Mrs. and Miss Crump, and requests the *honour and pleasure* of their company at the Star and Garter at Richmond to any early dinner on Sunday next.

"If agreeable Mr. Eglantine's carriage will be at your door at three o'clock, and I propose to accompany them on horseback if agreeable likewise."

This note was sealed with yellow wax, and sent to its destination ; and of course Mr. Eglantine went himself for the answer in the evening : and of course he told the ladies to look out for a certain new coat he was going to sport on Sunday ; and of course Mr. Walker happens to call the next day with spare tickets for Mrs. Crump and her daughter, when the whole secret was laid bare to him, how the ladies were going to Richmond on Sunday in Mr. Snaffle's Clarence, and how Mr. Eglantine was to ride by their side.

Mr. Walker did not keep horses of his own, his magnificent friends at the Regent had plenty in their stables, and some of these were at livery at the establishment of the captain's old "college" companion, Mr. Snaffle. It was easy, therefore, for the Captain to renew his acquaintance with that individual. So, hanging on the arm of my Lord Vauxhall, Captain Walker next day made his appearance at Snaffle's livery-stables and looked at the various horses there for sale or at bait, and soon maniaed, by putting some facetious questions to Mr. Snaffle regarding the Kidney Club, &c., to place himself on a friendly footing with that gentleman, and to learn from him what horse Mr. Eglantine was to ride on Sunday.

The monster Walker had fully determined in his mind that Eglantine should *fall off* that horse in the course of his Sunday's ride.

"That sing'lar hanimal," said Mr. Snaffle, pointing to the old horse, "is the celebrated Hemperor that was the wonder of Hastley's some years back, and was parted with by Mr. Ducrow honly because his feelin's wouldn't allow him to keep him no longer after the death of the first Mrs. D., who invariably rode him. I bought him, thinking that p'raps ladies and Cockney-bucks might like to ride him (for his haction is wonderful, and he can-

ters like a armchair) ; but he's not safe on any day except Sundays."

"And why's that ?" asked Captain Walker. "Why is he safer on Sundays than other days ?"

"*Because there's no music* in the streets on Sundays. The first gent that rode him found himself dancing a quadrille in Hupper Brooke Street to an 'urdy-gurdy that was playing 'Cherry Ripe,' such is the natur of the hanimal. And if you reklekt the play of the battle of Hoysterlitz, in which Mrs. D. hacted 'the female hussar,' you may remember how she and the horse died in the third act to the toon of 'God preserve the Emperor,' from which this horse took his name. Only play that toon to him, and he rears hisself up, beats the hair in time with his forelegs, and then sinks gently to the ground as though he were carried off by a cannon-ball. He served a lady hopposite Hapsley Ouse so one day, and since then I've never let him out to a friend except on Sunday, when, in course, there's no danger. Heglantine is a friend of mine, and, of course, I would'nt put the poor fellow on a hanimal I couldn't trust."

After a little more conversation, my lord and his friend quitted Mr. Snaffle's, and as they walked away towards the Regent, his lordship might be heard shrieking with laughter, crying, "Capital, by Jingo, exthlent ! Dwive down in the dwag ! Take Lungly. Worth a thousand pound, by Jove !" and similar ejaculations, indicative of exceeding delight.

On Saturday morning, at ten o'clock to a moment, Mr. Woolsey called at Mr. Eglantine's with a yellow handkerchief under his arm. It contained the best and handsomest body-coat that ever gentleman put on. It fitted Eglantine to a nicety—it did not pinch him in the least, and yet it was of so exquisite a cut that the perfumer found, as he gazed delighted in the glass, that he looked like a manly, portly, high-bred gentleman—a lieutenant-colonel in the army, at the very least.

"You're a full man, Eglantine," said the tailor, delighted, too, with his own work ; "but that can't be helped. You look more like Hercules than Falstaff now, sir ; and if a coat can make a gentleman, a gentleman you are. Let me recommend you to sink the blue cravat, and take the stripes off your trousers. Dress quiet, sir ; draw it mild. Plain waistcoat, dark trousers, black neckcloth, black hat, and if there's a better-dressed man in Europe to-morrow, I'm a Dutchman."

"Thank you, Woolsey—thank you, my dear sir," said the charmed perfumer. "And now I'll just trouble you to try on this here."

The wig had been made with equal skill ; it was not in the florid style which Mr. Eglantine loved in his own person, but, as the perfumer said, a simple, straightforward head of hair. "It seems as if it had grown there all your life, Mr. Woolsey ; nobody would tell that it

was not your nat'ral colour (Mr. Woolsey blushed), it makes you look ten year younger; and as for that scarecrow yonder, you'll never, I think, want to wear that again."

Woolsey looked in the glass, and was delighted too. The two rivals shook hands and straightway became friends, and in the overflowing of his heart the perfumer mentioned to the tailor the party which he had arranged for the next day, and offered him a seat in the carriage and at the dinner at the Star and Garter. "Would you like to ride?" said Eglantine, with rather a consequential air. Snaffle will mount you, and we can go one on each side of the ladies, if you like."

But Woolsey humbly said he was not a riding man, and gladly consented to take a place in the Clarence carriage, provided he was allowed to bear half the expenses of the entertainment. This proposal was agreed to by Mr. Eglantine, and the two gentlemen parted to meet once more at the Kidneys that night, when everybody was edified by the friendly tone adopted between them.

Mr. Snaffle, at the club meeting, made the very same proposal to Mr. Woolsey that the perfumer had made; and stated that as Eglantine was going to ride Hemperor, Woolsey, at least, ought to mount too. But he was met by the same modest refusal on the tailor's part, who stated that he had never mounted a horse yet, and preferred greatly the use of a coach.

Eglantine's character as a "swell" rose greatly with the club that evening.

Two o'clock on Sunday came; the two beaux arrived punctually at the door to receive the two smiling ladies.

"Bless us, Mr. Eglantine!" said Miss Crump, quite struck by him, "I never saw you look so handsome in your life." He could have flung his arms around her neck at the compliment. "And law, Ma! what *has* happened to Mr. Woolsey? doesn't he look ten years younger than yesterday?" Mamma assented, and Woolsey bowed gallantly, and the two gentlemen exchanged a nod of hearty friendship.

The day was delightful. Eglantine pranced along magnificently on his cantering arm-chair, with his hat on one ear, his left hand on his side, and his head flung over his shoulder, and throwing under-glances at Morgiana whenever the Emperor was in advance of the Clarence. The Emperor pricked up his ears a little uneasily passing the Ebenezer chapel in Richmond, where the congregation were singing a hymn, but beyond this no accident occurred; nor was Mr. Eglantine in the least stiff or fatigued by the time the party reached Richmond, where he arrived time enough to give his steed into the charge of an hostler, and to present his elbow to the ladies as they alighted from the Clarence carriage.

What this jovial party ate for dinner at the Star and Garter need not here be set down. If they did not drink champagne I am very much mistaken; and if they did, and found it

good and cheap, I am very much surprised. But they were as merry as any four people in Christendom; and between the bewildering attentions of the perfumer, and the manly courtesy of the tailor, Morgiana very likely forgot the gallant captain, or, at least, was very happy in his absence.

At eight o'clock they began to drive homewards. "Won't you come into the carriage?" said Morgiana to Eglantine, with one of her tenderest looks; "Dick can ride the horse." But Archibald was too great a lover of equestrian exercise. "I'm afraid to trust anybody on this horse," said he with a knowing look; and so he pranced away by the side of the little carriage. The moon was brilliant, and, with the aid of the gas-lamps, illuminated the whole face of the country in a way inexpressibly lively.

Presently, in the distance, the sweet and plaintive notes of a bugle were heard, and the performer, with great delicacy, executed a religious air. "Music, too! heavenly!" said Morgiana, throwing up her eyes to the stars. The music came nearer and nearer, and the delight of the company was only more intense. The fly was going at about four miles an hour, and the Emperor began cantering to time at the same rapid pace.

"This must be some gallantry of yours, Mr. Woolsey," said the romantic Morgiana, turning upon that gentleman. "Mr. Eglantine treated us to the dinner, and you have provided us with the music."

Now Woolsey had been a little, a very little, dissatisfied, during the course of the evening's entertainment, by fancying that Eglantine, a much more voluble person than himself, had obtained rather an undue share of the ladies' favour; and as he himself paid half of the expenses, he felt very much vexed to think that the perfumer should take all the credit of the business to himself. So when Miss Crump asked if he had provided the music, he foolishly made an evasive reply to her query, and rather wished her to imagine that he *had* performed that piece of gallantry. "If it pleases *you*, Miss Morgiana," said this artful schneider, "what more need any man ask? wouldn't I have all Drury Lane orchestra to please you?"

The bugle had by this time arrived quite close to the Clarence carriage, and if Morgiana had looked round she might have seen whence the music came. Behind her came slowly a drag, or private stage-coach, with four horses. Two grooms with cockades and folded arms were behind; and driving on the box, a little gentleman, with a blue, bird's-eye neckcloth, and a white coat. A bugleman was by his side, who performed the melodies which so delighted Miss Crump. He played very gently and sweetly, and "God save the King" trembled so softly out of the brazen orifice of his bugle, that the Crumps, the tailor, and Eglantine himself, who was riding close by the carriage, were quite charmed and subdued.

"Thank you, *dear* Mr. Woolsey," said the grateful Morgiana; which made Eglantine stare, and Woolsey was just saying, "Really, upon my word, I've nothing to do with it," when the man on the drag-box said to the bugleman, "Now!"

The bugleman began the tune of—

"Heaven preserve our Emperor Fra-an-cis,  
Rum tum-ti-tum-ti-titty-ti."

At the sound, the Emperor reared himself (with a roar from Mr. Eglantine)—reared and beat the air with his fore-paws. Eglantine flung his arms round the beast's neck, still he kept beating time with his fore-paws. Mrs. Crump screamed: Mr. Woolsey, Dick, the Clarence coachman, Lord Vauxhall (for it was he), and his lordship's two grooms, burst into a shout of laughter; Morgiana cries "Mercy! mercy!" Eglantine yells "Stop!"—"Wo!"—"O!" and a thousand ejaculations of hideous terror; until, at last, down drops the Emperor stone dead in the middle of the road, as if carried off by a cannon-ball.

Fancy the situation, ye callous souls who laugh at the misery of humanity, fancy the situation of poor Eglantine under the Emperor! He had fallen very easy, the animal lay perfectly quiet, and the perfumer was to all intents and purposes as dead as the animal. He had not fainted, but he was immovable with terror; he lay in a puddle, and thought it was his own blood gushing from him; and he would have lain there until Monday morning, if my lord's grooms, descending, had not dragged him by the coat-collars from under the beast, who still lay quiet.

"Play 'Charming Judy Callaghan,' will ye?" says Mr. Snaffle's man, the fly-driver; on which the bugler performed that lively air, and up started the horse, and the grooms, who were rubbing Mr. Eglantine down against a lamp-post, invited him to remount.

But his heart was too broken for that. The ladies gladly made room for him in the Clarence. Dick mounted Emperor and rode homewards. The drag, too, drove away, playing, "Oh, dear, what can the matter be?" and with a scowl of furious hate, Mr. Eglantine sat and regarded his rival. His pantaloons were split, and his coat torn up the back.

"Are you hurt much, dear Mr. Archibald?" said Morgiana, with unaffected compassion.

"N-not much," said the poor fellow, ready to burst into tears.

"O Mr. Woolsey," added the good-natured girl, "how could you play such a trick?"

"Upon my word," Woolsey began, intending to plead innocence; but the ludicrousness of the situation was once more too much for him, and he burst out into a roar of laughter.

"You! you cowardly beast!" howled out Eglantine, now driven to fury,—*you* laugh at me, you miserable cretur! Take *that*, sir!"

and he fell upon him with all his might, and well-nigh throttled the tailor, and pummelling his eyes, his nose, his ears, with inconceivable rapidity, wrenched, finally, his wig off his head, and flung it into the road.

Morgiana saw that Woolsey had red hair.

\* \* \* \* \*

### CHAPTER III.<sup>1</sup>

IN WHICH THE HEROINE HAS A NUMBER MORE LOVERS, AND CUTS A VERY DASHING FIGURE IN THE WORLD.

Two years have elapsed since the festival at Richmond, which, begun so peaceably, ended in such general uproar. Morgiana never could be brought to pardon Woolsey's red hair, nor to help laughing at Eglantine's disasters, nor could the two gentlemen be reconciled to one another. Woolsey, indeed, sent a challenge to the perfumer to meet him with pistols, which the latter declined, saying justly, that tradesmen had no business with such weapons; on this the tailor proposed to meet him with coats off, and have it out like men, in the presence of their friends of the Kidney Club. The perfumer said he would be party to no such vulgar transaction; on which, Woolsey, exasperated, made an oath that he would tweak the perfumer's nose so surely as he ever entered the club-room, and thus *one* member of the Kidneys was compelled to vacate his arm-chair.

Woolsey himself attended every meeting regularly, but he did not evince that gaiety and good-humour which renders<sup>2</sup> men's company agreeable in clubs. On arriving, he would order the boy to "tell him when that scoundrel Eglantine came," and, hanging up his hat on a peg, would scowl round the room, and tuck up his sleeves very high, and stretch, and shake his fingers and wrists, as if getting them ready for that pull of the nose which he intended to bestow upon his rival. So prepared he would sit down and smoke his pipe quite silently, glaring at all, and jumping up, and hitching up his coat-sleeves when any one entered the room.

The Kidneys did not like this behaviour. Clunker ceased to come. Bustard, the pouter, ceased to come. As for Snaffle, he also disappeared, for Woolsey wished to make him answerable for the misbehaviour of Eglantine, and proposed to him the duel which the latter had declined. So Snaffle went. Presently they all went, except the tailor and Tressle, who lived down the street, and these two would sit and puff their tobacco, one on each side of Crump, the landlord, as silent as Indian chiefs in a wigwam. There grew to be more and more room for poor old Crump in his chair and in his clothes; the Kidneys were gone, and why should he remain? One Satur-

<sup>1</sup> This "Chapter III" is as it appears in the original, though it evidently should have been Chapter IV.

<sup>2</sup> As in the original.

day he did not come down to preside at the club (as he still fondly called it), and the Saturday following Tressle had made a coffin for him; and Woolsey, with the undertaker by his side, followed to the grave the father of the Kidneys.

Mrs. Crump was now alone in the world. "How alone?" says some innocent and respected reader. Ah! my dear sir, do you know so little of human nature as not to be aware that, one week after the Richmond affair, Morgiana married Captain Walker? That did she privately, of course; and, after the ceremony, came tripping back to her parents, as young people do in plays, and said, "Forgive me, dear Pa and Ma, I'm married, and here is my husband, the captain!" Papa and mamma did forgive her, as why shouldn't they? and papa paid over her fortune to her, which she carried home delighted to the captain. This happened several months before the demise of old Crump; and Mrs. Captain Walker was on the Continent with her Howard when that melancholy event took place; hence Mrs. Crump's loneliness and unprotected condition. Morgiana had not latterly seen much of the old people; how could she, moving in her exalted sphere, receive at her genteel new residence in the Edgware road, the old publican and his wife?

Being, then, alone in the world, Mrs. Crump could not abear, she said, to live in the house where she had been so respected and happy: so she sold the good-will of the Sun,<sup>1</sup> and with the money arising from this sale and her own private fortune, being able to muster some sixty pounds per annum, retired to the neighbourhood of her dear old Sadler's Wells, where she boarded with one of Mrs. Serle's forty pupils. Her heart was broken, she said; but nevertheless, about nine months after Mr. Crump's death, the wall-flowers, nasturtiums, polyanthes and convolvuluses began to blossom under her bonnet as usual; in a year she was dressed quite as fine as ever, and now never missed the Wells, or some other place of entertainment, one single night, but was as regular as the box-keeper. Nay, she was a buxom widow still, and an old flame of hers, Fisk, so celebrated as pantaloons in Grimaldi's time, but now doing the "heavy fathers" at the Wells, proposed to her to exchange her name for his.

But this proposal the worthy widow declined altogether. To say truth, she was exceedingly proud of her daughter, Mrs. Captain Walker. They did not see each other much at first; but every now and then Mrs. Crump would pay a visit to the folks in Connaught Square; and on the days when the "captain's" lady called in the City Road, there was not a single official at the Wells, from the first tragedian down to the call-boy, who was not made aware of the fact.

It has been said that Morgiana carried home

her fortune in her own reticule, and, smiling, placed the money in her husband's lap; and hence the reader may imagine, who knows Mr. Walker to be an extremely selfish fellow, that a great sum of anger must have taken place, and many coarse oaths and epithets of abuse must have come from him, when he found that five hundred pounds was all that his wife had, although he had expected five thousand with her. But, to say the truth, Walker was at this time almost in love with his handsome, rosy, good-humoured, simple wife. They had made a fortnight's tour, during which they had been exceedingly happy; and there was something so frank and touching in the way in which the kind creature flung her all into his lap, saluting him with a hearty embrace at the same time, and wishing that it were a thousand billion billion times more, so that her darling Howard might enjoy it, that the man would have been a ruffian indeed could he have found it in his heart to be angry with her; and so he kissed her in return, and patted her on the shining ringlets, and then counted over the notes with rather a disconsolate air, and ended by locking them up in his portfolio. In fact, *she* had never deceived him; Eglantine had, and he, in return, had out-tricked Eglantine; and so warm were his affections for Morgiana at this time, that, upon my word and honour, I don't think he repented of his bargain. Besides, five hundred pounds in crisp bank-notes was a sum of money such as the captain was not in the habit of handling every day; a dashing, sanguine fellow, he thought there was no end to it, and already thought of a dozen ways by which it should increase and multiply into a plumb<sup>2</sup> Woe is me! Has not many a simple soul examined five new hundred-pound notes in this way, and calculated their powers of duration and multiplication!

This subject, however, is too painful to be dwelt on. Let us hear what Walker did with his money. Why, he furnished the house in the Edgware Road before mentioned, he ordered a handsome service of plate, he sported a phaeton and two ponies, he kept a couple of smart maids and a groom foot-boy,—in fact, he mounted just such a neat, unpretending, gentlemanlike establishment as becomes a respectable young couple on their outset in life. "I've sown my wild oats," he would say to his acquaintances; "a few years since, perhaps, I would have longed to cut a dash, but now prudence is the word; and I've settled every farthing of Mrs. Walker's fifteen thousand on herself." And the best proof that the world had confidence in him is the fact, that for the articles of plate, equipage, and furniture, which have been mentioned as being in his possession, he did not pay one single shilling; and so prudent was he, that but for turnpikes, postage-stamps, and king's taxes, he hardly had occasion to change a five-pound note of his wife's fortune.

<sup>1</sup> So here designated in the original.

<sup>2</sup> As in the original.

To tell the truth, Mr. Walker had determined to make his fortune. And what is easier in London? Is not the share-market open to all? Do not Spanish and Columbian bonds rise and fall? For what are companies invented but to place thousands in the pockets of shareholders and directors? Into these commercial pursuits the gallant Captain now plunged with great energy, and made some brilliant hits at first starting, and bought and sold so opportunely, that his name began to rise in the city as a capitalist, and might be seen in the printed list of directors of many excellent and philanthropic schemes, of which there is never any lack in London. Business to the amount of thousands was done at his agency; shares of vast value were bought and sold under his management. How poor Mr. Eglantine used to hate him and envy him, as from the door of his emporium (the firm was Eglantine and Mossrose now) he saw the Captain daily arrive in his ponyphaeton, and heard of the start he had taken in life.

The only regret Mrs. Walker had was that she did not enjoy enough of her husband's society. His business called him away all day; his business, too, obliged him to leave her of evenings very frequently, but *while* (always in pursuit of business) he was dining with his great friends at the club, and drinking claret and champagne to the same end.

She was a perfectly good-natured and simple soul, and never made him a single reproach; but when he could pass an evening at home with her she was delighted, and when he could drive with her in the Park she was happy for a week after. On these occasions, and in the fulness of her heart, she would drive to her mother and tell her story. "Howard drove with me in the Park yesterday, mamma;" "Howard has promised to take me to the Opera" and so forth. And that evening the manager, Mr. Gawler, the first tragedian, Mrs. Serle and her forty pupils, all the box-keepers, bonnet-women—nay, the ginger-beer girls themselves at the Wells, knew that Captain and Mrs. Walker were at Kensington Gardens, or were to have the Marchioness of Billingsgate's box at the Opera. One night—oh joy of joys!—Mrs. Captain Walker appeared in a private box at the Wells. That's she with the black ringlets and Cashmere shawl, smelling-bottle, and black velvet gown, and bird of paradise in her hat. Goodness gracious! how they all acted at her, Gawler and all, and how happy Mrs. Crump was! She kissed her daughter between all the acts, she nodded to all her friends on the stage, in the slips, or in the real water; she introduced her daughter, Mrs. Captain Walker, to the box-opener, and Melvil Delamere (the first comic), Canterfield (the tyrant), and Jonesini (the celebrated Fontarabian statuesque), were all on the steps and shouted for Mrs. Captain Walker's carriage, and waved their hats, and bowed as the little ponyphaeton drove away. Walker, in his moustachios, had come in at the end of the play,

and was not a little gratified by the compliments paid to himself and lady.

Among the other articles of luxury with which the Captain furnished his house we must not omit to mention an extremely grand piano, which occupied four-fifths of Mrs. Walker's little back drawing-room, and at which she was in the habit of practising continually. All day and all night during Walker's absences (and these occurred all night and all day) you might hear—the whole street might hear—the voice of the lady at No. 23 gurgling, and shaking, and quavering, as ladies do when they practise. The street did not approve of the continuance of the noise, but neighbours are difficult to please, and what would Morgiana have had to do if she had ceased to sing? It would be hard to lock a blackbird in a cage and prevent him from singing too. And so Walker's blackbird, in the snug little cage in the Edgware Road, sang and was not unhappy.

After the pair had been married for about a year, the omnibus that passes both by Mrs. Crump's house near the Wells, and by Mrs. Walker's street off the Edgware Road, brought up the former-named lady almost every day to her daughter. She came when the captain had gone to his business; she stayed to a two-o'clock dinner with Morgiana, she drove with her in the pony-carriage round the Park, but she never stopped later than six. Had she not to go to the play at seven? And, besides, the Captain *might* come home with some of his great friends, and he always swore and grumbled much if he found his mother-in-law on the premises. As for Morgiana, she was one of those women who encourage despotism in husbands. What the husband says must be right, because he says it; what he orders must be obeyed tremblingly. Mrs. Walker gave up her entire reason to her lord. Why was it? Before marriage she had been an independent little person; she had far more brains than her Howard. I think it must have been his moustachios that frightened her, and caused in her this humility.

Selfish husbands have this advantage in maintaining with easy-minded wives a rigid and inflexible behaviour, viz., that if they *do* by any chance grant a little favour, the ladies receive it with such transports of gratitude as they would never think of showing to a lord and master who was accustomed to give them everything they asked for; and hence, when Captain Walker signified his assent to his wife's prayer that she should take a singing-master, she thought his generosity almost divine, and fell upon her mamma's neck, when that lady came the next day, and said what a dear adorable angel her Howard was, and what ought she not to do for a man who had taken her from her humble situation, and raised her to be what she was! What she was, poor soul! She was the wife of a swindling *parvenu* gentleman. She received visits from six ladies of her husband's acquaintances, the two attorneys' ladies, his bill-broker's lady, and one



or two more, of whose characters we had best, if you please, say nothing; and she thought it an honour to be so distinguished, as if Walker had been a Lord Exeter to marry a humble maiden, or a noble prince to fall in love with a humble Cinderella, or a majestic Jove to come down from heaven and woo a Semele. Look through the world, respectable reader, and among your honourable acquaintances, and say if this sort of faith in women is not very frequent? They *will* believe in their husbands, whatever the latter do. Let John be dull, ugly, vulgar, and a humbug, his Mary Ann never finds it out; let him tell his stories ever so many times, there is she always ready with her kind smile; let him be stingy, she says he is prudent; let him quarrel with his best friend, she says he is always in the right; let him be prodigal, she says he is generous, and that his health requires enjoyment; let him be idle, he must have relaxation; and she will pinch herself and her household that he may have a guinea for his club. Yes; and every morning, as she wakes and looks at the bristly, coarse, mottled, red-nosed face, snorting under the night-cap, on the pillow by her side—every morning, I say, she blesses that dull, ugly countenance, and the dull ugly soul reposing 'ere, and thinks both are something divine. I want to know how it is that women do not find out their husbands to be humbugs? Nature has so provided it, and thanks to her. When last year they were acting the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, and all the boxes began to war with great coarse heehaws at Titania hugging Bottom's long long ears—to me, considering these things, it seemed that there were a hundred other male brutes squatted round about, and treated just as reasonably as Bottom was. Their Titanias lulled them to sleep in their laps, summoned a hundred smiling, delicate, household fairies to tickle their gross intellects and minister to their vulgar pleasures; and (as the above remarks are only supposed to apply to honest women loving their own lawful spouses) a mercy it is that no wicked Puck is in the way to open their eyes, and point out their folly. *Cui bono?* let them live on in their deceit; I know two lovely ladies who will read this, and will say it is just very likely, and not see in the least that it has been written regarding them.

Another point of sentiment, and one curious to speculate on. Have you not remarked the immense works of art that women get through? The worsted-work sofas, the counterpanes patched or knitted (but these are among the old-fashioned in the country), the bushels of pincushions, the albums they laboriously fill, the tremendous pieces of music they practise, the thousand other fiddle-faddles which occupy the attention of the dear souls—nay, have we not seen them seated of evenings in a squad or company, Louisa employed at the worsted-work before mentioned, Eliza at the pincushions,

Amelia at card-racks or filagree matches, and, in the midst, Theodosia, with one of the candles, reading out a novel aloud? Ah! my dear sir, mortal creatures must be very hard put to it for amusement, be sure of that, when they are forced to gather together in a company and hear novels read aloud! They only do it because they can't help it, depend upon it; it is a sad life, a poor pastime. Mr. Dickens, in his American book, tells of the prisoners at the silent prison, how they had ornamented their rooms, some of them with a frightful prettiness and elaboration. Women's fancy-work is of this sort often—only prison work, done because there was no other exercising-ground for their poor little thoughts and fingers; and hence these wonderful pincushions are executed, these counterpanes woven, these sonatas learned. By everything sentimental, when I see two kind, innocent, fresh-cheeked young women go to a piano and sit down opposite to it upon two chairs piled with more or less of music-books (according to their convenience), and, so seated, go through a set of double-barrelled variations upon this or that tune by Herz or Kalkbrenner,—I say, far from receiving any satisfaction at the noise made by the performance, my too susceptible heart is given up entirely to bleeding for the performers. What hours, and weeks, nay, preparatory years of study, has that infernal jingle cost them! What sums has papa paid, what scoldings has mamma administered ("Lady Bullock does not play herself;," Sir Thomas says, "but she has naturally the finest ear for music ever known!"); what evidences of slavery, in a word, are there! It is the condition of the young lady's existence. She breakfasts at eight, she does *Magnall's Questions* with the governess till ten, she practises till one, she walks in the square with bars round her till two, then she practises again, then she sews or hems, or reads French, or Hume's *History*, then she comes down to play to papa, because he likes music whilst he is asleep after dinner, and then it is bed-time, and the morrow is another day with what are called the same "duties" to be gone through. A friend of mine went to call at a nobleman's house the other day, and one of the young ladies of the house came into the room with a tray on her head; this tray was to give Lady Maria a graceful carriage. *Mon Dieu!* and who knows but at that moment Lady Bell was at work with a pair of her dumb namesakes, and Lady Sophy lying flat on a stretching-board? I could write whole articles on this theme, but peace! we are keeping Mrs. Walker waiting all the while.

Well, then, if the above disquisitions have anything to do with the story, as no doubt they have, I wish it to be understood that, during her husband's absence, and her own solitary confinement, Mrs. Howard Walker bestowed a prodigious quantity of her time and energy on the cultivation of her musical

talent and having, as before stated, a very fine loud voice, speedily attained no ordinary skill in the use of it. She first had for teacher little Podmore, the fat chorus-master at the Wells, and who had taught her mother the "Tink-a-tink" song which has been such a favourite since it appeared in this Magazine. He grounded her well, and bade her eschew the singing of all those Eagle Tavern ballads in which her heart formerly delighted, and when he had brought her to a certain point of skill, the honest little chorus-master said she should have a still better instructor, and wrote a note to Captain Walker (inclosing his own little account), speaking in terms of the most flattering encomium of his lady's progress, and recommending that she should take lessons of the celebrated Baroski. Captain Walker dismissed Podmore then, and engaged Signor Baroski, at a vast expense; as he did not fail to tell his wife. In fact, he owed Baroski no less than two hundred-and-twenty guineas when he came to file his Sched \* \* \* But we are advancing matters.

Little Baroski is the author of the opera of *Eliogabalo*, of the oratorio of *Purgatorio*, which made such an immense sensation, of songs and ballet-musics innumerable. He is a German by birth, and shows such an outrageous partiality for pork and sausages, and attends at church so constantly, that I am sure there cannot be any foundation in the story that he is a member of the ancient religion. He is a fat little man, with a hooked nose and jetty whiskers, and coal-black shining eyes, and plenty of rings and jewels on his fingers and about his person, and a very considerable portion of his shirt-sleeves turned over his coat to take the air. His great hands (which can sprawl over half a piano, and produce those effects on the instrument for which he is celebrated) are encased in lemon-coloured kids, new, or cleaned daily. Parenthetically, let us ask why so many men, with coarse red wrists and big hands, persist in the white kid glove and wristband system? Baroski's gloves alone must cost him a little fortune; only, he says with a leer, when asked the question, "Get along vid you; don't you know dere is a glovers that lets me have dem very sheap?" He rides in the Park; has splendid lodgings in Dover Street; and is a member of the Regent Club, where he is a great source of amusement to the members, to whom he tells astonishing stories of his successes with the ladies, and for whom he has always play and opera tickets in store. His eye glistens and his little heart beats when a lord speaks to him; and he has been known to spend large sums of money in giving treats to young sprigs of fashion at Richmond and elsewhere. "In my bolyticks," he says, "I am consarevatiff to de bag-bone." In fine, he is a puppy, and withal a man of considerable genius in his profession.

This gentleman then undertook to complete the musical education of Mrs. Walker. He

expressed himself at once "enshanted vid her gababilities," found that the extent of her voice was "brodigious," and guaranteed that she should become a first-rate singer. The pupil was apt, the master was exceedingly skilful; and, accordingly, Mrs. Walker's progress was very remarkable: although, for her part, honest Mrs. Crump, who used to attend her daughter's lessons, would grumble not a little at the new system, and the endless exercises which she, Morgiana, was made to go through. It was very different in *her* time, she said. Incledon knew no music, and who could sing so well now? Give her a good English ballad; *À* was a thousand times sweeter than your *Figaros* and *Semiramides*.

In spite of these objections, however, and with amazing perseverance and cheerfulness, Mrs. Walker pursues the method of study pointed out to her by her master. As soon as her husband went to the city in the morning her operations began; if he remained away at dinner, her labours still continued: nor is it necessary for me to particularise her course of study, nor, indeed, possible, for, between ourselves, none of the male Fitz-Boodles ever could sing a note, and the jargon of scales and solfeggios is quite unknown to me. But as no man can have seen persons addicted to music without remarking the prodigious energies they display in the pursuit, as there is no father of daughters, however ignorant, but is aware of the piano-rattling and voice-exercising which goes on in his house from morning till night, so let all fancy, without further inquiry, how the heroine of this our story was at this stage of her existence occupied.

Walker was delighted with her progress, and did everything but pay Baroski, her instructor. We know why he didn't pay. It was his nature not to pay bills, except on extreme compulsion; but why did not Baroski employ that extreme compulsion? Because, if he had received his money, he would have lost his pupil, and because he loved his pupil more than money. Rather than lose her, he would have given her a guinea as well as her *cachet*. He would sometimes disappoint a great personage, but he never missed his attendance on *her*; and the truth must out, that he was in love with her, as Woolsey and Eglantine had been before.

"By the immortal Chofe!" he would say, "dat letell ding sents me mat vid her big ite! But only vait avile, in six veeks I can bring any voman in England on her knees to me; and you shall see vat I vill do vid my Morgiana." He attended her for six weeks punctually, and yet Morgiana was never brought down on her knees; he exhausted his best stock of "gombli-mends," and she never seemed disposed to receive them with anything but laughter. And, as a matter of course, he only grew more infatuated with the lovely creature who was so provokingly good-humoured and so laughingly cruel.

Benjamin Baroski was one of the chief

ornaments of the musical profession in London; he charged a guinea for a lesson of three-quarters of an hour abroad, and he had, furthermore, a school at his own residence, where pupils assembled in considerable numbers, and of that curious mixed kind which those may see who frequent these places of instruction. There were very innocent young ladies with their mammas, who would hurry them off trembling to the farther corner of the room when certain doubtful professional characters made their appearance. There was Miss Grigg, who sung at the Foundling, and Mr. Johnson, who sang at the Eagle Tavern, and Madame Fioravanti (a *very* doubtful character), who sung nowhere, but was always coming out at the Italian Opera. There was Lumley Limpiter (Lord Tweedledale's son), one of the most accomplished tenors in town, and who, we have heard, sings with the professionals at a hundred concerts; and with him, too, was Captain Guzzard of the Guards, with his tremendous bass voice, which all the world declared to be as fine as Porto's, and who shared the applauses of Baroski's school with Mr. Bulger, the dentist of Sackville Street, who neglected his ivory and gold plates for his voice, as every unfortunate individual will do who is bitten by the music mania. Then among the ladies there were a half-score of dubious pale governesses and professionals with turned frocks and lank damp bandeaux of hair under shabby little bonnets; luckless creatures these, who were parting with their poor little store of half-guineas to be enabled to say they were pupils of Signor Baroski, and so get pupils of their own among the British youths, or employment in the choruses of the theatres.

The prima donna of the little company was Amelia Larkins, Baroski's own articulated pupil, on whose future reputation the confident master staked his own, whose profits he was to share, and whom he had farmed, to this end, from her father, a most respectable sheriff's officer's assistant, and now, by his daughter's exertions, a considerable capitalist. Amelia is blonde and blue-eyed, her complexion is as bright as snow, her ringlets of the colour of straw, her figure—but why describe her figure? Has not all the world seen her at the Theatres Royal and in America under the name of Miss Légonier?

Until Mrs. Walker arrived Miss Larkins was the undisputed princess of the Baroski company—the Semiramide, the Rosina, the Tamina, the Donna Anna. Baroski vaunted her every where as the great rising genius of the day, bade Catalani look to her laurels, and questioned whether Miss Stephens could sing a ballad like his pupil. Mrs. Howard Walker arrived, and created, on the first occasion, no small sensation. She improved, and the little society became speedily divided into Walkerites and Larkinsians; and between these two ladies (as indeed between Guzzard and Bulger before mentioned, between Miss Brunck and Miss Horsman, the two contraltos, and between the

chorus-singers, after their kind) a great rivalry arose. Larkins was certainly the better singer; but could her straw-coloured curls and dumpy high-shouldered figure bear any comparison with the jetty ringlets and stately form of Morgiana? Did not Mrs. Walker, too, come to the music-lesson in her carriage, and with a black velvet gown and Cashmere shawl, while poor Larkins meekly stepped from Bell Yard, Temple Bar, in an old print gown and clogs, which she left in the hall? "Larkins sing!" said Mrs. Crump, sarcastically; "I'm sure she ought; her mouth's big enough to sing a duet." Poor Larkins had no one to make epigrams in her behoof; her mother was at home tending the younger ones, her father abroad following the studies of his profession, she had but one protector, as she thought, and that one was Baroski. Mrs. Crump did not fail to tell Lumley Limpiter of her own former triumphs, and to sing him "Tink-a-tink," which we have previously heard, and to state how in former days she had been called the Ravenswing. And Lumley, on this hint, made a poem, in which he compared Morgiana's hair to the plumage of the Ravenswing, and Larkinissa's to that of the canary; by which two names the ladies began soon to be known in the school.

Ere long, the flight of the Ravenswing became evidently stronger, whereas that of the canary was seen evidently to droop. When Morgiana sang, all the room would cry "bravo;" when Amelia performed, scarce a hand was raised for applause of her, except Morgiana's own, and that the Larkinses thought was lifted in odious triumph, rather than in sympathy, for Miss L. was of an envious turn, and little understood the generosity of her rival.

At last, one day, the crowning victory of the Ravenswing came. In the trio of Baroski's own opera of *Éliogabalo*, "Rosy lips and rosy wine," Miss Larkins, who was evidently unwell, was taking the part of the English captive, which she had sung in public concerts before royal dukes, and with considerable applause, and, from some reason, performed it so ill, that Baroski, slapping down the music on the piano in a fury, cried, "Mrs. Howard Walker, as Miss Larkins cannot sing to-day, will you favour us by taking the part of Boadicetta?" Mrs. Walker got up smilingly to obey—the triumph was too great to be withstood; and, as she advanced to the piano, Miss Larkins looked wildly at her, and stood silent for awhile, and, at last, shrieked out "*Benjamin!*" in a tone of extreme agony, and dropped fainting down on the ground. Benjamin looked extremely red, it must be confessed, at being thus called by what we shall denominate his Christian name, and Limpiter looked round at Guzzard, and Miss Brunck nudged Miss Horsman, and the lesson concluded rather abruptly that day, for Miss Larkins was carried off to the next room, laid on a couch, and sprinkled with water.

Good-natured Morgiana insisted that her mother should take Miss Larkins to Bell Yard in her carriage, and went herself home on foot; but I don't know that this piece of kindness prevented Larkins from hating her. I should doubt if it did.

Hearing so much of his wife's skill as a singer, the astute Captain Walker determined to take advantage of it for the purpose of increasing his "connexion." He had Lumley Limpiter at his house before long, which was, indeed, no great matter, for honest Lum would go anywhere for a good dinner, and an opportunity to show off his voice afterwards, and Lumley was begged to bring any more clerks in the Treasury of his acquaintance; Captain Guzzard was invited, and any officers of the Guards whom he might choose to bring; Bulger received occasional cards;—in a word, and after a short time, Mrs. Howard Walker's musical parties began to be considerably *suivies*. Her husband had the satisfaction to see his rooms filled by many great personages; and once or twice in return (indeed, whenever she was wanted, or when people could not afford to hire the first singers) she was asked to parties elsewhere, and treated with that killing civility which our English aristocracy knows how to bestow on artists. Clever and wise aristocracy! It is sweet to mark your ways, and study your commerce with inferior men.

I was just going to commence a tirade regarding the aristocracy here, and to rage against that cool assumption of superiority which distinguishes their lordships' commerce with artists of all sorts, that politeness which, if it condescend to receive artists at all, takes care to have them all together, so that there can be no mistake about their rank—that august patronage of art which rewards it with a silly flourish of knighthood, to be sure, but takes care to exclude it from any contact with its betters in society,—I was, I say, just going to commence a tirade against the aristocracy for excluding artists from their company, and to be extremely satirical upon them, for instance, for not receiving my friend Morgiana, when it suddenly came into my head to ask, was Mrs. Walker fit to move in the best society?—to which query it must humbly be replied that she was not. Her education was not such as to make her quite the equal of Baker Street. She was a kind, honest, and clever creature; but, it must be confessed, not refined. 'Wherever she went she had, if not the finest, at any rate the most showy gown in the room'; her ornaments were the biggest: her hats, toques, berets, marabouts, and other fallals, always the most conspicuous. She drops "h's" here and there. I have seen her eat peas with a knife (and Walker, scowling on the opposite side of the table, striving in vain to catch her eye); and I shall never forget Lady Smigsmag's horror when she asked for porter at dinner, and began to drink it out of the pewter pot. It was a fine sight. She lifted up the tankard with one of the finest

arms, covered with the biggest bracelets ever seen; and had a bird of paradise on her head, that curled round the pewter disk of the pot as she raised it, like a halo. These peculiarities she had, and has still. 'She is best away from the genteel world, that is the fact. When she says that "The weather is so 'ot that it is quite debilitating;" when she laughs, when she hits her neighbour at dinner on the side of the waistcoat (as she will if he should say anything that amuses her), she does what is perfectly natural and unaffected on her part, but what is not customarily done among polite persons, who can sneer at her odd manners and her vanity, but don't know the kindness, honesty, and simplicity which distinguish her? This point being admitted, it follows, of course, that the tirade against the aristocracy would, in the present instance, be out of place—so it shall be reserved for some other occasion.

The Ravenswing was a person admirably disposed by nature to be happy. She had a disposition so kindly that any small attention would satisfy it: was pleased when alone; was delighted in a crowd; was charmed with a joke, however old; was always ready to laugh, to sing, to dance, or to be merry; was so tender-hearted that the smallest ballad would make her cry, and hence was supposed, by many persons, to be extremely affected, and by almost all, to be a downright coquette. Several competitors for her favour presented themselves besides Baroski, young dandies used to canter round her phaeton in the park, and might be seen haunting her doors in the mornings. The fashionable artist of the day made a drawing of her, which was engraved and sold in the shops; a copy of it was printed in a song, "Black-eyed maiden of Araby," the words by Desmond Mulligan, Esq., the music composed and dedicated to MRS. HOWARD WALKER, by her most faithful and obliged servant, Benjamin Baroski, and at night her Opera-box was full. Her Opera-box? Yes, the heiress of the Bootjack actually had an Opera-box, and some of the most fashionable manhood of London attended it.

Now, in fact, was the time of her greatest prosperity; and her husband, gathering these fashionable characters about him, extended his "agency" considerably, and began to thank his stars that he had married a woman who was as good as a fortune to him.

In extending his agency, however, Mr. Walker increased his expenses proportionably, and multiplied his debts accordingly. More furniture and more plate, more wines and more dinner-parties, became necessary; the little pony-phaeton was exchanged for a brougham of evenings; and we may fancy our old friend Mr. Eglantine's rage and disgust, as he looked up from the pit of the Opera, to see Mrs. Walker, surrounded by what he called "the swell young nob's" about London, bowing to my lord, and laughing with his grace, and led to her carriage by Sir John.

The Ravenswing's position at this period



was rather an exceptionable<sup>1</sup> one. She was an honest woman, visited by that peculiar class of our aristocracy who chiefly associate with ladies who are *not* honest. She laughed with all, but she encouraged none. Old Crump was constantly at her side now when she appeared in public, the most watchful of mammas, always awake at the Opera, though she seemed to be always asleep; but no dandy debauchee could deceive her vigilance, and for this reason, Walker, who disliked her, as every man naturally will, must, and should dislike his mother-in-law, was contented to suffer her in his house to act as a *chaperon* to Morgiana.

None of the young dandies ever got admission of mornings to the little mansion in the Edgware Road; the blinds were always down; and though you might hear Morgiana's voice half across the park as she was practising, yes!<sup>2</sup> the youthful hall-porter in the sugar-loaf buttons was instructed to deny her, and always declared that his mistress was gone out, with the most admirable assurance.

After some two years of her life of splendour, there were, to be sure, a good number of morning visitors, who came with *single* knocks, and asked for Captain Walker, but these were no more admitted than the dandies aforesaid, and were referred, generally, to the Captain's office, whither they went or not at their convenience. The only man who obtained admission into the house was Baroski, whose cab transported him thrice a week to the neighbourhood of Connaught Square, and who obtained ready entrance in his professional capacity.

But even then, and much to the wicked little music-master's disappointment, the dragon Crump was always at the piano with her endless worsted work, or else reading her unfailing *Sunday Times*; and Baroski could only employ "de langvitch of de ice," as he called it, with his fair pupil, who used to mimic his manner of rolling his eyes about afterwards, and perform "Baroski in love," for the amusement of her husband and her mamma. The former had his reasons for overlooking the attentions of the little music-master; and as for the latter, had she not been on the stage, and had not many hundreds of persons, in jest or earnest, made love to her? What else can a pretty woman expect, who is much before the public? And so the worthy mother counselled her daughter to bear these attentions with good humour, rather than to make them a subject of perpetual alarm and quarrel.

Baroski, then, was allowed to go on being in love, and was never in the least disturbed in his passion; and, if he was not successful, at least the little wretch could have the pleasure of *hinting* that he was, and looking particularly roguish when the Ravenswing was named, and assuring his friends at the club that "upon his vort dere vas no trut *in dat rebort*."

At last one day it happened that Mrs. Crump

did not arrive in time for her daughter's lesson (perhaps it rained, and the omnibus was full—a smaller circumstance than that has changed a whole life ere now)—Mrs. Crump did not arrive, and Baroski did, and Morgiana, seeing no great harm, sat down to her lesson as usual, and in the midst of it down went the music-master on his knees, and made a declaration in the most eloquent terms he could muster.

"Don't be a fool, Baroski!" said the lady (I can't help it if her language was not more choice, and if she did not rise with cold dignity, exclaiming, "Unhand me, sir!")—"don't be a fool!" said Mrs. Walker, "but get up and let's finish the lesson."

"You hard-hearted adorable little creature, vil you not listen to me?"

"No, I will not listen to you, Benjamin!" concluded the lady; "get up and take a chair, and don't go on in that ridiklous way, don't!"

But Baroski, having a speech by heart, determined to deliver himself of it in that posture, and begged Morgiana not to turn away her divine hie, and to listen to de voice of his despair, and so forth, and seized the lady's hand, and was going to press it to his lips, when she said, with more spirit, perhaps, than grace—

"Leave go my hand, sir; I'll box your ears if you don't!"

But Baroski wouldn't release her hand, and was proceeding to imprint a kiss upon it, and Mrs. Crump, who had taken the omnibus at a quarter past twelve instead of that at twelve, had just opened the drawing-room door and was walking in, when Morgiana, turning as red as a peony, and unable to disengage her left hand which the musician held, raised up her right hand, and, with all her might and main, gave her lover such a tremendous slap in the face as caused him abruptly to release the hand which he held, and would have laid him prostrate on the carpet but for Mrs. Crump, who rushed forward and prevented him from falling by administering right and left a whole shower of slaps, such as he had never endured since the day he was at school.

"What impurence!" said that worthy lady; "you'll lay hands on my daughter will you? (one, two). You'll insult a woman in distress, will you, you little coward? (one, two). Take that, and mind your manners, you filthy Jew boy!"

Baroski bounced up in a fury. "By Chofe, you shall hear of dis!" shouted he "you shall pay me dis!"

"As many more as you please, little Benjamin," cried the widow. "Augustus (to the page), was that the Captain's knock?" At this Baroski made for his hat. "Augustus, shew this impurence to the door, and if he tries to come in again, call a policeman, do you hear?"

The music-master vanished very rapidly, and the two ladies, instead of being frightened

<sup>1</sup> So in the original. Apparently intended to be "exceptional."

<sup>2</sup> So in the original. Apparently intended to be "yet."



or falling into hysterics as their betters would have done, laughed at the odious monster's discomfiture, as they called him. "Such a man as that set himself up against my Howard!" said Morgiana, with becoming pride; but it was agreed between them that Howard should know nothing of what had occurred for fear of quarrels, or lest he should be annoyed. So when he came home not a word was said; and only that his wife met him with more warmth than usual, you could not have guessed that anything extraordinary had occurred. It is not my fault that my heroine's sensibilities were not more keen, that she had not the least occasion for sal-volatile or symptom of a fainting fit; but so it was, and Mr. Howard Walker knew nothing of the quarrel between his wife and her instructor, until . . . .

Until he was arrested next day at the suit of Benjamin Baroski for two hundred and twenty guineas, and, in default of payment, was conducted by Mr. Tobias Larkins to his principal's lock-up house in Chancery Lane.

## CHAPTER V.

IN WHICH MR. WALKER FALLS INTO DIFFICULTIES, AND MRS. WALKER MAKES MANY FOOLISH ATTEMPTS TO RESCUE HIM.

I HOPE the beloved reader is not silly enough to imagine that Mr. Walker, on finding himself insunged for debt in Chancery Lane, was so foolish as to think of applying to any of his friends (those great personages who have appeared every now and then in the course of this little history, and have served to give it a fashionable air). No, no; he knew the world too well: and that, though Billingsgate would give him as many dozen of claret as he could carry away under his belt, as the phrase is (I can't help it, Madam, if the phrase is not more genteel), and though Vauxhall would lend him his carriage, slap him on the back, and dine at his house; their lordships would have seen Mr. Walker depending from a beam in front of the Old Bailey rather than have helped him to a hundred pounds.

And why, forsooth, should we expect otherwise in the world? I observe that men who complain of its selfishness are quite as selfish as the world is, and no more liberal of money than their neighbours; and I am quite sure with regard to Captain Walker that he would have treated a friend in want exactly as he when in want was treated. There was only his lady who was in the least afflicted by his captivity; and as for the club, that went on, we are bound to say, exactly as it did on the day previous to his disappearance.

By the way, about clubs—could we not, but for fear of detaining the fair reader too long, enter into a wholesome dissertation here, on the manner of friendship established in those institutions, and the noble feeling of selfishness

which they are likely to encourage in the male race? I put out of the question the stale topics of complaint, such as leaving home, encouraging gormandising and luxurious habits, &c.; but look also at the dealings of club-men with one another. Look at the rush for the evening paper! See how Shiver-ton orders a fire in the dog-days, and Sweetenham opens the windows in February. See how Cranley takes the whole breast of the turkey on his plate, and how many times Jenkins sends away his beggarly half-pint of sherry! Clubbery is organised egotism. Club intimacy is carefully and wonderfully removed from friendship. You meet Smith for twenty years, exchange the day's news with him, laugh with him over the last joke, grow as well acquainted as two men may be together—and one day, at the end of the list of members of the club, you read in a little paragraph by itself, with all the honours,

MEMBER DECEASED,

*Smith, John, Esq.;*

or he, on the other hand, has the advantage of reading your own name selected for a similar typographical distinction. There it is, that abominable little exclusive list at the end of every club-catalogue—you can't avoid it—I belong to eight clubs myself, and know that one year Fitz-Boodle, George Savage, Esq. (unless it should please fate to remove my brother and his six sons, when of course it would be Fitz-Boodle, Sir George Savage, Bart.), will appear in the dismal category. There is that list; down I must go in it:—the day will come, and I shan't be seen in the bow-window, some one else will be sitting in the vacant arm-chair: the rubber will begin as usual, and yet somehow Fitz will not be there. "Where's Fitz?" says Trumpington, just arrived from the Rhine. "Don't you know?" says Punter, turning down his thumb to the carpet. "You led the club, I think?" says Ruff to his partner (the *other* partner!), and the waiter snuffs the candles.

\* \* \* \* \*

I hope in the course of the above little pause, every single member of a club who reads this has profited by the perusal. He may belong, I say, to eight clubs, he will die and not be missed by any of the five thousand members. Peace be to him;—the waiters will forget him, and his name will pass away, and another great-coat will hang on the hook whence his own used to be dependent.

And this, I need not say, is the beauty of the club-institutions. If it were otherwise,—if forsooth we were to be sorry when our friends died, or to draw out our purses when our friends were in want, we should be insolvent, and life would be miserable. Be it ours to button up our pockets and our hearts; and to make merry—it is enough to swim down this life-stream for ourselves, if Poverty is clutching hold of our heels, or Friendship would catch an arm,

kick them both off. Every man for himself, is the word, and plenty to do too.

My friend Captain Walker had practised the above maxims so long and resolutely as to be quite aware when he came himself to be in distress, that not a single soul in the whole universe would help him, and he took his measures accordingly.

When carried to Mr. Bendigo's lock-up house, he summoned that gentleman in a very haughty way, took a blank banker's cheque out of his pocket-book, and filling it up for the exact sum of the writ, orders Mr. Bendigo forthwith to open the door and let him go forth.

Mr. Bendigo, smiling with exceeding archness, and putting a finger covered all over with diamond rings to his extremely aquiline nose, inquired of Mr. Walker whether he saw anything green about his face? intimating by this gay and good-humoured interrogatory his suspicion of the unsatisfactory nature of the document handed over to him by Mr. Walker.

"Hang it, sir!" says Mr. Walker, "go and get the cheque cashed, and be quick about it. Send your man in a cab, and here's a half-crown to pay for it." The confident air somewhat staggers the bailiff, who asked him whether he would like any refreshment while his man was absent getting the amount of the cheque, and treated his prisoner with great civility during the time of the messenger's journey.

But as Captain Walker had but a balance of two pounds five and twopence (this sum was afterwards divided among his creditors, the law expenses being previously deducted from it), the bankers of course declined to cash the captain's draft for two hundred and odd pounds, simply writing the words "no effects" on the paper; on receiving which reply Walker, far from being cast down, burst out laughing very gaily, produced a real five-pound note, and called upon his host for a bottle of champagne, which the two worthies drank in perfect friendship and good-humour. The bottle was scarcely finished, and the young Israelitish gentleman who acts as waiter in Cursitor Street had only time to remove the flask and the glasses; when poor Morgiana with a flood of tears rushed into her husband's arms, and flung herself on his neck, and calling him her "dearest, blessed Howard," would have fainted at his feet; but that he, breaking out in a fury of oaths, asked her how, after getting him into that scrape through her infernal extravagance, she dared to show her face before him? This address speedily frightened the poor thing out of her fainting fit—there is nothing so good for female hysterics as a little conjugal sternness, nay brutality, as many husbands can aver who are in the habit of employing the remedy.

"My extravagance, Howard?" said she, in a faint way; and quite put off her purpose of swooning by the sudden attack made upon her—"Surely, my love, you have nothing to complain of—"

"Of, ma'am?" roared the excellent Walker. "Is two hundred guineas to a music-master

nothing to complain of?—Did you bring me such a fortune as to authorise your taking guinea lessons? Haven't I raised you out of your sphere of life and introduced you to the best of the land? Haven't I dressed you like a duchess? Haven't I been for you such a husband as very few women in the world ever had, madam?—answer me that."

"Indeed, Howard, you were always very kind," sobbed the lady.

"Haven't I toiled and slaved for you,—been out all day working for you? Haven't I allowed your vulgar old mother to come to your house—to my house, I say? Haven't I done all this?"

She could not deny it, and Walker, who was in a rage (and when a man is in a rage, for what on earth is a wife made for but that he should vent his rage on her?), continued for some time in this strain, and so abused, frightened, and overcame poor Morgiana that she left her husband fully convinced that she was the most guilty of beings, and bemoaning his double bad fortune, that her Howard was ruined and she the cause of his misfortunes.

When she was gone, Mr. Walker resumed his equanimity (for he was not one of those men whom a few months of the King's Bench were likely to terrify), and drank several glasses of punch in company with his host; with whom in perfect calmness he talked over his affairs. That he intended to pay his debt and quit the spunging-house next day is a matter of words; no one ever was yet put in a spunging-house that did not pledge his veracity he intended to quit it to-morrow. Mr. Bendigo said he should be heartily glad to open the door to him, and in the meantime sent out diligently to see among his friends if there were any more detainers against the Captain, and to inform the Captain's creditors to come forward against him.

Morgiana went home in profound grief it may be imagined, and could hardly refrain from bursting into tears when the sugar-loaf page asked whether master was coming home early, or whether he had taken his key; she lay awake tossing and wretched the whole night, and very early in the morning rose up, and dressed, and went out.

Before nine o'clock she was in Cursitor Street, and once more joyfully bounced into her husband's arms; who woke up yawning and swearing somewhat, with a severe headache, occasioned by the jollification of the previous night; for, strange though it may seem, there are perhaps no places in Europe where jollity is more practised than in prisons for debt: and I declare for my own part (I mean, of course, that I went to visit a friend) I have dined at Mr. Aminadab's as sumptuously as at Long's.

But it is necessary to account for Morgiana's joyfulness, which was strange in her husband's perplexity, and after her sorrow of the previous night. Well, then, when Mrs. Walker went out in the morning, as she did so with a very large basket under her arm. "Shall I carry

the basket ma'am?" said the page, seizing it with much alacrity.

"No, thank you," cried his mistress, with equal eagerness: "Its only——"

"Of course, ma'am," replied the boy sneering, "I knew it was that."

"Glass," continued Mrs. Walker, turning extremely red. "Have the goodness to call a coach, sir, and not to speak till you are questioned."

The young gentleman disappeared upon his errand: the coach was called and came. Mrs. Walker slipped into it with her basket, and the page went downstairs to his companions in the kitchen, and said, "It's a comin'! master's in quod, and missus has gone out to pawn the plate." When the cook went out that day, she somehow had by mistake placed in her basket a dozen of table-knives and a plated egg-stand. When the lady's-maid took a walk in the course of the afternoon, she found she had occasion for eight cambric pocket-handkerchiefs (marked with her mistress's cipher), half-a-dozen pairs of shoes, gloves, both long and short, some silk stockings, and a gold-headed scent bottle. "Both the new cashmires is gone," said she, "and there's nothing left in Mrs. Walker's trinket-box but a paper of pins and an old coral bracelet." As for the page, he rushed incontinently to his master's dressing-room and examined every one of the pockets of his clothes; made a parcel of some of them, and opened all the drawers which Walker had not locked before his departure. He only found three-half-pence and a bill-stamp, and about forty-five tradesmen's accounts, neatly labelled and tied up with red tape. These three worthies, a groom, who was a great admirer of Trimmer the lady's maid, and a policeman, a friend of the cook's, sat down to a comfortable dinner at the usual hour, and it was agreed between them all that Walker's ruin was certain. The cook made the policeman a present of a china punch-bowl which Mrs. Walker had given her; and the lady's-maid gave her friend the *Book of Beauty* for last year, and the third volume of Byron's poems from the drawing-room table.

"I'm dashed if she ain't taken the little French clock too," said the page, and so indeed Mrs. Walker had; it slipped in the basket where it lay enveloped in one of her shawls, and then struck madly and unnaturally a great number of times, as Morgiana was lifting her store of treasures out of the hackney coach. The coachman wagged his head sadly as he saw her walking as quick as she could under her heavy load, and disappearing round the corner of the street at which Mr. Ball's celebrated jewellery establishment is situated. It is a grand shop, with magnificent silver cups and salvers, rare gold-headed canes, flutes, watches, diamond brooches, and a few fine specimens of the old masters in the window, and under the words—  
BALLS, JEWELLER,  
you read,  
in the very smallest type on the door.

The interview with Mr. Balls need not be described; but it must have been a satisfactory one, for at the end of half an hour, Morgiana returned and bounded into the coach with sparkling eyes, and told the driver to gallop to Cursitor Street, which, smiling, he promised to do: and accordingly set off in that direction at the rate of four miles an hour. "I thought so," said the philosophic charioteer. "When man's in quod, woman don't mind her silver spoons;" and he was so delighted with her action, that he forgot to grumble when she came to settle accounts with him, even though she gave him only double his fare.

"Take me to him," said she to the young Hebrew who opened the door.

"To whom?" said the sarcastic youth; "there's twenty *hims* here. You're precious early."

"To Captain Walker, young man," replied Morgiana haughtily; whereupon the youth opening the second door, and seeing Mr. Bendigo in a flowered dressing gown descending the stairs exclaimed, "Papa, here's a lady for the Captain." "I'm come to free him," said she, trembling and holding out a bundle of bank-notes. "Here's the amount of your claim, sir—two hundred and twenty pounds, as you told me last night;" and the Jew took the notes, and grinned as he looked at her, and grinned double as he looked at his son, and begged Mrs. Walker to step into his study and take a receipt. When the door of that apartment closed upon the lady and his father, Mr. Bendigo the younger fell back in an agony of laughter, which it is impossible to describe in words, and presently ran out into a court where some of the luckless inmates of the house were already taking the air, and communicated something to them which made those individuals also laugh as uproariously as he had previously done.

Well, after joyfully taking the receipt from Mr. Bendigo (how her cheeks flushed and her heart fluttered as she dried it on the blotting-book!), and after turning very pale again on hearing that the Captain had had a very bad night; "And well he might, poor dear!" said she (at which Mr. Bendigo, having no person to grin at, grinned at a marble bust of Mr. Pitt, which ornamented his side-board). Morgiana, I say, these preliminaries being concluded, was conducted to her husband's apartment, and once more flinging her arms round her dearest Howard's neck, told him, with one of the sweetest smiles in the world to make haste and get up and come home, for breakfast was waiting and the carriage at the door.

"What do you mean, love?" said the Captain, starting up and looking exceedingly surprised.

"I mean that my dearest is free; that the odious little creature is paid—at least the horrid bailiff is."

"Have you been to Baroski?" said Walker, turning very red.

"Howard!" said his wife, quite indignant.

"Did—did your mother give you the money?" asked the Captain.

"No; I had it by me," replies Mrs. Walker, with a very knowing look.

Walker was more surprised than ever. "Have you any more by you?" said he.

Mrs. Walker showed him her purse with two guineas; "That is all, love," she said. "And I wish," continued she, "you would give me a draft to pay a whole list of little bills that have somehow all come in within the last few days."

"Well, well, you shall have the cheque," continued Mr. Walker, and began forthwith to make his toilet, which completed, he rung for Mr. Bendigo, and his bill, and intimated his wish to go home directly.

The honoured bailiff brought the bill, but with regard to his being free, said it was impossible.

"How impossible?" said Mrs. Walker, turning very red and then very pale. "Did I not pay just now?"

"So you did, and you've got the reship; but there's another detainer against the Captain for a hundred and fifty. Eglantine and Mossrose, of Bond Street;—perfumery for five years, you know."

"You don't mean to say you were such a fool as to pay without asking if there were any more detainers?" roared Walker to his wife.

"Yes, she was though?" chuckled Mr. Bendigo; "but she'll know better the next time: and, besides, Captain, what's a hundred and fifty pounds to you?"

Though Walker desired nothing so much in the world at that moment as the liberty to knock down his wife, his sense of prudence overcame his desire for justice, if that feeling may be called prudence on his part which consisted in a strong wish to cheat the bailiff into the idea that he (Walker) was an exceedingly respectable and wealthy man. Many worthy persons indulge in this fond notion, that they are imposing upon the world, strive to fancy, for instance, that their bankers consider them men of property because they keep a tolerable balance, pay little tradesmen's bills with ostentatious punctuality, and so forth,—but the world, let us be pretty sure, is as wise as need be, and guesses our real condition with a marvellous instinct, or learns it with curious skill. The London tradesman is one of the keenest judges of human nature extant; and if a tradesman, how much more a bailiff? In reply to the ironic question, "What's a hundred and fifty pounds to you?" Walker, collecting himself answers, "It is an infamous imposition, and I owe the money no more than you do, but, nevertheless, I shall instruct my lawyers to pay it in the course of the morning, under protest, of course."

"Oh, of course," said Mr. Bendigo, bowing and quitting the room, and leaving Mrs. Walker to the pleasure of a *tête-à-tête* with her husband.

And now being alone with the partner of his bosom, the worthy gentleman began an

address to her which cannot be put down on paper here; because the world is exceedingly squeamish, and does not care to hear the whole truth about rascals, and because the fact is that almost every other word of the Captain's speech was a curse, such as would shock the beloved reader were it put in print.

"— it, madam," began he, "I always thought you a fool, but not such a — fool as this, — you; — my eyes, you're enough to drive me mad with your —," \* \* \*

Now you see it is quite impossible to report such a conversation word for word; and I am pretty sure, *au reste*, that the Editor of the Magazine would draw his pen through every line of it.

Fancy, then, in lieu of the conversation, a scoundrel disappointed and in a fury, wreaking his brutal revenge upon an amiable woman, who sits trembling and pale, and wondering at this sudden exhibition of wrath. Fancy how he clenches his fists and stands over her, and stamps and screams out curses with a livid face, growing wilder and wilder in his rage; wrenching her hand when she wants to turn away, and only stopping at last when she has fallen off the chair in a fainting fit, with a heart-breaking sob that made the Jew-boy who was listening at the keyhole turn quite pale and walk away. Well, it is best, perhaps, that such a conversation should not be told at length:—at the end of it, when Mr. Walker had his wife lifeless on the floor, he seized a water-jug and poured it over her, which operation pretty soon brought her to herself, and shaking her black ringlets, she looked up once more again timidly into his face, and took his hand, and began to cry.

He spoke now in a somewhat softer voice: and let her keep paddling on with his hand as before; he *couldn't* speak very fiercely to the poor girl in her attitude of defeat, and tenderness, and supplication. "Morgiana," said he, "your extravagance and carelessness have brought me to ruin, I'm afraid. If you'd chosen to have gone to Baroski, a word from you would have made him withdraw the writ; and my property wouldn't have been sacrificed as it has now been for nothing. It mayn't be yet too late, however, to retrieve ourselves. This bill of Eglantine's is a regular conspiracy, I am sure, between Mossrose and Bendigo here: you must go to Eglantine—he's an old—an old flame of yours, you know."

She dropped his hand; "I can't go to Eglantine after what has passed between us," she said; but Walker's face instantly began to wear a certain look, and she said with a shudder, "Well, well, dear, I *will* go."

"You will go to Eglantine, and ask him to take a bill for the amount of this shameful demand—at any date, never mind what. Mind, however, to see him alone, and I'm sure if you choose you can settle the business. Make haste; set off directly, and come back, as there may be more detainers in."

Trembling, and in a great flutter, Morgiana

put on her bonnet and gloves, and went towards the door. "It's a fine morning," said Mr. Walker, looking out: a walk will do you good; and—Morgiana—didn't you say you had a couple of guineas in your pocket?"

"Here it is," said she, smiling all at once, and holding up her face to be kissed. She paid the two guineas for the kiss. Was it not a mean act? "Is it possible that people can love where they do not respect?" says Miss Prim: "I never would." Nobody asked you, Miss Prim: but recollect Morgiana was not born with your advantages of education and breeding; and was, in fact, a poor vulgar creature, who loved Mr. Walker, not because her mamma told her, nor because he was an exceedingly eligible and well-brought-up young man, but because she could not help it, and knew no better. Nor is Mrs. Walker set up as a model of virtue: ah no! when I want a model of virtue I will call in Baker Street, and ask for a sitting of my dear (if I may be permitted to say so) Miss Prim.

We have Mr. Howard Walker safely housed in Mr. Bendigo's establishment in Cursitor Street, Chancery Lane; and it looks like mockery and want of feeling towards the excellent hero of this story, or, as should rather be said, towards the husband of the heroine, to say what he *might* have been but for the unlucky little circumstance of Baroski's passion for Morgiana.

If Baroski had not fallen in love with Morgiana, he would not have given her two hundred guineas' worth of lessons; if he had not given her two hundred guineas' worth of lessons, he would not have so far presumed as to seize her hand, and attempt to kiss it; if he had not attempted to kiss her, she would not have boxed his ears; he would not have taken out the writ against Walker; Walker would have been free, very possibly rich, and therefore certainly respected: he always says to this day that a month's more liberty would have set him beyond the reach of misfortune.

The assertion is very likely a correct one: for Walker had a flashy, enterprising genius which ends in wealth sometimes, in the King's Bench not seldom, occasionally, alas, in Van Diemen's Land! He might have been rich, could he have kept his credit, and had not his personal expenses and extravagances pulled him down. He had gallantly availed himself of his wife's fortune, nor could any man in London, as he proudly said, have made five hundred pounds go so far. He had, as we have seen, furnished a house, sideboard, and cellar with it; he had a carriage, and horses in his stable, and with the remainder he had purchased shares in four companies—of three of which he was founder and director, had conducted innumerable bargains in the foreign stocks, had lived and entertained sumptuously, and made himself a very considerable income. He had set up THE CAPITOL Loan and Life Assurance Company, had discovered the Chimborazo gold mines, and the Society for

Recovering and Draining the Pontine Marshes; capital ten millions; patron HIS HOLINESS THE POPE. It certainly was stated in an evening paper that His Holiness had made him a Knight of the Spur, and had offered to him the rank of Count; and he was raising a loan for His Highness the Cacique of Panama, who has sent him (by way of dividend) the grand cordon of his Highness's order of the Castle and Falcon, which might be seen any day at his office in Bond Street, with the parchments signed and sealed by the Grand Master and Falcon King-at-arms of his Highness. In a week more, as Walker is ready still to take his affidavit, he would have raised a hundred thousand pounds, on his Highness's twenty per cent. loan, he would have had fifteen thousand pounds commission for himself; his companies would have risen to par, he would have realised his shares; he would have gone into parliament, he would have been made a baronet, who knows? a peer, probably! "And I appeal to you, sir," says Walker to his friends, "could any man have shewn better proof of his affection for his wife than by laying out her little miserable money as I did?—They call me heartless, sir, because I didn't succeed; sir, my life has been a series of sacrifices for that woman, such as no man ever performed before."

A proof of Walker's dexterity and capability for business may be seen in the fact that he had actually appeased and reconciled one of his bitterest enemies—our honest friend Eglantine. After Walker's marriage Eglantine, who had now no mercantile dealings with his former agent became so enraged with him, that, as the only means of revenge in his power, he sent him in his bill for goods supplied to the amount of one hundred and fifty guineas, and sued him for the amount. But Walker stepped boldly over to his enemy, and in the course of half-an-hour they were friends.

Eglantine promised to forego his claim; and accepted in lieu of it three 100*l.* shares of the ex-Panama stock, bearing 25 per cent., payable half-yearly at the house of Hocus Brothers, St. Swithin's Lane; three 100*l.* shares, and the *second* class of the order of the Castle and Falcon, with the riband and badge. "In four years, Eglantine, my boy, I hope to get you the Grand Cordon of the order," said Walker; "I hope to see you a KNIGHT GRAND CROSS: with a grant of a hundred thousand acres reclaimed from the Isthmus."

To do my poor Eglantine justice, he did not care for the hundred thousand acres—it was the star that delighted him;—ah! how his fat chest heaved with delight as he sewed on the cross and riband to his dress coat; and lighted up four wax candles and looked at himself in the glass. He was known to wear a great-coat after that—it was that he might wear the cross under it. That year he went on a trip to Boulogne. He was dreadfully ill during the voyage, but as the vessel entered the port he was seen to emerge from the cabin,



his coat open, the star blazing on his chest, the soldiers saluted him as he walked the streets, he was called *Monsieur le Chevalier*, and when he went home he entered into negotiations with Walker, to purchase a commission in his Highness's service. Walker said he would get him the nominal rank of Captain, the fees at the *Panama War Office* were five-and-twenty pounds, which sum honest Eglantine produced, and had his commission, and a pack of visiting cards printed as Captain Archibald Eglantine, K.C.F. Many a time he looked at them as they lay in his desk, and he kept the cross in his dressing-table, and wore it as he shaved every morning.

His Highness the Cacique, it is well known, came to England, and had lodgings in Regent Street, where he held a levee, at which Eglantine appeared in the Panama uniform, and was most graciously received by his Sovereign. His Highness proposed to make Captain Eglantine his aide-de-camp with the rank of Colonel, but the Captain's exchequer was rather low at that moment, and the fees at the "War Office" were peremptory. Meanwhile his Highness left Regent Street, was said by some to have returned to Panama, by others to be in his native city of Cork, by others to be leading a life of retirement in the New Cut, Lambeth; at any rate was not visible for some time, so that Captain Eglantine's advancement did not take place. Eglantine was somehow ashamed to mention his military and chivalric rank to Mr. Mossrose, when that gentleman came into partnership with him; and left these facts secret, until they were detected by a very painful circumstance. On the very day when Walker was arrested at the suit of Benjamin Baroski, there appeared in the newspapers an account of the imprisonment of his Highness the Prince of Panama, for a bill owing to a licensed victualler in Ratcliffe Highway. The magistrate to whom the victualler subsequently came to complain, passed many pleasantries on the occasion. He asked whether his Highness did not drink like a swan with two necks; whether he had brought any Belles savages with him from Panama, and so forth; and the whole court, said the report, "was convulsed with laughter, when Boniface produced a green and yellow riband with a large star of the order of the Castle and Falcon, with which his Highness proposed to gratify him, in lieu of paying his little bill."

It was as he was reading the above document with a bleeding heart that Mr. Mossrose came in from his daily walk to the City. "Vell, Eglantine," says he, "have you heard the newsh?"

"About his Highness?"

"About your friend Valker; he's arrested for two hundred poundsh!"

Eglantine at this could contain no more; but told his story of how he had been induced to accept 300*l.* of Panama stock for his account

against Walker, and cursed his stars for his folly.

"Vell, you've only to bring in another bill," said the younger perfumer; swear he owes you a hundred and fifty pounds, and we'll have a writ out against him this afternoon."

And so a second writ was taken out against Captain Walker.

"You'll have his wife here very likely in a day or two," said Mr. Mossrose to his partner; "them chaps always sends their wives, and I hope you know how to deal with her."

"I don't value her a fig's hend," said Eglantine. "I'll treat her like the dust of the hearth. After that woman's conduct to me, I should like to see her have the haudacity to come here; and if she does, you'll see how I'll serve her."

The worthy perfumer was, in fact, resolved to be exceedingly hard-hearted, in his behaviour towards his old love, and acted over at night in bed the scene which was to occur when the meeting should take place. Oh, thought he, but it will be a grand thing to see the proud Morgiana on her knees to me; and me a pointing to the door; and saying, "Madam, you've steeled this 'eart against you, you have;—bury the recollections of old times, of those old times when I thought my 'eart would have broke, but it didn't—no, 'earts are made of sterner stuff. I didn't die as I thought I should; I stood it, and live to see the woman I despised at my feet—ha, ha, at my feet!"

In the midst of these thoughts Mr. Eglantine fell asleep; but it was evident that the idea of seeing Morgiana once more, agitated him considerably, else why should he have been at the pains of preparing so much heroism? His sleep was exceedingly fitful and troubled; he saw Morgiana in a hundred shapes; he dreamed that he was dressing her hair; that he was riding with her to Richmond; that the horse turned into a dragon, and Morgiana into Woolsey, who took him by the throat and choked him, while the dragon played the key-bugle. And in the morning when Mossrose was gone to his business in the City, and he sat reading the *Morning Post* in his study, ah! what a thump his heart gave as the lady of his dreams actually stood before him?

Many a lady who purchased brushes at Eglantine's shop, would have given ten guineas for such a colour as his when he saw her. His heart beat violently, he was almost choking in his stays—he had been prepared for the visit, but his courage failed him now it had come. They were both silent for some minutes.

"You know what I am come for," at last said Morgiana from under her veil, but she put it aside as she spoke.

"I—that is—yes—it's a painful affair, mem," he said, giving one look at her pale face, and then turning away in a flurry. "I beg to refer you to Blunt, Hone, and Sharpus, my lawyers, mem," he added, collecting himself.

"I didn't expect this from *you*, Mr. Eglantine," said the lady, and began to sob.

"And after what's 'appened, I didn't expect a visit from *you*, mem. I thought Mrs. Capting Walker was too great a dame to visit poor Harchibald Eglantine (though some of the first men in the country *do* visit him). Is there any thing in which I can oblige you, mem?"

"O heavens!" cried the poor woman; "have I no friend left? I never thought that you, too, would have deserted me, Mr. Archibald."

The "Archibald," pronounced in the old way, had evidently an effect on the perfumer; he winced and looked at her very eagerly for a moment. "What can I do for you, mem?" at last said he.

"What is this bill against Mr. Walker, for which he is now in prison?"

"Perfumery supplied for five years; that man used more air-brushes than any duke in the land, and as for Eau de Cologne he must have bathed himself in it. He ordered me about like a lord. He never paid me one shilling,—he stabbed me in my most vital part—but, ah! ah! never mind *that*: and I said I would be revenged, and I *am*."

The perfumer was quite in a rage again by this time, and wiped his fat face with his pocket-handkerchief, and glared upon Mrs. Walker with a most determined air.

"Revenged on whom? Archibald—Mr. Eglantine, revenged on me—on a poor woman whom you made miserable! You would not have done so once."

"Ha! and a precious way you treated me *once*," said Eglantine; "don't talk to me, mem, of *once*. Bury the recollection of once for hever! I thought my 'eart would have broke once, but no; 'earts are made of sterner stuff. I didn't die as I thought I should; I stood it—and I live to see the woman who despised me at my feet."

"Oh, Archibald!" was all the lady could say, and she fell to sobbing again; it was perhaps her best argument with the perfumer.

"Oh, Harchibald, indeed!" continued he, beginning to swell; don't call me Harchibald, Morgiana. Think what a position you might have held, if you'd chose: when, when—you *might* have called me Harchibald. Now it's no use," added he, with harrowing pathos; "but, though I've been wronged, I can't bear to see women in tears—tell me what I can do?"

"Dear, good Mr. Eglantine, send to your lawyers and stop this horrid prosecution—take Mr. Walker's acknowledgment for the debts. If he is free, he is sure to have a very large sum of money in a few days, and will pay you all. Do not ruin him—do not ruin me by persisting now. Be the old kind Eglantine you were."

Eglantine took a hand, which Morgiana did not refuse; he thought about old times. He had known her since childhood almost; as a

girl he dandled her on his knee at the Kidneys; as a woman he had adored her,—his heart was melted.

"He did pay me in a sort of way," reasoned the perfumer with himself—"these bonds, though they are not worth much, I took 'em for better or for worse, and I can't bear to see her crying, and to trample on a woman in distress. Morgiana, he added, in a loud cheerful voice, "cheer up: I'll give you a release for your husband: I *will* be the old kind Eglantine I was."

"Be the old kind jackass you vash!" here roared a voice that made Mr. Eglantine start. "Vy, vat an old fat fool you are, Eglantine, to give up our just debts because a voman comes snivelling and crying to you—and such a voman, too!" exclaimed Mr. Mossrose, for his was the voice.

"Such a woman, sir?" cried the senior partner.

"Yes; such a woman—vy, didn't she jilt you herself?—hasn't she been trying the same game with Baroski; and are you so green as to give up a hundred and fifty pounds because she takes a fancy to come vimpering here? I won't, I can tell you. The money's as much mine as it is yours, and I'll have it, or keep Walker's body, that's what I will."

At the presence of his partner, the timid good genius of Eglantine which had prompted him to mercy and kindness, at once outspread its frightened wings and flew away.

"You see how it is, Mrs. W.," said he, looking down; "it's an affair of business—in all these here affairs of business Mr. Mossrose is the managing man; ain't you, Mr. Mossrose?"

"A pretty business it would be if I wasn't," replied Mossrose, doggedly. "Come, ma'am," says he, "I'll tell you vat I do: I take fifty per shent; not a farthing less—give me that, and out your husband goes."

"Oh, sir, Howard will pay you in a week."

"Vell, den let him stop at my uncle Bendigo's for a week, and come out den—he's very comfortable there," said Shylock with a grin. "Hadt'n you better go to the shop, Mr. Eglantine," continued he, "and look after your business? Mrs. Walker can't want you to listen to her all day."

Eglantine was glad of the excuse, and slunk out of the studio, not into the shop, but into his parlour; where he drank off a great glass of Maraschino; and sat blushing and exceedingly agitated, until Mossrose came to tell him that Mrs. W. was gone, and wouldn't trouble him any more. But although he drank several more glasses of Maraschino, and went to the play that night, and to the cider-cellars afterwards, neither the liquor, nor the play, nor the delightful comic songs at the cellars, could drive Mrs. Walker out of his head, and the memory of old times, and the image of her pale weeping face.

Morgiana tottered out of the shop, scarcely heeding the voice of Mr. Mossrose, who said. "I'll take forty per shent" (and went back to

his duty cursing himself for a soft-hearted fool for giving up so much of his rights to a puling woman). Morgiana, I say, tottered out of the shop, and went up Conduit Street, weeping, weeping with all her eyes. She was quite faint, for she had taken nothing that morning but the glass of water which the pastry-cook in the Strand had given her, and was forced to take hold of the railings of a house for support just as a little gentleman with a yellow handkerchief under his arm was issuing from the door.

"Good heavens, Mrs. Walker!" said the gentleman. It was no other than Mr. Woolsey, who was going forth to try a bodycoat for a customer; are you ill?—what's the matter? for God's sake come in!" and he took her arm under his, and led her into his back-parlour, and seated her, and had some wine-and-water before her in one minute, before she had said one single word regarding herself.

As soon as she was somewhat recovered, and with the interruption of a thousand sobs, the poor thing told as well as she could her little story. Mr. Eglantine had arrested Mr. Walker; she had been trying to gain time for him, Eglantine had refused.

"The hard-hearted cowardly brute to refuse *her* anything!" said loyal Mr. Woolsey. "My dear," says he, "I've no reason to love your husband, and know too much about him to respect him; but I love and respect *you*, and will spend my last shilling to serve you." At which Morgiana could only take his hand and cry a great deal more than ever. She said Mr. Walker would have a great deal of money in a week, that he was the best of husbands, and she was sure Mr. Woolsey would think better of him when he knew him, that Mr. Eglantine's bill was one hundred and fifty pounds, but that Mr. Mossrose would take forty per cent, if Mr. Woolsey could say how much that was.

"I'll pay a thousand pound to do you good," said Mr. Woolsey, bouncing up; "stay here for ten minutes, my dear, until my return, and all shall be right, as you will see." He was back in ten minutes, and had called a cab from the stand opposite (all the coachmen there had seen and commented on Mrs. Walker's woe-begone looks), and they were off for Cursitor Street in a moment. "They'll settle the whole debt for twenty pounds," said he, and shewed an order to that effect from Mr. Mossrose to Mr. Bendigo's, empowering the latter to release Walker on receiving Mr. Woolsey's acknowledgment for the above sum.

"There's no use paying it," said Mr. Walker, doggedly, "it would only be robbing you, Mr. Woolsey—seven more detainers have come in while my wife has been away. I must go through the court now; but," he added in a whisper to the tailor, "my good

sir, my debts of *honour* are sacred, and if you will have the goodness to lend *me* the twenty pounds, I pledge you my word as a gentleman to return it when I come out of quod."

It is probable that Mr. Woolsey declined this; for, as soon as he was gone, Walker, in a tremendous fury, began cursing his wife for dawdling three hours on the road. "Why the deuce, ma'am, didn't you take a cab?" roared he, when he heard she had walked to Bond Street. "Those writs have only been in half an hour, and I might have been off but for you."

"Oh, Howard," said she, didn't you take—didn't I give you my—my last shilling?" and fell back and wept again more bitterly than ever.

"Well, love," said her amiable husband, turning rather red, "never mind, it wasn't your fault. It is but going through the court. It is no great odds. I forgive you.

## CHAPTER VI.

IN WHICH MR. WALKER STILL REMAINS IN DIFFICULTIES, BUT SHOWS GREAT RESIGNATION UNDER HIS MISFORTUNES.

THE exemplary Walker now seeing that escape from his enemies was hopeless, and that it was his duty as a man to turn on them and face them, now determined to quit the splendid though narrow lodgings which Mr. Bendigo had provided for him, and undergo the martyrdom of the Fleet. Accordingly, in company with that gentleman, he came over to her Majesty's prison, and gave himself into the custody of the officers there; and did not apply for the accommodation of the rules (by which in those days the captivity of some debtors was considerably heightened),<sup>1</sup> because he knew perfectly well that there was no person in the wide world who would give a security for the heavy sums for which Walker was answerable. Whether these sums were is no matter, and on this we do not think it at all necessary to satisfy the curiosity of the reader. He may have owed hundreds—thousands, his creditors can tell; he paid the dividend which has<sup>ad</sup> formerly mentioned, and showed there<sup>ly</sup> desire to satisfy all claims upon him to the uttermost farthing.

As for the little house in Connaught Square, when after quitting her husband, Morgiana drove back thither, the door was opened by the page, who instantly thanked her to his wages; and in the drawing-room, on a yellow satin sofa, sat a seedy man (with a foot of porter beside him placed on an album for fear of staining the rosewood table), and the seedy man signified that he had taken possession of the furniture in execution for a judgment debt. Another seedy man was in the dining-room, reading a newspaper and drinking gin: he informed Mrs. Walker that he was

<sup>1</sup> Probably intended for "lightened."

the representative of another judgment debt and of another execution :—"There's another on 'em in the kitchen," said the page, "taking an inventory of the furniture; and he swears he'll have you took up for swindling, for pawning the plate."

"Sir," said Mr. Woolsey, for that worthy man had conducted Morgiana home, "Sir," said he, shaking his stick at the young page, "if you give any more of your impudence I'll beat every button off your jacket:" and as there were some four hundred of these ornaments, the page was silent. It was a great mercy for Morgiana that the honest and faithful tailor had accompanied her. The good fellow had waited very patiently for her for an hour in the parlour or coffee-room of the lock-up house, knowing full well that she would want a protector on her way homewards; and his kindness will be more appreciated when it is stated that during the time of his delay in the coffee-room he had been subject to the entreaties, nay, to the insults of Cornet Fipkin, of the Blues, who was in prison at the suit of Lindsey, Woolsey, and Co., and who happened to be taking his breakfast in the apartment when his obdurate creditor entered it. The cornet (a hero of eighteen who stood at least five feet three in his boots, and owed fifteen thousand pounds) was so enraged at the obduracy of his creditor that he said he would have thrown him out of the window but for the bars which guarded it; and entertained serious thoughts of knocking the tailor's head off, but that the latter, putting his right leg forward and his fists in a proper attitude, told the young officer to "come on;" on which the cornet cursed the tailor for a "snob," and went back to his breakfast. The cornet subsequently took benefit of the act, and is now Sir Frederick Fipkin Fipkin of the Fip, —shire, the respected master of foxhounds in that county. It is only to simpletons and cowards that the English laws of debtor and creditor are frightful—advance boldly towards them, and they vanish like ghosts before bold knights of old, but let a man be afraid of them, and the poor trembling wretch is their slave for ever. Every one knows men who have undergone the process of what is called "whitewashing" a man of score of times—ask them are they afraid of it? Psha! it is nothing. And wise and merciful our law is in this respect. It is the terror of what are called honest men, certainly; but on the other hand, it is the great comfort and consolation of other persons—a philanthropic premium for those who must have their ease and cannot live without their horse to ride, nor dine without their champagne, and who would pine away hopelessly, did not the admirable system of CREDIT supply them gratis with all the little wants and luxuries necessary to persons of their peculiar and delicate organization.

Take an instance on the other side—a friend of mine dined the other day at the Coke-upon-Lyttenton Club and put a case to several of his

legal friends there. He had been abroad with his family for two years, leaving his house in charge of a servant on board-wages. A poulterer, on his return, brings him a bill for fine Dorking fowls, turkeys, and pigeons, and such delicacies supplied to his family during their residence five hundred miles off abroad. "A part of this bill," says he, "may be correct, for it is down, you see, three years back; and Mrs. Jones, who is at Munich, can't tell whether she paid it:—but is it not monstrous, however, that I should have to pay the *other* part? Ah, to pay for barn-door fowls that never passed my gates, and turkey-polts of which I have never seen a feather?" But the lawyers said with one voice, "Pay it. It will cost you more to win the cause than to pay the bill:" "And for my part," says one great legal authority (whose name for fear of consequences I will not mention), "if any tradesman choose to send me in a bill I will pay it rather than go to law." How much will any honest tradesman give to know my learned friend's name? It would be a fortune to a clever fellow, and I would recommend such to take the law-list and issue little bills and little writs all round—the learned gentlemen know too well their business not to pay; and no more like to employ their own wares, than physicians like to take pills, or pastry-cooks to swallow tarts. Oh, that a society of philanthropists would but take this hint and act upon it; taking upon them to swear debts against the bar, the attorneys, and the members of both houses! and so give an illustration of the noble system of credit—the kind patron of roguery, the fruitful parent of litigation, the bully who frightens solvent men into the payment of unjust debts, the tempter who encourages extravagance and knavery to contract them; of credit, which offers a premium to the tradesman to cheat the customers, and to the customer to cheat the tradesman, and to the lawyer to rob all. As it was heaven that commanded industry, so be sure it was the devil who invented credit.

This little digression, my dear friend, has been occasioned not so much by the sight of the execution people in charge of Mr. Walker's house (whence, of course, Mrs. Walker was driven to take refuge with her mamma near Sadler's Wells), as by thinking over the life of the brave captain himself, now comfortably lodged in the Fleet. He had some ready money, and with it managed to make his existence exceedingly comfortable. He lived with the best society of the place, consisting of several distinguished young noblemen and gentlemen. He spent the morning playing at fives and smoking cigars; the evening smoking cigars and dining comfortably. Cards came after dinner; and, as the Captain was an experienced player, and near a score of years older than most of his friends, he was generally pretty successful; and, indeed, if he had received all the money that was owed to him, he might have come out of prison and paid his



creditors twenty shillings in the pound—that is, if he had been minded to do so. But there is no use in examining into that point too closely, for the fact is, young Pipkin only paid him forty pounds out of seven hundred for which he gave him I. O. U.'s. Algernon Duceace not only did not pay him three hundred and twenty which he lost at blind hookey, but actually borrowed seven and sixpence in money from Walker, which have never been repaid to this day; and Lord Doublequits actually lost nineteen thousand pounds to him at heads and tails, which he never paid, pleading drunkenness and his minority. The reader may recollect a paragraph which went the round of the papers entitled, "*Affair of honour in the Fleet Prison*."—Yesterday morning (behind the pump in the second court) Lord D-bl-qu-ts and Captain H-w-rd W-lk-r (a near relative, we understand, of His Grace the Duke of N-rf-lk) had a hostile meeting and exchanged two shots. These two young sprigs of nobility were attended to the ground by Major Flush, who, by the way, is *flush* no longer, and Captain Pam, late of the — Dragoons. Play is said to have been the cause of the quarrel, and the gallant Captain is reported to have handled the noble lord's nose rather roughly at one stage of the transactions." When Morgiana at Sadler's Wells heard these news, she was ready to faint with terror; and rushed to the Fleet Prison, and embraced her lord and master with her usual expansion and fits of tears, very much to that gentleman's annoyance, who happened to be in company with Pam and Flush at the time, and did not care that his handsome wife should be seen too much in the dubious precincts of the Fleet. He had at least so much shame about him, and had always rejected her entreaties to be allowed to inhabit the prison with him.

"It is enough," would he say, casting his eyes heavenward, and with a most lugubrious countenance—"it is enough, Morgiana, that I should suffer, even though your thoughtlessness has been the cause of my ruin. But enough of *that*! I will not rebuke you for faults of which I know you are now repentant; and I never could bear to see you in the midst of the miseries of this horrible place. Remain at home with your mother, and let me drag on the weary days here alone. If you can get me any more of that pale sherry, my love, do. I require something to cheer me in solitude, and have found my chest very much relieved by that wine. Put more pepper and eggs, my dear, into the next veal-pie you make me. I can't eat the horrible messes in the coffee-room here."

It was Walker's wish, I can't tell why, except that it is the wish of a great number of other persons in this strange world, to make his wife believe that he was wretched in mind and ill in health; and all assertions to this effect the simple creature received with numberless tears of credulity, and would go home to Mrs. Crump, and say how her darling

Howard was pining away, how he was ruined for *her*, and with what angelic sweetness he bore his captivity. The fact is, he bore it with so much resignation that no other person in the world could see that he was unhappy. His life undisturbed by duns; his day was his from morning till night; his diet was good, his acquaintances jovial, his purse tolerably well supplied, and he had not one single care to annoy him.

Mrs. Crump and Woolsey, perhaps, received Morgiana's account of her husband's miseries with some incredulity. The latter was now a daily visitor to Sadler's Wells. His love for Morgiana had become a warm, fatherly, generous regard for her; it was out of the honest fellow's cellar that the wine used to come which did so much good to Mr. Walker's chest; and he tried a thousand ways to make Morgiana happy.

A very happy day, indeed, it was when, returning from her visit to the Fleet, she found in her mother's sitting-room her dear grand rosewood piano, and every one of her music-books, which the kind-hearted tailor had purchased at the sale of Walker's effects. And I am not ashamed to say, that Morgiana herself was so charmed, that when, as usual, Mr. Woolsey came to drink tea in the evening, she actually gave him a kiss, which frightened Mr. Woolsey, and made him blush exceedingly. She sat down, and played him that evening every one of the songs which he liked—the *old* songs—none of your Italian stuff. Podmore, the old music-master, was there too; and was delighted and astonished at the progress in singing which Morgiana had made; and when the little party separated, he took Mr. Woolsey by the hand, and said, "Give me leave to tell you, sir, that you're a *trump*."

"That he is," said Canterfield, the first tragic; "an honour to human nature. A man whose hand is open as day to melting charity, and whose heart ever melts at the tale of woman's distress."

"Pooh, pooh, stuff and nonsense, sir," said the tailor; but, upon my word, Mr. Canterfield's words were perfectly correct. I wish as much could be said in favour of Woolsey's old rival, Mr. Eglantine, who attended the sale too, but it was with a horrid kind of satisfaction at the thought that Walker was ruined. He bought the yellow satin sofa before mentioned, and transferred it to what he calls his "sitting-room," where it is to this day, bearing many marks of the best bears'-grease. Woolsey bid against Baroski for the piano, very nearly up to the actual value of the instrument, when the artist withdrew from competition; and when he was sneering at the ruin of Mr. Walker, the tailor sternly interrupted him by saying, "What the deuce are *you* sneering at! You did it, sir; and you're paid every shilling of your claim, ain't you?" On which Baroski turned round to Miss Larkins, and said, "Mr.



Woolsey was a 'snop ;'" the very word, though pronounced somewhat differently, which the gallant Cornet Fipkin had applied to him.

Well ; so he *was* a snob. But, vulgar as he was, I declare, for my part, that I have a greater respect for Mr. Woolsey than for any single nobleman or gentleman mentioned in this true history.

It will be seen from the names of Messrs. Canterfield and Podmore that Morgiana was again in the midst of the widow Crump's favourite theatrical society ; and this, indeed, was the case. The widow's little room was hung round with the pictures which were mentioned at the commencement of the story as decorating the bar of the Bootjack ; and several times in a week she received her friends from The Wells, and entertained them with such humble refreshments of tea and crumpets as her modest means permitted her to purchase. Among these persons Morgiana lived and sung quite as contentedly as she had ever done among the demireps of her husband's society ; and, only she did not dare to own it to herself, was a great deal happier than she had been for many a day. Mrs. Captain Walker was still a great lady amongst them. Even in his time,<sup>1</sup> Walker, the director of three companies, and the owner of the splendid pony-chaise, was to these simple persons an awful character ; and when mentioned, they talked with a great deal of gravity of his being in the country, and hoped Mrs. Captain W. had good news of him. They all knew he was in the Fleet ; but had he not in prison fought a duel with a viscount ? Montmorency (of the Norfolk circuit<sup>2</sup>) was in the Fleet too ; and when Canterfield went to see poor Montey, the latter had pointed out Walker to his friend, who actually hit Lord George Tennyson across the shoulders in play with a racket-bat ; which event was soon made known to the whole green-room.

"They had me up one day," said Montmorency, "to sing a comic song, and give my recitations ; and we had champagne and lobster-salad ; *such* nobs !" added the player. "Billingsgate and Vauxhall were there too, and left college at eight o'clock."

When Morgiana was told of the circumstance by her mother, she hoped her dear Howard had enjoyed the evening, and was thankful that for once he could forget his sorrows. Nor, somehow, was she ashamed of herself for being happy afterwards, but gave way to her natural good humour without repentance or self-rebuke. I believe, indeed, (alas ! why are we made acquainted with the same fact regarding ourselves long after it is past and gone ?)—I believe these were the happiest days of Morgiana's whole life. She had no cares except the pleasant

one of attending on her husband, an easy, smiling temperament which made her regardless of to-morrow ; and, add to this, a delightful hope relative to a certain interesting event which was about to occur, and which I shall not particularise further than by saying, that she was cautioned against too much singing by Mr. Squills, her medical attendant ; and that widow Crump was busy making-up a vast number of little caps and diminutive cambric shirts, such as delighted *grandmothers* are in the habit of fashioning. I hope this is as genteel a way of signifying the circumstance which was about to take place in the Walker family as Miss Prim herself could desire. Mrs. Walker's mother was about to become a grandmother. There's a phrase ! The *Morning Post*, which says this story is vulgar, I'm sure cannot quarrel with *that*. I don't believe the whole *Court Guide* would convey an intimation more delicately.

Well, Mrs. Crump's little grandchild was born, entirely to the dissatisfaction, I must say, of his father ; who, when the infant was brought to him in the Fleet, had him abruptly covered up in his cloak again, from which he had been removed by the jealous prison door-keepers ; why, do you think ? Walker had a quarrel with one of them, and the wretch persisted in believing that the bundle Mrs. Crump was bringing to her son-in-law was a bundle of disguised brandy !

"The brutes !" said the lady ; "and the father's a brute too," said she. "He takes no more notice of me than if I was a kitchen-maid, and of Woolsey than if he was a leg of mutton—the dear, blessed, little cherub !"

Mrs. Crump was a mother-in-law : let us pardon her hatred of her daughter's husband.

The Woolsey compared in the above sentence both to a leg of mutton and a cherub was not the eminent member of the firm of Lindsey, Woolsey and Co., but the little baby, who was christened Howard Woolsey Walker, with the full consent of the father, who said the tailor was a deuced good fellow, and felt really obliged to him for the sherry, for a frock-coat which he let him have in prison, and for his kindness to Morgiana. The tailor loved the little boy with all his soul ; he attended his mother to her churching, and the child to the font ; and, as a present to his little godson on his christening, he sent two yards of the finest white Kerseymere in his shop to make him a cloak. The Duke had had a pair of inexpressibles off that very piece.

House-furniture is bought and sold, music lessons are given, children are born and christened, ladies are confined and churched—time, in other words, passes,—and yet Captain Walker still remains in prison ! Does it not seem strange that he should still languish there between palisaded walls near Fleet

<sup>1</sup> Probably intended for "ruin."

<sup>2</sup> This has reference to the system of working a "circuit" of provincial theatres by one company, now obsolete.

Market, and that he should not be restored to that active and fashionable world of which he was an ornament? The fact is, the Captain had been before the Court for the examination of his debts; and the commissioners, with a cruelty quite shameful towards a fallen man, had qualified his ways of getting money in most severe language, and had sent him back to prison again for the space of nine calendar months, an indefinite period, and until his accounts could be made up. This delay Walker bore like a philosopher, and, far from repining, was still the gayest fellow of the tennis-court, and the soul of the midnight carouse.

There is no use in raking up old stories, and hunting through files of dead newspapers, to know what were the specific acts which made the commissioners so angry with Captain Walker. Many a rogue has come before the court, and passed through it since then; and I would lay a wager that Howard Walker was not a bit worse than his neighbours. But as he was not a lord, and as he had no friends on coming out of prison, and had settled no money on his wife, and had, as it must be confessed, an exceedingly bad character, it is not likely that the latter would be forgiven him when once more free in the world. For instance, when Double-quits left the Fleet, he was received with open arms by his family, and had two-and-thirty horses in his stables before a week was over. Pam, of the Dragoons, came out, and instantly got a place as government courier,—a place found so good of late years (and no wonder, it is better pay than that of a colonel), that our noblemen and gentry eagerly press for it. Frank Hurricane was sent out as registrar of Tobago, or Sago, or Ticonderago; in fact, for a younger son of good family it is rather advantageous to get into debt twenty or thirty thousand pounds; you are sure of a good place afterwards in the colonies. Your friends are so anxious to get rid of you, that they will move heaven and earth to serve you. And so all the above companions of misfortune with Walker were speedily made comfortable; but *he* had no rich parents; his old father was dead in York jail. How was he to start in the world again? What friendly hand was there to fill his pocket with gold, and his cup with sparkling champagne? He was, in fact, an object of the greatest pity—for I know of no greater than a gentleman of his habits without the means of gratifying them. He must live well, and he has not the means. Is there a more pathetic case? As for a mere low beggar—some labourless labourer, or some weaver out of place—don't let us throw away our compassion upon *them*. Psha! they're accustomed to starve. They *can* sleep upon boards, or dine off a crust; whereas, a gentleman would die in the same situation. I think this was poor Morgiana's way of reasoning.

For Walker's cash in prison beginning pre-

sently to run low, and knowing quite well that the dear fellow could not exist there without the luxuries to which he had been accustomed, she borrowed money from her mother, until the poor old lady was *à sec*. She even confessed, with tears, to Woolsey, that she was in particular want of twenty pounds, to pay a poor milliner, whose debt she could not bear to put in her husband's schedule. And I need not say she carried the money to her husband, who might have been greatly benefited by it—only he had a bad run of luck at the cards; and how the deuce can a man help *that*?

Woolsey had repurchased for her one of the Cashmere shawls. She left it behind her one day at the Fleet prison, and some rascal stole it there, having the grace, however, to send Woolsey the ticket, signifying the place where it had been pawned. Who could the scoundrel have been? Woolsey swore a great oath, and fancied he knew; but if it was Walker himself (as Woolsey fancied, and probably as was the case) who made away with the shawl, being pressed thereto by necessity, was it fair to call him a scoundrel for so doing, and should we not rather laud the delicacy of his proceeding? He was poor; who can command the cards? but he did not wish his wife should know *how* poor; he could not bear that she should suppose him arrived at the necessity of pawning a shawl.

She who had such beautiful ringlets, of a sudden pleaded cold in the head, and took to wearing caps. One summer evening, as she and the baby and Mrs. Crump and Woolsey (let us say all four babies together) were laughing and playing in Mrs. Crump's drawing-room—playing the most absurd gambols, fat Mrs. Crump, for instance, hiding behind the sofa, Woolsey chuck-chucking, cock-a-doodle-dooing, and performing those indescribable freaks which gentlemen with philo-progenitive organs will execute in the company of children—in the midst of their play the baby gave a tug at his mother's cap; off it came—her hair was cut close to her head!

Morgiana turned as red as sealing-wax, and trembled very much; Mrs. Crump screamed, "My child, where is your hair?" and Woolsey, bursting out with a most tremendous oath against Walker that would send Miss Prim into convulsions, put his handkerchief to his face, and actually wept. "The infernal bubble-ubble-ackguard!" said he, roaring and clenching his fists.

As he had passed the Bower of Bloom a few days before he saw Mossrose, who was combing out a jet-black ringlet, and held it up as if for Woolsey's examination, with a peculiar grin. The tailor did not understand the joke, but he saw now what had happened. Morgiana had sold her hair for five guineas; she would have sold her arm had her husband bidden her. On looking in her drawers it was found she had sold almost all her wearing apparel; the child's clothes were all there,

however. It was because her husband talked of disposing of a gilt coral that the child had, that she had parted with the locks which had formed her pride.

"I'll give you twenty guineas for that hair, you infamous fat coward," roared the little tailor to Eglantine that evening. "Give it up, or I'll kill you———me——"

"Mr. Mossrose! Mr. Mossrose!" shouted the perfumer.

"Vell, vatsh de matter, vatsh de row, fight away, my boys; two to one on the tailor," said Mr. Mossrose, much enjoying the sport (for Woolsey, striding through the shop without speaking to him, had rushed into the studio, where he plumped upon Eglantine).

"Tell him about that hair, sir."

"That hair! Now keep yourself quiet, Mister Timble, and don't tink for to bully me. You mean Mrs. Valker's 'air? Vy, she sold it me."

"And the more blackguard you for buying it! Will you take twenty guineas for it?"

"No," said Mossrose.

"Twenty-five?"

"Can't," said Mossrose.

"Hang it; will you take forty? There!"

"I vish I'd kep' it," said the Hebrew gentleman, with unfeigned regret. "Eglantine dressed it this very night."

"For Countess Baldenstiern, the Swedish Hambasdor's lady," says Eglantine (his Hebrew partner was no means a favourite with the ladies, and only superintended the accounts of the concern). "It's this very night at Devonshire 'Ouse, with four hostrich plumes, lappets, and trimmings. And now, Mr. Woolsey, I'll trouble you to apologise."

Mr. Woolsey did not answer, but walked up to Mr. Eglantine and snapped his fingers so close under the perfumer's nose that the latter started back and seized the bell-rope. Mossrose burst out laughing, and the tailor walked majestically from the shop with both hands stuck between the lappets of his coat.

"My dear," said he to Morgiana a short time afterwards, "you must not encourage that husband of yours in his extravagance, and sell the clothes off your poor back, that he may feast and act the fine gentleman in prison."

"It is his health, poor dear soul!" interposed Mrs. Walker, "his chest. Every farthing of the money goes to the doctors, poor fellow!"

"Well, now listen: I am a rich man (it was a great fib, for Woolsey's income as a junior partner of the firm, was but a small one); I can very well afford to make him an allowance while he is in the Fleet, and have written to him to say so. But if you ever give him a penny, or sell a trinket belonging to you, upon my word and honour, I will withdraw the allowance, and, though it would go to my heart, I'll never see you again. You wouldn't make me unhappy, would you?"

"I'd go on my knees to serve you, and Heaven bless you," said the wife.

"Well, then, you must give me this promise." And she did. "And now," said he "your mother, and Podmore, and I, have been talking over matters, and we've agreed that you may make a very good income for yourself, though, to be sure, I wish it could have been managed any other way; but needs must, you know. You're the finest singer in the universe."

"La!" said Morgiana, highly delighted.

"I never heard any thing like you, thought I'm no judge. Podmore says he is sure you will do very well, and has no doubt you might get very good engagements at concerts or on the stage; and as that husband will never do any good, and you have a child to support, sing you must."

"Oh! how glad I should be to pay his debts and repay all he has done for me," cried Mrs. Walker. "Think of his giving two hundred guineas to Mr. Baroski to have me taught. Was not that kind of him? Do you *really* think I should succeed?"

"There's Miss Larkins has succeeded."

"The little, high-shouldered, vulgar thing!" says Morgiana. "I'm sure I ought to succeed if *she* did."

"She sing against Morgiana!" said Mrs. Crump. "I'd like to see her, indeed! She ain't fit to snuff a candle to her."

"I dare say not," said the tailor, "though I don't understand the thing myself; but if Morgiana can make a fortune, why shouldn't she?"

"Heaven knows we want it, Woolsey," cried Mrs. Crump. "And to see her on the stage was always the wish of my heart;" and so it had formerly been the wish of Morgiana, and now, with the hope of helping her husband and child, the wish became a duty, and she fell to practising once more from morning till night.

One of the most generous of men and tailors who ever lived now promised, if further instruction should be considered necessary (though that he could hardly believe possible), that he would lend Morgiana any sum required for the payment of lessons; and according, she once more betook herself, under Podmore's advice, to the singing school. Baroski's academy was, after the passages between them, out of the question, and she placed herself under the instruction of the excellent English composer Sir George Thrum, whose large and awful wife, Lady Thrum, dragon of virtue and propriety, kept watch over the master and the pupils, and was the sternest guardian of female virtue on or off any stage.

Morgiana came at a propitious moment. Baroski had lanced Miss Larkins under the name of Ligonier. The Ligonier was enjoying a considerable success, and was singing classical music to tolerable audiences, whereas Miss Butts, Sir George's last pupil, had turned out a complete failure, and the rival house was only able to make a faint opposition to the new star with Miss M'Whirter, who, though an old favourite, had lost her upper notes and her front teeth, and, the fact was, drew no longer.

Directly Sir George heard Mrs. Walker he

tapped Podmore, who accompanied her, on the waistcoat, and said, "Poddy, thank you; we'll cut the orange-boy's throat with that voice." It was by the familiar title of orange-boy that the great Baroski was known among his opponents.

"We'll *crush* him, Podmore," said Lady Thrum, in her deep hollow voice. "You may stop and dine." And Podmore stayed to dinner, and ate cold mutton, and drank Marsala with the greatest reverence for the great English composer. The very next day Lady Thrum hired a pair of horses and paid a visit to Mrs. Crump and her daughter at Sadler's Wells.

All these things were kept profoundly secret from Walker, who received very magnanimously the allowance of two guineas a-week which Woolsey made him, and with the aid of the few shillings his wife could bring him, managed to exist as best he might. He did not dislike gin when he could get no claret, and the former liquor, under the name of "tape" used to be measured out pretty liberally in what was formerly her Majesty's prison of the Fleet.

Morgiana pursued her studies under Thrum, and we shall hear in the next chapter how it was she changed her name to RAVENSWING.

## CHAPTER VII.

IN WHICH MORGIANA ADVANCES TOWARDS FAME AND HONOUR, AND IN WHICH SEVERAL GREAT LITERARY CHARACTERS MAKE THEIR APPEARANCE.

"WE must begin, my dear madam," said Sir George Thrum, "by unlearning all that Mr. Baroski (of whom I do not wish to speak with the slightest disrespect) has taught you!"

Morgiana knew that every professor says as much, and submitted to undergo the study requisite for Sir George's system with perfect good grace. *Au fond*, as I was given to understand, the methods of the two artists were pretty similar; but as there was rivalry between them, and continual desertion of scholars from one school to another, it was fair for each to take all the credit he could get in the success of any pupil. If a pupil failed, for instance, Thrum would say Baroski had spoiled her irretrievably; while the German would regret "Dat dat yong voman, who had a good organ, should have trown away her dime wid dat old Drum." When one of these deserters succeeded, "Yes, yes," would either professor cry, "I formed her, she owes her fortune to me." Both of them thus, in future days, claimed the education of the famous Ravenswing; and even Sir George Thrum, though he wished to *écraser* the Ligonier, pretended that her present success was his work because once she had been brought by her mother, Mrs. Larkins, to sing for Sir George's approval.

When the two professors met it was with the most delighted cordiality on the part of both. "*Mein lieber Herr*," Thrum would say (with

some malice), "your sonata in x flat is divine." "Chevalier," Baroski would reply, "dat andante movement in w is worthy of Beethoven. I gif you my sacred honour," and so forth. In fact, they loved each other, as gentlemen in their profession always do.

The two famous professors conduct their academies on very opposite principles. Baroski writes ballet music; Thrum, on the contrary, says, "he cannot but deplore the dangerous fascinations of the dance," and writes more for Exeter Hall and Birmingham. While Baroski drives a cab in the park with a very suspicious Mademoiselle Léocadie, or Amenaïde, by his side, you may see Thrum walking to evening church with his lady, and hymns are sung there of his own composition. He belongs to the Athenæum Club, he goes to the levee once a-year, he does everything that a respectable man should, and if, by the means of this respectability, he manages to make his little trade far more profitable than it otherwise would be, are we to quarrel with him for it?

Sir George, in fact, had every reason to be respectable. He had been a choir-boy at Windsor, had played to the old King's violoncello, had been intimate with him, and had received knighthood at the hand of his revered sovereign. He had a snuff-box which his Majesty gave him, and portraits of him and the young princes all over the house. He had also a foreign order (no other, indeed, than the Elephant and Castle of Kalbsbraten-Pumpernickel) conferred upon him by the Grand Duke when here with the allied sovereigns in 1814. With this ribbon round his neck, on gala days, and in a white waistcoat, the old gentleman looked splendid as he moved along in a blue coat with a Windsor button, and neat black small clothes, and silk stockings. He lived in an old, tall, dingy house, furnished in the reign of George III., his beloved master, and not much more cheerful now than a family vault. They are awfully funereal those ornaments of the close of the last century,—tall, gloomy, horse-hair chairs, mouldy Turkey carpets, with wretched druggets to guard them, little cracked sticking-plaster miniatures of people in *tours* and pig-tails over high-shouldered mantel-pieces, two dismal urns on each side of a lanky sideboard, and in the midst a queer twisted receptacle for worn-out knives with green handles. Under the sideboard stands a cellaret that looks as if it held half a bottle of currant wine, and a shivering plate-warmer that never could get any comfort out of the wretched old cramped grate yonder. Don't you know in such houses the grey gloom that hangs over the stairs, the dull-coloured old carpet that winds its way up the same, growing thinner, duller, and more threadbare, as it mounts to the bedroom floors? There is something awful in the bedroom of a respectable old couple of sixty-five. Think of the old feathers, turbans, bugles, petticoats, pomatum-pots, spencers, white satin shoes, false fronts, the old flaccid, boneless stays tied

up in faded riband, the dusky fans, the old forty years' old baby linen, the letters of Sir George when he was young, poor Murza's doll\* who died in 1803, Frederick's first corduroy breeches, and the newspaper which contains the account of his distinguishing himself at the siege of Seringapatam. All these lie somewhere damp and squeezed down into glum old presses and wardrobes. At that glass the wife has sat many times these fifty years; in that old morocco bed her children were born. Where are they now? Fred, the brave Captain, and Charles, the saucy collegier; there hangs a drawing of him done by Mr. Beechey, and that sketch by Cosway was the very likeness of Louisa before . . .

"Mr. Fitz-Boodle! for Heaven's sake come down. What are you doing in a lady's bedroom?"

"The fact is, madam, I had no business there in life, but, having had quite enough wine with Sir George, my thoughts had wandered upstairs into the sanctuary of female excellence, where your ladyship nightly reposes. You do not sleep so well now as in old days, though there is no patter of little steps to wake you overhead."

They call that room the nursery still, and the little wicket still hangs at the upper stairs; it has been there for forty years—*bon Dieu!* Can't you see the ghosts of little faces peering over it? I wonder whether they get up in the night as the moonlight shines into the blank, vacant old room, and play there solemnly with little ghostly horses, and the spirits of dolls, and tops that turn and turn but don't hum.

Once more, Sir, come down to the lower storey—that is to the Morgiana story—with which the above sentences have no more to do than this morning's leading article in *The Times*; only it was at this house of Sir George Thrum's that I met Morgiana. Sir George, in old days, had instructed some of the female members of our family, and I recollect cutting my fingers as a child with one of these attenuated green-handled knives in the queer box yonder.

In those days Sir George Thrum was the first great musical teacher of London, and the royal patronage brought him a great number of fashionable pupils, of whom Lady Fitz-Boodle was one. It was a long, long time ago, in fact, Sir George Thrum was old enough to remember persons who had been present at Mr. Braham's first appearance, and the old gentleman's days of triumph had been those of Billington and Incledon, Catalani and Madame Storcé.

He was the author of several operas (*The Camel Driver*, *Britons Alarmed*; or *the Siege of Bergen-op-Zoom*, &c. &c.) and, of course, of songs which had considerable success in their day, but are forgotten now, and are as much faded and out of fashion as those old carpets which we have described in the pro-

fessor's house, and which were, doubtless, very brilliant once. But such is the fate of carpets, of flowers, of music, of men, and of the most admirable novels—even this story will not be alive for many centuries. Well, well, why struggle against fate?

But, though his hey-day of fashion was gone, Sir George still held his place among the musicians of the old school, conducted occasionally at the Ancient Concerts and the Philharmonic, and his glees are still favourites after public dinners, and are sung by those old bacchanalians, in chestnut wigs, who attend for the purpose of amusing the guests on such occasions of festivity. The great old people at the gloomy old concerts before mentioned always pay Sir George marked respect; and, indeed, from the old gentleman's peculiar behaviour to his superiors it is impossible they should not be delighted with him, so he leads at almost every one of the concerts in the old-fashioned houses in town.

Becomingly obsequious to his superiors, he is with the rest of the world properly majestic, and has obtained no small success by his admirable and undeviating respectability. Respectability has been his great card through life; ladies can trust their daughters at Sir George Thrum's academy. "A good musician, madam," says he to the mother of a new pupil, "should not only have a fine ear, a good voice, and an indomitable industry, but, above all, a faultless character—faultless, that is, as far as our poor nature will permit. And you will remark that those young persons with whom your lovely daughter, Miss Smith, will pursue her musical studies, are all, in a moral point of view, as spotless as that charming young lady. How should it be otherwise? I have been myself the father of a family; I have been honoured with the intimacy of the wisest and best of kings, my late sovereign George III., and I can proudly shew an example of decorum to my pupils in my Sophia. Mrs. Smith, I have the honour of introducing to you my Lady Thrum."

The old lady would rise at this and make a gigantic curtsey, such a one as had begun the minuet at Ranelagh fifty years ago; and, the introduction ended, Mrs. Smith would retire, after having seen the portraits of the princes, his late Majesty's snuff-box, and a piece of music which he used to play, noted by himself—Mrs. Smith, I say, would drive back to Baker Street delighted to think that her Frederica had secured so eligible and respectable a master. I forgot to say that, during the interview between Mrs. Smith and Sir George, the latter would be called out of his study by his black servant, and my Lady Thrum would take that opportunity of mentioning when he was knighted, and how he got his foreign order, and deploring the sad condition of other musical professors, and the dreadful immorality which sometimes arose in consequence

\* This is an amusing slip, as it would appear it was Murza, not the doll, who died in 1803.



of their laxness. Sir George was a good deal engaged to dinners in the season, and if invited to dine with a nobleman, as he might possibly be on the day when Mrs. Smith requested the honour of his company, he would write back "that he should have had the sincerest happiness in waiting upon Mrs. Smith in Baker Street, if, previously, my Lord Tweedledale had not been so kind as to engage him." This letter, of course, shewn by Mrs. Smith to her friends, was received by them with proper respect: and thus, in spite of age and new fashions, Sir George still reigned pre-eminent for a mile round Cavendish Square. By the young pupils of the academy he was called Sir Charles Grandison, and, indeed, fully deserved this title on account of the "indomitable respectability" of his whole actions.

It was under this gentleman that Morgiana made her *début* in public life. I do not know what arrangements may have been made between Sir George Thrum and his pupil regarding the profits which were to accrue to the former from engagements procured by him for the latter; but there was, no doubt, an understanding between them. For Sir George, respectable as he was, had the reputation of being extremely clever at a bargain; and Lady Thrum herself, in her great high-tragedy way, could purchase a pair of soles or select a leg of mutton with the best housekeeper in London.

When, however, Morgiana had been for some six months under his tuition, he began for some reason or other to be exceedingly hospitable, and invited his friends to numerous entertainments, at one of which, as I have said, I had the pleasure of meeting Mrs. Walker.

Although the worthy musician's dinners were not good, the old knight had some excellent wine in his cellar, and his arrangement of his party deserves to be commended.

For instance, he meets me and Bob Fitz-Urse in Pall Mall, at whose paternal house he was also a visitor. "My dear young gentlemen," says he, "will you come and dine with a poor musical composer? I have some comet-hock, and, what is more curious to you perhaps as men of wit, one or two of the great literary characters of London whom you would like to see—quite curiosities, my dear young friends." And we agreed to go.

To the literary men he says, "I have a little quiet party at home, Lord Roundtowers, the Honourable Mr. Fitz-Urse of the Life Guards, and a few more. Can you tear yourself away from the war of wits, and take a quiet dinner with a few mere men about town?"

The literary men instantly purchase new satin stocks and white gloves, and are delighted to fancy themselves members of the world of fashion. Instead of inviting twelve Royal Academicians, or a dozen authors, or a

dozen men of science to dinner, as his Grace the Duke of —, and the Right Honourable Sir Robert —, are in the habit of doing once a year, this plan of fusion is the one they should adopt. Not invite all artists, as they would invite all farmers to a rent-dinner; but they should have a proper commingling of artists and men of the world. There is one of the latter whose name is George Savage Fitz-Boodle, who— But let us return to Sir George Thrum.

Fitz-Urse and I arrive at the dismal old house, and are conducted up the staircase by a black servant, who shouts out, "Missa Fiss-Boodle—the *Honourable* Missa Fiss-Urse!" It was evident that Lady Thrum had instructed the swarthy groom of the chambers (for there is nothing particularly honourable in my friend Fitz's face that I know of, unless an abominable squint may be said to be so). Lady Thrum, whose figure is something like that of the shot-tower opposite Waterloo Bridge, makes a majestic inclination and a speech to signify her pleasure at receiving under her roof two of the children of Sir George's best pupils. A lady in black velvet is seated by the old fire-place, with whom a stout gentleman in an exceedingly light coat and ornamental waistcoat is talking very busily. "The great star of the night," whispers our host. "Mrs. Walker, gentlemen—the *Ravenswing*! She is talking to the famous Mr. Slang, of — theatre."

"Is she a fine singer?" says Fitz-Urse. "She's a very fine woman."

"My dear young friends, you shall hear to-night! I, who have heard every fine voice in Europe, confidently pledge my respectability that the Ravenswing is equal to them all. She has the graces, sir, of a Venus with the mind of a muse. She is a syren,<sup>1</sup> sir, without the dangerous qualities of one. She is hallowed, sir, by her misfortunes as by her genius; and I am proud to think that my instructions have been the means of developing the wondrous qualities that were latent within her until now."

"You don't say so!" says gobemouche Fitz-Urse.

Having thus indoctrinated Mr. Fitz-Urse, Sir George takes another of his guests, and proceeds to work upon him, "My dear Mr. Bludyer, how do you do? Mr. Fitz-Boodle, Mr. Bludyer, the brilliant and accomplished wit, whose sallies in the *Tomahawk* delight us every Saturday. Nay, no blushes my dear sir; you are very wicked, but oh! so pleasant. Well, Mr. Bludyer, I am glad to see you, sir, and hope you will have a favourable opinion of our genius, sir. As I was saying to Mr. Fitz-Boodle, she has the graces of a Venus with the mind of a muse. She is a syren, without the dangerous qualities of one," &c. This little speech was made to half-a-dozen persons in the course of the evening—persons,

<sup>1</sup> As in the original.

for the most part, connected with the public journals or the theatrical world. There was Mr. Squinny, the editor of the *Flowers of Fashion*; Mr. Desmond Mulligan, the poet, and reporter for a morning paper; and other worthies of their calling. For though Sir George is a respectable man, and as high-minded and moral an old gentleman as ever wore knee-buckles, he does not neglect the little arts of popularity, and can condescend to receive very queer company if need be.

For instance, at the dinner-party at which I had the honour of assisting, and at which, on the right hand of Lady Thrum, sat the *obligé* nobleman, whom the Thrums were a great deal too wise to omit (the sight of a lord does good to us commoners, or why else should we be so anxious to have one?). In the second place of honour, and on her ladyship's left hand, sat Mr. Slang, the manager of one of the theatres, a gentleman whom my Lady Thrum would scarcely, but for a great necessity's sake, have been induced to invite to her table. He had the honour of leading Mrs. Walker to dinner, who looked splendid in black velvet and a turban, full of health and smiles.

Lord Roundtowers is an old gentleman who has been at the theatres five times a week for these fifty years, a living dictionary of the stage, recollecting every actor and actress who has appeared upon it for half a century. He perfectly well remembered Miss Delancy in Morgiana; he knew what had become of Ali Baba, and how Cassim had left the stage, and was now the keeper of a public-house. All this store of knowledge he kept quietly to himself, or only delivered in confidence to his next neighbour in the intervals of the banquet, which he enjoys prodigiously. He lives at an hotel: if not invited to dine, eats a mutton-chop very humbly at his club, and finishes his evening after the play at Crockford's, whither he goes not for the sake of the play but of the supper there. He is described in the *Court Guide* as of Simmer's Hotel, and of Roundtowers, county Cork. It is said that the round towers really exist. But he has not been in Ireland since the rebellion; and his property is so hampered with ancestral mortgages, rent-charges, and annuities, that his income is barely sufficient to provide the modest mutton-chop before alluded to. He has, any time these fifty years, lived in the wickedest company in London, and is, withal, as harmless, mild, good-natured, innocent an old gentleman as can readily be seen.

"Roundy," shouts the elegant Mr. Slang across the table, with a voice which makes Lady Thrum shudder, "Tuff, a glass of wine."

My Lord replies meekly, "Mr. Slang, I shall have very much pleasure. What shall it be?"

"There is Madeira near you, my lord," says my lady, pointing to a tall thin decanter of the fashion of the year.

"Madeira! Marsala, by Jove, your ladyship means!" shouts Mr. Slang. "No, no, old birds are not caught with chaff. Thrum, old boy, let's have some of your comet-hock."

"My Lady Thrum, I believe that *is* Marsala," says the knight, blushing a little, in reply to a question from his Sophia. "Ajax, the hock to Mr. Slang."

"I'm in that," yells Mr. Bludyer from the end of the table. "My lord, I'll join you."

"Mr. —, I beg your pardon—I shall be very happy to take wine with you, sir."

"It is Mr. Bludyer, the celebrated newspaper writer," whispers Lady Thrum.

"Bludyer, Bludyer? A very clever man, I dare say. He has a very loud voice, and reminds me of Brett. Does your ladyship remember Brett, who played the *Fathers* at the Haymarket in 1802?"

"What an old stupid Roundtowers is!" says Slang, archly, nudging Mrs. Walker in the side. "How's Walker, eh?"

"My husband is in the country," replied Mrs. Walker, hesitatingly.

"Gammon! I know where he is! Law bless you!—don't blush. I've been there myself a dozen times. We were talking about quod, Lady Thrum. Were you ever in college?"

"I was at the Commemoration at Oxford in 1814, when the sovereigns were there, and at Cambridge when Sir George received his degree of Doctor of Music."

"Laud, laud, *that's* not the college *we* mean."

"There is also the college in Gower Street, where my grandson——"

"This is the college in *Queer Street*, ma'am, haw, haw! Mulligan, you divole (in an Irish accent), a glass of wine with you. Wine, here, you waiter! What's your name, you black nigger? 'Possum up a gum-tree, eh? Fill him up. Dere he go" (imitating the Mandingo manner of speaking English).

In this agreeable way would Mr. Slang rattle on, speedily making himself the centre of the conversation, and addressing graceful familiarities to all the gentlemen and ladies round him. And if his stories during dinner are such as to make the ladies present look extremely awkward, when the ladies withdraw, he has a collection of tales with which he instantly commences, and which surpasses all *historiettes* ever heard.

It was good to see how the little knight, the most moral and calm of men, was compelled to receive these stories, and the frightened air with which, at the conclusion of one of them, he would venture upon a commendatory grin. His lady, on her part too, had been laboriously civil; and, on the occasion on which I had the honour of meeting this gentleman and Mrs. Walker, it was the latter who gave the signal for withdrawing to the lady of the house, by saying, "I think, Lady Thrum, it is quite time for us to retire." Some exquisite joke of Mr.

Slang's was the cause of this abrupt disappearance.

"Don't go, Mrs. Walker," says he, laying hold of her scarf; "don't be off yet. It's only my fun." But Morgiana left the room indignantly, and as they went upstairs to the drawing-room, Lady Thrum took occasion to say, "My dear, in the course of your profession you will have to submit to many such familiarities on the part of persons of low breeding, such as I fear Mr. Slang is. But let me caution you against giving way to your temper as you did. Did you not perceive that I never allowed him to see my inward dissatisfaction? And I make it a particular point that you should be very civil to him to-night. Your interests—our interests—depend on it."

"And are my interests to make me civil to a wretch like that?"

"Mrs. Walker, would you wish to give lessons in morality and behaviour to Lady Thrum?" said the old lady, drawing herself up with great dignity. It was evident that she had a very strong desire indeed to conciliate Mr. Slang; and hence I have no doubt that Sir George was to have a considerable share of Morgiana's earnings.

Mr. Bludyer, the famous editor of the *Tomahawk*, whose jokes Sir George pretended to admire so much (Sir George who never made a joke in his life), was a press bravo of considerable talent and no principle, and who, to use his own words, would "back himself for a slashing article against any man in England!" He would not only write, but fight on a pinch, was a good scholar, and as savage in his manner as with his pen. Mr. Squinny is of exactly the opposite school, as delicate as milk and water, harmless in his habits, fond of the flute when the state of his chest would allow him, a great practiser of waltzing and dancing in general, and in his journal mildly malicious. He never goes beyond the bounds of politeness, but manages to insinuate a great deal that is disagreeable to an author in the course of twenty lines of criticism. Personally he is quite respectable, and lives with two maiden aunts at Brompton. Nobody, on the contrary, knows where Mr. Bludyer lives. He has houses of call, mysterious taverns where he may be found at particular hours by those who need him, and where panting publishers are in the habit of hunting him up. For a bottle of wine and a guinea he will write a page of praise or abuse of any man living, or on any subject or on any line of politics. "Hang it, sir," says he, "pry me enough and I will write down my own father!" According to the state of his credit, he is dressed either almost in rags, or else in the extremest flush of fashion. With the latter attire he puts on a haughty and aristocratic air, and would slap a duke on the shoulder. If there is one thing more dangerous than to refuse to lend him a sum of money when he asks for it, it is to lend it to him, for he never pays, and never pardons a man to whom he owes. "Walker refused to cash a

bill for me," he had been heard to say, "and I'll do for his wife when she comes out on the stage!" Mrs. Walker and Sir George Thrum were in an agony about the *Tomahawk*, hence the latter's invitation to Mr. Bludyer. Sir George was in a great tremor about the *Flowers of Fashion*, hence his invitation to Mr. Spuinny. Mr. Squinny was introduced to Lord Round-towers and Mr. Fitz-Urse as the most delightful and talented of our young men of genius; and Fitz, who believes everything any one tells him, was quite pleased to have the honour of sitting near the live editor of a paper. I have reason to think that Mr. Squinny himself was no less delighted, he looked incessantly to see that his neighbours' plates were filled and their glasses not empty, and paid them every imaginable attention. I saw him giving his card to Fitz-Urse at the end of the second course.

No particular attention was paid to Mr. Desmond Mulligan. Political enthusiasm is his forte. He lives and writes in a rapture. He is, of course, a member of an inn of court, and greatly addicted to after-dinner speaking as a preparation for the bar, where as a young man of genius he hopes one day to shine. He is almost the only man to whom Bludyer is civil, for, if the latter will fight doggedly when there is a necessity for so doing, the former fights like an Irishman, and has a pleasure in it. He has been "on the ground" I don't know how many times, and quitted his country on account of a quarrel with government regarding certain articles published by him in the *Phoenix* newspaper. With the third bottle he becomes overpoweringly great on the wrongs of Ireland, and at that period generally volunteers a couple or more of Irish melodies, selecting the most melancholy in the collection. At five in the afternoon you are sure to see him about the House of Commons, and he knows the Reform Club (he calls it the Refawrum) as well as if he were a member. It is curious for the contemplative mind to mark those mysterious hangers-on of Irish members of parliament—strange runners and aides-de-camp which all the honourable gentlemen appear to possess. Desmond, in his political capacity, is one of these, and, besides his calling as reporter to a newspaper, is "our well-informed correspondent" of that famous Munster paper, the *Green Flag of Skibbereen*.

With Mr. Mulligan's qualities and history I only became subsequently acquainted. On the present evening he made but a brief stay at the dinner-table, being compelled by his professional duties to attend the House of Commons.

The above formed the party with whom I had the honour to dine. What other repasts Sir George Thrum may have given, what assemblies of men of mere science he may have invited to give their opinion regarding his prodigy, what other editors of papers he may have pacified or rendered favourable, who knows? On the present occasion, we did not quit the dinner-table until Mr. Slang the manager was considerably excited by wine, and music had

been heard for some time in the drawing-room overhead during our absence. An addition had been made to the Thrum party by the arrival of several persons to spend the evening, —a man to play on the violin between the singing, a youth to play on the piano, Miss Horsman to sing with Mrs. Walker, and other scientific characters. In a corner sat a red-faced old lady, of whom the mistress of the mansion took little notice; and a gentleman with a royal button, who blushed and looked exceedingly modest.

"Hang me!" says Mr. Bludyer, who had perfectly good reasons for recognizing Mr. Woolsey, and who on this day chose to assume his aristocratic air, "there's a tailor in the room! What do they mean by asking *me* to meet tradesmen?"

"Delancy, my dear," cries Slang, entering the room with a reel, "how's your precious health? Give us your hand! When *are* we to be married? Make room for me on the sofa, that's a duck!"

"Get along, Slang," says Mrs. Crump, addressed by the manager by her maiden name (artists generally drop the title of honour which people adopt in the world, and call each other by their simple surnames)—"get along, Slang, or I'll tell Mrs. S.!" The enterprising manager replies by sportively striking Mrs. Crump on the side a blow which causes a great giggle from the lady insulted, and a most good-humoured threat to box Slang's ears. I fear very much that Morgiana's mother thought Mr. Slang an exceedingly gentleman-like and agreeable person; besides, she was eager to have his good opinion of Mrs. Walker's singing.

The manager stretched himself out with much gracefulness on the sofa, supporting two little dumpy legs encased in varnished boots on a chair.

"Ajax, some tea to Mr. Slang," said my lady, looking towards that gentleman with a countenance expressive of some alarm, I thought.

"No; hang it, my lady!" roared he, "no tea for me! I'll tell you what though, Ajax, my boy, bring me some brandy and cold water, and set it here on the little table close by me."

"Get everything, Ajax, to make Mr. Slang comfortable," said our hostess, looking more and more enraged; and poor Sir George, who had been locking up the wine in the dismal cellaret below stairs, was obliged to disappear again in order to fetch a bottle of brandy for the manager.

"That's right, Ajax, my black prince!" exclaimed Slang, when the negro brought the required refreshment; "and now I suppose you'll be wanted in the orchestra yonder. Don't Ajax play the cymbals, Sir George?"

"Ha, ha, ha! very good — capital!" answered the knight, exceedingly frightened; "but ours is not a *military* band. Miss Horsman, Mr. Craw, my dear Mrs. Ravenswing,

shall we begin the trio? Silence, gentlemen, if you please, it is a little piece from my opera of the *Brigand's Bride*. Miss Horsman takes the Page's part, Mr. Craw is Stiletto the Brigand, my accomplished pupil is the Bride; \* and the music began.

"The Bride.

My heart with joy is beating,  
My eyes with tears are dim;

The Page.

Her heart with joy is beating,  
Her eyes are fixed on him;

The Brigand,

My heart with rage is beating,  
In blood my eye-balls swim!"

What may have been the merits of the music or the singing, I, of course, cannot guess. Lady Thrum sat opposite the tea-cups, nodding her head and beating time very gravely. Lord Roundtowers, by her side, nodded his head, too, for awhile, and then fell asleep. I should have done the same but for the manager, whose actions were worthy of remark. He sang with all the three singers, and a great deal louder than any of them; he drank brandy and water, and offered his glass to Mrs. Crump (who gave him a nod, and took some, too); he shouted bravo! or hissed as he thought proper; he criticised all the points of Mrs. Walker's person. "She'll do, Crump, she'll do—a splendid arm—you'll see her eyes in the shilling gallery! What sort of a foot has she? She's five feet three, if she's an inch! Bravo—slap up—capital—hurra!" and he concluded by saying, with the aid of the Ravenswing, he would put Ligonier's nose out of joint!

The enthusiasm of Mr. Slang almost reconciled Lady Thrum to the abruptness of his manners, and even caused Sir George to forget that his chorus had been interrupted by the obstreperous familiarity of the manager.

"And what do *you* think, Mr. Bludyer," said the tailor, delighted that his *protégé* should be thus winning all hearts, "isn't Mrs. Walker a tip-top singer, ey, sir?"

"I think she's a very bad one, Mr. Woolsey," said the illustrious author, wishing to abbreviate all communications with a tailor to whom he owed forty pounds.

"Then, sir," says Mr. Woolsey, fiercely, "I'll—I'll thank you to pay me my little bill!"

It is true there was no connection between Mrs. Walker's singing and Woolsey's little bill; that the "*Then, sir,*" was perfectly illogical on Woolsey's part; but it was a very happy hit for the future fortunes of Mrs. Walker. Who knows what would have come of her *début* but for that "*Then, sir,*" and whether a "smashing article" from the *Tomahawk* might not have ruined her for ever?

"Are you a relation of Mrs. Walker?" said Mr. Bludyer, in reply to the angry tailor.

"What's that to you, whether I am or not?" replied Woolsey, fiercely. "But I'm the friend of Mrs. Walker, sir; proud am I to say so, sir; and, as the poet says, sir, 'a little learning's a dangerous thing,' sir; and I think a man who don't pay his bills may keep his tongue quiet at least, sir, and not abuse a lady, sir, whom every body else praises, sir. You shan't humbug *me* any more, sir; you shall hear from my attorney to-morrow, so mark that!"

"Hush, my dear Mr. Woolsey," cried the literary man, "don't make a noise; come into this window; is Mrs. Walker *really* a friend of yours?"

"I've told you so, sir."

"Well, in that case, I shall do my utmost to serve her; and, look you, Woolsey, any article you choose to send about her to the *Tomahawk* I promise you I'll put in."

"Will you, though? then we'll say nothing about the little bill."

"You may do on that point," answered Bludyer, haughtily, "exactly as you please. I am not to be frightened from my duty, mind that; and mind, too, that I can write a slashing article better than any man in England: I could crush her by ten lines."

The tables were now turned, and it was Woolsey's turn to be alarmed.

"Pooh! pooh! I *was* angry," said he, "because you abused Mrs. Walker, who's an angel on earth; but I'm very willing to apologise. I say—come—let me take your measure for some new clothes, eh! Mr. B.?"

"I'll come to your shop," answered the literary man, quite appeased. "Silence! they're beginning another song."

The songs, which I don't attempt to describe (and, upon my word and honour, as far as I can understand matters, I believe to this day that Mrs. Walker was only an ordinary singer), the songs lasted a great deal longer than I liked, but I was nailed, as it were, to the spot, having agreed to sup at Knightsbridge barracks with Fitz-Urse, whose carriage was ordered at eleven o'clock.

"My dear Mr. Fitz-Boodle," said our old host to me, "you can do me the greatest service in the world."

"Speak, sir!" said I.

"Will you ask your honourable and gallant friend, the captain, to drive home Mr. Squinny to Brompton?"

"Can't Mr. Squinny get a cab?" Sir George looked particularly arch.

"Generalship, my dear young friend—a little harmless generalship. Mr. Squinny will not give much for *my* opinion of my pupil, but he will value very highly the opinion of the Honourable Mr. Fitz-Urse."

For a moral man, was not the little knight a clever fellow? He had bought Mr. Squinny for a dinner worth ten shillings, and for a ride in a carriage with a lord's son. Squinny was carried to Brompton, and set down at his aunt's door, delighted with his new friends;

and exceedingly sick with a cigar they had made him smoke.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### IN WHICH MR. WALKER SHEWS GREAT PRUDENCE AND FORBEARANCE.

THE describing of all these persons does not advance Morgiana's story much. But, perhaps, some country readers are not acquainted with the class of persons by whose printed opinions they are guided, and are simple enough to imagine that mere merit will make a reputation on the stage or elsewhere. The making of a theatrical success is a much more complicated and curious thing than such persons fancy it to be. Immense are the pains taken to get a good word from Mr. This of the *Star*, or Mr. That of the *Courier*, to propitiate the favour of the critic of the day, and get the editors of the metropolis into a good humour—above all, to have the name of the party to be puffed perpetually before the public. Artists cannot be advertised like Macassar oil or blacking, and they want it to the full as much; hence endless ingenuity must be practised in order to keep the popular attention awake. Suppose a great actor moves from London to Windsor, the *Brentford Champion* must state, "That yesterday Mr. Blazes and suite passed rapidly through our city; the celebrated comedian is engaged, we hear, at Windsor, to give some of his inimitable readings of our great national bard to the *most illustrious audience* in the realm." This piece of intelligence the *Hammersmith Observer* will question the next week, as thus:—"A contemporary, the *Brentford Champion*, says that Blazes is engaged to give Shakspearean readings at Windsor to 'the most illustrious audience in the realm.' We question this fact very much, we would, indeed, that it were true; but *the most illustrious audience* in the realm prefer *foreign* melodies to the *native wood-notes wild* of the sweet song-bird of Avon. Mr. Blazes is simply gone to Eton, where his son, Master Massinger Blazes, is suffering, we regret to hear, under a severe attack of the chicken-pox. This complaint (incident to youth) has raged, we understand, with frightful virulence in Eton School."

And if, after the above paragraphs, some London paper chooses to attack the folly of the provincial press, which talks of Mr. Blazes, and chronicles his movements, as if he were a crowned head, what harm is done? Blazes can write in his own name to the London journal, and say that it is not *his* fault if provincial journals choose to chronicle his movements, and that he was far from wishing that the afflictions of those who are dear to him should form the subject of public comment, and be held up to public ridicule. "We had no intention of hurting the feelings of an estimable public servant," writes the editor; "and our remarks on the chicken-pox were general, not personal. We sincerely trust that Master



Massinger Blazes has recovered from that complaint, and that he may pass through the measles, the whooping-cough, the fourth form, and all other diseases to which youth is subject, with comfort to himself, and credit to his parents and teachers." At his next appearance on the stage after this controversy, a British public calls for Blazes three times after the play; and somehow there is sure to be some one with a laurel-wreath in a stage-box, who flings that chaplet at the inspired artist's feet.

I don't know how it was, but before the *début* of Morgiana, the English press began to heave and throb in a convulsive manner, as if indicative of the near birth of some great thing. For instance, you read in one paper—

"*Anecdote of Karl Maria Von Weber.*—When the author of *Oberon* was in England, he was invited by a noble duke to dinner, and some of the most celebrated of our artists were assembled to meet him. The signal being given to descend to the *salle-à-manger*, the German composer was invited by his noble host (a bachelor) to lead the way. 'Is it not the fashion in your country,' said he, simply, 'for the man of the first eminence to take the first place? Here is one whose genius entitles him to be first *anywhere*.' And, so saying, he pointed to our admirable English composer, Sir George Thrum. The two musicians were friends to the last, and Sir George has still the identical piece of rosin which the author of the *Freischütz* gave him."—*The Moon* (morning paper), 2nd June.

"*George III. a composer.*—Sir George Thrum has in his possession the score of an air, the words from *Samson Agonistes*, an autograph of the late revered monarch. We hear that that excellent composer has in store for us not only an opera, but a pupil, with whose transcendent merits the *élite* of our aristocracy are already familiar."—*Ibid.* June 5.

"*Music with a Vengeance.*—The march to the sound of which the 49th and 75th regiments rushed up the breach of Badajoz was the celebrated air from *Britons Alarmed*; or, *the Siege of Bergen-op-Zoom*, by our famous English composer, Sir George Thrum. Marshal Davoust said that the French line never stood when that air was performed to the charge of the bayonet. We hear the veteran musician has an opera now about to appear, and have no doubt that *Old England* will now, as then, shew its superiority over *all* foreign opponents."—*Albion*.

"We have been accused of preferring the *produit* of the *étranger* to the talent of our own native shores;—but those who speak so, little know us. We are *fanatici per la musica* wherever it be, and welcome merit *dans chaque pays du monde*. What do we say? *Le mérite n'a point de pays*, as Napoleon said; and Sir

George Thrum (Chevalier de l'ordre de l'Éléphant et Château de Panama) is a maestro whose fame *appartient à l'Europe*.

"We have just heard the lovely *élève*, whose rare qualities the cavaliere has brought to perfection—we have heard THE RAVENSWING (*pourquoi cacher un nom que demain un monde va saluer*), and a creature more beautiful and gifted never bloomed before *dans nos climats*. She sang the delicious duet of the 'Nabucodonosore,' with Count Pizzicato, with a *bellezza*, a *grandezza*, a *raggio*, that excited in the bosom of the audience a corresponding *furore*: her *scherzando* was exquisite, though we confess we thought the concluding *floritura* in the passage in *y flat* a leetle, a very leetle *sforzata*. Surely the words,

'Giorne d'orrore,  
Delire, dolore,  
Nabucodonosore'

should be given *andante*, and not *con strepito*: but this is a *faute bien légère* in the midst of such unrivalled excellence, and only mentioned here that we may have *something* to criticise.

"We hear that the enterprising *impressario* of one of the royal theatres has made an engagement with the Diva; and, if we have a regret, it is that she should be compelled to sing in the unfortunate language of our rude northern clime, which does not *prêter* itself near so well to the *bocca* of the *cantatrice* as do the mellifluous accents of the *Lingua Toscana*, the *langue par excellence* of song.

"The Ravenswing's voice is a magnificent contra-basso of nine octaves," &c.—*Flowers of Fashion*, June 10.

"Old Thrum, the composer, is bringing out an opera and a pupil. The opera is good, the pupil first-rate. The opera will do much more than compete with the infernal twaddle and disgusting slip-slop of Donizetti, and the milk-and-water fools who imitate him: it will (and we ask the readers of the *Tomahawk*, were we EVER mistaken?) surpass all these; it is *good*, of down-right English stuff. The airs are fresh and pleasing, the choruses large and noble, the instrumentation solid and rich, the music is carefully written. We wish old Thrum and his opera well.

"His pupil is a SURE CARD, a splendid woman, and a splendid singer. She is so handsome that she might sing as much out of tune as Miss Ligonier, and the public would forgive her; and sings so well, that were she as ugly as the aforesaid Ligonier, the audience would listen to her. The Ravenswing, that is her fantastical theatrical name (her real name is the same with that of a notorious scoundrel in the Fleet, who invented the Panama swindle, the Pontine Marshes' swindle, the soap swindle—*how are you off for soap now*, Mr. W-lk-r?)—the Ravenswing, we say, will do. Slang has engaged her at thirty guineas per week, and she appears next month in Thrum's opera, of which the words are written by a great ass with some talent—we mean Mr. Mulligan.

"There is a foreign fool in the *Flowers of Fashion* who is doing his best to disgust the public by his filthy flattery. It is enough to make one sick. Why is the foreign beast not kicked out of the paper?"—*The Tomahawk*, June 17.

The first three "anecdotes" were supplied by Mulligan to his paper, with many others which need not here be repeated; he kept them up with amazing energy and variety. Anecdotes of Sir George Thrum met you unexpectedly in queer corners of country papers: puffs of the English school of music appeared perpetually in "notices to correspondents" in the Sunday prints, some of which Mr. Slang commanded, and in others over which the indefatigable Mulligan had a control. This youth was the soul of the little conspiracy for raising Morgiana into fame; and humble as he is, and great and respectable as is Sir George Thrum, it is my belief that the Ravenswing would never have been the Ravenswing she is but for the ingenuity and energy of the honest Hibernian reporter.

It is only the business of the great man who writes the leading articles which appear in the large type of the daily papers to compose those astonishing pieces of eloquence; the other parts of the paper are left to the ingenuity of the sub-editor, whose duty it is to select paragraphs, reject or receive horrid accidents, police reports, &c.; with which, occupied as he is in the exercise of his tremendous functions, the editor himself cannot be expected to meddle. The fate of Europe is his province, the rise and fall of empires, and the great question of state, demand the editor's attention: the humble puff, the paragraph about the last murder, or the state of the crops, or the sewers in Chancery Lane, is confided to the care of the sub; and it is curious to see what a prodigious number of Irishmen exist among the sub-editors of London. When the liberator enumerates the services of his countrymen, how the battle of Fontenoy was won by the Irish Brigade, how the battle of Waterloo would have been lost but for the Irish regiments, and enumerates other acts for which we are indebted to Milesian heroism and genius—he ought at least to mention the Irish brigade of the press, and the amazing services they do to this country.

The truth is, the Irish reporters and soldiers appear to do their duty right well; and my friend Mr. Mulligan is one of the former. Having the interests of his opera and the Ravenswing strongly at heart, and being amongst his brethren an exceedingly popular fellow, he managed matters so that never a day passed but some paragraph appeared somewhere regarding the new singer, in whom, for their countryman's sake, all his brother reporters and sub-editors felt an interest.

These puffs, destined to make known to all the world the merits of the Ravenswing, of course had an effect upon a gentleman very

closely connected with that lady, the respectable prisoner in the Fleet, Captain Walker. As long as he received his weekly two guineas from Mr. Woolsey, and the occasional half-crowns which his wife could spare in her almost daily visits to him, he had never troubled himself to inquire what her pursuits were, and had allowed her (though the worthy woman longed with all her might to betray herself) to keep her secret. He was far from thinking, indeed, that his wife would prove such a treasure to him.

But when the voice of fame and the columns of the public journals brought him each day some new story regarding the merits, genius, and beauty, of the Ravenswing; when rumours reached him that she was the favourite pupil of Sir George Thrum; when she brought him five guineas after singing at the Philharmonic (other five the good soul had spent in purchasing some smart new cockades, hats, cloaks, and laces, for her little son); when, finally, it was said that Slang, the great manager, offered her an engagement at thirty guineas per week, Mr. Walker became exceedingly interested in his wife's proceedings, of which he demanded from her the fullest explanation.

Using his marital authority, he absolutely forbade Mrs. Walker's appearance on the public stage: he wrote to Sir George Thrum a letter expressive of his highest indignation that negotiations so important should ever have been commenced without his authorisation; and he wrote to his dear Slang (for these gentlemen were very intimate, and in the course of his transactions as an agent Mr. W. had had many dealings with Mr. S.) asking his dear Slang whether the latter thought his friend Walker would be so green as to allow his wife to appear on the stage, and he remain in prison with all his debts on his head?

And it was a curious thing now to behold how eager those very creditors who but yesterday (and with perfect correctness) had denounced Mr. Walker as a swindler; who had refused to come to any composition with him, and had sworn never to release him; how they on a sudden became quite eager to come to an arrangement with him, and offered, nay, begged and prayed him to go free,—only giving them his own and Mrs. Walker's acknowledgment of their debt, with a promise that a part of the lady's salary should be devoted to the payment of the claim.

"The lady's salary!" said Mr. Walker, indignantly, to these gentlemen and their attorneys. "Do you suppose I will allow Mrs. Walker to go on the stage?—do you suppose I am such a fool as to sign bills to the full amount of these claims against me, when in a few months more I can walk out of prison without paying a shilling? Gentlemen, you take Howard Walker for an idiot. I like the Fleet, and rather than pay I'll stay here for these ten years."

In other words, it was the Captain's determination to make some advantageous bargain

for himself with his creditors and the gentlemen who were interested in bringing forward Mrs. Walker on the stage. And who can say that in so determining he did not act with laudable prudence and justice?

"You do not, surely, consider, my very dear sir, that half the amount of Mrs. Walker's salaries is too much for my immense trouble and pains in teaching her?" cried Sir George Thrum (who, in reply to Walker's note, thought it most prudent to wait personally on that gentleman). "Remember that I am the first master in England; that I have the best interest in England; that I can bring her out at the Palace, and at every concert and musical festival in England; that I am obliged to teach her every single note that she utters; and that without me she could no more sing a song than her little baby could walk without its nurse."

"I believe about half what you say," said Mr. Walker.

"My dear Captain Walker! would you question my integrity? Who was it that made Mrs. Millington's fortune,—the celebrated Mrs. Millington, who has now got a hundred thousand pounds? Who was it that brought out the finest tenor in Europe, Poppleton? Ask the *Musical World*, ask those great artists themselves, and they will tell you they owe their reputation, their fortune, to Sir George Thrum."

"It is very likely," replied the Captain, coolly. "You *are* a good master, I dare say, Sir George! but I am not going to article Mrs. Walker to you for three years, and sign her articles in the Fleet. Mrs. Walker shan't sing till I'm a free man, that's flat: if I stay here till you're dead she shan't."

"Gracious powers, sir!" exclaimed Sir George, "do you expect me to pay your debts?"

"Yes, old boy," answered the Captain, "and to give me something handsome in hand, too; and that's my ultimatum: and so I wish you good morning, for I'm engaged to play a match at tennis below."

This little interview exceedingly frightened the worthy knight, who went home to his lady in a delirious state of alarm occasioned by the audacity of Captain Walker.

Mr. Slang's interview with him was scarcely more satisfactory. He owed, he said, four thousand pounds. His creditors might be brought to compound for five shillings in the pound. He would not consent to allow his wife to make a single engagement until the creditors were satisfied, and until he had a handsome sum in hand to begin the world with. "Unless my wife comes out, you'll be in the *Gazette* yourself, you know you will. So you may take her or leave her, as you think fit."

"Let her sing one night as a trial," said Mr. Slang.

"If she sings one night, the creditors will want their money in full," replied the captain. "I shan't let her labour, poor thing, for the

profit of those scoundrels!" added the prisoner, with much feeling. And Slang left him with a much greater respect for Walker than he had ever before possessed. He was struck with the gallantry of the man who could triumph over misfortunes, nay, make misfortune itself an engine of good luck.

Mrs. Walker was instructed instantly to have a severe sore throat. The journals in Mr. Slang's interest deplored this illness pathetically; while the papers in the interest of the opposition theatre magnified it with great malice. "The new singer," said one, "the great wonder which Slang promised us, is as hoarse as a raven!" "Doctor Thorax pronounces," wrote another paper, "that the quinsy, which has suddenly prostrated Mrs. Ravenswing, whose singing at the Philharmonic, previous to her appearance at the T. R.—, excited so much applause, has destroyed the lady's voice for ever. We luckily need no other prima donna, when that place, as nightly thousands acknowledge, is held by Miss Ligonier." The *Looker-on* said, "That although some well-informed contemporaries had declared Mrs. W. Ravenswing's complaint to be a quinsy, others, on whose authority they could equally rely, had pronounced it to be a consumption. At all events, she was in an exceedingly dangerous state: from which though we do not expect, we heartily trust she may recover. Opinions differ as to the merits of this lady, some saying that she was altogether inferior to Miss Ligonier, while other connoisseurs declare the latter lady to be by no means so accomplished a person. This point, we fear," continued the *Looker-on*, "can never now be settled; unless, which we fear is improbable, Mrs. Ravenswing should ever so far recover as to be able to make her *début*; and even then, the new singer will not have a fair chance unless her voice and strength shall be fully restored. This information, which we have from exclusive resources, may be relied on," concluded the *Looker-on*, "as authentic."

It was Mr. Walker himself, that artful and audacious Fleet prisoner, who concocted those very paragraphs against his wife's health which appeared in the journals of the Ligonier party. The partisans of that lady were delighted, the creditors of Mr. Walker astounded, at reading them. Even Sir George Thrum was taken in, and came to the Fleet prison in considerable alarm.

"Mum's the word, my good sir!" said Mr. Walker. "Now is the time to make arrangements with the creditors."

Well, these arrangements were finally made. It does not matter how many shillings in the pound satisfied the rapacious creditors of Morgiana's husband. But it is certain that her voice returned to her all of a sudden upon the Captain's release. The papers of the Mulligan faction again trumpeted her perfections; the agreement with Mr. Slang was concluded; that with Sir George Thrum the great composer

satisfactorily arranged; and the new opera underlined in immense capitals in the bills, and put in rehearsal with immense expenditure on the part of the scene-painter and costumier.

Need we tell with what triumphant success the *Brigand's Bride* was received? All the Irish sub-editors the next morning took care to have such an account of it as made Miss Ligonier and Baroski die with envy. All the reporters who could spare time were in the boxes to support their friend's work. All the journeymen tailors of the establishment of Lindsey, Woolsey, and Co., had pit tickets given to them, and applauded with all their might. All Mr. Walker's friends of the Regent Club lined the side-boxes with white kid gloves; and in a little box by themselves sat Mrs. Crump and Mr. Woolsey, a great deal too much agitated to applaud—so agitated, that Woolsey even forgot to fling down the *bouquet* he had brought for the Ravenswing.

But there was no lack of those horticultural ornaments. The theatre servants wheeled away a wheelbarrow-full (which were flung on the stage the next night over again); and Morgiana blushing, panting, weeping, was led off by Mr. Poppleton, the eminent tenor, who had crowned her with one of the most conspicuous of the chaplets.

Here she flew to her husband, and flung her arms round his neck. He was flirting behind the side-scenes with Mademoiselle Flicflac, who had been dancing in the *divertissement*; and was probably the only man in the theatre of those who witnessed the embrace that did not care for it. Even Slang was affected, and said with perfect sincerity that he wished he had been in Walker's place. The manager's fortune was made, at least for the season. He acknowledged so much to Walker, who took a week's salary for his wife in advance that very night.

There was, as usual, a grand supper in the green-room. The terrible Mr. Bludyer appeared in a new coat of the well-known Woolsey cut, and the little tailor himself and Mrs. Crump were not the least happy of the party. But when the Ravenswing took Woolsey's hand, and said she never would have been there but for him, Mr. Walker looked very grave, and hinted to her that she must not, in her position, encourage the attentions of persons in that rank of life. "I shall pay," said he, proudly, "every farthing that is owing to Mr. Woolsey, and shall employ him for the future. But you understand, my love, that one cannot at one's own table receive one's own tailor."

Slang proposed Morgiana's health in a tremendous speech, which elicited cheers, and laughter, and sobs, such as only managers have the art of drawing from the theatrical gentlemen and ladies in their employ. It was observed, especially among the chorus-singers at the bottom of the table, that their emotion was intense. They had a meeting the next day and voted a piece of plate to Adolphus Slang, Esq.,

for his eminent services in the cause of the drama.

Walker returned thanks for his lady. That was, he said, the proudest moment of his life. He was proud to think that he had educated her for the stage, happy to think that his sufferings had not been in vain, and that his exertions in her behalf were crowned with full success. In her name and his own he thanked the company, and sat down and was once more particularly attentive to Mademoiselle Flicflac.

Then came an oration from Sir George Thrum, in reply to Slang's toast to *him*. It was very much to the same effect as the speech by Walker, the two gentlemen attributing to themselves individually the merit of bringing out Mrs. Walker. He concluded by stating that he should always hold Mrs. Walker as the daughter of his heart, and to the last moment of his life should love and cherish her. It is certain that Sir George was exceedingly elated that night, and would have been scolded by his lady on his return home but for the triumph of the evening.

Mulligan's speech of thanks, as author of the *Brigand's Bride*, was, it must be confessed, extremely tedious. It seemed there would be no end to it; when he got upon the subject of Ireland especially, which somehow was found to be intimately connected with the interests of music and the theatre. Even the choristers pooh-poohed this speech, coming though it did from the successful author, whose songs of wine, love, and battle, they had been repeating that night.

The *Brigand's Bride* ran for many nights. Its choruses were tuned on the organs of the day. Morgiana's airs, "The Rose upon my Balcony" and "The Lightning on the Cataract" (recitative and scena) were on everybody's lips, and brought so many guineas to Sir George Thrum that he was encouraged to have his portrait engraved, which still may be seen in the music-shops. Not many persons, I believe, bought proof impressions of the plate, price two guineas; whereas, on the contrary, all the young clerks in banks, and all the *fast* young men of the universities, had pictures of the Ravenswing in their apartments—as Biondetta (the brigand's bride), as Zelyma (in the *Nuptials of Benares*), as Barbareska (in the *Mine of Tobolsk*), and in all her famous characters. In the latter she disguises herself as an uhlan, in order to save her father, who is in prison; and the Ravenswing looked so fascinating in this costume in pantaloons and yellow boots, that Slang was for having her instantly in Captain Macheath, whence arose their quarrel.

She was replaced at Slang's theatre by Snooks, the rhinoceros-tamer, with his breed of wild buffaloes. Their success was immense. Slang gave a supper, at which all his company burst into tears; and assembling in the green-room next day, they, as usual, voted a piece of plate to Adolphus Slang, Esq., for his eminent services to the drama.

In the Captain Macheath dispute Mr. Walker would have had his wife yield ; but on this point, and for once, she disobeyed her husband and left the theatre. And when Walker cursed her (according to his wont) for her abominable selfishness and disregard of his property, she burst into tears and said she had spent but twenty guineas on herself and baby during the year, that her theatrical dressmaker's bills were yet unpaid, and that she had never asked him how much he spent on that odious French *figurante*.

All this was true, except about the French *figurante*. Walker, as the lord and master, received all Morgiana's earnings, and spent them as a gentleman should. He gave very neat dinners at a cottage in the Regent's Park (Mr. and Mrs. Walker lived in Green Street, Grosvenor Square), he played a good deal at the *Regent* ; but as for the French *figurante*, it must be confessed, that Mrs. Walker was in a sad error : that lady and the Captain had parted long ago ; it was Madame Dolores de Tras-os-Montes who inhabited the cottage in St. John's Wood now.

But if some little errors of this kind might be attributable to the captain, on the other hand, when his wife was in the provinces, he was the most attentive of husbands ; made all her bargains, and received every shilling before he would permit her to sing a note. Thus he prevented her from being cheated, as a person of her easy temper, doubtless, would have been, by designing managers and needy concert-givers. They always travelled with four horses ; and Walker was adored in every one of the principal hotels in England. The waiters flew at his bell. The chambermaids were afraid he was a sad naughty man, and thought his wife no such great beauty ; the landlords preferred him to any duke. He never looked at their bills, not he ! In fact, his income was at least four thousand a-year for some years of his life.

Master Woolsey Walker was put to Doctor Wapshot's seminary, whence, after many disputes on the doctor's part as to getting his half-year's accounts paid, and after much complaint of ill-treatment on the little boy's side, he was withdrawn, and placed under the care of the Rev. Mr. Swishtail, at Turnham Green ; where all his bills are paid by his godfather, now the head of the firm of Woolsey and Co.

As a gentleman, Mr. Walker still declines to see him ; but he has not, as far as I have heard, paid the sums of money which he threatened to refund ; and, as he is seldom at home, the worthy tailor can come to Green Street at his leisure ; and he, and Mrs. Crump, and Mrs. Walker, often take the omnibus to Brentford, and a cake with them to little Woolsey at school ; to whom the tailor says he will leave every shilling of his property.

The Walkers have no other children ; but when she takes her airing in the Park she always turns away at the sight of a low phaeton, in which sits a woman with rouged cheeks, and a great number of over-dressed

children with a French *bonne*, whose name, I am given to understand, is Madame Dolores de Tras-os-Montes. Madame de Tras-os-Montes always puts a great gold glass to her eye as the Ravenswing's carriage passes, and looks into it with a sneer. The two coachmen used always to exchange queer winks at each other in the ring, until Madame de Tras-os-Montes lately adopted a tremendous chasseur, with huge whiskers and a green and gold livery ; since which time the formerly named gentlemen do not recognize each other.

The Ravenswing's life is one of perpetual triumph on the stage ; and, as every one of the fashionable men about town have been in love with her, you may fancy what a pretty character she has. Lady Thrum would die sooner than speak to that unhappy young woman ; and, in fact, the Thrums have a new pupil, who is a syren without the dangerous qualities of one, who has the person of Venus and the mind of a Muse, and who is coming out at one of the theatres immediately. Baroski says, " De liddle Rafenschwing is just as font of me as effer ! " People are very shy about receiving her in society ; and when she goes to sing at a concert, Miss Prim starts up and skurries off in a state of the greatest alarm, lest " that person " should speak to her.

Walker is voted a good, easy, rattling, gentlemanly fellow, and nobody's enemy but his own. His wife, they say, is dreadfully extravagant ; and, indeed, since his marriage, and, in spite of his wife's large income, he has been in the Bench several times, but she signs some bills and he comes out again, and is as gay and genial as ever. All mercantile speculations he has wisely long since given up ; he likes to throw a main of an evening, as I have said, and to take his couple of bottles at dinner. On Friday he attends at the theatre for his wife's salary, and transacts no other business during the week. He grows exceedingly stout, dyes his hair, and has a bloated purple look about the nose and cheeks, very different from that which first charmed the heart of Morgiana.

By the way, Eglantine has been turned out of the Bower of Bloom, and now keeps a shop at Tunbridge Wells. Going down thither last year without a razor, I asked a fat, seedy man, lolling in a faded nankeen jacket at the door of a tawdry little shop in the Pantiles, to shave me. He said in reply, " Sir, I do not practise in that branch of the profession ! " and turned back into the little shop. It was Archibald Eglantine. But in the wreck of his fortunes, he still has his captain's uniform, and his grand cross of the order of the Castle and Falcon of Panama.

#### POSTSCRIPT.

G. FITZ-BOODLE, ESQ., TO O. YORKE, ESQ.

*Zum Trierischen Hof, Coblenz, July 10, 1843.*

MY DEAR YORKE,—The story of the Ravenswing was written a long time since, and I never



could account for the bad taste of the publishers of the metropolis who refused it an insertion in their various magazines. This fact would never have been alluded to but for the following circumstance :—

Only yesterday, as I was dining at this excellent hotel, I remarked a bald-headed gentleman in a blue coat and brass buttons, who looked like a colonel on half-pay, and by his side a lady and a little boy of twelve, whom the gentleman was cramming with an amazing quantity of cherries and cakes. A stout old dame in a wonderful cap and ribands was seated by the lady's side, and it was easy to see they were English, and I thought I had already made their acquaintance elsewhere.

The younger of the ladies at last made a bow with an accompanying blush.

"Surely," said I, "I have the honour of speaking to Mrs. Ravenswing?"

"Mrs. WOOLSEY, sir," said the gentleman; "my wife has long since left the stage:" and at this the old lady in the wonderful cap trod on my toes very severely, and nodded her head and all her ribands in a most mysterious way. Presently the two ladies rose and left the table,

the elder declaring that she heard the baby crying.

"Woolsey my dear, go with your mamma," said Mr. Woolsey, patting the boy on the head: the young gentleman obeyed the command, carrying off a plate of macaroons with him.

"Your son is a fine boy, sir," said I.

"My step-son, sir," answered Mr. Woolsey; and added in a louder voice, "I knew you, Mr. Fitz-Boodle, at once, but did not mention your name for fear of agitating my wife. She don't like to have the memory of old times renewed, sir; her former husband, whom you knew, Captain Walker, made her very unhappy. He died in America, sir, of this, I fear" (pointing to the bottle), "and Mrs. W. quitted the stage a year before I quitted business. Are you going on to Wiesbaden?"

They went off in their carriage that evening, the boy on the box making great efforts to blow out of the postilion's tasselled horn.

I am glad that poor Morgiana is happy at last, and hasten to inform you of the fact: I am going to visit the old haunts of my youth at Pumpernickel. Adieu.

Yours,

G. F. B.

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## MEN'S WIVES.—No. III.

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### DENNIS HAGGARTY'S WIFE.

THERE was an odious Irishwoman, who with her daughter used to frequent the Royal Hotel at Leamington some years ago, and who went by the name of Mrs. Major Gam. Gam had been a distinguished officer in His Majesty's service, whom nothing but death and his own amiable wife could overcome. The widow mourned her husband in the most becoming bombazeen she could muster, and had at least half-an-inch of lampblack round the immense visiting tickets which she left at the houses of the nobility and gentry her friends.

Some of us, I am sorry to say, used to call her Mrs. Major Gammon; for if the worthy widow had a propensity, it was to talk largely of herself and family (of her own family, for she held her husband's very cheap), and of the wonders of her paternal mansion, Molloyville, County Mayo. She was of the Molloy family of that county; and though I never heard of the family before, I have little doubt, from what Mrs. Major Gam stated, that they were the most ancient and illustrious family of that part of Ireland. I remember there came down to see his aunt a young fellow with huge red whiskers and tight nankeens, a green coat and

an awful breastpin, who, after two days' stay at the Spa, proposed marriage to Miss S——, or, in default, a duel with her father; and who drove a flash curricie with a bay and a grey, and who was presented with much pride by Mrs. Gam as Castlereagh Molloy, of Molloyville. We all agreed that he was the most insufferable snob of the whole season, and were delighted when a bailiff came down in search of him.

Well, this is all I know personally of the Molloyville family; but at the house if you met the Widow Gam, and talked on any subject in life, you were sure to hear of it. If you asked her to have peas at dinner, she would say, "Oh, sir, after the peas at Molloyville, I really don't care for any others,—do I, dearest Jemima? We always had a dish in the month of June, when my father gave his head gardener a guinea (we had three at Molloyville), and sent him with his compliments and a quart of peas to our neighbour dear Lord Marrowfat. What a sweet place Marrowfat Park is! isn't it, Jemima?" If a carriage passed by the window, Mrs. Major Gammon would be sure to tell you that there

were three carriages at Molloyville, "the barouche, the chawiot, and the covered cyar." In the same manner she would favour you with the number and names of the footmen of the establishment; and on a visit to Warwick Castle (for this bustling woman made one in every party of pleasure that was formed from the hotel), she gave us to understand that the great walk by the river was altogether inferior to the principal avenue of Molloyville Park. I should not have been able to tell so much about Mrs. Gam and her daughter, but that, between ourselves, I was particularly sweet upon a young lady at the time, whose papa lived at the Royal, and was under the care of Doctor Jephson.

The *Jemima* appealed to by Mrs. Gam in the above sentence was, of course, her daughter, apostrophised by her mother, "*Jemima*, my soul's darling!" or, "*Jemima*, my blessed child!" or, "*Jemima*, my own love!" The sacrifices that Mrs. Gam had made for that daughter were, she said, astonishing. The money she had spent in masters upon her, the illnesses through which she had nursed her, the ineffable love the mother bore her, were only known to heaven, Mrs. Gam said. They used to come into the room with their arms round each other's waist; at dinner between the courses the mother would sit with one hand locked in her daughter's; and if only two or three young men were present at the time, would be pretty sure to kiss her *Jemima* more than once during the time the bohea was being poured out.

As for Miss Gam, if she was not handsome, candour forbids me to say she was ugly. She was neither one nor t'other. She was a person who wore ringlets and a band round her forehead; she knew four songs, which became rather tedious at the end of a couple of months' acquaintance; she had excessively bare shoulders; she inclined to wear numbers of cheap ornaments, rings, brooches, *ferronières*, smelling-bottles, and was always, as we thought, very smartly dressed, though old Mrs. Lynx hinted that her gowns and her mother's were turned over and over again, and that her eyes were almost put out by darning stockings.

These eyes Miss Gam had very large, though rather red and weak, and used to roll them about at every eligible unmarried man in the place. But though the widow subscribed to all the balls, though she hired a fly to go to the meet of the hounds, though she was constant at church, and *Jemima* sang louder than any person there except the clerk, and though, probably, any person who made her a happy husband would be invited down to enjoy the three footmen, gardeners, and carriages at Molloyville, yet no English gentleman was found sufficiently audacious to propose. Old Lynx used to say that the pair had been at Tunbridge, Harrogate, Brighton, Ramsgate, Cheltenham, for this eight years past, where they had met, it seemed, with no better fortune. Indeed, the widow looked rather high for her

blessed child; and as she looked with the contempt which no small number of Irish people feel upon all persons who get their bread by labour or commerce; and as she was a person whose energetic manners, costume, and brogue, were not much to the taste of quiet English country gentlemen, *Jemima*—sweet, spotless flower,—still remained on her hands, a thought withered, perhaps, and seedy.

Now, at this time, the 120th Regiment was quartered at Weedon Barracks, and with the corps was a certain Assistant-Surgeon Haggarty, a large, lean, tough, raw-boned man, with big hands, knock-knees, and carrotty whiskers, and, withal, as honest a creature as ever handled a lancet. Haggarty, as his name imports, was of the very same nation as Mrs. Gam, and, what is more, the honest fellow had some of the peculiarities which belonged to the widow, and bragged about his family almost as much as she did. I do not know of what particular part of Ireland they were kings, but monarchs they certainly must have been, as have been the ancestors of so many thousand Hibernian families; but they had been men of no small consideration in Dublin, "Where my father," Haggarty said, "is as well known as King William's statue, and where he 'rowls his carriage, too,' let me tell ye."

Hence Haggarty was called by the wags, "Rowl the carriage," and several of them made inquiries of Mrs. Gam regarding him: "Mrs. Gam, when you used to go up from Molloyville to the Lord Lieutenant's balls, and had your town-house in Fitzwilliam Square, used you to meet the famous Doctor Haggarty in society?"

"Is it Surgeon Haggarty of Gloucester Street ye mean? The black Papist! D'ye suppose that the Molloyes would sit down to table with a creature of that sort?"

"Why, isn't he the most famous physician in Dublin, and doesn't he rowl his carriage there?"

"The horrid wretch! He keeps a shop, I tell ye, and sends his sons out with the medicine. He's got four of them off into the army, Ulick and Phil, and Terence and Denny, and now it's Charles that takes out the physick. But how should I know about these odious creatures? Their mother was a Burke, of Burke's Town, county Cavan, and brought Surgeon Haggarty two thousand pounds. She was a Protestant; and I am surprised how she could have taken up with a horrid, odious, Popish apothecary!"

From the extent of the widow's information, I am led to suppose that the inhabitants of Dublin are not less anxious about their neighbours than are the natives of English cities; and I think it is very probable that Mrs. Gam's account of the young Haggartys who carried out the medicine is perfectly correct, for a lad in the 120th made a caricature of Haggarty coming out of a chemist's shop with an oil-cloth basket under his arm; which set the

worthy surgeon in such a fury that there would have been a duel between him and the ensign, could the fiery doctor have had his way.

Now Dionysius Haggarty was of an exceedingly inflammable temperament, and it chanced that of all the invalids, the visitors, the young squires of Warwickshire, the young manufacturers from Birmingham, the young officers from the barracks, it chanced, unluckily for Miss Gam and himself, that he was the only individual who was in the least smitten by her personal charms. He was very tender and modest about his love, however, for it must be owned that he respected Mrs. Gam hugely, and fully admitted, like a good simple fellow as he was, the superiority of that lady's birth and breeding to his own. How could he hope that he, a humble assistant-surgeon, with a thousand pounds his aunt Kitty left him for all his fortune,—how could he hope that one of the race of Molloyville would ever condescend to marry him?

Inflamed, however, by love, and inspired by wine, one day at a picnic at Kenilworth, Haggarty, whose love and raptures were the talk of the whole regiment, was induced by his waggish comrades to make a proposal in form.

"Are you aware," Mr. Haggarty, that you are speaking to a Molloy?" was all the reply majestic Mrs. Gam made when, according to the usual formula, the fluttering *Jemima* referred her suitor to "*mamma*." She left him with a look which was meant to crush the poor fellow to earth, she gathered up her cloak and bonnet, and precipitately called for her fly. She took care to tell every single soul in Leamington that the son of the odious Papist apothecary had had the audacity to propose for her daughter (indeed a proposal, coming from whatever quarter it may, does no harm), and left Haggarty in a state of extreme depression and despair.

His down-heartedness, indeed, surprised most of his acquaintances in and out of the regiment, for the young lady was no beauty and a doubtful fortune, and Dennis was a man outwardly of an unromantic turn who seemed to have a great deal more liking for beefsteak and whisky-punch than for woman, however fascinating.

But there is no doubt this shy, uncouth, rough fellow had a warmer and more faithful heart hid within him than many a dandy who is as handsome as *Apollo*. I, for my part, never can understand why a man falls in love, and heartily give him credit for so doing, never mind with what or whom. *That* I take to be a point quite as much beyond an individual's own control as the catching of the small-pox or the colour of his hair. To the surprise of all, Assistant-Surgeon Dionysius Haggarty was deeply and seriously in love; and I am told had one day very nearly killed the before-mentioned young ensign with a carving-knife for venturing to make a second

caricature representing Lady Gammon and *Jemima* in a fantastic park surrounded by three gardeners, three carriages, three footmen, and the covered *cyar*. He would have no joking concerning them. He became moody and quarrelsome of habit. He was for some time much more in the surgery and hospital than in the mess. He gave up the eating, for the most part, of those vast quantities of beef and pudding for which his stomach had used to afford such ample and swift accommodation; and when the cloth was drawn, instead of taking twelve tumblers and singing Irish melodies as he used to do in a horrible cracked yelling voice, he would retire to his own apartment or gloomily pace the barrack-yard, or madly whip and spur a grey mare he had on the road to Leamington, where his *Jemima* (although invisible for him) still dwelt.

The season at Leamington coming to a conclusion by the withdrawal of the young fellows who frequented that watering-place, the widow Gam retired to her usual quarters for the other months of the year. Where these quarters were I think we have no right to ask, for I believe she had quarrelled with her brother at Molloyville, and besides, was a great deal too proud to be a burden on any body.

Not only did the widow quit Leamington, but very soon afterwards the 120th received its marching orders and left Weedon and Warwickshire. Haggarty's appetite was by this time partially restored, but his love was not altered and his humour was still morose and gloomy. I am informed that at this period of his life he wrote some poems relative to his unhappy passion, a wild set of verses of several lengths, and in his handwriting, being discovered upon a sheet of paper in which a pitch-plaster was wrapped up, which Lieutenant and Adjutant Wheezer was compelled to put on for a cold.

Fancy then, three years afterwards, the surprise of all Haggarty's acquaintances on reading in the public papers the following announcement:—

"Married, at Monkstown on the 12st instant, Dionysius Haggarty, Esq., of H. M. 120th Foot, to *Jemima Amelia Wilhelmina Molloy*, daughter of the late Major Lancelot Gam, R.M., and granddaughter of the late, and niece of the present Burke Bodkin Blake Molloy, Esq., Molloyville, county Mayo."

Has the course of true love at last begun to run smooth? thought I, as I laid down the paper; and the old times, and the old leering, bragging widow, and the high shoulders of her daughter, and the jolly days with the 120th, and Doctor Jephson's one-horse chaise, and the Warwickshire hunt, and—and *Louisa S—*, but never mind *her*, came back to my mind: has that good-natured, simple fellow at last met with his reward? Well, if he has not to marry the mother-in-law too, he may get on well enough.

Another year announced the retirement of Assistant-Surgeon Molloy<sup>1</sup> from the 120th,

where he was replaced by Assistant-Surgeon Angus Rothsay Leech, a Scotchman probably, with whom I have not the least acquaintance, and who has nothing whatever to do with this little history.

Still more years passed on, during which time I will not say that I kept a constant watch upon the fortunes of Mr. Haggarty and his lady, for, perhaps, if the truth were known, I never thought for a moment about them; until one day, being at Kingstown, near Dublin, dawdling on the beach, and staring at the Hill of Howth, as most people at that watering-place do, I saw coming towards me a tall gaunt man, with a pair of bushy red whiskers, of which I thought I had seen the like in former years, and a face which could be no other than Haggarty's. It was Haggarty, ten years older than when we last met, and greatly more grim and thin. He had on one shoulder a young gentleman in a dirty tartan costume, and a face exceedingly like his own peeping from under a battered plume of black feathers, while with his other hand he was dragging a light green go-cart, in which reposed a female infant of some two years old. Both were roaring with great power of lungs.

As soon as Dennis saw me, his face lost the dull, puzzled expression which had seemed to characterise it; he dropped the pole of the go-cart from one hand, and his son from the other, and came jumping forward to greet me with all his might, leaving his progeny roaring in the road.

"Bless my soul," says he, "sure it's Fitz-Boodle? Fitz, don't you remember me? Dennis Haggarty, of the 120th? Leamington, you know? Molloy, my boy, hould your tongue, and stop your screeching, and Jemima's too; d'ye hear? Well, it does good to sore eyes to see an old face. How fat you're grown, Fitz; and were ye ever in Ireland before; and a'n't ye delighted with it? Confess, now, isn't it beautiful?"

This question regarding the merits of their country, which I have remarked is put by most Irish persons, being answered in a satisfactory manner, and the shouts of the infants appeased from an apple-stall hard by, Dennis and I talked of old times, I congratulated him on his marriage with the lovely girl whom we all admired, and hoped he had a fortune with her, and so forth. His appearance, however, did not bespeak a great fortune: he had an old grey hat, short old trousers, an old waistcoat with regimental buttons, and patched Blucher boots, such as are not usually sported by persons in easy life.

"Ah!" says he, with a sigh, in reply to my queries, "times are changed since them days, Fitz-Boodle. My wife's not what she was—the beautiful creature you knew her. Molloy, my boy, run off in a hurry to your mamma and tell her an English gentleman is coming

home to dine, for you'll dine with me, Fitz, in course?" And I agreed to partake of that meal, though Master Molloy altogether declined to obey his papa's orders with respect to announcing the stranger.

"Well, I must announce you myself," said Haggarty, with a smile. "Come, it's just dinner-time, and my little cottage is not a hundred yards off." Accordingly, we all marched in procession to Dennis's little cottage, which was one of a row and a half of one-storied houses, with little court-yards before them, and mostly with very fine names on the door-posts of each. "Surgeon Haggarty" was emblazoned on Dennis's gate, on a shining green copper-plate; and, not content with this, on the door-post above the bell was an oval with the inscription of "New Molloyville." The bell was broken, of course; the court, or garden-path, was mouldy, weedy, seedy; there were some dirty rocks, by way of ornament, round a faded glass-plat in the centre, some clothes and rags hanging out of most part of the windows of New Molloyville, the immediate entrance to which was by a battered scraper, under a broken trellis-work, up which a withered creeper declined any longer to climb.

"Small, but snug," says Haggarty, "I'll lead the way, Fitz; put your hat on the flower-pot there, and turn to the left into the drawing-room." A fog of onions and turf-smoke filled the whole of the house, and gave signs that dinner was not far off—far off? You could hear it frizzling in the kitchen, where the maid was also endeavouring to hush the crying of a third refractory child. But as we entered all three of Haggarty's darlings were in full roar.

"Is it you, Dennis?" cried a sharp raw voice, from a dark corner in the drawing room to which we were introduced, and in which a dirty table-cloth was laid for dinner, some bottles of porter and a cold mutton-bone being laid out on a rickety grand piano hard by. "Ye're always late, Mr. Haggarty. Have you brought the whisky from Nowlan's! I'll go bail ye've not now."

"My dear, I've brought an old friend of yours and mine to take pot-luck with us to-day," said Dennis.

"When is he to come?" said the lady. At which speech I was rather surprised, for I stood before her.

"Here he is, Jemima, my love," answered Dennis, looking at me. "Mr. Fitz-Boodle; don't you remember him in Warwickshire, darling?"

"Mr. Fitz-Boodle! I am very glad to see him," said the lady, rising and curtsying with much cordiality.

Mrs. Haggarty was blind.

Mrs. Haggarty was not only blind, but it was evident that small-pox had been the cause of her loss of vision. Her eyes were bound with

<sup>1</sup> Why shining and green does not appear.

a bandage, her features were entirely swollen, scared and distorted by the horrible effects of the malady. She had been knitting in a corner when we entered, and was wrapt in a very dirty bed-gown. Her voice to me was quite different to that in which she addressed her husband. She spoke to Haggarty in broad Irish: she addressed me in that most odious of all languages—Irish-English, endeavouring to the utmost to disguise her brogue, and to speak with the true dawdling *distingué* English air.

“Are you long in I-a-land?” said the poor creature in this accent. “You must find it a sad ba’ba’ous place, Mr. Fitz-Boodle, I’m shu-ah! It was vary kaïnd of you to come upon us *en famille*, and accept a dinner *sans cérémonie*. Mr. Haggarty, I hope you’ll put the waine into aice, Mr. Fitz-Boodle must be melted with this hot weathah.”

For some time she conducted the conversation in this polite strain, and I was obliged to say, in reply to a query of hers, that I did not find her the least altered, though I should never have recognized her but for this rencontre. She told Haggarty with a significant air to get the wine from the cellah, and whispered to me that he was his own butlah, and the poor fellow taking the hint scudded away into the town for a pound of veal cutlets, and a couple of bottles of wine from the tavern.

“Will the childthren get their potatoes and butther here?” said a barefoot girl, with long black air flowing over her face, which she thrust in at the door.

“Let them up in the nursery, Elizabeth, and send—ah! Edwards to me.”

“Is it cook you mane, ma’am?” said the girl.

“Send her at once!” shrieked the unfortunate woman; and the noise of frying presently ceasing, a perspiring woman made her appearance wiping her brows with her apron, and asking with an accent decidedly Hibernian, what the misthress wanted.

“Lead me up to my dressing-room, Edwards, I really am not fit to be seen in this dishabille by Mr. Fitz-Boodle.”

“Fait, I can’t!” says Edwards; “sure the mather’s out at the butcher’s, and can’t look to the kitchen-fire!”

“Nonsense, I must go!” cried Mrs. Haggarty; and so Edwards, putting on a resigned air and giving her arm and face a further rub with her apron, held out her arm to Mrs. Dennis, and the pair went up-stairs.

She left me to indulge my reflections for half-an-hour, at the end of which period she came down-stairs dressed in an old yellow satin, with the poor shoulders exposed just as much as ever. She had mounted a tawdry cap, which Haggarty himself must have selected for her. She had all sorts of necklaces, bracelets, and ear-rings in gold, in garnets, in mother-of-pearl, in or-molu. She brought in a furious savour of musk, which drove the odours of

onions and turf-smoke before it; and she waved across her wretched, angular, mean, scarred features, an old cambric handkerchief with a yellow lace-border.

“And so you would have known me anywhere, Mr. Fitz-Boodle?” said she, with a grin that was meant to be most fascinating. “I was sure you would; for though my dreadful illness deprived me of my sight, it is a mercy to think that it did not change my features or complexion at all!”

This mortification had been spared the unhappy woman; but I don’t know whether with all her vanity, her infernal pride, folly, and selfishness, it was charitable to leave her in her error.

Yet why correct her? There is a quality in certain people which is above all advice, exposure, or correction. Only let a man or woman have DULNESS sufficient, and they need bow to no extant authority. A dullard recognizes no betters; a dullard can’t see that he is in the wrong; a dullard has no scruples of conscience, no doubts of pleasing, or succeeding, or doing right, no qualms for other people’s feelings, no respect but for the fool himself. How can you make a fool perceive that he is a fool? Such a personage can no more see his own folly than he can his own ears. And the great quality of Dulness is to be unalterably contented with itself. What myriads of souls are there of this admirable sort,—selfish, stingy, ignorant, passionate, brutal, bad sons, mothers, fathers, never known to do kind actions!

To pause, however, in this disquisition, which was carrying us far off Kingstown, New Molloyville, Ireland, nay, into the wide world wherever Dulness inhabits, let it be stated that Mrs. Haggarty, from my brief acquaintance with her and her mother, was of the order of persons just spoken of. There was an air of conscious merit about her, very hard to swallow along with the infamous dinner poor Dennis managed, after much delays, to get on the table. She did not fail to invite me to Molloyville, where she said her cousin would be charmed to see me; and she told me almost as many anecdotes about that place as her mother used to impart in former days. I observed, moreover, that Dennis cut her the favourite pieces of the beefsteak,\* that she ate thereof with great gusto, and that she drank with similar eagerness of the various strong liquors at table. “We Irish ladies are all fond of a leetle glass of punch,” she said, with a playful air, and Dennis mixed her a powerful tumbler of such violent grog as I myself could swallow only with some difficulty. She talked of her suffering a great deal, of her sacrifices, of the luxuries to which she had been accustomed before marriage—in a word, of a hundred of those themes on which some ladies are in the custom of enlarging when they wish to plague some husbands.

\* This may mean in addition to the veal cutlets before mentioned.



But honest Dennis, far from being angry at this perpetual, wearisome, impudent recurrence to her own superiority, rather encouraged the conversation than otherwise. It pleased him to hear his wife discourse about her merits and family splendours. He was so thoroughly beaten down and henpecked, that he, as it were, gloried in his servitude, and fancied that his wife's magnificence reflected credit on himself. He looked towards me, who was half sick of the woman and her egotism, as if expecting me to exhibit the deepest sympathy, and flung me glances across the table as much as to say, "What a gifted creature my *Jemima* is, and what a fine fellow I am to be in possession of her!" When the children came down she scolded them, of course, and dismissed them abruptly (for which circumstance, perhaps, the writer of these pages was not in his heart very sorry), and after having sat a preposterously long time left us, asking whether we would have coffee there or in her boudoir.

"Oh! here, of course," said Dennis, with rather a troubled air, and in about ten minutes the lovely creature was led back to us again by "Edwards," and the coffee made its appearance. After coffee her husband begged her to let Mr. Fitz-Boodle hear her voice, "He longs for some of his old favourites."

"No! *do* you?" said she; and was led in triumph to the jingling old piano, and with a screechy, wiry voice, sung those very abominable old ditties which I had heard her sing at Leamington ten years back.

Haggarty, as she sang, flung himself back in the chair delighted. Husbands always are, and with the same song, one that they have heard when they were nineteen years old, probably; most Englishmen's tunes have that date, and it is rather affecting, I think, to hear an old gentleman of sixty or seventy quavering the old ditty that was fresh when *he* was fresh and in his prime. If he has a musical wife, depend on it he thinks her old songs of 1788 are better than any he has heard since; in fact he has heard *none* since. When the old couple are in high good humour the old gentleman will take the old lady round the waist and say, "My dear, do sing me one of your own songs," and she sits down and sings with her cracked old voice, and, as she sings, the roses of her youth bloom again for a moment. Ranelagh resuscitates, and she is dancing a minuet in powder and a train.

This is another digression. It was occasioned by looking at poor Dennis's face while his wife was screeching (and, believe me, the former was the most pleasant occupation). Bottom tickled by the fairies could not have been in greater ecstasies. He thought the music was divine; and had a further reason for exulting in it, which was, that his wife was always in a good humour after singing, and never would sing but in that happy frame of mind. Dennis had hinted so much in our

little colloquy during the ten minutes of his lady's absence in the "boudoir;" so, at the conclusion of each piece, we shouted "Bravo!" and clapped our hands like mad.

Such was my insight into the life of Surgeon Dionysius Haggarty and his wife; and I must have come upon him at a favourable moment too, for poor Dennis has spoken, subsequently, of our delightful evening at Kingstown, and evidently thinks to this day that his friend was fascinated by the entertainment there. His inward economy was as follows: he had his half-pay, a thousand pounds, about a hundred a year that his father left, and his wife had sixty pounds a year from her mother; which the father,<sup>1</sup> of course, never paid. He had no practice, for he was absorbed in his attention to his *Jemima* and the children, whom he used to wash, to dress, to carry out, to walk, or to ride, as we have seen, and who could not have a servant, as their dear, blind mother could never be left alone. Mrs. Haggarty, a great invalid, used to lie in bed till one, and have breakfast and hot luncheon there. A fifth part of his income was spent in having her wheeled about in a chair, by which it was his duty to walk daily for an allotted number of hours. Dinner would ensue, and the amateur clergy, who abound in Ireland, and of whom Mrs. Haggarty was a great admirer, lauded her everywhere as a model of resignation and virtue, and praised beyond measure the admirable piety with which she bore her sufferings.

Well, every man to his taste. It did not certainly appear to me that *she* was the martyr of the family.

"The circumstances of my marriage with *Jemima*," Dennis said to me, in some after conversations we had on this interesting subject, "were the most romantic and touching you can conceive. You saw what an impression the dear girl had made upon me when we were at Weedon; for from the first day I set eyes on her, and heard her sing her delightful song of 'Dark-eyed Maiden of Araby,' I felt, and said to Turniquet of ours, that very night, that *she* was the dark-eyed maid of Araby for *me*,—not that she was, you know, for she was born in Shropshire. But I felt that I had seen the woman who was to make me happy or miserable for life. You know how I proposed for her at Kenilworth, and how I was rejected, and how I almost shot myself in consequence,—no, you don't know that, for I said nothing about it to any one, but I can tell you it was a very near thing; and a very lucky thing for me I didn't do it, for—would you believe it?—the dear girl was in love with me all the time."

"Was she really?" said I, who recollected that Miss Gam's love of those days showed itself in a very singular manner; but the fact is, when women are most in love they most disguise it.

<sup>1</sup> This is a little perplexing.

"Over head and ears in love with poor Dennis," resumed that worthy fellow, "who'd ever have thought it? But I have it from the best authority, from her own mother, with whom I'm not over and above good friends now, but of this fact she assured me, and I'll tell you when and how.

"We were quartered at Cork three years after we were at Weedon, and it was our last year at home, and a great mercy that my dear girl spoke in time, or where should we have been *now*? Well, one day, marching home from parade, I saw a lady seated at an open window by another, who seemed an invalid, and the lady at the window, who was dressed in the profoundest mourning, cried out, with a scream, 'Gracious heavens! it's Mr. Haggarty of the 120th.'

"'Sure I know that voice,' says I to Whiskerton.

"'It's a great mercy you don't know it a deal too well,' says he: 'it's Lady Gammon. She's on some husband-hunting scheme, depend on it, for that daughter of hers. She was at Bath last year on the same errand, and at Cheltenham the year before, where, heaven bless you! she's as well known as the "Hen and Chickens."'

"'I'll thank you not to speak disrespectfully of Miss Jemima Gam,' said I to Whiskerton; 'she's of one of the first families in Ireland, and whoever says a word against a woman I once proposed for, insults me,—do you understand?'

"'Well, marry her, if you like,' says Whiskerton, quite peevish: 'marry her, and be hanged!'

"'Marry her! the very idea of it set my brain a-whirling, and made me a thousand times more mad than I am by nature.

"You may be sure I walked up the hill to the parade-ground that afternoon, and with a beating heart too. I came to the widow's house. It was called 'New Molloyville,' as this is. Wherever she takes a house for six months, she calls it 'New Molloyville;' and has had one in Mallow, in Bandon, in Sligo, in Castlebar, in Fermoy, in Drogheda, and the deuce knows where besides; but the blinds were down, and though I thought I saw somebody behind 'em, no notice was taken of poor Denny Haggarty, and I paced up and down all mess-time in hopes of catching a glimpse of Jemima, but in vain. The next day I was on the ground again; I was just as much in love as ever, that's the fact. I'd never been in that way before, look you, and when once caught, I knew it was for life.

"There's no use in telling you how long I beat about the bush, but when I *did* get admittance to the house (it was through the means of young Castlereagh Molloy, whom you may remember at Leamington, and who was at Cork for the regatta, and used to dine at our mess, and had taken a mighty fancy to me) when I *did* get into the house, I say, I rushed *in medias res* at once; I couldn't keep myself quiet, my heart was too full.

"O Fitz! I shall never forget the day,—the moment I was introjuiced into the dthrawing-room" (as he began to be agitated, Dennis's brogue broke out with greater richness than ever, but though a stranger may catch, and repeat from memory, a few words, it is next to impossible for him to *keep up a conversation* in Irish, so that we had best give up all attempts to imitate Dennis), "when I saw old Mother Gam," said he, "my feelings overcame me all at once; I rowld down on the ground, sir, as if I'd been hit by a musket-ball. 'Dearest madam,' says I, 'I'll die if you don't give me Jemima.'

"'Heavens, Mr. Haggarty!' says she, 'how you seize me with surprise! Castlereagh, my dear nephew, had you not better leave us?' and away he went, lighting a cigar, and leaving me still on the floor.

"'Rise, Mr. Haggarty,' continued the widow. 'I will not attempt to deny that this constancy towards my daughter is extremely affecting, however sudden your present appeal may be. I will not attempt to deny that, perhaps, Jemima may feel a similar; but, as I said, I never could give my daughter to a Catholic.'

"'I'm as good a Protestant as yourself, ma'am,' says I; 'my mother was an heiress, and we were all brought up her way.'

"'That makes the matter very different,' says she, turning up the whites of her eyes. 'How could I ever have reconciled it to my conscience to see my blessed child married to a Papist? How could I ever have taken him to Molloyville? Well, this obstacle being removed, I must put myself no longer in the way between two young people. I must sacrifice myself, as I always have when my darling girl was in question. You shall see her, the poor, dear, lovely, gentle sufferer, and learn your fate from her own lips.'

"'The sufferer, ma'am, says I; 'has Miss Gam been ill?'

"'What! haven't you heard?' cried the widow. 'Haven't you heard of the dreadful illness which so nearly carried her from me.' For nine weeks, Mr. Haggarty, I watched her day and night, without taking a wink of sleep,—for nine weeks she lay trembling between death and life, and I paid the doctor eighty-three guineas. She is restored now, but she is the wreck of the beautiful creature she was. Suffering, ar,d, perhaps, *another disappointment*—but we won't mention that *now*—have pulled her so down. But I will leave you, and prepare my sweet girl for this strange, this entirely unexpected visit.'

"I won't tell you what took place between me and Jemima, to whom I was introduced as she sat in the darkened room, poor sufferer! nor describe to you with what a thrill of joy I seized (after groping about for it) her poor emaciated hand. She did not withdraw it; I came out of that room an engaged man, sir; and *now* I was enabled to shew her that I had always loved her sincerely, for there was my will, made three years back, in her favour,

that night she refused me, as I told ye, I would have shot myself, but they'd have brought me in *non compos*; and my brother Mick would have contested the will, and so I determined to live, in order that she might benefit by my dying. I had but a thousand pounds then, since that my father has left me two more. I willed every shilling to her, as you may fancy, and settled it upon her when we married, as we did soon after. It was not for some time that I was allowed to see the poor girl's face, or, indeed, was aware of the horrid loss she had sustained. Fancy my agony, my dear fellow, when I saw that beautiful wreck!"

There was something not a little affecting to think, in the conduct of this brave fellow; that he never once, as he told his story, seemed to allude to the possibility of his declining to marry a woman who was not the same as the woman he loved; but that he was quite as faithful to her when ill, hideous, and blind as he had been when captivated by the poor tawdry charms of the silly miss of Leamington. It was hard that such a noble heart as this should be flung away upon yonder foul mass of greedy vanity. Was it hard, or not, that he should remain deceived in his obstinate humility, and continue to admire the selfish, silly being whom he had chosen to worship?

"I should have been appointed surgeon of the regiment," continued Dennis, "soon after, when it was ordered abroad to Jamaica, where it now is. But my wife would not hear of going, and said she would break her heart if she left her mother. So I retired on half-pay, and took this cottage; and in case any practice should fall in my way, why, there is my name on the brass<sup>1</sup> plate, and I'm ready for anything that comes. But the only case that ever *did* come was one day when I was driving my wife in the chaise, and another, one night, of a beggar with a broken head. My wife makes me a present of a baby every year, and we've no debts; and between you and me and the post, as long as my mother-in-law is out of the house, I'm as happy as I need be."

"What! you and the old lady don't get on well?" said I.

"I can't say we do; it's not in nature, you know," said Dennis, with a faint grin. "She comes into the house, and turns it topsy-turvy. When she's here I'm obliged to sleep in the scullery. She's never paid her daughter's income since the first year, though she brags about her sacrifices as if she had ruined herself for *Jemima*; and besides, when she's here, there's a whole clan of the *Molloys*, horse, foot, and dragoons, that are quartered upon us, and eat me out of house and home."

"And is *Molloyville* such a fine place as the widow described it?" asked I, laughing, and not a little curious.

"Oh, a mighty fine place entirely!" said Dennis. "There's the old park of two hundred acres, the finest land ye ever saw, only they've cut all the wood down. The garden

in the old *Molloy's* time, they say, was the finest ever seen in the west of Ireland; but they've taken all the glass to mend the house windows, and small blame to them either. There's a clear rent-roll of thirty-five hundred a-year, only it's in the hand of receivers; besides other debts, on which there is no land security."

"Your cousin-in-law, *Castlereagh Molloy*, won't come into a large fortune?"

"Oh, he'll do very well," said Dennis. "As long as he can get credit, he's not the fellow to stint himself. Faith, I was fool enough to put my name to a bit of paper for him, and as they could not catch him in *Mayo*; they laid hold of me at *Kingstown* here. And there was a pretty to do. Didn't Mrs. Gam say I was ruining her family, that's all? I paid it by instalments (for all my money is settled on *Jemima*); and *Castlereagh*, who's an honourable fellow, offered me any satisfaction in life. Anyhow, he couldn't do more than *that*."

"Of course not, and now you're friends?"

"Yes, and he and his aunt have had a tiff, too; and he abuses her properly, I warrant ye. He says that she carried about *Jemima* from place to place, and flung her at the head of every unmarried man in *England* a'most,—my poor *Jemima*, and she all the while dying in love with me! As soon as she got over the small-pox—she took it at *Fermoy*—God bless her, I wish I'd been by to be her nurse-tender,—as soon as she was rid of it, the old lady said to *Castlereagh*, '*Castlereagh*, go to the bar'cks, and find out in the army-list where the 120th is.' Off she came to *Cork* hot foot. It appears that while she was ill, *Jemima's* love for me showed itself in such a violent way that her mother was overcome, and promised that, should the dear child recover, she would try and bring us together. *Castlereagh* says she would have gone after us to *Jamaica*."

"I have no doubt she would," said I.

"Could you have a stronger proof of love than that?" cried Dennis. "My dear girl's illness and frightful blindness have, of course, injured her health and her temper. She cannot in her position look to the children, you know, and so they come under my charge for the most part; and her temper is unequal, certainly. But you see what a sensitive, refined, elegant creature she is, and may fancy she's often put out by a rough fellow like me."

Here *Dennis* left me, saying it was time to go and walk out the children; and I think his story has matter of some wholesome reflection in it for bachelors who are about to change their condition, or may console some who are mourning their celibacy. Marry, gentlemen, if you like; leave your comfortable dinner at the club for cold-mutton and curl-papers at your home; give up your books or pleasures, and take to yourselves wives and children; but think well on what you do first, as I have no doubt you will after this advice and example. Advice is always useful in matters of love;

<sup>1</sup> Previously mentioned as a "copper" plate.

men always take it ; they always follow other people's opinions, not their own : they always profit by example. When they see a pretty woman, and feel the delicious madness of love coming over them, they always stop to calculate her temper, her money, their own money, or suitableness for the married life. \* \* \* Ha, ha, ha ! Let us fool in this way no more. I have been in love forty-three times with all ranks and conditions of women, and would have married every time if they would have let me. How many wives had King Solomon, the wisest of men ? And is not that story a warning to us that Love is the master of the wisest ? It is only fools who defy him.

I must come, however, to the last, and perhaps the saddest, part of poor Denny Haggarty's history. I met him once more, and in such a condition as made me determine to write this history.

In the month of June last, I happened to be at Richmond, a delightful little place of retreat ; and there, sunning himself upon the terrace, was my old friend of the 120th, he looked older, thinner, poorer, and more wretched than I had ever seen him.

"What ! you have given up Kingstown ?" said I, shaking him by the hand.

"Yes," says he.

"And is my lady and your family here at Richmond ?"

"No," says he, with a sad shake of the head ; and the poor fellow's hollow eyes filled with tears.

"Good heavens, Denny ! what's the matter ?" said I. He was squeezing my hand like a vice as I spoke.

"They've LEFT me !" he burst out with a dreadful shout of passionate grief—a horrible scream which seemed to be wrenched out of his heart ; "left me !" said he, sinking down on a seat, clenching his great fists, and shaking his lean arms wildly. "I'm a wise man now, Mr. Fitz-Boodle. Jemima has gone away from

me, and yet you know how I loved her, and how happy we were ! I've got nobody now ; but I'll die soon, that's one comfort : and I think it's she that'll kill me after all !"

The story, which he told with a wild and furious lamentation such as is not known among men of our cooler country, and such as I don't like now to recall, was a very simple one. The mother-in-law had taken possession of the house, and had driven him from it. His property at his marriage was settled on his wife. She had never loved him, and told him this secret at last, and drove him out of doors with her selfish scorn and ill temper. The boy had died ; the girls were better, he said, brought up among the Molloyes than they could be with him ; and so he was quite alone in the world, and was living, or rather dying, on forty pounds a year.

His troubles are very likely over by this time. The two fools who caused his misery will never read this history of him ; they never read godless stories in magazines ; and I wish, honest reader, that you and I went to Church as much as they do. These people are not wicked *because* of their religious observances, but *in spite* of them. They are too dull to understand humility, too blind to see a tender and simple heart under a rough and gainly bosom. They are sure that all their conduct towards my poor friend here has been perfectly righteous, and that they have given proofs of the most Christian virtue. Haggarty's wife is considered by her friends as a martyr to a savage husband, and her mother is the angel that has come to rescue her. All that he did was to cheat him and desert him. A safe in that wonderful self-complacency with which the fools of this earth are endowed, they have not a single pang of conscience for their villany towards him, and consider their heartlessness as a proof and consequence of their spotless piety and virtue.

THE END.











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